A Torn Mind Short Story

The Red Abyss

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2007-07-15
675 Words

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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