

MONSTER STORY 6: CRAZED SURVIVOR

By EB Darwin

This place is never-ending. Dark and filled with evil, with tunnels turning and twisting and turning back again.

I stumbled upon these cursed caves many years ago in search of what I foolishly thought was a long-forgotten treasure horde. At first, I cowered, hiding in a hovel I discovered, away from the path favoured by monsters. I ate clumps of bitter mushrooms, drank from the rivulets of foul water streaming down the walls. I survived, but I was always ravenously hungry.

I killed a rat and tore into its still-warm belly. But the rat wasn't enough. Gremlins make for more filling meals. I can rip into their necks, feel their blood pour into my mouth, down my chin and neck, hear their gurgled cries before their eyes go dull. It's delicious. My new friend Kazan thinks so too.

Kazan came to me in a dream and now travels with me everywhere. He tells me what looks best to eat, where it's best to hide. He helps me sneak and steal to survive. He shows me my enemies' weaknesses. How to exploit them, to take what is now mine, to feed on them when I'm delirious with hunger.

Kazan tells me someone approaches. I can smell them. Their desperation. Their confusion. Their fear. They've been in these caves only a short while. They are weak, like I once was, before Kazan. I will take their weapons, I will smash their skull, I will feast on them as Kazan smiles. I must survive.