

A Torn Mind Short Story

Monstah

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2008-10-09
626 Words

The small black boy adjusted his cape and cowl, and knocked on the door. It creaked open. A large yellow eye hung in the crevice. The pupil awkwardly shifted, straining to see. Below the eye, a large cavernous mouth breathed slowly and deep, drooling black spit onto the welcome mat below. The boy watched the vile liquid seep into the mat.

“Shit, you some kinda monstah?”

A green tongue lurched out of its gnarled mouth and licked its gums, savoring the dark saliva.

“Trick or treat, monstah.”

The boy held out a yellowed pillowcase. He stomped his foot and raised his chin.

“Which is it, man?”

The monster licked its mouth in a circular motion. Its gutter-like teeth appeared from the blackness.

“Drahdge,” the monster spat.

“Oh shit,” the boy exclaimed.

The monster pushed the door open. The silver smell of blood made the boy’s head fly back. A woman lay twisted on the floor with her neck’s bones sticking out of her skin. Her stomach pumped up and down as she breathed. The boy smiled brightly.

“Man, that lady be jacked. Shit looks real.”

The monster shuffled to the living room and sat beside the fireplace. A small fire crackled as it burned the torso of a young girl. Her skin bubbled as it melted off. The eyes were empty sockets and the mouth had a sharp upturn.

“Shit, I like that.”

The monster lifted his hand to his mouth and chewed on his own knuckles.

“I like your place, man. Real tight.”

The monster nodded, took his left boot off, and held it out to the boy.

“Nah, don’t want your shoe, man. Can’t take that. Wouldn’t even fit me.”

The boy shoved it back. The monster turned the boot over. An ear laid embedded in the sole’s rubber. He lifted it to his mouth and nibbled on the earlobe, smiling.

“You do some freaky shit, man. ‘Ey what’s my treat – my prize?”

The monster held a single finger up. He shuffled down the hall and came back stroking something in his hand. A severed cat’s head stood crooked on his hand. Its tongue limped down beneath its chin.

“Wow,” the boy said. He barked and grabbed the cat’s head by an ear and crawled on the floor while grunting.

The monster stood and motioned the boy with his head. The boy followed, bouncing from excitement. They walked into the bathroom, and the monster pointed at the bathtub. The boy laughed.

“Is that blood? No way, man. That ain’t blood. Fool me? Nah. Shit.”

The monster pointed to his tongue, stuck his tongue out, and pointed at the tub.

“What? Taste it? OK.”

The boy jumped into the tub, splashing the walls and the monster’s legs.

“Fuck! It be cold.”

The monster pointed at the tub’s liquid. The boy grew serious and stuck his face down slowly. He looked at his murky reflection in the clumpy red as he lowered closer, and looked up to the monster for approval with his tongue hanging out. The monster grunted. The boy looked away, and the monster jumped into the tub and shoved the boy’s head into the facet, breaking it off. The boy sat up with the corner of his eye bleeding and wailed out a cry. The monster reached into his breast pocket and removed a large pair of pliers, and clamped them down onto the boy’s nose, and fought, ripping the cartilage and bone off. A steady stream of blood rushed out. The monster quickly covered the boy’s nose with his large mouth and inhaled the blood. The boy cried and struggled, splashing in the red bath. The monster released him and coughed sporadically until it turned into a deep laughter.

The doorbell rang.