

A Torn Mind Short Story

# Cutting Girly

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363 Words

She lay asleep, fidgeting from her nightly dose of horrors. I knelt atop her, pinning her shoulders. Her face cringed, and her eyes squinted in disarray. I didn't soothe her tension. The steel was unwavering in my hand. I traced her pupils. They darted beneath closed lids like she was running. My left hand hovered over her face, but careful not to block her breathing. I looked to my apartment's door a final time, and inched the blade closer.

I snatched her chin with my left hand. The grip was tight enough to feel my bones tremor. I plunged the blade into the left side of her neck, and dragged across the length. Blood oozed like sap. I retraced the line deeper than before. Each stroke freed the warm blood in an outward spray.

It became my duty to end her life. There can't be a recovery. The blade jumped to her curvy cheeks. I raked downward while pressing her face down into the bed. She moaned groggily. Her morning muscles couldn't touch my flowing adrenaline.

I scraped her forehead, and watched the flesh peel outward. The deeper cuts were loosening the flesh of her face. I paused, unaware if she still lived. Her mouth had slid agape as if to reveal a secret. Her lips were moist and calling to me. I leaned inward and bit into her lower lip as I had always wanted. The red droplets drooped down her chin in a rush. I felt crushed for ruining the delicate plumpness.

Anger trumped my sorrow in blinding colors. I raged out with my knife towards her right eye's vision. It pierced the soft eyeball, and it's fluid squirted out as it deflated. The depression returned as I straightened my back and tried to find the face I remembered. She lay asleep, sopped in blood, with rough, crooked scars, and a cave for an eye. The need to apologize was

rising in my throat, yet I spun my head to the door. The sun was rising. I shed my shirt and heaved her small frame over my shoulder as I scanned for an area to cut her limbs into smaller pieces.