Needles And Sins

by j. h. woodyatt

I need a visual on the poor bastards I've been sent to kill, but I can't see them. I light a flare.

This place used to be an underground shopping mall. Now, it's empty, pitch dark. I'm up to my breasts in mucky water. My fingers slice the surface, making tiny spreading waves.

They've put down roots under the dome. Want to push through the ceiling, blot out the sun. I have other plans.

They have a firefly dazzle. I have a shadow wink. One lightning bolt and I'm done.

Goddamn færies. Good riddance.

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