

Merely a Stone

Once there was a boy, who owned a stone. The stone had a crack in it that looked like an ear. So the boy whispered things in it. Horrible thoughts. Awful wishes. Desires that would make a villain blanch and shudder.

He kept that stone all of his life. And as the boy became a man, the things whispered into it became worse and worse. Six, seven decades of narrated horror and depravity.

The man died at peace, having done remarkably little evil in his life. As for the stone? I still remain.

Fear not. I am merely a stone.

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