

A Torn Mind Short Story

The Red Abyss

By deZtormmind | Sky Tesi
2007-07-15
675 Words

Baxter opened his eyes to Hell. Red fog strangled his senses. The sulfur taste made his eyes roll out of his head. He coughed and fell to the floor. Ahead was a narrow, dirt road. He held onto the ground to stable himself. Heat pulsed, making him snatch his hand back. Both sides of the road had an indefinite drop into an abyss.

Vomit spilled out of his mouth. His ears rang with deafness. Blood covered his skin. He held his hand to his temple to assemble his thoughts. The bones of his skull dislodged with the weight of his hand. He jumped back. His hand was a pale white with green and blue veins exploding out against the skin. The air let go of its stranglehold. He breathed the red in willingly and stood. The road was a twisted maze in front of him. Black ooze bubbled under his feet. He ran down the road. The fog grew thicker and blocked out his vision. Screeching sounds echoed from all directions. His breath shortened. His legs grew sore and his lungs worn out. A white hand appeared from the fog and clawed at him. He raised his hands to block. Wetness rolled down his freshly cut throat. His heart raced into panic. The fog thinned out. His blood dripped to the ground and dissolved from the heat. He crouched low to the ground. The heat increased below him, blinding his eyes with steam.

Baxter noticed it was taking his vitals, and returned to his run. The dirt softened, slowing his footsteps. Shrieks returned and fog blanketed him. The white hand grasped his bleeding throat and lifted him. Airborne, he dangled over the winding road. The creature was uniformed in fog, all but his bony white hand. Baxter's breath ran out. Blood ran down his throat in long horizontal sheets. His body stiffened and his eyes dimmed. The hand dropped him. He fell in

awkward rotations, and crashed into a castle wall. His right forearm snapped as it collided. His wrist and hand hung sickly to a 90-degree angle. He screamed a roar.

A heavy door slammed open. Rushed footsteps approached him. Gasping, he rose to his feet, holding his dead right hand. A black dog appeared through the fog. It neared closer. Baxter backed up to the edge of the road. The dog jumped. He swung his fist into its head. The dog closed its left eye and sank its teeth into his neck. Thick blood splattered out. The dog twisted his head and walked back to the castle with Baxter's jaws. The flood of sensations was depleting him dry, but he could still feel the heat of its breath.

Baxter moved his eyes to his right arm. It pathetically flailed along, scraping against the floor. The cold stones of the castle made Hell vanish from his mind. He was left in the center of a massive room. At the far end was the dark figure with white hands. Baxter stood, wavering, holding the wound on his throat. The blood droplets didn't dissolve on the stones, they slid through the cracks and gravitated towards the dark figure.

Baxter approached the white hands. The figure stood on a platform mounted to the wall with his arms crossed.

"Why are you here?" the figure asked.

"I died."

"Were you sent to replace me?"

Baxter hobbled closer. The figure flew towards him with both arms stretched out and mouth agape. A whisper let out of Baxter's mouth.

“I’ll kill you.”

The figure clamped his teeth into Baxter. His eyes sparked madness and his cheeks sucked inward as he drained the blood out. He flexed his hand out and grabbed Baxter’s orbital sockets. His eyeballs exploded from the pressure. Blackness engulfed Baxter’s reality. Pain and more pain flooded his state. He listened to the ripping sounds of his own flesh. His sopping wet head smashed to the stones. Air brushed against his exposed head. All of his senses drowned out.

“We’ll see what you can do,” the figure said.