

The True Monster

The crimson sun was swallowed suddenly, unanticipatedly, by encroaching darkness. The night swallowed the moon, the stars, even shadows themselves. It took its stranglehold, smothering every noise, choking the breeze. The Stygian absence of light seemed to oppress me like a kind of massive weight. In the corner of my room, it pooled and took shape. The creature rose to its full height, looming over me and opening its slavering jaws, as it had done for countless days before. I readied myself for our nightly confrontation. The creature beetled across my bedroom floor, a mass of tangled and spidery limbs, paralyzing goo seeping from its inky pores, its caved in eyes boring holes into me as I picked up a baseball bat. Gnashing its three rows of jagged teeth, it charged.

The baseball bat thudded into the monster's oblong head with a sickening crunch. I felt its skull cave in, bone splintering, and skeletal structure collapsing. The blow jarred the bat out of my hands and numbed my arms all the way up to my shoulders. The creature flew sideways, impacting my wall and sending dust motes flying. Within seconds it was back on its feet again.

Images from the last month flashed at me like an antediluvian film reel. The first time my bat made contact with the creature, leaving it lifeless on the floor. The next day it was back again, and I smote it again. The same Louisville Slugger making the same strike on the same monster, doing a little less damage each time.

I was snapped out of my trance by the fiend lunging at me once more, its acuminate appendages tearing into my flesh. From the wound stemmed a hiemal coldness which sent out jagged lines of frost that leached the warmth and comfort from my body.

I grabbed the closest thing off my nightstand and slammed it against the demon's body and it tumbled away, its coarse and narrow tongue retracting back into its mouth, the letters PROZAC left steaming on its skin. I cupped my hand against my stomach, trying to stop the bleeding. The wound was superficial, yet it refused to heal.

I sent out a desperate plea for help to my companions, but they were not there. Words rolled richly in the room, sloshing in my ears like acid. "They do not care."

It was right

The hellion was back on its infernal extremities, and I descended upon it, smashing my fist into its body, leaving burning imprints across its entire anatomy. My skin split and tattered, pain shooting up through my bone marrow. I kept pummeling it, even as my epidermis ripped, my knuckles breaking under the strain. Stars exploded in my vision as the monster lashed out, connecting with such force that blood pooled into my mouth. I lay on the ground, feeling as though my lungs were filled with water. The air felt like treacle, sluggishly sliding into my lungs. Crimson coalesced beneath me, the air taking on the distinct tang of copper. Unable to kill the beast, I lay there and let it take me.

Depression is impossible to escape.