

H. P. Lovecraft Inspired Flash Fictions

Collection of Oneshots

Von karana

Tight Grip

I'm trying to pick up the broken perfume bottle.

She mustn't know I broke it!

The rosy stench mixes with a smell of blood –I fumbled too much with the shards. Now, they're sticking to my hands. People think I'm just clumsy, and, well yeah, I am, but they don't know about HER. They mustn't know either, because she's a ghost. She hurts me when I mess up, and I can never hide it. I try anyway.

So, I shut the door and open the window. I squeeze a pillow in the wide crack at the bottom of the door. This way, I'll get rid of the smell! Still, I can't do anything about the noise I already made. And sure enough, the lights start to flicker.

There's only one way out of here - and moments later, I'm dangling from the window sill trying to gather the courage to let myself fall. I hear her voice. Like whispering wind she calls out to me.

Honey, you've been naughty.

I let go and land in the bushes next to the kitchen window that I must have forgotten to close earlier today.

I broke something, so she'll break something. That's what she does.

I turn and turn my head for whatever might be of help. A package of salt on the kitchen table catches my eye. And a knife.

What am I thinking? I can't!

But I'm already climbing through the window. I take the knife, dip it in dish water and stab the salt package. I already feel the cold spot that announces her coming. I'm not thinking, just acting on instinct. With all my might I race towards her clutching the knife with both of my hands. First, I think I'm moving through her, but then I feel it: cold, bodily resistance up front. Then, the knife sinking into something soft. There is a

windy cry, and shock on her vaguely visible face. I find the same emotion within me.

...Mum?

I'm sorry, Mum.

Time seems to stop while she keeps her mouth tightly shut and simply stares at me. She will never harm me again. She knows, too. I think there's a hint of regret on her face as she slowly dissipates, and only leaves behind a rosy smell that wafts around us - the fragrance she used to wear. Blood drips from my hand. Pieces of the broken perfume flacon are piercing my hand that still holds the kitchen knife. As I shake, the smell fades.