

A Torn Mind Flash Fiction

You're Dead Now, Mom!

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Steve ran through the open door.

“Mom, Mom!”

He threw his head left and right, looking for his mother.

“Mom!”

“I’m in here, Sweetie.”

Steve ran to her bedroom. He heaved his backpack off his right arm and slung it on the floor towards his room.

“Mom! Johnny and Max and the rest of the fellas are going camping this weekend. Can I go? Can I?”

“I don’t want you going camping, Honey. You could get hurt, and now that your father’s gone, I can’t let anything happen to you.”

“Fuck him. Let me go.”

“What! Go to your room! I don’t want to see your face!”

“Can I go with them?”

“No!”

Steve’s air of excitement dissipated. His head hung low. Slouching down, he took slow, steps towards his room. He dragged the backpack with him, looked at it, and thought of all the homework he had to do. He bore his teeth at it and kicked it as hard as he could.

“Fuck school. Fuck homework. Fuck Mom. Fuck –“

He sat on his steel, blue chair in the middle of his room. The cold wooden floor beneath his feet reflected the sunlight from the window. Steve slowly turned his head around his room, looking for things he could do or had to do. Each object he saw spawned another excuse in his mind as to why he didn't want to do anything at all.

“Fuckin' Mom. She ain't even my real mom”

Steve hawked his spit and spat. A small, bubbly, yellow spot landed next to his foot. Steve scratched his head and walked over to his radio. He grabbed the CD booklet next to it. Flipping pages, he stopped at 'Too Dark Park', slid it into the top, and hit play. Its slow, electric hum began soothing his mind and synchronizing with the pulse of his thoughts. He turned up the volume. The beat started building and falling into a continuous spiral.

Steve pumped his pelvis listening to the music. He walked around his room in circles, banging his head. Stopping at his bookshelf, he took out the bible, and flipped back the front cover. He had cut the center out of the pages as a stash for his weed. He took out two grams, closed it, and placed it back. He jumped on his bed, bouncing on the noisy springs. Reaching in his pillow, he pulled out a black pipe with tape around the center.

He opened the plastic bag and took out the weed in clumps, stuffing the bowl of his pipe. He paused, falling in rhythm with the music, and clenched his fist hard, thinking of his mother.

“Cunt,” he said.

Steve unzipped the pocket on his bomber jacket' sleeve and took out a purple Bic lighter. He raised the pipe to his mouth, tilted his head to the right, and lit the flame. Inhaling, the potent smell of Mary J filled his nostrils. He exhaled with a cough. Looking behind him, he saw his window, and opened it. Birds were chirping outside, and the mailman was walking by his house. Steve held the pipe to his mouth and swirled the lighter's flame on the bowl. He smoked fast, killing the bowl, then refilling it and lighting himself again.

He looked at his hands, and flexed them, making fists. He started pacing his room, looking for things he could do, and bit his fist. He grabbed a rusty screwdriver off his shelf and walked out of his room. He looked in his mother's bedroom. She was scrubbing the bathroom floor, bending over with her ass in his view. Steve bit his lower lip, and clenched the screwdriver tight.

"Can't go camping?" he asked in a low voice. Steve tilted his head to the side. "I can't go?"

"Honey, are you talking to me?"

"No, Mom! You don't fucking exist!"

He ran towards her.

"You ain't even my real mom!"

"What!"

She turned her head around. Steve was atop her. He sank his screwdriver into the back of her neck. An instant relief flooded through him. He wanted more of it. He sank the tool again. Again. Again. Again. Steve dropped the screwdriver. His mother's ass remained up in the air, and her head leaned on the freshly scrubbed floor.

"Mom?"

Regaining his cool, Steve turned her head towards him.

"Mom?"

She wore a death face; he swore it had a mocking twist in it.

"Fuck you! Fuck you! You're dead now, Mom!"

Steve stood up, shaking. He looked around, and walked back to his room. 'Too Dark Park' was still playing. He turned the knob of the volume all the way up. The walls shook from the industrial synthesizers. He fell into its rhythm, banging his head. He stood in the hall, looking at his dead mother. Walking back to his room, he grabbed his pipe out and did another bowl.

Steve smiled. He danced to the music, taking his jacket off. He pumped his pelvis in and out. He tilted his head side to side, taking his shirt off. Untying his shoes, he lost himself in the music, then kicked his shoes off, and pulled off his socks.

Naked, Steve approached his mother.

"Hey, Mom. Hey, Mom." He smiled. "Can I go camping now, Mom?"

He reached around her waist and undid the top circular button on her jeans. Synthesizers blared in the background, making Steve stop to close his eyes and dance to it. His dick grew hard as he pulled her pants off.

“I’ll make you real proud, Mom.”

Steve slid her pink panties down, and approved of her ass. He coughed, then plunged himself in. Steve pumped away.

“You cunt, you deserve this. Nothing to say, huh? Guess I’m right, Mom!”

Police sirens grew faintly louder. Steve opened his mouth in shock.

“Let me finish!” he said toward the front door. “Just let me finish!”

He heard knocking at the door. Steve blew his load. He ran back into his room, dressed, and climbed out the window.