

September 10, 2025

Content Warning: Self-
mutilation and delusion

The End

The wood of the door feels damp as she shuts it behind her, before locking it. One, two, three, four more times, she locks it, just to be sure it feels right. Staggering and stumbling on stiff legs, Amanda makes her way to the bathroom of her apartment. Bare feet meet cold tile, her sweat-slicked skin further chilled by the air. She disrobes, taking in her own form with extreme scrutiny.

White-knuckle gripping the sink, Amanda meets her own tired eyes in the mirror. Her lop-sided, sad face ashen and gaunt, with her hair, once vibrant, now dulled. Her nails are bitten and brittle. This is all befitting of her, she has decided. She counts her teeth, one, two, three, four times. Then taps her collarbone, one, two, three, four more. Today is the day.

She knows this because God has told her so. Amanda has known from a young age that she is different from everyone else. She heard the voice of God, and she knew who was speaking to her, and she knew he had given her a gift of knowledge. A few months ago, she knew her purpose. Her reminiscence is rudely interrupted by a knocking at her door, at which she startles, nearly dropping to the floor. Like a frightened cat, she cautiously makes her way to the door, keeping low to the ground. Checking through peephole, she sees her coworker, Isaiah, his round face and soft features contorted into a look of worry. Amanda grimaces and quickly drops back to the ground against her door.

She reminds herself that all she needs to do is not respond. Leaving her closed curtains untouched and remaining as quiet as possible. Despite this, she hears him begin to speak, muffled by the door separating them.

“Amanda, are you home?” He questions the door, before his strangely shy voice continues, “I’m sorry to show up so suddenly. It’s just, um... well, you didn’t show up at work today. I know you’re kind of stringent with schedules, or I mean...” The shambling sack of flesh pauses before continuing, “You don’t usually go AWOL like this. So, I just wanted to make sure you’re okay.”

That *creep*. Acting all nice and polite, but she knows what he’s hiding, she’s not stupid. All people are the same filth, especially him and his wandering eyes. Amanda wonders to herself how he even got her address. She can’t have information like that available to just anyone, she’ll have to be more careful. Amanda sits silently, ears carefully listening for even the slightest of sounds, until she’s sure he has left. Finally able to relax once again, she crawls over to the middle of the apartment, calming herself with the reminder that she will soon be above all of this.

The chill of the apartment continues to seep into her skin and bones, freezing her body. Like her own meat locker. Her mind wanders, considering what it would be like to be a slab of meat upon a hook. Stabbed, hung in the cold, the sharp point piercing flesh until it dulls into a persistent ache, the frost growing across her exposed muscles and fat. Purchased and packed up, then sliced. Knife working through meat, peeling layers away, then to be cooked. The burning of a hot pan would have to be the worst part, a mind-numbing pain, sizzling as she shrivels, the delicious smell of cooking long-pig. Lastly ripped apart and devoured by gnashing teeth, ground by molars, and swallowed down into acid to melt away.

She thinks it would probably be a rather nice experience. No. No, that is not her purpose, Amanda reminds herself. She would probably only make them sick, anyways. Her rotting meat would only poison them; she isn't made for consumption. Today, she will fulfill her purpose. The one that God has given her, and the one doctors have denied her.

She stands once again. The scratchy carpet is dampened and covered in various stains; she lets her toes dig into the material as she walks across the room. Her legs lead her to circle the dining table like a vulture, knocking on the wood, one, two, three, four times. She then sorts through her tools, a knife, a cross, and a wound stapler. Simple and straightforward.

She carries them with trembling hands to the center of the room, organizing them neatly and gently on the filth of the carpet. Knife, stapler, cross. Knife, stapler, cross, in that order. Amanda shakes with anticipation, flooding her body with a sudden jolt of euphoria. The walls are sweating, too; she knows it. Today is the consummation of becoming the end.

The excited energy starts at her fingertips and toes, creeping in from there until it fills her entire body. Twitchy, she can't help herself from flapping her hands, rather giddy with delight. She moves to lie on the carpet, the itchy, scratchy, disgusting carpet, her bare skin pressed into the damp and wiry threads. She feels that she belongs here, molded into the floor. Staring up at the ceiling, her head spins at the dizzying feeling of lying down. The floor feels liquid, swaying on a raft in the middle of the ocean. The waves of the ocean accompanied by static flooding her head, as if trying to pull her into a fitful sleep.

The ground could pull her under. She melts into the itching and discomfort, swimming in it, they become one. The high ringing fills her ears once again, possessing her mind. She knows it is time. A trembling hand grips the knife, gently resting the blade against her stomach to feel its coolness. She brings the point to her lower belly. One, two, three, four.

She presses the knife into her skin, splitting it with ease as the pain is immediate and sharp, radiating from the damaged area. Amanda gathers herself; she must continue. Tightening her grip on the handle, counting to herself again, one, two, three, four. She brings the knife across herself in one quick motion, layers of skin pulling apart from each other. Skin, fat, muscle parted, opening herself like a flower in bloom. The knife went through her skin smoothly, as if it were warm butter. The red pours from Amanda's gut, pooling and adding to the many stains of the carpet, spreading out like wings beneath her body.

She drops the knife, her hands shaking violently. Her breathing comes in ragged gasps between cries and sobs of agony. She can't feel the carpet beneath her, she can't feel her fingers, she can't feel anything aside from the air burning the newly exposed anatomy. Her nerves set ablaze by the window opened. Slowly, the ringing returns to her, quieting her mind. With the quiet comes blissful numbness, relieving her of her pain. She needs to finish this.

One cannot embody the end if you leave room in yourself for new beginnings. Amanda's numbed hands travel down to the gape of the wound. Clumsily prodding and poking, before their intrusion is successful, shifting what was never meant to be touched. The slickness of warm blood coats her hands, as grabbing fingers slip around meat and bone. She gets a hold on the fleshy mass.

One tug. Nothing. Two tugs. It's stuck in there pretty good. Amanda brings one of her hands back to awkwardly grab the knife once again. She brings it down to the wound, despite the numbness buzzing in her limbs making them difficult to operate. She begins her attempts to cut it free, recklessly. The knife occasionally hits the solidness of bone, and she likely cuts her own hands in the process. Three tugs. It moves. Four tugs. The firm and smooth piece of muscle is finally pulled loose and removed from her abdomen.

Amanda discards the object aside for a moment, weakly reaching for the wound stapler. The hardest part is over. Clumsy hands amateurly pinch the wound closed as best they can, the skin occasionally slipping from her grasp, as she brings the stapler to the aggravated flesh. She staples the opening closed and then refocuses on the organ on the ground. It will bear no offspring. As the final step to her ascension, and at the request of God, she sets the mass against the cross. One, two staples, to hold it in place.

The tunnel vision subsides at last, and she relaxes against the floor. Her red wings spread out on the carpet beneath her. The scent of iron overwhelming, soaking into the carpet and walls. It may never leave, but Amanda doesn't mind. For once, she is content. She has completed her purpose and become that looming inevitability; The End.