

Appearances can be deceiving

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp. It had seemed like a great idea at the time. Besides, who listens to the grumpy old cat lady that lives next door and looks like a witch anyway?

Mrs Scruttlescromp's voice sounds like hissing snakes and her dreary complexion is terrifying. Her skin is pale and sickly, as she hardly steps outside, but when she does, thundering clouds appear and the sunlight fades away. She is the image of evil and everyone steers clear of her. But I made a huge mistake and I can never go back.

The monster towers over me, its slimy scales shimmering in the moonlight, disfigured by rounds of ammunition. I look back at the entrance of the cave, farewelling the brightness and happiness of the world and surrendering to the horrendous creature before me as my surroundings flicker to black.