Twitter Thread by k.r.a.t.

k.r.a.t.
@KWholesaler

all the boy cousins split off to talk about romances and personal growth since the last family reunion. the girl cousins go down to the creek to smoke cigarettes and throw knives

our conversation inevitably turns to the dark and mysterious world of the girl cousins. “why do they smoke those things? they smell so nasty!” teddy cried. “i saw a pack of birth control pills sitting out on lisa’s desk,” ronald said somberly.

quickly a consensus is reached that we need to find out exactly what the girls are talking about. gerald and i volunteer for recon. spying seems dishonorable but we agree bigger things might be at stake. edwin caught tara rolling her eyes at the Sunday school teacher.

we slip down to the creek by a trail cut by a jack rabbit. as we sneak, sly and quiet as foxes, the sense of boyish mischief departs and an oppressive feeling sets upon us instead. the thicket grows darker and the shadows twist the wrong way. we look at one another very coldly.

coming to a bank looking over the sand bar we see the girls sitting cross legged in a circle darkly painted on the sand. one girl sits in the middle but her face is covered by a kind of mask. a deer’s head. fat black flies buzz around her and her chest is painted sticky red.

a murmur rises from the circle. a percussive drone and words that bend the air but don’t make sense. gerald leans forward and a twig snaps beneath his hand. the tones stop and heads twist sharply in our direction. gerald stands and stumbles down the bank.

the girl in the middle removes her antlered helm revealing julie. the oldest, an imposing tenth grader, her hair stringy and clotted with blood, her mouth is curved in a grin. she takes gerald’s head in her hands and vomits in his face.

two black snakes twist from julie’s nostrils and probe gerald’s stricken face. his mouth is twisted open screaming wordlessly. more heads split from the two snakes, dozens, hundreds of tendrils pierce his chubby face, burrowing into his skin and piercing his ears and eyes.

ive had this nightmare for 32 years. i couldn’t believe it happened if i didn’t see gerald at the family reunion every year, sitting at julie’s side with his empty wooden head and slack expression. “she’s so good to take care of him after that fit he had.” she smiles at me.

incidentally the girls are all wildly successful despite being notorious troublemakers in their youth, all happily married, most with kids- and interestingly, not a boy in the bunch.