

A Torn Mind Short Story

# Meat Pillow

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2008-01-14  
930 Words

The monster drifted in the waves. The cold enfolded him. Wrapped in a watery coffin, he opened his eyes. Vomit expelled forth his dry throat. He upturned his body and laid eyes on the spherical, white sanctuary. It shone across the water in a spotlight. He opened his mouth and growled. His chest puffed and his head shook. He screamed and plunged his arms into the water, pulling himself toward the shore.

He fought the sea with brute force. Holding his breath, he dove down and pounded his hands into the sand floor. Climbing horizontally, he crossed the ocean bottom. Seaweed covered him like cobwebs. The salt stung his eyes, but he persisted, growling underwater, taunting nearby life.

The monster reached the shore, and walked to the strand with heavy, ragged clothes. Every footstep dropped like an anvil. He flexed his neck and roared. The wind echoed his cause. His seething rage erupted in a hellish aura. He gripped and pulled at his face to soothe the anger with pain, and walked faster up the stairs of the strand. He transitioned to a run, panting like a dog until he reached the shoreline street.

Parked cars lined the road. He shot his head to the only house with light and walked toward it with mallets for fists. The strong smell of the sea filled his nostrils. He slammed his fist on the house's door. Eight loud bangs.

A man wearing glasses opened the door. He wore a robe that looked like some woman's garb. He squinted his eyes at the monster standing in the doorway, unsure of what he saw. The monster stepped through the doorway.

“You look like you could use a meal, friend,” the man said.

The monster walked to the kitchen and sat down at the table. He groaned loudly and folded his hands.

“What? Food? Let me go see if Barbara’s awake.” The man walked to the staircase.

“Barbara! Barbara, get the fuck down here! We have a guest!”

The monster eyes were stinging. He snarled, looking at his hands. They were monstrous and strong, yet sore and scraped. Barbara came down the stairs. She peeked at the monster.

“I don’t want him in this house,” Barbara said to Frank.

The monster groaned.

“He’s hungry.” Frank took off his glasses.

“I don’t care if he’s hungry. Get him out of here!”

“He’s hungry!”

A small girl stood on the stairs.

“Go to bed, Elizabeth. The boogey man is in the house,” Barbara said.

“She’s fine,” Frank said. “Liz, this is a man who has visited us is in need of nourishment. We are going to help him. Now make him his fuckin’ eggs, Barbara!” He looked to the monster.

“So, you have a name, friend?”

“Wren-sten,” the monster said.

“Winston?”

“Wrend-stind.”

“I’m not cooking for that freak. Get him out of here!”

“I’m not askin’ you to spread your legs for him! Make him some fuckin’ eggs! Jesus Christ.”

Barbara took three eggs out and cracked them on a plate over the stove.

“So how you doin’? Weather’s been tough, yea? You look like you been tumblin’ through some troubles. God damn it Barbara, where’s his fuckin’ eggs!”

“Honey, I don’t think he needs eggs. Look at him. He looks like a scavenger – a bum. Get him out of here, please!”

“He ain’t scary lookin’. I’m scary lookin’. He’s a little washed up is all. Now bring him the god damn eggs. Winston, I’ll set you up on the couch when you’re done.”

The monster pounded his fists on the table. Barbara brought a plate of steaming eggs to him. His lips turned downward in disappointment. He groaned.

“Go on, eat. Eat!” she said.

The monster picked up the plate and sniffed it. He smashed his hand down and grabbed Barbara by the neck. He sank his teeth into her chin. A cupful of blood filled his mouth with heat. His entire frame shook. Barbara twitched and screamed.

“Winston! No!” Frank pulled him back.

The monster grabbed the flesh of Frank’s stomach, folded it in a clump and shoved it in his mouth. He tore at the man’s gut. Frank shook, paralyzed with his mouth agape. His eyes ballooned.

The small girl stared at the monster between two pegs on the staircase. She breathed like a woman in labor.

The monster pounded his feet, running toward her. She didn’t move. He grabbed her through the banister and pulled her through. Weightless in his hands, he brought her to his face.

The monster bit her nose. He chewed the cartilage and flesh and gulped it down. He pressed her deep under his teeth and tore her apart. The hot blood oozed down his lips into his throat. He rocked, holding the girl’s body and carried her to the kitchen table, ripping off her clothes, happy to find the flesh warm. He balled her feet towards her head and placed her naked body on the table. He dropped his head on her stomach and rubbed his face.

The monster grunted and stood. He pulled Barbara to her feet and split her skin with his teeth, chewing the flesh off in flaps. He layered them on his arms and legs, drooping them over. Barbara twitched on the ground, her eyes flapped as if trying to wake from a nightmare. He bent down to Frank. Darting in and out of his mouth, he gnashed off the elusive tongue and chewed, sucking the blood out.

The monster went back to the table, and laid his head on Elizabeth, his meat pillow.