

A Torn Mind Short Story

Car Park

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The dead cool of the car park inhaled Corigan's paranoia beyond his limit. His eyes raced, checking his car's mirrors for sirens and uniforms. To his right sat Tally: a dark girl with darker eyes. They stared through Corigan, penetrating the last shreds of his ego. The cold bottle of gin was his anchor. He swirled the drink, listening to it splash around, waiting to be consumed. He obliged. The bottle smacked against the roof, causing him to sink in the seat. The poison swirled down his throat in its earthy concoction. He held it out to her. She took it, though it looked three times her size. Stashed it in her bag, she lifted her hand's flat to his cheek.

The poison's serenity vanished. Out came the silent noise of the echo-driven car park. He twisted his face away in disgust, grabbed the gear shifter and slung it in reverse. The accelerator smashed into the floorboard. The car jumped back violently. The smooth asphalt screamed. He cranked the wheel, sending the car down the steep ramp leading to sunlight. Seeing no obstructions, he reached for the bottle. The car flew in its grueling pace. A single second of the shining sun flooded their eyeballs. The back of the car crunched inward. Ripping metal exploded. The phantom cop cars manifested: unwelcomed, unwanted.

He locked eyes on the pissed off cop, struggling to fight through the wreck. Corigan's heart jumped through his chest. Tally jumped down to hide inside her seat. Adrenaline killed his buzz and sent him flying out of the car. He jumped over the hood, faced the twisted cop car. The uniformed walking law screamed.

Corigan lifted his boot, leaned back, and shot forward. The cop's nose snapped up and dug between his eyes. The blood splatter floated. The sun's heat weighed heavy on his

shoulders. Tally's eyes popped up from her window. The gin snaked its way and doused his mind back over.