

**Nicholas Grabowsky's**

# Diverse Tales

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# The Wanting Seed

*Sit back, relax*, the redolence of the barbiturate seemed to whisper, and the words soared through the inner firmaments of Terri's mind.....such sweet euphoria.....

Yet each time she drifted off to sleep she would be greeted by appalling nightmare; vague glimpses of an aborted human fetus, alive, strong, and at times she could not tell whether the voices inside her head were from the nightmare or the pot.....

*Do you weep for me? Do you want me?*

*Sit back, relax.....*

Two opposites, one almost across from the other; almost ironic, suitably satirical. There Terri sat, her twenty-year-old self stretched out across the sofa in the empty lobby of the Legerdemain Inn.

And Terri was awake.

The last of the remaining protestors were departing from a virtually unsuccessful parade in front of the abortion clinic, and Terri watched as a police car coasted through the clinic's parking lot to meet with another of its kind, which had been overtly guarding the clinic from any outbreaks of riotous demonstration.

The young woman sat there, her mind buzzing from the handful of joints she was sharing with her boyfriend Justin who had bowed out to take a leak in the manager suite's bathroom.

This was her job, an irascible two and one-half months-full, as nocturnal babysitter of the Legerdemain Inn's front lobby. Most of the time she spent, when there weren't any guests or paperwork to tend to, she spent on the lobby sofa; she either read, lightly studied her college Sociology homework, or engaged in night time frolic whenever Justin chanced to drop by.

Or she'd pass the time staring out the window.

At the abortion clinic.

Indeed, it was ironic that the Legerdemain was across from the medical building --- the Inn was an ideal spot for a good lay, and any little screw-up could be taken care of only several dozen yards away. Hell, if the activists wanted to eliminate abortion, they should make the Inn their first target.

And Terri and Justin were both living proof of this.

That afternoon's abortion had not exactly been quite pleasant, between the procedure itself and Justin's arguments with the local protestors, but everything was over with and done. Except for.....

(the dreams)

.....the after-effects.

The voices.

*(Do you weep for me?)*

And.....

And suddenly there came a knocking. Terri turned, half expecting Justin's underwear-clad figure to be lurking near the rear counter; instead, she caught sight of a figure standing at the check-in window, immersed in a shadowy ambience. Terri rose from the sofa, careful that her jeans were zipped and shirt buttoned presentably.

As she reached the window, slothfully attempting to regain her senses and composure from the pot, she turned on the switch next to a silent Mr. Coffee at a nearby table.

The fluorescent light flickered onto the solemn face of an old man.

"All we got is family suites available," Terri announced sedately.

"Don't come for no room," the old man replied, and Terri's eyes followed the sea of contorted wrinkles swimming about the facade of his features, around his lips and eyes that projected the appearance of a sorrowful hound. "But she will come for you. She will come for you tonight."

It was then Terri recognized the old man as one of the protestors at the clinic she had been watching.

"Listen," she snapped, her outburst echoing painfully through her head, "my freedom of choice is none of your goddamn business!"

And with that, her hand went for the window light switch. Then the man spoke again, and this time his resonance seized her.

Unexpectedly.

"I want to know.....*can you weep?*"

*Do you weep for me?*

And, without a further sound, the fluorescent light flickered off.

Terri stood there before the space where the figure had been, paralyzed, the words attacking her mind like arrows.

Something lightly touched her shoulders.....aged hands.....

He was behind her.

She screamed.

Then a voice, all too familiar, all too welcomed:

"Hey, woe.....what is it?" Terri turned and embraced Justin.

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That night, out of the shadows, *she* came for her.

Perhaps, at first, it was only a dream. Perhaps merely the voices were the integrated products of nightmare and imagination, and the visions were from the liquor and marijuana, aiding in the distortion of what Terri knew to be reality.

But Terri drank this time to *escape* from reality, she smoked the handful of joints purely for recreation. She simply wanted to be with Justin; she only wanted to have a good time.

But her problems were manifested to her that night, within the darkness, and not only did they wish to delight in her screams.....

.....they wanted to crawl inside of her and be a part of the screams.

Terri awoke to the silence of the night. Something disturbed her, something she had been dreaming of, something about her abortion that afternoon. She had felt perfectly fine about having it, and she searched her feelings for any signs of uncertainty or regret. Perhaps the old man had released some underlying guilt. But the old man didn't know shit.

Yet there was something.....

She suddenly felt a cold chill.....a feeling of dread, of alarm and fear.....as if an additional presence had joined her and her boyfriend in the darkness of the room. Terri attempted to move, to rise mid-way from the bed where she lay. The manager's suite was shadowy and obscure, the sole illumination was that from the outside street light trickling onto the foot of the bed through the horizontal slits in the bamboo window shades.

She followed the streams of light downward halfway, and that was when her eyes came upon the shape in the corner.

Her eyes fixed upon the object, head tilted in close attention. At first, she thought the object to be a discarded shirt or blanket, being that it had no definite form. But a closer observance proved that it had a certain solidity about it; a certain roundness, a certain vague texture which became more pronounced beyond the soft streams of the outside light. It was tiny and dwarf-like in comparison to the dresser which towered a few feet from its left and the chair near its right.

Terri's high had by this time diminished to a grating low and a throbbing headache, and nausea crept up inside her stomach. She had the partial sensation of the entire episode being a delusion and nothing more.

Until the thing in the corner moved.

Terri jumped. Immediately, she withdrew her feet from the foot of the bed and pulled the single white sheet over the remainder of her nakedness, knocking her body into Justin's back.

Justin did not move; his intake of beer was enough to silence him until morning.

The room was overcome by an eerie ambience, an unnatural hush, as if the contents of the atmosphere were being replaced particle by particle, atom by atom, with the elements of fear. Again, the sensation of delusion.

Still, there was a sense of reality in all of this also, just as real as the old man at the window, and in her mind she could still hear the voice that seized her:

*She will come for you. She will come for you tonight.*

And.....

.....*can you weep?*

*(Do you weep for me?)*

And the thing moved again. It was more of a spasm than anything, but the spasm seemed to have jerked it forward by about a foot.

Terri froze.

Another spasm, and the thing was becoming more detailed as it moved further toward the streams of light. An abnormally small head.....a twisted body.....patches of darkened tissue.....

It was then that Terri recognized what it was.

Her baby had returned for her.

And then a voice.....within her head.....yet distant.....

A child's voice.....

*Mommy, I've found you, Mommy.*

Terri's heart pounded. She could not move.

*Mommy, let me crawl back inside you.....I'm not done yet.....*

Then it passed a beam of light and disappeared from view.

Silence.

With horrific intensity, Terri watched the edges of the bed. She wanted to scream, but somehow she had no control over her body. If only she could scream, if only she could wake up to find herself in a cold sweat with memories of a nightmare that once was. If only she could wake Justin. For a moment, she managed him a glance.

A glance was all she needed to finally let out a scream.

There, a mere inch away from her boyfriend's face, was the hideous effigy of aborted flesh. What could have been its head moved forward, and two fleshy folds parted. It gave Daddy a kiss. It loved its daddy.

Terri's panic sent her rolling off the side of the bed, thudding against the hard carpet, gripping the white sheet and taking it with her. Her head briskly hit the nightstand, and it fell across her lap, spilling its contents over the sheet and the carpet surrounding her. The fluorescent digits of a shaken clock radio draped the young woman's face in flickering red light.

Her screaming stopped with the impact. Amidst the sudden silence, she wondered if she had jolted herself from the dream. Her eyes drifted toward the edge of the bed, waiting for a sign.

Nothing.

Exhausted, her senses numb, a sleepiness overtook her and Terri closed her eyes. She didn't see the tiny figure watching her from the carpet around the corner of the bed, its frail, disfigured body dripping with blood and secretion. Very slightly, she might have felt the cold wetness brush against her skin as it

disappeared under the white bedsheet and moved between her legs. And she would have felt the digging, the crawling as it attempted to push against her, to crawl back into the warmth of her womb.....

.....she would have heard the shouts of discovery as her manager opened the door that morning.....

.....or her boyfriend's shock at the announcement that she was again ten weeks pregnant.....

But she was preoccupied with the voice in her head, the voice of a child:

*Sit back, relax.....*

*and weep for me.*

And, as she was removed from the lobby of the Legerdemain Inn, Terri wept.