

A Witness To...

Vale Of Pnath

She was
complaining about something. I don't remember a word she said.
Then there was a
man's voice, saying how the flesh and muscle would be much more tender if you
cook it at a certain temperature. But he had a certain lust in his voice.
Disturbing actually, there was a fireplace, but instead of a fire a TV took its
place, with perfectly cooked meat. I knew it was human. Now the lady began
crying so hard. Out of nowhere she appeared in front of me, next to the TV.
With her brain fully exposed. In shock I jumped back. The door flew open. The
man with the lustful voice shot a look at me. He began evaluating with his
eyes. Imagining how I would taste. I felt it in my bones, personifying a
doctor. I believe he was talking to someone, but I didn't see who. Out of the
shadows, came a gargantuan man covered with dry scaled blood. As if he enjoys
his kills stick to him represents who he is. Limp, he barged into the room. It
was the lady he wanted, to me he was oblivious. She was crying and holding
something in her hands. I sat there trying to figure out what I was it was
witnessing, where I was, how I got who I am. Sweat pouring out of every gland.
Then a glitched sound stole my attention. A sound came from behind the lady.....