

A Torn Mind Piece

# Eyes of Fright

## Cloisters

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Ravenous dug his claws into the roof. He snarled with spit dripping from his mouth. He leapt through the air in his large wolf body and ravaged a monk's neck to strings. With his body pressed low to the ground, his eyes darted for others. Three monks appeared around the corner. They held their hands up as if to control the beast through signals and words. Ravenous charged them and circled their legs, snapping his teeth into their ankles. They dropped to the floor in agony, trying to reach for the beast, but his muscled physique slipped through their fingers. He clenched his teeth into their flesh, spitting blood into the air, and howled valiantly.

Bright lights shot on in large metallic sounds. Ravenous escaped to shadows. Nuns and monks came to the aid of the fallen. The ones that could speak protested, warning their brothers and sisters to stay back.

"Evil has spilled into our mist," a fallen monk said.

The confusion and yelling began to die down as more of the holy men gathered to observe the atrocity. Torches were passed around. They genuflected in a continuous wave. He stretched his wings outward and curved through the main yard. He dipped below into the crowd and raked across a holy man's eyes. Ravenous tumbled to the ground, concealing himself in darkness.

"Bat," one screamed. "Holy God in Heaven protect us from thy sinners. And mayest Thou not lead us to temptation, but deliver us from the evil, because Thine is the reign, and the power, and the glory – to the ages. Amen."

Ravenous began running towards the crowd in human shape and charged through

them, pushing through their torches and blocked attempts. With eyes of glee and madness, he dashed his hands out toward their necks, spraying their blood in long spurts. Deep in focus with measured patience, he struck them down, seeking their blood. Horror shook him when a brave monk swung his flaming torch into his back. The heat whipped across him. He spun and sank his teeth into the man's neck and pried open the space between his head and neck, bathing himself in a fountain of red. He dared them, throwing corpses into piles, throwing his head back, booming with laughter. The red pools of holy blood joined, creating a lake of fresh blood.

They held crucifixes out as they chanted prayers. Obscenities escaped some men's lips, while others stood frozen in shock. Ravenous was caught in a stupor of madness. He rubbed his bloodied fingers into the gums of his mouth. His head turned to the side as he tasted and pondered the subtleties of his different victims. Screams and terror flooded the night. All who remained in Brunswick Cloisters lay twisted, torn, and brutalized. The walls were blood-drenched and the bodies contorted, trying to escape to heaven.

Ravenous flew through the skies, indulged from the carnage. The air reeked of death and spilt blood. He parted ways with the cloisters and its three rivers. There was no grand satisfaction swirling in his mind, but hunger. His loyalty and obedience had been proven. He didn't care if he spilt the blood of any man. His conscience was clear and his mind sharp.

Knowing he needed supplies, he coasted the air streams until he saw the bright lights of a large city. He flew down to the main streets and took to walking as a man on two limbs with naked flesh. He walked down the main road, looking into storefronts. In the reflection of the glass, he only saw the road and sidewalk behind him. He stopped at a medical office with an

emblem of snakes wrapped around a staff. He smashed the glass on the door and climbed inside. Walking into the back, he rummaged through cabinets and drawers, finding clothes. He donned a top hat, a purple suit, and large industrial boots. An assortment of syringes and a metal briefcase caught his eye. Looking to avoid notice, he escaped out of the back and ran through the streets in long strides until he spotted an apartment building he deemed his. He launched himself up the fire escape in short leaps, opened the screen, and stepped inward.

An old TV sat dully on a stand. The place was messy with newspapers strewn about. He walked over, hooked the deadbolt, and set his briefcase down. He laid out five syringes and set to work, draining himself of blood. By the sixth vial, he began feeling very weak. His head was wobbly and hanging downward like a broken neck. He shuffled his feet out of the apartment door and into the hallway. He kicked the adjacent door down, searching for humans.

In the third door he tried, a woman lay sleeping on a bed. He dipped his long, curved claw into her eye socket and severed the eye loose. She woke with a seizure of torment. He shushed her and sat complacently, watching tears of blood and salt run down her face. A sad, confused, hysteric animal, she shook in his arms. He ran his hands through her long brown hair and stroked her ears, appreciating and analyzing the human body. His serious, studious face fell to a sadistic cringe of laughter.

His face extended forth into a snout. His short, rectangular teeth elongated to sharp incisors that dripped with saliva. His black fur was ruffled and wild and his eyes crazed – ready to ravage. He darted forward and clenched the meat in his teeth, and grinded and pulled. The warm spray of blood quickened his desire until the body lay limp and fluids drained. Hungry, he

took his case and stood upwards in his suit, licking his teeth as he entered back into the night.

Ravenous carried his briefcase while pondering and etching in his mind. 'Who would make good creatures? Who is fearless and driven enough to slaughter nightly without regret or mercy? There can't be discrimination, even that would be too weak, for all must perish.' He dissipated into the night along with the steam from the streets.

Ravenous thought about his encounter with Marsela. He wished she were back, but he knew it was proper that to consent to her wishes. Besides, he thought, the bloodbath he caused would unravel throughout the news to the human public. He had made his name, and now it was time to recede, and to think. It was no resignation, but a triumphant victory.

Ravenous cruised the night's skies. He turned on his right and barreled into the city. The night was rich with a purple thickness. Fog rolled in with green and yellow hues. The buildings soared into the sky. Wind battered against him. Landing on his feet, he walked with his hands tucked into his pockets as he passed a familiar church with crosses that extruded from the walls.

Voices came spiraling into his mind. Words became articulated, with pictures flashing by of Chicago's Dodge Elementary school. There seemed to be something very crucial about a school nearby.

Ravenous looped through the night's skies and came crashing down as a bullet, smashing through the glass of the sky windows. He landed in a tumble, rose to his feet, and flexed his claws outward. He crept between the desks and hugged the walls before he turned

the corner. He heard the breathing of a female, and whispers in the distance, down the stairs and behind a wall. She was in a corner holding a shotgun. He spun towards her and wrapped his arms around her.

“Are you the lookout?” he whispered to her.

Her eyes opened painfully wide. Her gun pointed upward. She tried to direct the barrel towards him, but he held the barrel in his left hand. He snatched the gun from around her shoulder and threw it spinning through the air. It smashed through a window and fell downwards two stories. Her heartbeat quickened. He held her, savoring her fear. He slid his index on her chin and pushed it upward as he crept closer, tonguing the side of her neck. He stroked her hair. Her forehead was full of sweat. He inhaled and ripped her clothes off. The moonlight splashed its light onto her flesh in a blue tint.

A garbled radio static played on her belt.

“Hey Clarice, why aren’t you checking in? It’s been 25. Check-ins are every 15. You copy?”

Ravenous held the radio to her mouth for her to speak. He mouthed the words as she spoke them, “Everything’s OK up here,” she said in a slow measured manner.

“Copy that. Jackson brought some Corona if you’re interested. Over and out.”

She swallowed deeply and looked to the radio. Ravenous gripped it until it burst into pieces. He wet his fingers and slid them to her thigh. She hesitantly looked away. She grabbed his arms, but her strength wasn’t enough to manipulate him. He lowered his head down her

stomach, licking her navel and tracing downward. She screamed as he clamped down. He caught the sound of doors opening from below. He could hear the footsteps rushing up the stairs. Three men with shotguns entered the room. Clarice was on her knees, naked with her head pointed down and hidden.

“Clarice, you OK?”

She didn’t answer. Jackson grabbed her chin and pulled it upward, checking her neck. There were no holes or marks.

“Come on, Clarice, speak to us. Tell us what happened.”

Her eyes were flat and her expression catatonic.

They surrounded her, pointing their guns into the pockets of the room.

“Shit, the sky window’s smashed, and so is the window over there,” John said, and pointed.

Clarice grabbed Jackson’s leg and bit down. He screamed and kicked her away. Chris held her down with his left hand on her throat and winced as he drove a stake into her heart. She rattled until her face fell to serenity and her body lay stiff.

“Shit! How’s your leg, Jackson?”

He shook his limb. “I’m fine,” he said. “Her teeth didn’t go through.”

Chris noticed the specks of blood on Jackson’s leg. He looked to John. They nodded, and pointed their guns at Jackson.

“Guys, no!”

They blew him away with blaring shotgun sounds. Jackson flew backwards and sank to the ground with his arms wide. They cocked their guns.

“I’ll get Jackson, you get Clarice,” John directed.

Chris walked up to Clarice and held the barrel towards an inch before her face, closed his eyes, and pulled the trigger. John blew Jackson’s head away. Chris and John met in the center of the room, spinning in circles, looking for intruders.

Ravenous began clapping in the corner. The men shot towards the direction of the sound and morphed into a wolf. He pushed the door open and clamped through their necks, letting the blood fly as he tore their flesh loose. A shotgun fired, piercing his shoulder, but he latched onto the gunned man and proceeded to eat his eyes. The still breathing corpses choked on their blood and spit. Their bodies pulsed with their stomachs, inflating and deflating quickly. Sweat dripped off their foreheads. The blood loss slowed them to a crawl.

Ravenous took to the skies with an injured shoulder. It burned, but in the pain, he could feel the microfibers realigning and re-stitching them.

Ravenous stood in the blackness of a church with small candlelight at the end. Two humans kneeled in pews, praying. Ravenous looked to the body of Christ at the ceiling above the altar. He balled his hands, flexed his veins, and carried off into a run, slitting their throats where they stood, and departed back to the night skies.

He flew through the open night. Proud to be done of his deeds, he triumphantly soared across the sky, stretching his limbs, cruising and coasting on wind streams. The air rushed forth, battering against him in a tunnel of wind, but he was free from all. After a stretch, he dived down to the ground of a night lit city.

He walked the streets in a dark heavy purple suit with long strands of hair shielding his eyes. He passed by a brick walkway. A store sign read 'The Happy Muffin Man'. It had a green cross emblem. He tried the door, but it just shook violently. He went around back and crashed the door open. He pushed his shoulder through another door, and beheld the brilliant light of plants. He sat down, pulled out a new glass pipe, and burned it. His head took to the wind and submerged itself deeply into the clouds. Underwater movement grasped him and the bubbly sound from atop the surface pulled at his ears.

More of the lights turned as he fought to his feet, but gun bullets caught him and riddled him back down. Blood oozed out his wounds and his tongue unraveled out of his mouth. Pain gripped him tight in his chest and internal organs. He felt his life fading out and his vision quivering and dimming, but he still felt aware. He fought through the blur and felt his body pinned down, but surges of strength began fueling into his mind and powering his body with elasticity. Sweet euphoria covered his pain and propelled him up in laughter. The claws on his hands cut through the gunman's face and his teeth sank into their wrist. Blood tore loose in waves. Ravenous walked out and sprung upward into the air with his wings spanned.

Ravenous dropped out of the air in a bomb and transformed into a walking man. His back hulked with muscles arched his spine like a coiled snake. He kicked his feet down the grey

walk. The path opened to a courtyard overhanging the lower leveled pier. Flagpoles of steel rose like crows nests with rippled flags, sputtering in the wind. He stopped, grasped the railing, and took sight of the docks below.

A layer of crud covered everything in salt and grit. Passersby paid no mind to his apocalyptic aura and traversed on their ways. The hunger swept his mind with a lick. An instant need to quench it grasped his vessel. His mind sawed through his visions. With his hands flexed and his legs on edge, he leapt through the night. The passersby couldn't hold their converses when they saw the leaping, running demon, escaping from Hell, eager for the soft body of a human. He grinded his teeth as his hair flailed in his face. He latched onto a female and pushed away her accompanying friend.

Ravenous sharply jammed his right hand into her face and licked the blood. He sank his teeth into the fold of her neck and shoulder. The flesh punctured and crept through the tissue. She screamed, looking to the passersby, who shrunk in horror. 'There is no one to pry her free', he saw, and sank to one knee, slicing the fabric of her jeans and puncturing her plump thigh. The teeth sank and the blood sucked to the back of his throat in spurts of heavy inhales with iron-rich, coppery tones. She fell, whimpering. Ravenous looked to the crowd and dropped his large boot over her face. The head bounced and came down squished like a wrinkled carpet. He crowed his arms outward, sighing in a huff, spitting blood, and jumped upward. He stretched into the night as a bat, fighting his way through the clouds. The victim laid lifeless, her expression as if foreseeing Hell.

Ravenous flew through the night with anger searing through his mind. He descended to the city streets below that were clouded with purple. He snatched a man in glasses wearing a tweed suit and gripping a leather briefcase. Ravenous held him by the shoulders and spat at his face in anger. His mouth was barking. The man looked perplexed and defeated. Ravenous sank his fangs in deep, draining the blood into the sides of his mouth, and cast aside the empty body.

He walked clumsily without destination. His feet plodded along the ground, his steps drunken with too many thoughts. A chaotic swirl of hate and sadness spun him in a tornado. Dull eyes laid flat on his expression and a dead line for a lip. The passersby avoided him, but he charged them slashing at their necks. One dived away, screaming and running. Another sank to the floor and stared upward at their oppressor, but the vampire staggered on.

Ravenous held a fat man to a brick wall and jaggedly ripped his fingers through his throat. The man's eyes bugged out like frogs. He spat to breathe, but Ravenous ravaged his throat apart with his teeth.

He flew off into the night, not caring about his blood trail.