

Dreaming of a Nightmare in Eden

Carach Angren

Neither white pebble-stones
nor crumbs of bread were left as a trail
for them to be led along crooked old trees
looking like twisted shapes of the dead.
Then they saw a beautiful snow-white bird sitting on a bough.
It flew away and they followed it
until it alighted on the roof of a little house,
constructed of gingerbread and confectionary.
So heavenly!
They began to eat.
Then a soft voice cried from the parlour:
"Nibble, nibble, gnaw,
is it a mouse nibbling at my little house?"
And the children answered:
"It's the wind, the heaven-born wind, "
and went on eating without disturbing themselves.

It was as if the house moved,
and in that moment,
the little white bird on the rooftop made a horrible shriek,
instead a black crow flew away over the trees.
Gretel dropped the cake she held.
She fell down on her knees,
began to cough up blood and threw up her delicious meal.
She couldn't breathe.
Chocking and chewing on the guts
spewing from her mouth.
Gretel bled from eyes and her ears and her nose.
She was bleeding like a pig.
Until she dropped dead!
The skies turned red instantly
while the candy cottage
transformed into a huge festering ulcer.
The stench of old blood and black pus...
Mmm...
Sugar and cake turned into decomposed flesh
crawling with flies, maggots and snakes.
This process of decay seemed quickly to spread.
It crawled over life and left it for dead.
Hansel took a few steps back.
He decided to turn around, to run away and then...
He looked straight into the face of a witch.
She whispered a spell, crafted in hell:
"Nibble, nibble, gnaw.
Hansel! I will eat your lifeless flesh...
Still warm... but raw"