

A Torn Mind Short Story

The Boy Bleeds Shoe Buffer

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi
2008-03-08
1477 Words

Rocko downed his Shakespeare. The rye in the drink cut through his throat. He pushed himself to his feet and sparked at his Dunhill. The flame erupted. He held it close to his face. The fire wrapped his vision, consuming the world. The ground curved like the planet had shrunk. Rocko brushed himself against the wall, and flung the door open, puffing a cloud of smoke. The ground turned to quicksand. With no branches to grab, he hit the floor and spewed his green outward in a puddle. The cigarette rolled into the bile, extinguishing itself. Rocko's hand rose to snatch it out of the Swamp Thing's hold, but thought better, and reached for another.

A putrid beeping sound captured his attention. He held his phone to his ear and rolled to his back.

"Hello?"

"Where are you?"

Rocko spun his head to see the stores and street signs, but his eyes kept sinking to the floor. Gravity's fucked again, he thought.

"Wha' does it matter. What you want, Shelly girl?"

"I need you to come over. I miss you, Rocko. I been thinking – And Shane's not a good idea after all. The food, the rent, the clothes, the time, the fucking candy – You were right. I can't pay for this. I'm fuckin' dying here. I can't have this shit ruining my life. I got enough on my hands. Fuck. You gotta help me out here."

"I been telling you for six years, you stupid broad. Why can't you fuckin' listen? Huh?"

“Just come over. But, wait!”

“Wha’?”

“Don’t hurt his face. Ya know? Don’t like – don’t beat his face in or nothing, don’t cut his face up, or ah – don’t hurt him, just make sure he’s not there anymore. Ya get what I’m saying?”

“Yea, don’t stomp him. No problem, Sweets. Is there anything else I should know?”

“Like what?”

Rocko looked to the sky. He fell into the stars and flowed through the celestial currents, falling, dropping, and coasting in a smooth rhythm.

“Rocko?”

Up and down the stars, he slid upon them like tree monkeys hunting for their fruit. The clouds below and purple dust surrounded him in a comforting caress.

“Rocko!”

He looked at the phone, confused, and closed it.

Rocko pressed his knuckles into the ground and rose to a crouch. The waves battered him in rough violations. The railing he held snapped, flinging him to his back. He was desperate to get up, in fear of being stuck on his shell for too long – afraid of getting kicked into a spinning oblivion. He flipped over and crawled toward the parking lot, knowing this wasn’t the first time he had to slither. His pace was respectable. Fuck legs, he thought.

Prying open the car door, he maneuvered in like a desperate cripple. He knew it was a bad idea to look back, but his head turned to where he came from. A snail's slimy trail lined his crawling path. People stared through the glass at his strangeness. They had yellow, glowing eyes that couldn't help but speed around the white of their eyes in awkward judders.

The phone began its maddening rush of noise. Rocko revved the car. He gripped the wheel to hold himself up, but settled for leaning into the car door with a slouch that made his left ear disappear. His eyes fought each other, snapping with long, bony teeth – each going for first blood. He slapped an eye closed with his palm and slammed his foot down on the 'get the fuck outta my way' pedal.

The street lanes were clearly confusing. Rocko made do by picturing a new lane for himself in fluorescent red lights. The few cars on the road pulled over when he approached, saluting his sharp wit of 'how to really drive'. His mouth talked for him with a pint of sewer colored muck. He held the wheel tight, not caring about his pants soaking in his past drinks. His eyes remained straight as he curved the street. The streetlights beckoned, but he told them that he's okay – he's alright – that he'll make the lights. Jumping a curb, he slid onto Bloom Drive. Seeing Shelly's house, he juttied the car to its full capacity. The distance enfolded as it sucked him in. He grounded the brakes down, squealing towards her house. The car flew up her driveway and crashed into a garbage can. Trash rained down in used condoms and frozen-dinner boxes.

Inside, the lights were out for his surprise party. He reached under the hairy 'welcome' mat and jammed the key into the lock. It slid around the hole until Rocko pulled its hair and

thrust himself inward. The door creaked open, showing its worn furniture and scratched walls. Colorful bottles toppled over were unable to attain their desired upright status.

He whispered, “Shelly. Baby, I’m’a rip his throat out just like you wanted. I got your phone call, so don’t you worry.”

With no given answer, he pulled at his clothes, throwing his jacket to the floor like an unwanted foreigner, knowing his skin needed to breathe to sober up. An urge in his groin hit him, causing him to run to the sink. Falling over, he grabbed the faucet while he spun in half-circles. The piss sprayed against a dish with eggs and bacon crusted atop. The food attempted to hold as it disintegrated. Shaking off, he crept down the hallway towards Shelly’s room, using the walls as crutches. She lay in bed with an arm wrapped around her son. They laid without fear, not contemplating whether the sun would rise on the morrow.

Rocko spied a metal instrument with a razor claw. It gave off a shining glare that begged to be touched. He picked it off the dresser and looked close to its serrated edges. His eyes were unable to see its microscopic points. He licked it, tearing his tongue open. The hot, salty red flowed through his mouth, giving his taste buds a jolt. His eyes sobered to a degree, and in flowed the precision that his confidence commanded. He tiptoed to the bed and towered over the mother and child with raised arms. His monster demeanor tilted his excitement. The blood dripped off his tongue gently to the sheets. Anxiety kicked him in the skull as he prayed they wouldn’t wake. As he approached, the droplets hit the boy’s skin and smeared upon the flesh.

He whispered, “Shane, you ain’t wanted no more, boy. You tell them in the other life that old Rocko is gonna fuck every god damn sister of mercy that comes his way. You tell them

that no matter what, Rocko ain't fallin' down. He ain't takin' no punches or threats. You tell 'em that I'm coming, I'm coming to show 'em what a real fuckin' guy can do to broads like that."

He snatched the boy, pinning him to his own chest. Shane awoke.

"Rocko? Rocko! Do you need your shoes shined?"

"Not today, boy-o. I gots other plans for you. Just sit tight and tell me when you see those storming mounds a' corpses."

Rocko slit the blade halfway across the throat. The boy coughed red. The blood splattered, consuming everything in radius with its vile wetness. Shelly woke, pushing the liquid out of her eyes. She clawed, but could only see blurry spots of her child, Shane, coughing his last breaths. Rocko clenched his teeth. The boy lay paralyzed and terror-stricken. He finished the slice. Shelly woke to the nightmare, trying not to see the chaos. Rocko jumped atop her, gripping her shoulders, making her feel her bones about to pop. She twisted futilely.

Rocko's stomach hiccupped and out came the green, dowsing Shelly in slime. She spat to breathe through the film that covered her facial orifices. The boy continued to bleed without permission – without registering the meaning of his red soaking the world dark.

"Don't worry baby, the job's done – just as you asked. I did what ya said, full respect, full mount, and 'ere you are struggling. Listen, girl, you close your eyes tight, real tight, you imagine that none of this happened and maybe – just maybe, when you open them, you'll see your son, and all those other dead fucks you once knew."

Rocko knifed her wound in frenzy. Shane's head bobbed on the mattress like a doll subject to all intent. Rocko raced on her, riding her through bright country, falling leaves, snowy Alps, dirty cityscape, to full bloom on Mayflower day, all the way until the milk victory. He gave it to Shelly, and let her bask in her own mistakes, hoping she'd learn something. She cried through her heartless host. She's human after all, he thought. He pushed off her and walked towards the door.

"Enjoy your six-year late abortion, ya fuckin' whore."