

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Letter To Santa, From Denze

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873 Words

Dear Santa,

You fucked up.

You think it's easy being black? The shit we have to go through, an' you motherfuckin' Santa Clause don't even give a shit. Can't even bring me no bread. Shit. I heard 'bout you hittin' up all d'em white boys. I saw little Jimmy with his fuckin' red bike. I ain't happy, Santa. You don't want no angry niggas. No Santa, we don't take d'at shit. You know better.

Fuckin' mom had to explain t'me that **Santa can't always make all d'em stops. Fuck that.** You saw a little nigga and you **kept mushin' those reindeers like a sadistic fuck.** Fuckin' white boys getting it all. Shit. **You ain't 'eard 'nough. You may think you smart, but you ain't, you ain't. You don't even know, do ya?** Shit. Fuckin' crackers playing with their fire-trucks and action figures. Shit. Let me tell you what I did, you racist shit.

Fuckin' **8 AM**, walk outside, what do I see? Motherfuckin' **white boy**, Jimmy, playing with his new fuckin' bike. I walk up to him, I say, **"Santa give you that shit, nigga?"** He's all, **"Yes, I've been a good boy this year and Santa, well, he got me what I wanted."** **Nodding** his head like he proud or some shit. Fuckin' white boy. I'm all, **"Yo, Jimmy, that's cool and all, but let me show you what Santa got me."** He's all shocked, **be thinkin' no way that fuckin' Santa gives to niggas like me.** I got him to follow me back to my house. I show him this fuckin' junk telescope I found at the dump. I told him, **"Jimmy, you know what, man, this shit works real tight if we head up to da' roof."** He's all scared and shit, fuckin' white boy.

We're up on d'at roof and I'm all, "You first Jimmy. Shit. Go ahead, son." He's all lookin' deep into that fuckin' eyehole. Shit's fuckin' cracked, can't see shit no matter how you squint. See d'as what a nigga has to play with. Shit. Fuckin' Jimmy's all tryin' to see out that shit. Ain't no way, man. I'm all, "Jimmy, this ain't personal or nothin', gonna use you as a little exper'ment a somethin', you know." He's like, "What?" I'm fuckin' pushin' him by that moment. Fuckin' Jimmy all rollin' down that roof with limbs all spiralin' an' shit. Fuckin' white boy is dancin' through that wind. Shit has to be settled. It's your fuckin' fault. Fuckin' Jimmy's fallin' those stories, spinnin' like a bottle. That's your fault right there. Shit.

I go down there and fuckin' Jimmy's all bleedin', gurgling blood. Fuckin' white boy don't need no Listerine, blood's good enough for him now, yea. That's what we niggas gotta do, cause pieces of shit like you don't seem to give a fuck. I'm all standin' over him, "What Jimmy! What!" He don't stand up or nothin'. Fuckin' white boy. Shit. That's your fault right there.

Let me tell you how this shit works. You come to my fuckin' house an' all the other niggas on this street and you give us what we want. You give us our TVs, our threads, our fuckin' bread, nigga. You give us our fuckin' bread. D'em white boys don't have d'em problems. Shit. Can't even get some moe' fuckin' bread.

You ain't 'eard 'nough. Fuckin' jolly-ass, Saint-cocksuckin'-Nick. Shit. You think Jimmy makes us fuckin' square? Jimmy's a fuckin' dispensable white boy, d'at's what he is. Shit. Let me tell you somethin'. I'm ten years ol', you ol' fuck. An' I know d'is racist shit is goin' down. Think I'm blind or some shit. Let me tell you somethin' else I did.

Fuckin' Max next door, he's all showin' off his new pogo stick. Shit. Ain't no nigga with a pogo stick. This white boy's all jumpin' around and shit, havin' good ol' times, but d'ere we are, fuckin' sittin' with our shoes untied, cause d'at shit don't even work. Fuckin' niggas sittin' on our asses getting' spit on by all you white shits. You ain't 'eard 'nough. Shit. I all take Max's sister and I fuckin' run that shit over. I take d'is girl and I have my bro'duhs distract that stupid white boy, Max. I all take his sister, that white fuckin' skin. Shit. She's like 7 or some'n. I all take her shit off and grab at her fuckin' flat chest, fuckin' what is d'at anyway? I all rip d'at skirt off she wearin', an' I start givin' her that black meat. D'at's right, Santa. That's your fault right there. Shit. Fuckin' pumped her all nice. Girl's all bleedin' everywhere. Fuckin' all twitchin' after that shit, bawlin' out her eyes cause the nigga shoved his dick up her pretty, white pussy. Shit. Fuckin' My Little Pony shit right there.

That ain't it either, Santa. Nah, son. You fucked up. This ain't the start, this ain't even intro shit. You got shit comin' all directions, you white piece a' shit ol' man. Can't gimme no bread. Shit. You got one week, Santa. Monday to d'at fuckin' Friday. You don't show, and I write a letter fuckin' ten times the size a' this. Shit.

You next, Denze