

It was a beautiful morning when he woke up from the hazy night. The sun spilled into his room, flooding even the darkest corners with light. He rubbed his head, trying to recall the events of last night. He immediately knew he had been drinking; the foul smell was overwhelming, like a mixture between cigarette smoke and ancient urine. He stumbled out of his room and gazed around for two minutes. The mess was just shocking; he could barely see the lime carpet underneath that he so fondly liked. It really had been a rough night – at least he had woken up alone, he thought. He scratched his head, then his belly, he had a stomach ache. Beer can and bottles lay there expectantly. He didn't think that many people had come. He had no idea how wrong he was. He staggered down the stairs, avoiding the strange clothes which lay abandoned. He walked into the living room, and stopped in his tracks. His knees gave away and he crumpled to the cold stained floor. How could this have happened? Red goo lay there, still dripping. He could even see the open flesh, the deep red gashes and scars.

Dee & Crystal