

# Lira – Excerpt

by Blake Cash

She was completely still, save for the rise and fall of her small frame as she breathed deep, panting like an exhausted dog. Her body rested on a pile of viscera that only moments ago was alive enough to scream for help, now barely discernible as the parts the once made up human beings. She wasn't eating.

She was so terribly thin. So frail. Her hands were covered in... No, they weren't hands. They seemed like they had been, at one point. Her... claws, her talons, were covered in dried blood, and what looked like rust.

I turned my eyes to her head. There was still a girl inside that twisted mass of bone on her head that was once the skull of some terrifying, unknowable predator. Through a hole that once held the creature's eye I saw her own. Wide. Bloodshot. Human. She had been crying.

But beyond the horror she was experiencing, more than anything else, she was still hungry. And now, just as I found her gaze, her eyes fell upon me, and her breathing quickened.