

He went to lock the door. The thing rushed out and clung to his hand. The car was consumed in its black inky muck. He pulled his hand back. The thing held onto every hair and follicle. it pulled desperately. He freed himself and spun around. He lifted his hood, and felt the dull pounding of the rain on the fabric of his sweater. He stepped carefully down the slope, at every movement the soles of his shoes threatened to let go. The thing rushed from tree to tree, sweeping and hushing, concealing itself, amongst the ancient oaks. It engulfed a tweaker, and slipped the needle just a little deeper into the fried gentlemens vien. The thing followed him deeper into the park as they approached a small pagoda. They crossed a foot bridge. The thing grew, contorting itself around the supports. It grew larger, a crude and constricted serpent, engulfing itself across the park. It continued to tumble and seep. Every pop let out a desperate wailing. It moved faster. It winced with every contortion and stumble.

They reached the wooden covering of the pagoda. The thing curled into the corner, spreading across the cedar beams. He stopped, there was nothing he could do, he collapsed. The wet concrete soaked ice straight into his knees. All at once the thing overcame him, it held his arms and legs out straight, it curled his toes, it wrapped around his entire body, holding him tightly, forcing every muscle to flex and stretch. His bones became sore. It gently closed his eyes. It dove into his throat. He vomited as it sank deeper. He could feel it writhing around his windpipe. he gasped for air as it gently covered his nose. The burn of stomach acid coated his tongue. He could feel it squirming into his lungs. it tore and ripped. filling his airway. He couldn't scream, he couldn't move. He gasped and choked. His lungs burned for air. It only held him tighter. It wiggled around his organs, it squirmed rapidly, as if it was looking for something. He could feel it pushing into his heart. he could feel it as it sank under his skull. He felt the blood drip from his nostrils, it was warm, and soft.

At 9 a.m. a middle aged woman, dressed in a conservative yet revealing dress, would say good evening. She would talk about how the snow was falling in large fluffy clumps, and how an 18 year old had taken his own life in a small old town park.