

A Torn Mind Short

Delta

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Nails chewed through his face. He grit his teeth as his flesh flew away. Hammering down on the trigger, he gripped the muzzle to realign every shot. He watched his enemies fall while walking past them. With no one else around, he held his radio to his teeth with the same death-grip and piercing eyes.

"This is Delta. The perimeter's secure."

"Copy, Delta. Retrieve the ghost."

"Copy, en route."

A weight clasped onto his shoulder and a knife dug inward under his throat. Red lines followed by a red cascade rushing down his suit. Delta grabbed the knife hand, ripped off the enemy's gasmask, spun and sank his gun into his eye socket and pulled the trigger. The blade launched out of his hand and slid across the floor. Delta's eyes rose, following the spinning blade. It slowed and pointed to the left. In a veil of darkness, vibrant green eyes pulsed and beckoned the support.

A bullet pierced the back of his head. He tilted forward and hit the floor as a smashed pumpkin. The ghost's eyes pulsed and spiraled hypnotically. Delta watched, straining his eyes up, unable to move. His perspective faded. Her lips turned to a frown and formed the words 'help me'.

Fire burned in Delta. Adrenaline rose him to shaking legs. He fell on his first step and crawled to the ghost. His eyes grew dimmer as he reached his hand out, yet still out of reach. A boot slammed down on his hand. An enemy soldier pointed a automatic shotgun and unloaded three shells.