

Untitled
By Joey A.

In the deep forest it was nearly impossible to hear someone scream. So when I looked up at the 12 foot tall green figure standing in front of me I didn't make a peep.

It stared down upon me with it's huge eyes, blacker than night. I could not stop my body from trembling as I met my captors glare. It was almost painful to keep my eyes locked with his, so I quickly looked away.

Something began crawling up my leg. I tried to kick it off but my legs had been tied down. My arms were behind my back. Pain shot through my wrists and up my arms when I tried to free them.

My eyes slowly crept back up to the beasts head. It's eyes were still beaming down on me. I heard a growling noise and saw the creatures pointy green ears twitch. The corners of it's mouth creased, and it's lips pulled back revealing a large set of jagged orange teeth. I assumed this to be a smile and knew my end was coming.

Sweat began to pour down from my forehead and into my eyes. I wiped my eyes on my shoulders, clearing the sweat. When I looked back up, the monster had turned it's back to me and was walking the other way. In it's mud soaked hand it carried a human sized log.

Long after it was out of sight I could feel it's footsteps reverberating through the forest floor. When the heavy footsteps finally stopped falling I felt it was safe to try and escape. I began pushing down with one hand while pulling with the other. I pushed and pulled, pushed and pulled. My wrists were on fire but the pain did not stop me. I thrashed my arms against the tree and pounded my legs on the ground. A new pain shot up my wrist, sharp and distinct. I felt a warm liquid drip off my fingertips. Blood poured from my arm. My back was quickly drenched in it. Any hope I had for escape began to drain away. I took one more attempt at freedom, pushing and pulling on my restraints. I felt my hand start to come free from the blood drenched rope. With one last burst of energy I yanked my hands free from the slippery rope.

I grabbed the hunting knife strapped to my ankle and began cutting through the ropes that bound my feet. I worked fast, the beast hadn't been gone long but for all I knew it could be on it's way back. I stood, bright white light flooded my vision and I fell to my knees. I blinked and furiously rubbed my eyes trying to regain my sight. When I could finally see again I looked down at my cut wrist. The wound was deep, blood flowed from it like a river, and I could feel my consciousness beginning to fade. My head began to dart from side to side, instinctively looking for special plants that could reduce my bleeding. My head froze as I heard the familiar crackle of oxygen escaping from burning wood.

I peeked around the tree I had been leaning against and saw a dim red glow of coals. My wobbly legs moved on their own as they carried me closer to the dying fire. At last I reached the fire and dropped my knife in. I ripped one of the sleeves off my muddy shirt, wrapped it around my upper forearm, gripped one side with my good hand and the other with my teeth then tugged it into a knot. I hoped this would keep my heart from wasting blood on this next to useless limb. The bleeding slowed but did not stop. The blade of the knife had begun to glow red, so I took off my shirt and used it as a mitten to retrieve the glowing metal from the coals of the fire. Taking in a deep breath and biting my lip I pressed the blade hard against the bloody wound. My blood turned to lava under the knife, the rest of my body went numb, all I could feel was the pain. Smoke curled around the knives blade and drifted up into my nostrils, pounding them with the smell of burning flesh. When I could no longer bare it, I let the knife drop to the ground.

The top of my head fell forward and thumped to the ground. I laid there, butt in the air head on the ground, for some time with my crispy arm clutched between my thigh and stomach. With the pain of my searing arm came the loss of thought. Not only had the rest of my body gone numb but my mind went numb as well. As I laid there, though, my thoughts slowly drifted back and I remembered I was

still sitting dead center in my captors camp. Slowly I crawled to my feet, sheathed my knife, and wrapped my shirt around my arm to help protect it from infection.

The sky was beginning to get dark. There was only an hour or so of sunlight left. I had no chance of making it out of this dense forest by nightfall, what I could do....What I must do, is get out of this camp. A large flock of birds flew noisily overhead. I knew something was coming my way that they were fleeing from, so I followed their example and fled with them. I could feel the thump of the beasts footsteps once again. I couldn't muster the strength to run. My arm pounded with every step. It was close enough that I could hear the twigs and logs breaking under it's feet. I was only 30 feet out of it's camp and it was just out of eyesight. I could see the tips of trees sway as it bumped into them. I was out of time. I watched as it stepped into it's campsite. The only thing I had left to do was hide. I dove head first into the first bush I saw. Thorns scrapped and tore through my face, chest, and stomach. I came to rest tangled in the bush, with my head and left shoulder on the ground, and lower body caught in the top of the thorny bush.

I could not see the monster from where I laid but I heard it begin to growl as soon as it noticed I had escaped. It's growl quickly turned to screams of anger. I felt it stomping around the camp, punching holes in trees and smashing the log it carried over and over into the ground.

The canopy of tree's had fully blocked out the sun. The forest was dark, the only light that was visible came from the coals still burning in the fire. The beast had calmed down a bit and was not searching everywhere for me. My neck began to cramp and both my feet were cold and numb. My chest had pin points of blood that was beginning to crust from the thorns. Some thorns were still digging in. With every breath I took, these thorns would stick back in, keep the cuts open, and the blood flowing. I could feel the monster stomping around in search of me. Reaching up, I parted the bush to see where it had gone. I spotted it sniffing the blood I had lost near the fire. Once it had my scent it turned it's nose up and took in a deep breath. It's eyes shot in my direction. I watched as it slowly advanced towards the bush I was hiding in, sniffing the air with every step. I thought about running but my legs no longer obeyed me. I was stuck, trapped in a bush with no way out. I reached down and pulled my knife from it's sheath. With each step it took I clutched it tighter. It reminded me of bumble bee's attacking an invading human. All they got was one final sting, then they die. This one sting is enough to keep that human away from the hive, maybe my sting would be enough to keep this beast from my home. I could hear it's stomach growling again, all there was left to do was wait for it to grab me. It's hand came in from the top of the bush, it furiously grabbed my ankle and flung me from my hiding place. I swung my head up, with the blade in my hand I used my final bits of strength to plunge it into it's shoulder. I felt the tip hit the shoulder socket and separate its arm from its shoulder. The monster's grip loosened on my ankle and I dropped head first to the ground. My head smashed against a rock and split my skin open. My sight narrowed until all I could see was the monster screaming and clutching it's shoulder. I smiled and thought of home one last time before unconsciousness took me.