

Target: The Eye

By Eorge Dobbs

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Ruby red oceans gently ripple as the shiny assailant withdraws.

My throat tightens like a water-pipe shutting off, my lungs suffer, dragging in heaving mouthfuls of air, and he lay softly, quietly on the ground, lost now on the endless plains of hell. I couldn't believe what I had just done, for I loved him, he loved me, but I hated him when he told me I looked good, I NEVER LOOK GOOD!

Down the endless chasm of sin, into the abyss of hell on Earth. I have killed him. The flat cake of now lifeless blood oozes listlessly between the grout filled cracks of the white-washed tiles.Â

Why did I do it? Â

I sob, staring into where his eyes once sat; I look at the gaping liquid scarlet filled holes that I made, now he will never see me and say I look good.Â

The knife drops beside him with a calamitous rattle, my head gravitates and impacts onto his sinewy chest. The hands, my hands, that once caressed, search up and down his body for a sign of life.

His face.

Stubble.Â

I touch.

He has left me.

I leave him.

I rise and escape.

A ghastly sight.Â

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