

Cold and Blood

By EvelynC [evelyn4lc@aol.com]

Rated: PG

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Summary: Cold and Blood, a short drabble to the challenge lines.

It's cold. I taste blood -- my blood?
No, it's not mine, or is it? My dearest love is part of me and I try to kiss the hurt away. But there's no response, except my fear, my tears, the blood on me, on my mouth, yet I'm frozen -- numb. The EMTs arrive before I can react, and they take my dearest from me.
And it's all my fault! I should have protected her!
So cold with fear. The taste of her blood remains, mingling with my guilt and pain.

Notes:
This little drabble was in response to the challenge starting lines from Queenie posted by HappyGirl: "It's cold. I taste blood."
It's been a long time since I've written anything, but this was fun. I may have to try something longer soon.
Thanks for the challenge and the encouragement, and for reading my little bit!
Evelyn

THE END