

A Torn Mind Short Story

Leg Snatcher

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860 Words

Jimmy hugged the door with his ear pressed against the surface. He listened to his parents argument. Their voices sank to a whisper then rose accompanied with the sound of slapped flesh. Jimmy smiled, trying to make out all of the words. He didn't understand half the words, but was still proud.

His father's heavy footsteps approached the door. Jimmy jumped back onto his tippy toes and flipped into bed, trying to keep his eyes shut, but not too tight.

The door swung open and smashed against the wall. It bounced back, making his father slam it open again. His father scrutinized him. Jimmy didn't have to see what he looked like; disapproving eyes were weighing heavily on him, and thoughts were being scanned to find a reason to hurt him again.

"Honey, leave him alone," his mother whispered.

"Don't tell me what to do, woman!" He said with a shove. "You don't tell me how to raise my son. Look at him. He's lazy, stupid, and worthless, just like you."

"He never did anything!" she cried.

"Get in the room before I throw you in there," he said with his finger shaking.

"Now listen here, boy. I know your games, and that fucking woman ain't gonna protect you. Not from me she ain't."

Jimmy's father stomped to his bedside and grabbed him by his neck. Jimmy's eyes went wide. His sleeping tactics had failed. As Jimmy's breath slowed, his eyes blurred out until his

father slapped him awake. Jimmy fell to the floor. His nose trickled red. He swiped at it, trying to make it stop.

“You’re gonna bleed, you prick? What the fuck kind of son are you? I didn’t make you. I’m not your father, you piece of shit. Don’t ever think I am!”

Jimmy’s father nudged Jimmy’s head with his shoe. Blood bubbled out, covering his mouth. Before Jimmy could look up again, his father was slamming his door.

Jimmy coughed red out of his mouth, and wiped a tear from his eye. He wondered if his mother would comfort him, but knew his father would only come back. He scooted to the corner and hung his head in shame.

The clock on his wall ticked midnight with a groaning bong. Jimmy’s eyes opened wide again. A sniffing sound came from the closet. Jimmy slowly walked to the door and unlatched it. It burst open, knocking him back. A wolf-like creature jumped forward.

“Hey Jimmy!” it said.

“Shhh, Ben,” Jimmy said.

“What’s wrong?”

Jimmy sighed and only shook his head.

The wolf stretched and twisted his neck.

“I’m feeling awfully hungry, Jimmy boy. What’ve we got tonight?”

"I told you, I can't feed you here. We'd have to go real far away, and it's confusing when we do that."

"I haven't eaten in ten fuckin' days, Jim."

"Then why don't you just live in the forest or something?"

"Ah, Jim, don't say that. I like you; I like it here."

Jimmy smiled, holding back a laugh.

"You know what, Ben? You can eat tonight. You can eat Dad."

Ben opened his mouth in glee.

"Really, Jim?"

Jimmy paused and looked up. "Yea," he said with a smile.

Ben clawed open the bedroom door. He trotted towards the living room and saw Jimmy's father on the couch. He crept behind it and leapt. He sank his teeth into the neck's flesh and tore to the side. The patch ripped off with a curdling scream. Jimmy's father stood up, crouching in shock. The wolf launched itself into the air and came down atop him. Ben tugged at the man's lips, enjoying his brutal surgery. Screams sounded off for minutes. Jimmy's mother never left her room, while Jimmy sat in his corner with his face in his hands.

Ben came running back into Jimmy's room. Jimmy opened his eyes and cried.

"What's wrong, Jimmy," the wolf said with his father's leg in his mouth.

"Don't eat him in front of me," Jimmy cried.

"Oh, OK."

Ben nuzzled the closet open and dropped the leg inside.

"So, who's next?"

"Well," Jimmy started, "my mom's going to kill me if she finds out."

Ben nodded, agreeing, and raced out of the bedroom. Jimmy waited, listening. His mother's screams were short and less resistant than his father's.

Ben trotted back into the room proudly, and deposited the new leg. Jimmy fought his sobs and smiled at Ben. He waved his arms to the wolf. Ben jumped into Jimmy's embrace, then whispered into his ear, "Who's next, Jimmy." Blood spat out with the words. The stringy red caked Jimmy's ear.

"I dunno, Ben. Are you still hungry?"

"Yes, Jimmy."

"Well, I guess you can kill anyone you want."

"You sure, Jimmy."

"Yea, why not?"

Jimmy didn't realize what was happening. His vision blacked out and the sides of his head were crushing in. He whispered firmly, "Not me, Ben."