

Destiny Narrowly Avoided

by j. h. woodyatt

It was a giant thing in the sky, shaped like a sausage.

It had all kinds of psychedelic lights all over it, and it made the most eldritch noises. Kinda like the noise of a thousand newly hatched spiders consuming the corpse of their mother— amplified to about 100 decibels.

Then it started extruding tendrils and tying them all into intricate knots. Soon, it had millions of them tangled into dreadlocks that draped hundreds of feet beneath it.

It descended to me, it's mouth pouting invitingly. When the tendril masses touched the earth, they began burrowing into the ground like the roots of a gigantic banyan tree. Its lips quivered. Maybe it was nervous. Maybe it was hungry. Maybe it was both.

I was nearly blinded by the colored lights and my ears hurt from the sounds, though I must admit I found the sounds exciting in a strange way.

For a moment I contemplated entering the mouth and spending my energies there, but something about the way it looked reminded me of Anna, and the moment was lost.

