

RITUAL

“Why do you rage upon this desolate land?” – thundered the old woman’s voice again as she raised her old wrinkled arms towards a merciless sky, falling instantly fulminated.

The metallic carrion birds began to glide over the subhuman beings in rags, until, true to their instinct, they swooped down upon them, diligently starting the ritual.

I search in vain for the switch, I have always been easily impressed. I advance, disoriented, in the darkness, towards the glow of the window. Strange birds squawk under a grey threatening sky. I sweat. I shiver. I enter the ten o’clock shift.

Collection of micro-stories: “Maybe or Perhaps”