

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

# Danny On Top

By deZtornmind | Sky Tesi  
2008-02-01  
431 Words

“Fuck life.”

Danny sat at a red light, waiting for it to turn, but waiting for something else. He punched the wheel with his gloved hand.

“Cocksuckin’ kids. Smiles on their faces.”

He spun the wheel to the left and gunned it. A dozen school children were crossing a driveway heading to the mall.

“Fuck life.”

Danny roared his engine and plowed through them. The car jumped with each body. Three of the children lay on the pavement screaming. Danny shifted to reverse and slammed his foot down. He bounced as if hitting speed bumps, and braked. He got out and twsited around, looking at them. Their eyes filled up with fear and stupidity. Danny snatched a boy standing nearby and pulverized his face in three quick straights. The soft face crumbled into a bloody freakshow.

“Run!” The teacher urged the kids to have sense.

They stood, stupid, unable to move their quicksand-trapped legs. Danny’s eyes blistered madness.

“Fuck life!”

He kicked a girl’s head and stomped her ugly. Passer-bys took notice and got out of their cars to approach him. Robbie flicked a knife out of his back pocket. He searched for the fool who would approach.

“Put the knife down – Get away from the kids – What did they do? They’re innocent.”

Danny slimed his smile out and bent to the little girl. He plunged his knife in her chest,

yanking her blood out. He bit down into the wounds, wetting his face in her undeserved life.

“Call the cops – Someone. Shit.”

An audience formed a wide circle, afraid to approach. Danny stomped his way up and down the children. A black man pushed through the audience’s cowering circle and rushed Danny in a spearing lunge. Danny kicked the black jaw with full ferocity. The man’s head flew back in a crack.

“Fuck you.” Danny stomped his head and kicked it around like a dead pigeon.

Cop cars swarmed in. The men in blue pushed the crowd to the side and held their black peacemakers out with society’s fingers poised on the triggers.

“Drop the knife and lay on the ground!”

Danny crouched, taking in his options. The sun hit his eyes in an overwhelming wash. Even the sun wants to dance, he thought. He counted the guns and gripped his blade. Decision made, he rushed them. His gallant charge stopped. Bullet to the shoulder. Bullet it to the gut. Bullet to the throat. He couldn’t feel the rest. Danny fell forward, thinking his last thoughts. Firm in his choice, he raised the corners of his mouth, smiling his best.