

...Dystopiation...

A little **boy** walks through the old oaken door and shuts it behind **him** struggling against the weight. Looking back to the closed portal, **he** notices deep burned gouges; groups of four running parallel to each other everywhere on the door. Brown splotches and pieces of what look like pieces of fingernails litter the door and offset the trenches of seeming despair etched with pain and fear. A shiver courses through **his** body and then it is gone.

The door disappears right before **his** eyes: slowly, taunting, gone. The little **boy** thinks nothing of it, the **cr**ytic door already forgotten.

The environment is dark, black and gray, leering. Twinkles of light glisten off of shiny objects that are just out of sight. A path is laid out before the **boy**, a road made of padded walls, torn and old. Hands reach out, grabbing for living flesh. The little **boys** clothes are torn, needle thin lines of blood appear across **his** body, head to toe. **He** starts to cry, salty innocence mixing with crimson torture. The little **boy** starts running, a shoe falls off and **he** stubs **his** toe on the uneven padding, and **he** falls. Stunned, **he** props **himself** up uneasily on **his** elbows and looks around.

THE LITTLE **BOY'S** MIND STARTS REELING AS UNKNOWN HORRORS
PLAY THROUGH **HIS** MIND, GAREENING INTO REALITY. RABID DOGS
APPEAR FROM THE DARKNESS AND START TEARING AT **HIS** LEGS.

A DRUNKEN MAN WITH THE WORD DADDY
CARVED CHILDLIKE ACROSS THE MAN'S CHEST,
BLOOD SMEARED AND DRIED AND OOZING
VODKA. HIS WIFE BEATER AND SLACKS CAKED
WITH MUD, BLOOD, AND URINE. THE DRUNKEN
BASTARD CHARGES THE PATHETIC LITTLE **BOY** AND
BARRAGES **HIM** WITH ASTS LIKE BOULDERS.

A WOMAN APPEARS. SKINNY AND EMACIATED. SHE HAS 'MOMMY'
CARVED INTO HER SAGGING ABDOMEN AND STITCHES CLOSING HER
MOUTH. SHE STAGGERS STATICALLY OVER AND TOUCHES THE LITTLE
BOY'S FOREHEAD AND **HE** SCREAMS. WORDS AND FEELINGS OF HATE,
ANGER, AND PAIN EXPLODE IN **HIS** MIND — **YOUR** FAULT! —

I HATE **YOU!** — HAVING **YOU** WAS
THE WORST THING I COULD
HAVE POSSIBLY DONE! — I AM
ASHAMED OF **YOU**, GET
OUT OF MY SIGHT!

... **YOU** ARE NOTHING TO ME ...

THE RACKING OF THE POOR LITTLE BOY'S BODY SURGES
TENFOLD UNDER HIS SOBS.

CHILDREN WITHOUT
FACES SURROUND HIM
FROM THE DARKNESS.
SOME ARE CARRYING
TOYS: BARBIES WITH
NO HEADS, TRUCKS
RUSTED THROUGH,
AND STUFFED ANIMALS
TORN APART. SOME
ARE SIMPLY CARRYING
TRASH: PIECES OF WOOD,
SHARDS OF METAL. THE

LITTLE BOY CURLS INTO
THE FETAL POSITION AS
THE FACELESS CHILDREN
DO THEIR WORST,
URINATING ON HIM,
DEFECATING ON HIM,
BEATING HIM, CUTTING
HIM, CRUSHING HIM,
LAUGHING... AT HIM.

He laughing hurts him worst. Everything the little boy has ever held dear,
everything sacred, everything he ever cared about is shown to him and then
destroyed, disappeared. His body is broken as is his mind. The little boy tries to
block the torrent of pain, holding his frail little arms up over his face already
smeared with tears and blood and welts.



HE SQUIRMS AWAY FINALLY AND GETS BACK ON HIS FEET. INNER WILL OVERTAKING THE STABBING OF PAIN COURSE THROUGHOUT HIS ENTIRE BODY. HE HOBBLES BACK THE WAY HE CAME TO THE PLACE WHERE THE DOOR WAS. A PRIMAL SCREAM OF DENIAL ERUPTS FROM HIS THROAT AND THE DOOR MATERIALIZES IN FRONT OF HIM.

He tugs on the beautifully worked wooden door but it seems to be locked. His eyes open wide in horror as he looked over his shoulder at the mob of violence rolling toward him like a cloud of smoke. He starts clawing at the door, breaking fingernails off in the grain of the wood. Blood smears the face and gouges of the wood. Realization plays across his face as it dawns on him that he is trapped... Forever... Doomed to this chaotic resistance.





This is MY excruciating

pain...

This is MY endless

torment...

This is MY twisted

mind...

This is MY personal hell.

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WELCOME
TO
DISOY
YOUR STAY

