

Franko James

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A man buried alive and what he endures from an angry group.

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## Franko James

^ ^ ^ Trapped. Damned. Doomed. Fucked. Same words, same meaning. I hear heart beats thudding. They vibrate the ground. Trapped in this coffin. And I thought high school was hell.^ ^ ^ ^ Cold sweat drenches my body. My breath becomes thicker and heavier as the air capacity decreases around me. I hear them, the nasty critters of the night crawl on my burial box. Waiting to breach and peel the flesh from my bones. I won't let it happen. ^ ^ ^ I punch the roof of my prison. Hoping to hear a crack, some noise saying there was hope. My hands dripped blood on to my face. I could feel shreds of wood piercing my knuckles. ^ ^ ^ I stop. Not because I have given up, but because I heard a noise. I lay there. Not much I can do I can't yell, I try to by god believe me I tried to yell. My throat is far to parched. ^ ^ ^ I hear a key go into a lock, suddenly the casket opens. I can't see. Everything is blurry and they have a bright light shining down on me. ^ I hear one say, "Looks like he doesn't like his new home. Shit, this fucker got more determination then most. Even now he's nearly past out and still trying to fuck death over." ^ ^ ^ Cold water was splashed all over my body. ^ Some got in my mouth it was sweet. I could just see the out line of the man crouch in, "No fucker, will ever, fuck over, the prince of darkness, death." He stood back up normally, then walked away.^ ^ ^ ^ Don't ask what I was thinking, I don't have a fucking clue myself. But thinking I could sneak away I put my hands on the wall of my "6ft down" and slowly pulled myself to sitting up. I try to climb the ridges up to surface. Finally I pull myself up to the surface. ^ ^ ^ One of the men jump on me, throwing me back down to my tomb. I let out a loud yell as a plank of wood penetrates through my leg. The man on top relentlessly beats me. My face eventually got numb. I could feel the blood my body was loosing. ^ ^ ^ "Stay! Down!" He spit in my face, and climbed back up. ^ "Bring 'em over boys!" The light is blocked it looks like there's a big chest with two men carrying it. ^ They dump the contents. I feel small things hit me. I don't know what it is. I never felt it before. ^ ^ ^ I can feel things crawling. Many things are on me but what is it? "What did I do!" I yelled. No reply silence. I feel a sharp needle go into my body. And then a whole bunch of needles. But they were thicker, they hurt more. I then figured it out, scorpions.^ ^ ^ ^ "Scream boy. Scream." one of the men said and gave a good laugh. I was biting my tongue so I wouldn't yell like I had wanted. I knew it would stir up the scorpions more, they would enjoy it more, and I'm a goner anyways. ^ ^ ^ The pain was too much. I had to scream. I wanted to scream. Instead I bit harder. I could taste the blood slipping from my tongue. I bit harder and harder, to the point I bit it off. I opened my mouth trying to scream, to yell, but scorpions marched in my mouth. I felt them going down into my stomach. ^ ^ ^ I felt a cool liquid run up my legs and on to my face. I knew the smell instantly. I began crying as any grown man would at this time. It was gasoline. Up above I saw the black candles lit. One man said. "He watches them in the morning, While their still snoring, Buys lots of toys, For all girls and boys, Plays games with them to earn their trust, Then they feel as if they must, Send him back to hell in flames, The kid killer, Franko James."

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