

THE MONSTER

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp, I said to myself as I ran away from the deadly monster. Slime drizzled down his scales as he chased me. The sun was coming up soon which meant the monster would go hide in the shadows. I could feel the cold air brush up my neck as it hissed.

Sunlight beamed through the clouds like a torch shining upon the darkness. The energy drained out of my body as I started to run up the hill where the police were waiting for me. The monster left a large trail of slime with a wide complexion of colours. The colours stood out amongst the dreary concrete road. I reached the top of the hill and the police started to shoot the monster, ammunition flying through the air. The monster rested dead on the ground, lifeless.

"Farewell, Mrs Scruttlescromp, I hope you never come back," I whispered.