

SWAMPLANDS by Paul D. Brazill

by Paul David Brazill

Elvis awoke in a cold, dank sweat, hungover from bourbon and bad dreams. The nightmare had consisted of him being hunted through a swamp by the murderous spectre of his stillborn twin and his pounding heartbeat seemed to echo through the mansion.

He stumbled into the bathroom, splashed cold water on his face and looked in the mirror to face his own ashen reflection and that of his grinning doppelganger.

Aaron tightly wrapped the umbilical cord around Elvis' throat and pulled it until his brother breathed no more.

The king is dead, long live the king, he muttered.

