A Torn Mind Special

Pumpkin Night

David awoke in his own urine. His foggy eyes wouldn’t clear, not by his knuckle rolling

R R

R

R

“What fuckin’ time is it!” he roar

R

R

“What day is it?” he sobbed,

R R

R

R R

R

“It’s Halloween,” David said, pondering, gripping his knife. He

“Ding .”

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