

A Torn Mind Short Story

Skinpunk 1939

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726 Words

Ebbe groaned at the sunlight, turning in his sheets. The humidity was like a closed coffin. He sniffed, and wiped his face with his arm. Clawing at his eyes, he battled for his eyelids to open. He rolled out of bed, and spat on the floor.

“Why is it so fuckin’ bright? Margaret?”

He stretched his back and yawned.

“What time is it?”

“Are you feeling alright, Ebbe?”

“What the fuck does that mean? What time is it!”

“You didn’t leave today.”

“What?”

He pulled his bedside drawer out of the cabinet. Coins and bullets clashed to the floor. He snatched his timepiece from the pile and brought it to his eyes.

“1015!” He looked at Margaret with wrath. “10 – fuckin’ 15, Margaret, are you fuckin’ kiddin’ me!”

“I thought you were ill. You don’t normally stay in bed, but —”

“You don’t take days off when you’re doin’ my job, you stupid broad!”

He leapt at her and wrapped his fingers around her throat.

“You’re fuckin’ worthless!”

She stumbled backwards and hit her head against the stove. Her eyes shriveled to a sobbing mess.

“Oh, you banged your head? You think that makes *this* disappear? You think cause I’m fuckin’ late and you’ve got some blood leakin’ out of your empty skull that we’re even? I’ll show you what to fuckin’ cry about.”

He grasped her head. It was no longer his wife in his hands, but a savage, backstabbing, filthy Jew. She inched backwards, trying to pry his grip off herself. He placed his left palm on the ground and banged her head to the floor. The tiles erupted upward in fragments. A sliver jammed its way into Ebbe’s forehead. He tore it out, ripping flesh from himself in the brutality.

“You gonna lay there or you gonna cook me some food!”

Margaret covered her face, staggering up to her feet. Blood ran over her hands into her mouth. She fiercely cried, pushing the tears out with no shame.

“You better not fuck up my eggs – Not today, Margaret.”

Ebbe threw himself onto his bed, searching frantically. Margaret sunk her chin into her breast and closed her eyes, unable to stop crying.

“Where’s my fuckin’ hair product?”

“You ran out yesterday – I was going to pick some up today.”

“What about today, Margaret!”

She bit into her lip. Her forehead was running blood faster than she could tear. She held a pan with three eggs over the stove. Her mouth slivered into a hidden smile as she poked two of the yolks together like eyes.

“Fuckin’ Christ. Ah! What am I gonna put in my hair!”

“I don’t know.”

She shook her head like a burning victim. Blood flew off her head in globs onto the eggs. She jumped as she saw the yolks redden. A shriek escaped her mouth before she could hide it. She buried her face downward into her blouse.

“What are you fuckin’ sobbin’ about! The eggs! You worthless bitch!”

He wrapped his hand twice around her hair and shoved her face into the pan. The eggs sizzled, clinging to her face. She let out a death cry. Ebbe held her firmly, pressing his weight. Her shrieks turned less human by the second.

“You see what happens, Margaret. You could have had a perfect life. Instead, you threw it all away! Good fuckin’ riddance.”

He pushed her to the floor. Her arms didn’t reach out to embrace herself. The body fell flat. He stood, looking at her. The sizzling quieted to sporadic pops.

His hair fell forward into his eyes.

“God, fuckin’ Hell!”

He dropped to his knees, unlatched his belt, and pulled up her dress.

“You’re makin’ me late, Margaret! Can’t be doin’ this to me.”

Ebbe rammed her, snatching the skin of her back and yanking it to his hips.

He took out his knife and sliced her thigh. Blood seeped out in heavy line. He ran his hand along the wound, and slicked the blood into his hair. Pausing, he leaned his chin on his open hand. Time slowed down. He rocked his head to the silence, and awoke to the world. Jumping to his feet, he walked out the door.

“They killed my wife. Fuckin’ Jews. They killed my wife.”

Ebbe stood outside in the heavy air, and walked the mud road, lighting up a cigarette.