

A Torn Mind Short

Mansion

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285 Words

I laid back as the drops splashed into my eyes. Unmoved, I dared the climates to drown me. The mansion ahead of him looked daring and colossal. "It's a fine establishment", I found myself remarking. I looked down at my drenched, sobbing clothes. "This won't do", I said. Slowly, I backed off the perimeter and began circling the place in a quick run. The wet soil grabbed my shoes and soiled my clothes with mud.

I looked to a window and saw a red-headed girl. She wore a loose white dress that reached out, creating distance to anyone who talked to her. I pondered curiously at this while the rain continued its onslaught. All I wanted to do is watch. Her freckles spread across her face and neck, unfettered from her body; they appeared as stars. The corners of her mouth were tucked up in an obviously sad, forced smile. I began to grow weary of the cold rain, but refused to abandon my post.

My hat's brim luckily stuck out enough for my pipe. I poured some nightshade resin in my pipe and lit a match as I took a commendable inhale, I knew I had taken too much. Though the drugs psychoactive elements wouldn't take hold until I exhaled. I shoved my pipe furiously back into my pocket and turned to my back. I closed my eyes and folded my arms on my chest. In a rapid attempt, I steered my fleeting thoughts on the girl with the freckles. The dots so lavishly wrapped her skin. No longer could I hold my breath and so I exhaled. The face in my thoughts began to melt into madness and the window swallowed her up.