

Reality, Merle  
By  
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Merle slid down the brick wall and pulled his knees up to his chest, trying to squeeze between the cracks.

“Please no,” he whispered to himself, unable to keep quiet, his fear forcing the words from his lips lest he go completely insane. “Please, please, please.”

Merle’s clothes were tattered from use. Other than the box cutter in his pocket, his clothes were all he owned. He looked down at his blood soaked shirt, coat and trousers, and cringed.

“I didn’t do it, I didn’t do it,” he tried to tell himself.

But, in the end, he knew he had.