

A Fairie Gruesome Story

“I’ve counted,” hissed my enemy. “I cannot see the iron deaths in your *gun*, but I’ve counted. You may take only one more death.”

“You do not believe that,” I responded as I pointed the revolver. I was already light-headed. “If you did, you would flee, for I *do* have one death left.”

“And I’ve my minions here to torment you endlessly, should you give that death to me, instead of you. So kill yourself. It will please me to watch my enemy die.”

“I agree,” I said as I felt the heart’s-blood from my hidden cuts fill my boots...

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