

Atrox, Human Inventions

So you took him moonward from the cellar. Put him in the black garret. The window's spotlight chased him. Did he wince at the stuffed woodwoose lined up with the manikins by the end wall? And when he made
crawled into the casket - did you, didn't you lock him in?
Mercy, have mercy. He's harmless, don't you know? Pity, pity - he pities you. You're harmless, defend
Cautious, be cautious - he's dangerous, insane. You rip his head off, crush him, drive a stake through