

A Torn Mind Short

# Purple Wings

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The creature's purple wings flapped and banked corners, appearing as a mere shadow from its speed. The streets below had people walking the night. Store signs blared their fluorescent colors, bathing walks and buildings. The purple-winged bat trained his piercing vision on a passerby in an alley. He carved upwards with his belly on the wall, and flapped, descending with tucked ears and pointed feet. The passerby looked up and saw a long shadow coming straight at his eyes. The bat figure deformed into a humanoid shape as it crashed into the man.

The impact left the man in the alley smashed into the wall with broken, hanging limbs. The skull was destroyed - brain matter obliterated. The now transformed figure sank fangs in deep, drawing blood with fervor, unmindful of splattering blood. He filled his need and casually walked the streets, hands in pocket, eyes wide and jubilant, ears peaked, nose raised, and with a smile taunting the world with its slyness. On the verge of laughter, he observed the colored lights and crafted goods of the city.