

BAD THINGS HAPPENED IN QUARANTINE
Flashfiction horror: Deadfield.

There is nowhere to put all of the pigs, the slaughterhouses are full, so they are killed and left in a field.

And I am looking out at the field, here at the edge of the monastery's masonry wall, at all the dead pigs.

I am trying to see from my watering eyes. The grins of the pigs. Their bloated bodies.

I, unknown to my monastery brothers, have taken a most dangerous hallucinogen.

And so it is hard to focus, and the faces of the dead hogs to me look vaguely like human faces out there.

And I keep staring.

Trying to gain mastery over this unholy, disharmonious feeling.

And my mind works backward to the evenings before, the long quarantine evenings where even the bike ride to the coffee house is out of the question, and where Brother Stephen with blood on his shirt told me he had tired of the homeless we had taken in. Had tired of them.

And I keep staring at the odd misshapen faces of the pigs, their manlike appearance, stretched out and misshapen, human faces and dead pig bodies, as I see them in my haze. I stare for God knows how long. I deny the presence of time.

I look at those warped faces and my thoughts go windingly in the direction of Brother Stephen and his uneasy tendencies, his pull toward violence.

And gradually it occurs to me this is not a hallucination at all.