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Rotten and Decayed

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I remember hitting my head against a bolt on a tractor tire. Blood immediately started to trickle down my face from my scalp. The blood's sandy tide washed over my eyes. In the stagnate, mosquito-filled puddle across the barn, I could see my reflection. My brain was sticking out through my skull, puncturing my skin. My neurons wailed out a hopeless dirge. This was going to take a lot of gauze.

The soles of my shoes carried my body to the plot of land between the barn and the house. The house seemed to be morphing. I perceived its red color to be shifting in tone when it was in the corner of my eye. The scratched, wooden steps looked to be growing older and more worn each second. It didn't seem like my house, but I was pretty sure that's where my house stood.

My body shattered into my upstairs bathroom where I was looking through the medicine cabinet. My exposed brain was starting to mold and decay. The blood that was charging through my head was weathering the layers of my skull. My prefrontal cortex spoke to me. "Did you leave the bandages downstairs?"

My eyes walked over and looked at a picture on my bedside table of a woman posing in my kitchen doorway. When I leaned my head down to look further, blood and paint thinner dripped from the gash in my head onto the face of this woman. Liquid slipped beneath the edges of the frame, infiltrating the paper photograph. She seemed concerned for me.

Looking down to the living room over the railing, I could see a puddle of hot mud where my rug usually is. There was a horse slowly sinking into it. The horse looked up at me with worried eyes, but said, "Don't worry about it." I walked downstairs, holding onto the railing that had grass growing out of it. A beaver was chewing into a wooden cabinet. The horse was mane-deep at this point.

"You think he's gonna be okay?" the beaver asked.

A moose that was looking at me from the kitchen doorway seemed interested in my answer.

"I'm not sure. I didn't think anyone could sink this far into mud."

"What's with your head?" the moose's vocal cords vibrated.

"Uh, I had an accident."

"Be more careful next time." The horse had completely sunk beneath.

"Do you know if we have any bandages down here?"

"I think there are some in the drawer under the microwave," answered the moose. Four hooves and three dozen teeth tumbled back up to the surface of the bubbling mud.

I began wrapping the bandage around my head. My brain was now sagging out of the wound, and I could see it in my peripheral vision. It was moldy and mosquitoes were biting through the rest of my frontal lobe. I had to shoo away a vulture from digging its hard, plaster beak into my brain. Just as I had wrapped one layer of gauze around my head, my brain plunged itself through the thin barrier into the bathroom sink. It laid there shaking, covered in moss and being gnawed on by flies. I could feel plants growing in my vacant head, forming their new ecosystem.

I left a trail of blood and fresh soil from the bathroom to the comfortable reclining chair in my living room. Alone, I sat looking at the infinite pool of mud. The hooves continued to twist and turn. My severed brain stem was charmed into the pit.

I drifted into the muddy vortex beneath the floorboards. Thick soil shoved its way into my wound, splitting dandelions in half with its pressure. My feet condensated as I sank. Most of my organs slowly descended further down as my skin separated and rose to the light. Flowers peeked out of the hole in my head to find the direction of the Sun.

My ashes spread across the dry dirt that lies at the bottom of the pit. They merge with the soil, allowing them to burrow up and feed the abandoned farmland.