

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Reindeer Blood

© 2007
007 -11-0
© W

Santa's sleigh glided through the snow, pulling a team of reindeer. The sleigh was filled with gifts, and the reindeer were pulling it with great effort.

"What's wrong, you're pulling too much," said Santa.

"Ah, piss off. You're slow from all the food you've been eatin', you stupid old man," said the reindeer.

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

"Leave her alone," said Santa.

"Ey, you stupid faggot," Prancer said.

"Well, who are you?" said Santa, "easy on the temper, Grouchy."

"Fuck yourself," said the reindeer.

The sleigh was pulled through the snow, and the moon's light shined on the reindeer's red noses. The sleigh was still moving, and the reindeer were still pulling it.

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

The reindeer's noses were red; the sleigh was still moving; the moon's light was still shining.

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

“Easy, Easy! Easy, Easy! Easy, Easy!”

“Oh, fuck you, Santa,”

“I will not have intolerance, Easy!”

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

S. Santa’s sleigh began

“Stop this!” Santa said.

’s front-

mouth clenched, “Easy, stop for Santa’s sake.”

at the bright light

He had his ear in his mouth.

It was a long, dark tunnel.

The reindeer, however,

he

he had to stop. Santa mouthed the word 'stop'.

He broke himself free from the other reindeer and fought through the night's cold air.

He was neck deep.

He was