



NOT DYING

Collin ran down the street. What started as the joy of escape, quickly turned to the tears of terror. Hounds to the hunter. He flailed madly as his tormenters held him down. The weak are not the victims of the critics, they are the prey. Fred showed him the string of firecrackers before he wrapped them around Collin's leg. He showed him the duct tape. Pulled off a strip slowly, deliberately. There was a gleam in his eyes. Then the Nietzsche boy and his friends ran home. "What does not kill us..." he shouted as the smoke rose.

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