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Framed

Tim Emmerling
College of DuPage

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FRAMED

Tim Emmerling

The ray of moonlight was cut into thin slits between the opaqueness of the mangled claws that sat poised above the screaming man's skull. They gleamed with a glorious brilliance and waited patiently for further instruction from the beast. With the weight of three men bearing down on the center of his chest, his body was pressed firmly against the flattened shards of grass. The terrified prey looked deeply into the piercing red eyes. Encased in a fur infested face, the crimson orbs were imbued with hell and they glimmered like blood filled bulbs. The polluted breath, exhaled from the hulking muzzle, was nauseating. The screaming ceased, and only the controlled movements of the monster's chest pumping in and out could be heard amongst the deserted park.

A thick white mucous like substance was building around the brim of the jagged teeth. The creature was hungry and ready to stain its brown coat with layers of the victim's mortality.

Allowed one final look at the world around him, he freed his eyes from the foreboding presence and stared into the beautiful patterns of stars as he bid humanity goodbye. With his gaze fixed on the circular moon, the beast prepared its claw for a murderous movement.

Cocking its branchlike arm back, the razor finger came soaring down. Piercing his chest, and breaking his ribs, the claw swam through the stirred pool of soft flesh. As his life drained out across the shadow covered grass, he continued staring up at the moon. His vision was fixed, and his body stiff. He was gone.

As the gluttonous fiend continued pillaging through the decaying genetics, the wind crept by carrying the pestilent scent of death. The few puffy clouds in the clear sky approached the moon threatening its all encompassing presence.

Hungrily, the fluffed masses of vapor consumed the escaping photons to reveal their full dark bellies to those below. The evisceration continued, and as chunks of tissue were strewn about, the moon was slowly covered at its lower corner by the reaching clouds.

The beast halted and withdrew its pincers from the decimated cavity as if struck by a bolt of pain. It winced in terror and let out a deafening howl. Slowly, its skin began to collapse following the rapid distortion of its supporting bones. Its jaws acted similarly and began to bury themselves below the pink flesh, leaving human teeth behind. The vile red eyes flushed themselves clean to reveal two, innocent, blue irises.

Now the beast lay on its side, placing only a third of its original stature on the ground. The incongruent body continued to convulse violently as the transformation continued. The brown strands, matted down with the splattered liquid leftovers, evacuated back underneath the trembling white skin.

The human body lay curled up and clothed only in human remains. Above, the moon was completely consumed by the invading clouds. Coming out of the pain induced coma, he planed down his right hand and used it to raise his upper-torso to a sitting position. The passing breeze was cold.

He didn't know where he was or what he was going until he saw the messy corpse across from him. His head dropped down as tears formed. His bloody fists tightened and rose as he looked up at the sky in anger. Even the heavens heard his cry, "WHY?!?!"