

The Foxes Always Scream At Night (Excerpt – [email](#) me to read the full short story!)

Sleep. A time where we dip our toes into oblivion and test the waters of inevitability, getting a feel for its cosmic warmth. Such a sensation is often as far from me as the night sky itself: a sheet of obsidian pin pricked with the remnants of expired suns. Those roiling masses of radiant light, Heralds sent by Morpheus himself, have travelled universes just to shine upon me and yet I will never do decency of properly receiving them.

I turned, the cushioned embrace of my bed long since frozen to indifference, and gazed out into the street. A squashed terrace lined the road, its houses looked as if they were just as uncomfortable as me. And yet, their glassy eyes remained dormant and black, lost within the shadows of fantasy.

The silence suffocating my room and the outside world only accentuated my solitude. For once I heard not the creaking of my neighbour's floorboards, the yowling of cats, drunks bleating their clumsy anthem or even the cry of skulks skulking about. Nought but the occasional thwack of wind against the window and the imperceptible whispers that rose in its wake.

Each time I pushed them back with the blessed distraction of my phone, letting it guide me down a stream of perpetual data, further and further away from the stars twinkling through that ocean of black. Hours of feigned satisfaction, a conspiracy to mask my exhaustion, was better than spending mere moments where I was truly left alone.

The Big Bad Wolf

The skin is a fickle thing.

It is as capricious as the skies above
A malleable reflection
A fleshy glove
A conjured illusion, to mask an ugly thing,

With a paunch that hangs and swings
A bulbous globe, garish and yellow
A weight that robs a spine of its spring
A hollow pit, that rages with a fiery thing,

Licking the walls of the soul
A bonfire invisible to the stream of passing eyes
A hunter that marks its foal
A mimicry of sentience that terrifies, not you, but I.

I am the thing that lies beneath the skin
But when I huff and I puff nary a breeze is felt.

My oh my, look into my sickly orbs
My oh my, my teeth are fitting for a corpse
My oh my, how my skin is gnarled and creased
My oh my, this mangy fur marks me a beast.