

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

Stelcy

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660 Words

The wind blew past the cave in a tumble of screams. Stelcy brewed her black pot of limbs and water. The fire beneath it roared, taking in the souls of the once live. She read from a wrinkled yellow paper.

“Tasha-Killsteh-Ablah-Noblahblon”

The stew turned black and exploded out in black pockets of gob, burning her skin. She flailed around, running to her broomstick. The black liquidized her botched skin into a drooping mess. She kicked the broom between her legs and flew out of the cave.

Her face burned and scarred her with flurrying rushes of pain. She swooped through the wind and sailed downwards to the candlelit town below. The acid ripped at her face. Hitting the ground, she scurried to the first door she saw and banged and clawed it like a cat. A man opened the door with a questioning frown.

“You’re a witch, a fucking witch. Leave us. Die by yourself.”

Stelcy grabbed his nose and pulled it close to hers.

“I’ve fucked your daughter with my broomstick. In part, we are married on your grave.”

She ripped his nose to the side, and forced her way in, clutching her dagger. The man ran after her like a bear. She slashed his legs and left him crawling towards her. Steam fumed off her face, tainting the air with a deathly stench.

“Where is she!” Stelcy ran through the house finding no one.

The man crawled towards her.

“Get out of my house, leg cutter, witch, daughter-fucker.”

She revealed a vial of green bubbles from her breast and smashed it into his face. It exploded, erupting fire on his face. He screamed with fire running down his throat, destroying

his insides. She hopped past him out the door and grabbed her broom. She spun looking for children.

“I’ve three fucking dice for anyone who wants them,” she announced to nothing.

Out of the neighboring door came a girl skipping, holding her peasant dress up.

“I’d like those dice, madam. I would, I would.”

“Then follow me, girl.”

The girl jumped on the back of the witch’s broomstick, clutched her, and off they flew into the night.

“Girl, listen to what I say.”

“Yes?”

“I need your face.”

“But I like my face.”

“I’ll give you dice and chocolates. Give me your face.”

“No!” She twisted in distress.

Stelcy swooped down and landed on the dirt, away from the town in darkness save the moonlight. The black ooze had hardened into drooped facial features and a long nose. Stelcy bit into the girl’s face, ripping off her cheek. The girl convulsed in crazed lunacy. The witch licked her skin and gnawed the flesh off. Red burst out her face in wild splatters. Stelcy slapped the skin flaps onto her own visage. She showed her semblance to the terror-stricken girl.

“You stupid child, I have your face, and you have no fucking dice. Hear me, you have no dice.”

The girl futilely cried the unfairness, pounding the dirt, and returned to convulsions.

Stelcy cast off on her broom into the night, laughing.

“Stupid, stupid child.”

She flew back to her cave. The walls and ground were covered in black splotches. The fire still roared beneath the great black pot. Stelcy climbed. Her skin loosened and her muscles dissolved.

“Once I burn, I become horned.”

“I burn, I burn, I burn.”

Her legs disintegrated in the blackness, followed by her torso and neck. Her head floated on the surface with her girl-face coming to contact. The blackness bubbled and eddied. It spat her out. Her skin rippled and hardened. Black covered her like tar.

She lifted up the wrinkled yellow paper of words and ate it. Out of her back sprouted black wings – bat-like wings with pockets of flesh. Her facial features stretched longer. Her nose poked out as long as her hand. She screamed out black ooze and flew into the wind with her naked body and heavy wings.