

Crimson dreams

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She rose to the surface like ocean driftwood. Her dream sequence fragmented and dissolved, leaving behind only disjointed images coated with a taste more appealing than what lay beyond her eyelids.

Reality didn't have a hope; Ellie Pearson snuggled deeper into her warm cotton sheets and allowed her mind to flow back towards her comforting dreams.

Something pushed into her back with nearly enough force to knock her out of bed. Ellie's eyes jerked open she knew that there wasn't a chance of getting back to limbo land now. Her back was nudged again.

Ellie groaned aloud, partly in irritation but mostly in exasperation. It was that bloody husband of hers. Brett was doing his pissing dance again. She sat up and grabbed her pillow. Ellie was about to whack him when she saw just what he was doing.

Brett's hips were gyrating, moving back and forward like a pendulum. Unlike her, Brett was still deep in sleepy land and judging by the tiny, gasping groans and the string of saliva dangling from the corner of his mouth, her darling husband was dreaming about having sex.,

She climbed out of the side of her bed careful not to touchy his hairy, sweaty skin. There was no point in staying there, not with him doing that. She watched his movements for another couple of moments before turning away. Ellie didn't know whether to laugh at his performance or pity the poor slob.

It was difficult to find fault in Brett, he was kind and compassionate. His well paid job made sure that they didn't want for anything. Ellie's life would have been almost complete if it wasn't for Brett's one flaw.

She padded over to the open bedroom door and switched on the landing light. Her husband's bedroom antics were, to be gentle to the man, left a lot to be desired. Ellie grinned, thinking about Brett's business partner, Paul. His bedroom antics were magnificent; he knew just how to satisfy a desperate woman like herself. Ellie grabbed the banister and made her way downstairs. No, desperate was the wrong word, it made her sound like some sex starved spinster. Ellie had needs that her husband was unable to fulfil. It was just a simple business arrangement with Paul, that's all.

A mug of hot chocolate would help her get back into that Zen state of relaxation. She needed to get back to sleep, back to her dreams. She stopped by the kitchen door, trying to remember what she was dreaming about. It was something red, oh God. It was about big red strawberries. That settled it, she really did need to get back to sleep. Ellie had called in at Paul a couple of nights ago, in her Sainsbury's bag were three punnets of organic strawberries and a large tub of single cream, he preferred in to be runny.

They had ruined his bed sheets but boy did they have fun. Paul had made her sore and exhausted her but it was worth it.

Ellie switched on the light and walked into the kitchen, yawning. What time was it anyway? The digital display on the microwave informed her that it was two in the morning while the cooker offered the conflicting time of three o'clock. She shrugged, whatever, it was still too bloody early to be awake.

Ellie made the sign of the cross to the coffee jar, despite temptation and desire; the caffeine intake would deny her the much wanted sleep. She flipped the kettle switch on, maybe by the time she'd supped her Chocolate, Brett may have finished his dance.

Apart from the sound of the boiling kettle and the regular ticking emanating from the living room, the house was quiet. The silence should be comforting, when she was usually awake, the household was a hive of noise, coupled with the unfortunate result of living on a busy main road, the peace and quiet was a rare luxury.

Why was she finding the lack of noise so fucking oppressive? She started to pace from counter to sink. The kettle was taking ages to boil; maybe she ought to put the radio on, maybe the comforting sound of a late night presenter would help calm her down. Jesus, what the hell was wrong with her?

Ellie spun around and almost fell over when the kettle flicked off. The ticking clock slowed down then stopped but the house was not yet silent. A low mechanical hum, unnoticed before now gained precedence.

She stared at that off white kettle, not daring to move, unwilling to turn around. That noise was behind her and it was increasing in volume. Ellie reached over and scooped her serrated steak knife off the kitchen top, then ran over to the sink before turning around.

Ellie wept out loud with relief. Oh Christ she was such a silly bitch, it was only the damn refrigerator. It must be on the blink or something, which would explain the odd noise.

“You dozy mare.”

She threw the knife back on the counter and grabbed a cup from the draining board. The refrigerator continued to make that weird noise. Brett will just have to get it sorted in the morning, a broken fridge will be no good to her, there was a week's worth of frozen food in there.

Well if she didn't get her arse in gear and make this drink, it will be time to get up anyway. She spooned in some dried chocolate into her cup, wondering why she was being so jumpy.

That noise was now beginning to get on her tits, Ellie growled. Fuck the knife; she was going to take a hammer to the bloody thing if it didn't shut up. She would never live it down if anyone got wind that she had been spooked by her one of her own household appliances.

The humming abruptly stopped, only to be replaced with a high pitched squeal.

“Oh that's it fridge, you are so dead.”

She didn't how much the bloody thing had cost; it was going to get a good kicking that she was only too happy to administer. When she turned around, all thoughts of violence fled from her terrified mind.

The cup slipped through her fingers and shattered over the tiles. Her eyes followed two ceramic splinters as they bounced along the floor before landing in a

pool of thick crimson liquid. The stuff, she refused to believe it was blood, spread out from the bottom of the fridge door.

The splinters sank into the liquid, leaving behind a group of tiny bubbles. She gripped the counter behind her, ready to jump up as the lake moved closer to her bare feet. Ellie tried to shout for Brett but only a croak emerged. It was only a few inches from her toes now, this can't be bloody happening, it must be an illusion, what else could it be?

Ellie closed her eyes, concentrated on the sound of the clock in the other room and ignored the noise of the fridge.”

“It's not real, it's not real.” The liquid should have reached her by now, did she dare look? “It is not fucking real!” Shouted Ellie.

She opened her eyes and looked at her sparkling green and green floor tiles and grinned.

“Fuck you delusion.” She snarled.

The only mess on her floor were granules of dry chocolate and the shattered remains of her favourite cup. Ellie tip-toed around it, the spillage could wait until the morning and so could that fridge. Ellie had just about had enough of this night; she needed to get back to the comfort of her sheets. If Brett was still doing the dance, well, he was the one who would be kicked out of bed.

As she got close to the fridge door, the annoying noise just stopped, as if the fridge had just been turned off. Ellie shook her head then gazed at the stairs just beyond the kitchen door. She ought to just wash her hands and go to bed but she just had to see if it had really died.

Ellie grabbed the fridge door and pulled it open. The interior light switched on and two huge demonic arms reached out from the second shelf and latched on either side of her face. She screamed long and hard before the arms pulled her into the fridge, the pen door slowly swung shut.

Brett shot up in bed, trying to catch his breath. He looked at the empty half of the bed before yawning. That was some weird kiss arse dream. It was still dark outside, what the hell was he doing up so early? He yawned again before climbing out of bed. He was awake now; there was no point in trying to get back to that fantastic dream.

He grinned to himself when he remembered that huge chunk of extra mature cheddar in the fridge. Well it was supposed to give you funny dreams so why not? He threw his dressing gown over his shoulders and made his way downstairs.

The first thing he noticed was that the kitchen light was still on, that wasn't right, he was sure that he had turned the bloody thing off. Brett opened the fridge door and took out the cling-filmed plate holding the cheese, then as an after thought, Brett pulled the freezer door open.

Wedge between an open packet of fish fingers and a large tub of vanilla ice-cream was the severed head of his wife. Brett grinned when he saw that the single strawberry that he had pushed into her mouth before he had gone to bed had frozen too.

The looks on their faces when he had walked in on them last night was fantastic, they honestly thought that he had no idea what was going on. He bent down and stroked her hard cheek.

“Don't worry sweetheart. I know it's a little lonely in there but don't you fret. You'll have a playmate in the morning.”

Brett picked up the plate and turned off the light on his way out of the kitchen. He couldn't wait to get back to sleep, if he didn't find out who those demonic arms belonged to, he'd just die.

Thank you for reading this piece of flash fiction. If you want to read a slightly longer piece then perhaps you may like Spore.

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