

A Torn Mind Short Story

Torne Grave

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130 Words

A purple haze coated the night. With it came an aura of paranoia. It flowed through the air, attempting to blanket the night.

In the earth of the grave plots, burrowing through the soil, a snake slithered upward. It sought a coffin and gnawed at the wood. In its box of eternal slumber, the corpse did not flinch. The snake unhinged its jaw, clamped over the head, and tore the skull free. Bones crumbled apart, leaving twisted fragments along the outer scales of the snake. The creature swam to the surface and emerged. It slithered through the graves, shimmering in the moonlight.

The scales inverted, forming flesh. Fur grew through new pores and hands extruded out with massive dark wings. He flared his wingspan and shot himself into the night.