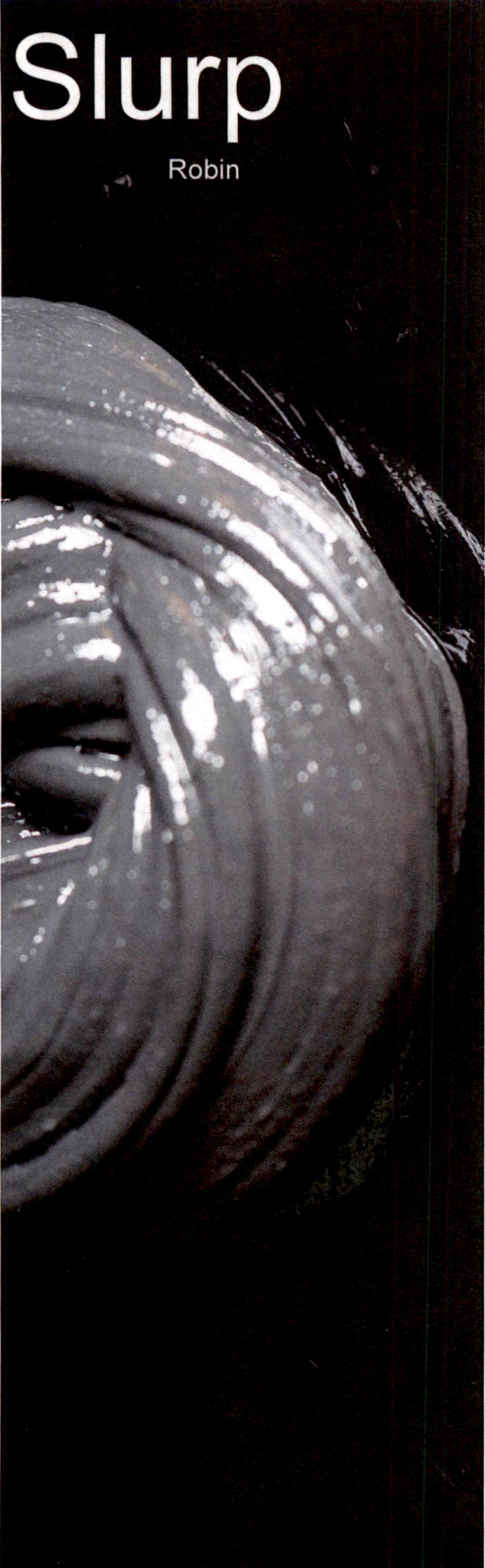


# Slurp

Robin



It was adorable almost, the way it's putrid black clung to the spoiler of his 89 Accord. He did laps, turning right or left thoughtlessly. The freezing rain resounded on his rooftop. Every time he stopped, the thing would bubble and gulp, festering itself across the rear window. He accelerated from the light. The thing streaked away, its constant squeal became faint as he began passing traffic. The roads were a disastrous collection of ice and sleet. The steering felt heavy, his brain began to seep. He could feel it shifting side to side, a slosh from left to right, it was exhausting. His eyes drooped and his brows sank low. Every moment his eyes sat open they stung. It'd be too easy to close them now. He could hear the thing seething, and wailing. He turned on the radio. The thing began to drip through the back window. The music came on, the vocals were gentle but the guitar was plucky and anxious.

The traffic droned on for ages, the cars around him went in and out of focus. The thing poured out of the vents. It was black and milky, with clumps squirming through it. It consumed the car, filling every gap, dribbling in through every panel. He pulled in to a small neighborhood. It was full of pre-war houses and post opioid people. The thing began to boil and pop. Every bubble released a smell of must so dense you could see it. It reached up his neck, filling every pore one by one. It stepped gently across his head, dancing upon each hair individually. It pressed in to his eyes and clung to his eyelids until the slime of his eyes had begun to glue them shut. He peeled them open as he bounced over the curb and screeched to a halt. The thing shook loose, contorting around the floor mats, twisting rapidly. He stepped out of the car into the January rain. He turned to face the park, and an icy hill.