Shredded

by Erin Zulkoski

I stand in front of my closet, trying to find something to wear. Everything I own is a tattered, ripped mess. I pick out a shirt and pair of pants that aren't too badly shredded and carefully put them on, taking great care to not ruin them any more than they already are.

Next, I make my way into the bathroom to shave. I lather my face up with shaving cream, take out my razor and bring it down my rough cheeks. I move to my neck, and end up taking a slice of skin off near my Adam's apple. I examine my neck in the mirror, and look at the stream of blood running down my neck. Normally, a man would grab a bit of toilet paper and apply it to the knick, but I do not. Within seconds, the stream slows to a mere trickle, then to nothing at all. In fact, there is no evidence I cut myself, except for the shaving cream that has turned a light pink, as the blood mixed in.

I grab a towel from the bar next to the sink and wipe my face clean, and give myself a look in the mirror to make sure I've gotten all the foam off my skin.

"James Logan, you are a freak of nature," I say to myself. Then I stab the mirror with my adamantium claws, shattering it into a million pieces.

Seven years bad luck? Fuck that. I scoff at that, actually. When you are a mutant with exceptional healing powers and metal claws, superstitions are laughable.

Available online at *«http://fictionaut.com/stories/erin-zulkoski/shredded»*
Copyright © 2011 Erin Zulkoski. All rights reserved.