

The Monster

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp...

I walked along the dreary boardwalk toward the raging sea, fish scales surrounding me. It should have been a bright summer's day but all the sunlight had been cached by the menacing clouds. I kept walking, my whole body shaking. The sea started to bubble and a large shadow appeared. It burst out of the water, its slimy complexion a green turquoise.

Now we are in the present. Mrs S said that I should never try to swim in the "toxic" lake. She had always been a crazy fortune teller and she heard that I had to swim in the lake as a dare. Now I knew that some of her mumbo-jumbo was true. I start running toward the city, praying in my mind that this will not be my farewell to the world. My fear is like ammunition to the monster, it hisses wildly at me. 'Run.'