

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Reindeer Blood

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Santa's sleigh glided through the celestial fabric. Vixen was riding in Prancer's spot this year as decreed by Santa, for she had asked so nicely this night, batting her eyes at him.

"Vixen, what the fuck, yo. You're pulling too much," Prancer said.

"Ah, piss off. You're slow from all the rabbits you've been eatin', ya gluttonous fuck," Vixen said.

"You know I'm five times the strength of ya, so stop pullin'. Your fuckin' scrawny legs ain't even pullin' the weight; you're just knockin' us off rhythm."

"Leave her be, Prancer," Donder said.

"Ey piss off, Donder, you cock-blockin' faggot," Prancer said.

"Whoa, whoa," Comet said, "easy on the temper, Grouchy."

"Fuck yourself," Prancer said.

Vixen narrowed her eyes at Prancer. She raised her upper lip. The moon's light and Rudolph's red nose made her fangs shine brighter than a star.

"Oh, the little girl has teeth, does she? Why don't you suck my reindeer cock, Babs?"

Vixen's hate overcame her; she let loose at Prancer, clamping down on the scruff of his neck.

"I said 'my cock', you stupid broad."

Prancer leapt at Vixen with his own sharp fangs. Donder jumped in the path, intervening. Prancer snapped at the air and threw his hoof at Donder, clanging him in the eye.

Donder immediately lost his spot with the pack, and fell beneath the rest of the reindeer. They panicked. Cupid and Dasher followed Donder down to support him. The reins tangled into knots amongst their limbs.

Santa shot up from slumber.

“Easy, Donder! Easy, Prancer! Calm down, Vixen!”

“Oh, fuck you, Santa,” Prancer said.

Santa began choking on his words.

“I will not have intolerance, Prancer!”

Vixen was looking down at Prancer.

“At least someone stands up against you, you –“

Prancer dashed at Vixen and tore at her round, beautiful eyes. Blood, like an oil well, exploded upwards. Santa’s sleigh began tilting to the side.

“Stop this!” Santa said. He hung on to the wobbling sleigh, as if on rough sea.

The moonlight’s serenity had drained away. Blitzen tore into Prancer’s front-right leg and said with her mouth clenched, “Prancer, stop for Santa’s sake.”

Prancer pushed Blitzen away with a swing of his antlers and darted for an ear. Fangs snapped. The muscle ripped. Blitzen's ear laid dripping in Prancer's mouth. With a face full of blood, he spat it out at the night. Comet and Dancer came at Prancer. The sleigh was dangling below the fighting reindeer. Santa hung on with one hand, and held the bag of presents in the other.

Santa looked at Prancer with calm, disapproving eyes. Santa mouthed the word 'stop'. Prancer broke himself free from the other reindeer and fought through the night's cold air. He speared Santa's neck with his antlers.

The reindeer descended from the sky in freefall with their focus on Santa. The bag of presents began to loosen from his grasp. Prancer's head was still below Santa's mouth. Blood spewed from Santa as he gasped for air. A glistening red covered all of the reindeer's coats. Santa's horror ended as Prancer pulled out of Santa's neck. The bag of presents dropped, spilling toys and boxes.

Blood splattered the night as the injured reindeer bodies twisted like rag dolls. The remaining conscious reindeer looked to Prancer, whose eyes finally cleared. In silence, the earth approached.

With a short-sounded crash, the broken reindeer bodies now lay strewn together in tangled reins with blood seeping together in brotherly fashion.