A Torn Mind Short Story

Milk Drunk

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Ugly dwarves sat in a factory at the North Pole. Their faces looked like silly putty that was molded by mental patients. Each sat on a small, wooden stool, and had a mug of ale as large as his body. Their job was to make toys. Santa had promised them all the booze they wanted, but they'd have to make toys for the rest of their lives.

A dwarf named Horris sat with a blank stare. He was one of the hundreds of hideous dwarves in the factory. His cheeks were puffed out and his head shook. Horris's stomach belched, a moving pulse traveled up through his throat and out his lips as a stream of regurgitated ale. The disgusting, green bile sprayed over the toy soldier he held, dripping down its head. Horris belched again – this time dry, then placed the soldier in a red box and tied the ribbon atop. The dwarves nearby were caught up in their own drunk stupors.

Thousands of presents were stacked in a massive mound. Horris stood up and carried the box over to a large pile in the corner. The presents were wrapped in all colors, each with toys that were hand-placed by the dwarves. Horris belched a third time and dropped to a knee, then vomited harshly over the box. The stringy substance dripped from his mouth. He stood; ignoring the nausea, he swiped at the strings hanging out his mouth, then fell to the right. Another pool of vomit came through his mouth. The box's wrapping paper was wet and torn, reeking of bile. He sprung to his feet again, determined to reach the pile of presents. His cheeks inflated and deflated. He swallowed the vomit whole, inhaling and exhaling through the mouthful of green, then let loose again. He tripped over his feet and smashed his head into the box. It caved in with the weight of his forehead.

Other dwarves laughed at Horris, sloshing their ale around and taking deep gulps. Froth and spilled ale covered every spot of the ground in the factory. Horris continued blowing up vomit from his mouth, and became frustrated. He gripped the toy soldier and threw him into the pile, then threw the ruined box into it.

Other dwarves clapped for Horris's accomplishment. It wasn't easy to make toys and package them, not when you're so drunk that vomiting is as normal as breathing. Horris crawled back to his stool, fading in and out of blackness.

Hane, another disfigured dwarf, was humping a box near Horris. He had carved a glory hole in the side of it. His sweat slopped off his body and onto the conveyer belt of toys. Travis, another dwarf, held his eyes closed with one hand and then submerged himself into his large mug of ale.

Santa came bursting through the doors of the factory. Dwarves were at his side, each one held a pint of milk in a glass.

"How are you? Ya fucking mole rats."

The dwarves' responded with slurs from half-croaked mouths; the sound of vomit spewing held the ambience.

Santa stroked his beard, pondering. He threw back a glass of milk down his mouth, and snatched another from a dwarf.

"Hmmm," he said, and looked to the dwarf walking at his side. "I don't think they've enough to drink."

Santa ran his hand through his beard. He dropped his empty glass – it shattered, and he grabbed another one, kicking the dwarf back as he unhanded it from the claw-like hands.

“No, this will not do, you ugly fuck. What they need – is larger cups. You hear me? Sure, they might be able to fit inside their cups now, but if they were large enough to stow their entire shitfaced families inside, well clearly they’d make better presents.”

Santa nodded to his own genius. The dwarf wrote scratched it down on a paper.

“Is the sleigh ready yet, ya worthless cunts?” He doused himself in the last glass of milk and shook his head dry.

A dwarf looked up to Santa and moved his giant lips, answering in a monster-like voice, sluggish and slurred.

“Santa, everything’s packed.”

Santa stomped his way outside into the cold, relentless winds. The old, wooden sleigh stood with its red paint mostly chipped off. The reins of rope were strung from the sleigh to the reindeer, who awaited Santa.

“How the fuck are you, Blitzen?” Santa placed a cigar in his mouth, staring down the reindeer.

“I’m talkin’ to you, ya broken-eared mutt.”

Santa grabbed the reindeer’s antlers and yanked him to the side, then whispered into his ear.

“I fucked your sister last night – in the sleigh.”

The reindeer stood emotionless. Santa walked to the sleigh.

“We’ll be off, you gremlins. Keep at those boxes!”

“Yes, sir,” a dwarf said.

“Dasher, get the fuck over here,” Santa said in a casual tone.

None of the reindeer moved.

“Oh, I’m gonna ride you fucks hard tonight. Pretendin’ ya don’t talk, fuck the lot of you!”

Santa climbed in the sleigh, gripped the ropes, and pulled back, heaving with his weight. All eight of the reindeer’s heads snapped back in a brutal, sickening posture. He loosened his grip, and their heads fell back down.

Trotting, the reindeer leaped into the air, pumping their legs. They pulled their bodies

Walking to the living room, he kicked furniture out of his way, muttering curses. He stood before the Christmas tree, analyzing it. He pulled branches, snapping them off, and lifted the tree to see its weight. He spat more phlegm, and reached into a black pouch, pulling out an astral form. The form had an oval mouth that stretched vertically. It fought like a shark. He wrapped it around the tree and kicked, submerging it and turning it a transparent brown.

The tree spun rapidly. It twisted as the branches thickened, then they elongated outwards like liquid. A horror of pointed ends and writhed branches now made up its form. It was a dark brown color with sunken shadows lain throughout – a gnarled nightmare.

Santa exited the house through the window, and climbed back up the rope to the chimney. The eight reindeer stood waiting, adjusting their stance and twisting their heads to stretch.

“Off we go, beasts,” Santa said. He climbed into the sleigh with his bag and snatched the reins.

“On Dasher, on Dancer!”

The two head reindeer pulled forward and launched to the air; the other reindeer followed. Santa lifted his beard to his face and sucked the milk-soaked strands. The moon lit his path through the empty sky. Before long, he pointed down, noisily shouting, and the reindeer headed to the house he spotted. The reindeer landed gracefully and Santa hopped out. He arched his brow at the site of the large, square chimney.

“Look at that,” Santa said, slapping Dasher’s muzzle.

Santa hoisted a leg to the chimney and saluted the reindeer, then dropped down the chimney with his bag of joy. He clanged into the walls on the way down with spider webs grasping him and his head bouncing along the brick. Covered in soot, he ducked under the mantle and stepped into the living room, leaving size 16 footprints of dirt.

The house was of large proportion. Hopping over the sofa, knocking it down, he walked toward the kitchen, then dropped his bag and pulled his gloves tight to his wrists. The large metallic fridge in sight, he pulled the door open with unnecessary strength. It flung open, and as it bounced on the hinge, he kicked it with his heel. The door snapped off and smashed into the ground with food containers exploding.

Santa stood, holding his great belly, laughing. He rubbed a hand through his beard, erasing his expression and grabbed a gallon of milk. He twisted the cap off and threw the gallon up into the air, swallowing mouthfuls with greed. While halfway through the drink, he reached with his left hand for the shape of another gallon or carton. Knocking things over, he assumed a firm grasp on a handle, he twisted the cap, and just as he finished the first gallon, he swapped it with the next. After one large swallow, his stomach jumped and he vomited madly. He looked to the container and saw its orange content.

“What the fuck!” he screamed.

Atop the roof, reindeer looked to each other after having hearing Santa, and snickered.

Santa threw the orange container onto the ground. The liquid shot upward into his face. Anger overcame him, he scratched at his forehead roughly. His sanity dropping, he began

running through the house, slamming into walls. He pounded his fist through the large screen TV and ripped the paintings off the walls. He was knocking everything down, and stomping on them. His face boiled in the anger. He began ripping at the carpet on the floor. He tore pieces off in strips. He stood up with a shake in his hands, ran down the hallway, and kicked down a door heading to a bedroom. A child lay asleep in her bed. He wrapped his gloved hands around her face and pulled back his right clenched fist.

First punch: she screamed a cry. Her nose broken and intruding in, blood lined the structure. The second punch collapsed her right eye socket, causing her eye to droop outward and the splintered bone to poke through the skin. The third punch shattered her visible teeth into small, white fragments like egg shells. On the fourth punch, Santa noticed that this was no longer a little girl, but a hideous face with blood sliding around the collapsed features.

She made a whistling sound as if that were her only voice. Santa stroked his beard and walked out the room, to the front door. He kicked it down, stomping over it, and walked outside to the gutter pipe. He climbed up it, and walked to the sleigh, stepping in with folded arms. The reindeer looked back to him curiously. He flicked his hand at them.

“On with ya, fuckin’ dogs!”

Dasher and Dancer guided them out. Santa tilted his head back, letting the cold air freeze his mind, numbing it, it expelled all thoughts. Then after due time, he pointed with a steady finger. The reindeer descended. Once atop the new roof, Santa stepped out the sleigh, a bit depressed, and swung his large boots as if he had no destination at all.

He walked towards the edge of the roof; the reindeer watched his movements with turned necks. He walked off the side of the house's roof, keeping a sullen expression, and landed atop concrete with his face smacking down. His eyes remained open. He stared at the grey asphalt. Dirt pressed against his puffy lips. He scratched the inside of his left ear. Drool spilled out his mouth, leaving wetness sopping to his beard. He lazily stood up and started stretching his back, loosening up. He made small hops in place to get himself moving, and walked to the front door.

Standing at the door, he laid his head against it, and put down his bag of goodies. He licked the peephole, and shoved his right hand into the mail slot as if fingering it. He slopped his wet lips to the hole, and then pulled away, walking backwards.

He fell down the front porch stairs, rolling onto his back. Paying no mind, he stood up and backed up more, down the curb of the street, and across to the other side of the street. He stood, looking ahead to the large front door he fingered. Checking left and right for traffic, he threw himself into a run. The street and his surroundings flashed by him, and as the door came closer to him, he leapt through the air, clashing through the door with his weight. It broke off its safety and flipped through the house, smashing a glass table with porcelain atop. It hooked the chandelier, pulling it in its warpath and smashed through a window in the back of the house. Santa rose to one knee, laughing, and surveyed his work.

He laughed more and shrugged his shoulders to the havoc. He darted to the kitchen, swung open its big doors, and grabbed a frothy bottle of milk – the ultimate prize. He tilted it

Santa coated the tree in yellow smoke. He looked to the black pouch with souls swirling inside. It was a funnel full of gaunt faces. Depressed, wallowing rage carried in their movement. Santa puffed his cigar and looked at them. Standing up, he walked down the hall, and out of the house. Seeing n path upwards, he pulled himself up the front porch's roof and jumped up to the main roof, then hopped into his sleigh. Looking to the reindeer, he waited for them to move as they waited for his command. The game of 'who gives first' was at bay. Santa scratched his beard and flung the cigar at the back of Donder's head.

Donder yelped and ran forward, causing the rest of the reindeer to leap forward into the night. Santa stifled his laughter as reindeer looked back with menacing eyes. Santa shrugged to them.

He pointed down and the reindeer began descending but Donder pulled up, alerting the others. He clang his fangs together in an alien speak, his tongue darted in and out quickly.

Santa looked to them, knowing they were up to something. He stood in the sleigh, pulling the reins tight, and pointed. The reindeer descended.

Atop a roof they waited, blowing sighs from their noses. Santa stood next to Donder, holding his bag over his shoulder.

"You got a problem, pal?" Santa asked. "What! What! What you gonna do, fuckin box me?"

Santa pushed Donder's head away in a rough manner. His head craned to the side painfully.

Prancer pinched off his collar and turned around to Santa.

“Oh, your friend’s gonna do somethin’?” Santa asked.

Santa pawed Donder’s head and Prancher threw a hoof at Santa’s face. It caught him off guard, but he took it standing. The dirt on the hoof left a square mark on Santa’s face.

“Who do you think you are?” Santa asked.

Santa jumped over Prancer, grabbing his neck, causing the reindeer to flip in rotation off the roof with him.

They landed twenty feet below on the grass lawn. Santa had broken his fall on the reindeer. Prancer gasped, having lost his breath, but Santa didn’t need breath. He sat on Prancer, throwing left and right hooks, knocking his muzzle side to side. His head jerked upwards in both directions like a howling coyote.

Santa eased out of his chaotic fury after the tenth punch. Prancer was dazed; his world was sinking and rising. Through muddled focus, he twisted his antler-head towards Santa’s neck, cutting open his throat. Santa was left clawing at the blood spraying from his neck. He raked his hands on the grass in front of him, digging up clumps as if making his own grave. Then he reached up to the sky and collapsed backwards with glass eyes staring ahead.

Prancer shook off his daze and eyed Santa. In deep thought, he watched the old man, wondering what fueled the man that lay, appearing dead. He grudgingly stepped forward and bowed his head to see from a lower angle, the cut looked shallow.

Santa's hands stretched out to the reindeer's neck. Prancer startled, stepping back, as Santa's grip on his throat tightened, and then relaxed. Bellows of laughter came from his mouth. His beard was clumped with blood, and the wound stopped spraying. Santa hugged Prancer around the neck. The reindeer sulked, staring into his thoughts of getting even.

Santa jumped on top of Prancer like a horse and slapped his behind. Prancer shot forward. Santa pointed to a house in their view, and Prancer galloped towards it; he swung a left, then right, going down the side of the house. He stopped and turned around, shaking his head, building his adrenaline. Santa screamed, "Charge!"

Prancer hit the ground running towards a glass sliding door and leapt. The glass exploded with the two of them flying through. Santa flew off Prancer's back and landed atop the dining room table on his back with a thud. Its legs broke from underneath and he slid down it to his feet.

Prancer stood, looking to Santa for command. Santa grinned at him with blood in his teeth and said, "Do whatever you want." He closed his mouth quickly after the words came out, snickering to himself. He walked to the kitchen, flipping the light on. The fan above swirled, raising his beard, causing the blood to fly off. He reached up with a hand and pulled down a blade; the entire contraption ripped from the ceiling. Light bulbs broke and the house went dark. He opened the fridge and pulled out a milk carton, downed it, and slammed it to the floor. He stretched his neck, walking down the hall, and kicked open a bedroom door. Inside was a young boy sleeping in a racecar bed.

Santa lifted his cock above his waist band and let loose his urine. The golden shower splashed over everything in sight. Santa lifted a cigar from his inner breast pocket and placed it in his teeth, then lit a match on the wall, and raised it to the cigar, puffing out streams of smooth, creamy vanilla. He tilted his head to the side, matching the smile of the boy. Then the rain stopped, he adjusted himself and walked out of the bedroom. An odd, circular shadow approached on the nearby wall.

Prancer appeared with a woman's head in front of his like a mask. He pinned Santa against the wall, face-to-face. The gore of the human face dripped down Santa's cheeks and past his lips. With the rush of horrid taste, Santa's fear turned to anger. He gritted his teeth.

"Off me!"

Prancer opened his mouth. Like a dark tunnel, it drowned out the light. He clamped his teeth on Santa's face. The teeth punctured the rim of Santa's eye socket. The fangs slid off the bone, then fell deep into the tissue.

Santa's vision skewed to an altered state; blood filled the eye, infuriating him. With his senses returned, he threw his weight at Prancer, sending him flying, crashing into a wall. His sores didn't falter the reindeer; he leapt out the house, and up to the roof.

Santa planted his hands on the floor. He knelt, acknowledging the wound, thinking of the handicap, and not the pain. His eyes' optic nerves were still attached. The eye drooped lower than the other, distorting his stereo vision. He approached the sliding mirror door, seeing

his monster-like reflection. Lost in thoughts of his new crippled state, tears dropped from his eyes.

His right hand shook and the veins in his neck extruded out. Santa turned around to the boy. Flashes hit him of mimicking the boy's smile.

Atop the roof, a bruised-face Prancer joined the rest of the reindeer. Holding out a hoof, to calm them, he explained with darts of his tongue and chomps of his teeth. The reindeer conversed, nodding their heads.

Santa flexed his fingers out, tensing them like claws, and placed them on the boy's face. Santa's fingers pushed deep into his flesh, puncturing directly through. Drool slopped out Santa's mouth; it dropped from his beard in white syrup. He tore apart his face. The bones disconnected and broke through the skin. He pulled the bones out, throwing the muscle and tendons to the side.

The boy's mouth lay by the boy's ear. His lips tugged off, the teeth were naked from gums, making him look like a skeleton.

Santa stepped on the boy to hold down the body, and twisted the limbs out from their sockets. He placed the bones into his bag of toys, some had muscle bound tight, while others were clean like a dog bone.

Santa walked out the room, closing the door behind. He kicked down the next bedroom door and jumped onto the bed. A ten year old girl lay asleep. Santa straddled her, sitting with

her head between his knees. Pulling out a seven inch Churchill cigar, he bit off the end and spat it at her, causing her to flinch.

Santa took a book of matches from his pocket and struck a stick, emitting light on the girl's face. He lit the cigar with short puffs and tossed the burning match to her hair. A strand caught afire, and spread to an entire clump. Santa stayed atop, smoking. He inhaled deep, watching the flames jump to her flesh. At first her skin was bright red, but quickly charred to black. He blew the smoke at her. The flames parted as the smoke floated through, sinking into her pores. The fire tightened and took her face. Her eyes turned to spasms beneath her eyelids like a rat under a carpet. Santa watched, taking in the potent smell of coffee and nuts from the cigar to hide the burning flesh smell.

Satisfied in letting her be consumed, he climbed out the room's window and scaled the side of the house. The reindeer tracked his moves. Santa made his way to the sleigh, letting their eyes follow. His left eye hung low, taking in a ground view while the other looked straight ahead. Prancer's face was swelling, puffing his eyes out – a freak compared to the other reindeer. Santa threw the sack in the sleigh and jumped in. Prancer met Santa's eyes. A mutual respect traveled through the air. Santa reached for the reins, he overshot his grab. Sighing, he paused, and set his mind to the night's task. He wrapped the reins twice around his right hand and pulled.

"Mush!"