

The Beast

Prologue

The autumn leaves swept my face as I trudged on this dark gloomy night. I fell to the ground in panic; something had grabbed me by my legs and pulled me along, it started to scrape me across the ground. I tried to escape from its grasp, but it was too strong and didn't budge.

After a few minutes of flat out scraping, my face was starting to bleed and sting, I left a trail of blood behind me. I started to escape and again I did not succeed. Now, half of my face seemed to be all blood and bones. I try to grab any nearby objects. I grabbed a tree with three fingers. I just scraped the bark of the tree and the thing stopped. It seemed to have given up; my face was killing me. I lay there as the cold, wind stung my face. It hurt to breathe, let alone move.

I struggled to move towards the thing that had dragged me all this way. But all I could see was the dark of the night. What had happened to that thing? I moved my hand and felt a long thin thing; I slowly turned my head and saw a very long stick, perfect for helping me walk. I tightened my fingers around the stick and slowly used it to get up. It works. I slowly make my way towards home, but as I turn back and I begin to wonder which way is home.

'I think I am officially lost,' I say to myself, although I know that no one can hear me. I head towards the other direction and then I see it. The beast. It seemed to be sleeping. It was snoring extremely loudly that it nearly blew me to my knees; it stunk like rotten fish and has extremely big hands and feet with claws coming out of each and every one of them.

I walked away; I didn't want to wake it. I trudged on a bit more, trying to find a clearing because it was all bush. And then I found it, a shiny light through the trees. It was early morning. And I was excited to get myself to the nearest hospital. I moved the tree leaves to get a better view of home, but instead I saw a huge bridge and leading to it was what looked like a big mansion.

100 years later

He got closer by the second. Every step was another pain in the leg. There was a blood trail that was coming from him. His blood stained shirt looked so red I thought he had just come out of a wine filled swimming pool. He looked like he was about to fall to the ground. He must really be desperate. I almost feel sorry for the poor guy, because no one has ever gotten past the horrible beast which is expected to leap out

of nowhere any minute now. He will be dead within a minute of the torture, he had tried his best, I thought to myself. And then it happened, the beast was about twenty metres high and ten metres wide. Claws came shooting out of its hands and feet. The guy that was leaning against the tree- blood dripping from his leg and face - had still not seen the big monster. The man got up to try and keep going but was stopped by the wrath of the huge beast that had flattened him.

A minute later, the man was laying there, bones everywhere. There was blood puddles all over the place. There was a lump of skin lying on the ground and the big monster was enjoying a massive lump of human meat and flesh. Gnawing on the bones and licking up the wet blood of the stained bones. The beast was now full. He would sleep and wake in 100 hundred years or so....

The only person to ever destroy the mighty beast was me. Now he worships me. Now I own this huge mansion. My lips are still burning from the dry taste of unicorn blood. I look out the window of my sound proof glass and see what I would never thought possible. The bones of the man that had been mauled by the beast was rising up and forming into one. The man started to walking towards me...