

A Torn Mind Short Story

Strotenville

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi
2008-10-12
830 Words

Gregor woke with a fright. The sun hadn't risen yet, but there was no reason not to get an early start. He stumbled to a mirror, still wavering on his feet from the gin. In the mirror, he saw a man who didn't want to live. His beard had grown unevenly, and his hair hung down to his chin. He forced himself to pull away from the reflection and geared up. As he turned the lights off in his apartment, he grabbed a stale piece of bread out of the trash and ate it quickly. No one was awake in the early morning, instead they hid in their houses, praying to God and trying to pretend the nearby towns didn't exist.

Gregor entered his car and sped down the street. The houses were mostly abandoned, and left with unkempt lawns and boarded windows. He slowed the car as he approached the freeway onramp.

"Bran!" he shouted. Cardboard boxes seemed to come alive as a man fought his way up through them.

"Oy, Gregor," he said, jogging to the car.

Bran sighed as got into the car and watched Gregor race down the streets.

"What do you have planned for today?" Bran asked his brother.

"Gonna hit Strottenville."

"No shit," he said, and sighed.

As the world flashed by their windows, it became less civilized. The car rolled to a stop and both men walked out. Bodies laid scattered in the streets. Figures stood in the distance, talking in circles. They turned their heads, having spotted Bran and Gregor.

“Yea, they see us,” Gregor said.

Three groups began running towards the two men. Bran was already at the door of a bar, kicking it open. Gregor followed him in, and slammed the door closed. They heaved barstools at the door until the stack went as high as the door handle. Gregor raced upstairs and looked through papers and desk drawers. Banging had already begun on the door below. Gregor could hear his car being smashed and its windows breaking. Bran came running up the stairs, swigging a bottle of rum.

The sun began shining through the second story windows of the bar. Gregor and Bran waited, hearing the figures splinter the wood, and stomping up the staircase. Bran hid the bottle by the toilet in the bathroom, and joined his brother at the door at the stairs. Large men with pale faces smashed through the door, knocking the two back.

Gregor punched the first figure in the mouth, and kicked him to his back. Two of the large men bit into Bran’s arm and leg. As Bran struggled his way towards the window, he elbowed one in the eye and grabbed the collar of the other and threw him into the glass. The man smashed through the glass to the street below, alerting other groups to run to the bar.

Gregor took a hatchet in his back, and spun around writhing in pain. He grabbed the man’s jaw, and snapped it vertically. Bran unhinged the hatchet from his brother’s back, and

chopped into an approaching man. The hatchet flew right through the figure's nose, dropping it to the floor. He spun around slicing through the neck of another.

Gregor broke into a rage, stormed them back to the staircase, and threw a man down into twelve others approaching. The large men cast their anger towards the fallen man, and began beating him to a pulpy rot. Two came at Gregor with baseball bats, and swung at his face. He took one of the bats in the temple, and staggered back towards the broken window. Bran shoved Gregor into a corner and swung his hatchet at the man swinging the bat. The blade of the hatchet flew off the handle into the wall. A man was already trying to pull it out of the wall, cutting his hands in the process.

Gregor's vision darkened. He received blows to the face by the large men, and spat blood and teeth, trying to breathe.

Bran took an uppercut to his jaw, and fell to the floor by the window. He picked up a shard of glass, but got kicked in the eye before he could stand. The glass shard split his palm open. His eyes looked at the road below where dozens of men were running towards the bar. He didn't understand how the road was appearing closer and the men larger, until his head hit the pavement on the road below. He instantly lost consciousness, unable to feel the crowd's stomps.

Gregor's vision was fleeting him. His mouth felt empty with his teeth jutting through his gums and lost on the floor. He couldn't lift his head anymore, and was forced to lay limp as three men picked up his body and threw him to the street below. He wished for the bottle, the safety of his brother, and the strength to fight all of the men as he fell into death's hands.