

The Torture Never Stops

by Tom Allman

There is a pause in the IBM Selectric's staccato as the author surveys his progress...

The metal door of her tiny cell hisses open... The Dark Lord is silhouetted by red, green, and amber lights. Following a floating sphere dripping liquid pain, he enters.

She chafes against her restraints, her meticulously coiled hair now spilling about her shoulders.

His metallic breath catches as he sees her;

who is the torturer and who is the tortured?

No questions are asked, she knows what he wants. Frowning, the wordsmith jerks the paper from the machine, its platen and feed roller clacking angrily in protest. He starts to crumple the offending page... A Cheshire-like grin begins to form; new possibilities careen across plot lines and branches.

