

H. P. Lovecraft Inspired Flash Fictions

Collection of Oneshots

Von karana

Return of body

At first, I thought he was being foolish since he left just because we had a fight. He must have chosen to spend the night at his brother's or at some bar. As some sort of revenge. Revenge for what? Who knows. People get irrational like that when they're angry, right? He knows I didn't mean what I said. I mean, how could I? I was angry, too.

The next day, I started to get worried, and called his family and friends. No, he didn't go there, but he did call his brother. He didn't want to say what they were talking about, so I guess they had a good rant about me. I tried retracing his steps in the snow, but I sure am not any sort of tracker. I gave up when snow started falling again.

After the second day had passed, I knew for sure that something was up. He should have come back by now. He would have at least called.

It is much warmer today. I'm sitting on the veranda, phone in hand, still torn between hoping he's coming back any minute and calling the police. By lunchtime, it is almost hot outside. And then, the sight before me hits me.

He stormed out that night, but his anger couldn't have lingered too long. After all, I see him lying just outside the property. Between melted snow. He is facing towards home.