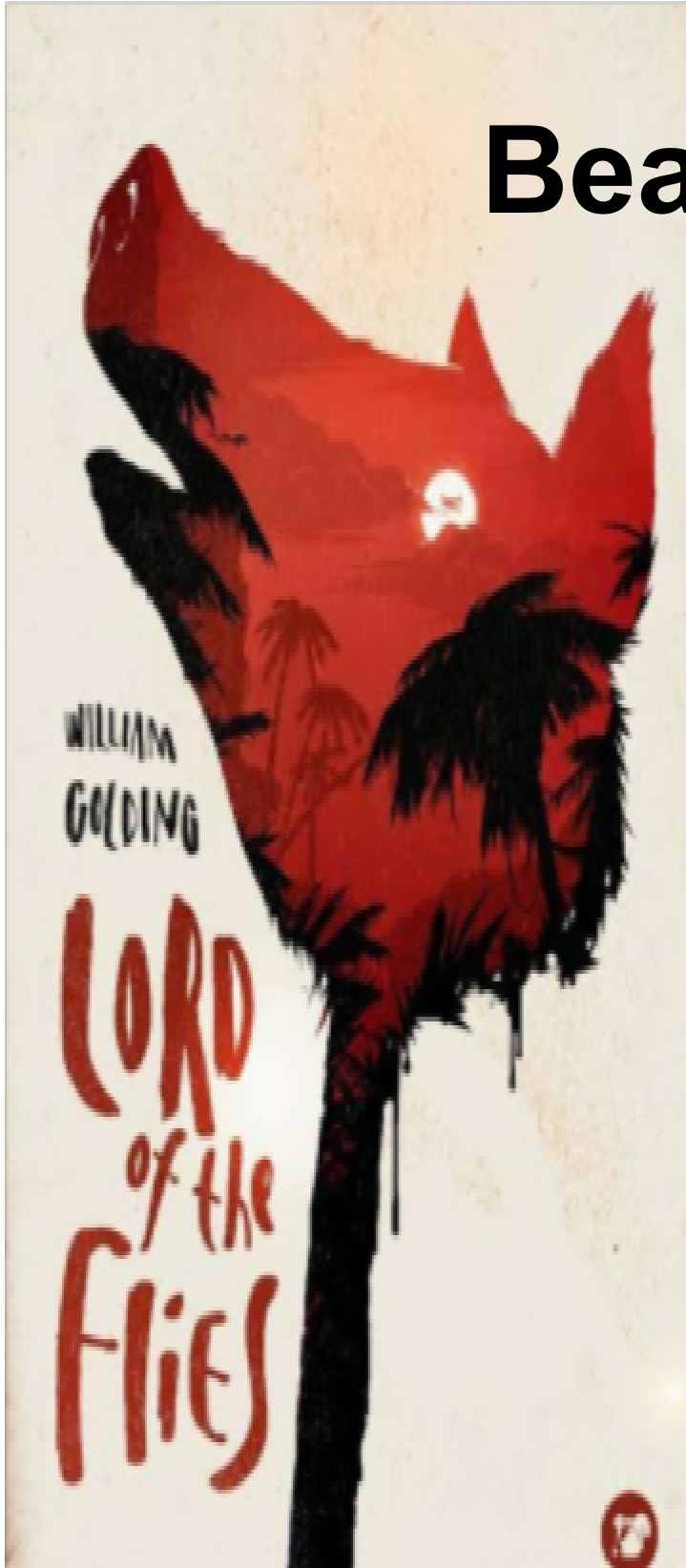


# Beast.



### **Short story- Beast.**

“What about the beast?”asked one of the little uns as they tread along holding a charred branch.

“Stop making this nonsense!” Jack snapped as his upper eyelids raised in a stare.

The fiery orb gradually receded into the waters below as the shone its last rays. The shades from the sky were reflected on the turquoise sea water, creating an artwork of red, blue and gold. Beneath the horizon lit a

bright fire that seemed to fade away in the sunset. The boys lay on the shore, cooking the sow as they watched the rhythmic percussion of the savage green waves.



“Is the meat done yet?” Roger grumbled while waiting impatiently.

“Shut up! I’ll give you meat when it’s done!” Jack retorted as he turned the stick, cooking the wild sow on it.

“Here, try some.” Jack handed a fair portion of meat to Roger, who almost devoured it in one go. The pork had a sweet yet salty taste, and it seemed to calm Roger’s cravings that had built up ever since civilization on the island. Jack continued to slice through the fragrant pork with the survival knife, evenly distributing the tenderloin meat to his followers.

On the other side of the island, Ralph and Piggy were crouching in a shelter that would have collapsed with just one breeze of wind. The waves brushed upon the shore like flowing gowns embroidered with silky whit lace. Piggy and Ralph’s stomachs growled at them with anger as they held dead branches, digging them in the unadulterated, gritty sand.

“Maybe we should join them, if we don’t we’re gonna die of starvation,” Ralph muttered.

“My Auntie would never let me do that, not even till I’m dead,” Piggy answered as he scavenged the shrubs for food. Feeling desperate, Ralph then replied “Really Piggy? Don’t you want rich roasted pork?” Piggy thought for a moment. After all, he was called Piggy for a reason. Sweat trickled down his forehead as he muttered, “Fine, let’s just go for the meat.”

Gliding past the dense undergrowth of the jungle, Piggy and Ralph, hiked up the hill towards Jack’s tribe, where Jack’s tribe was having a barbeque. “ We came for some meat, “ Ralph pronounced. Piggy’s mouth watered at the sight of the meat, but he gulped as soon as Jack

spoke. "As I said, everyone gets meat, GO GET THEM SOME MEAT!" Jack shouted as he stood proudly while glaring at Ralph. "I told yall I would get meat!" Jack declared as he handed Piggy and Ralph their microscopic portions. Piggy gobbled up the meat, and both his stomach and mouth wanted more. Barely filling half of their stomachs and not giving them any energy, Ralph and Piggy had no choice but to stay for the night.

The dark heavy clouds loomed in the sky and the wind blew, making the plants dance with a rhythm. The trees arched like tunnels of death and the faint moon peeked at the boys, caressing



them in gentle moonlight. Ralph lay right awake, listening to the chirping cicadas as he watched the starry night sky. \*Rustle rustle\* Ralph immediately jumped up to the sound. Shivering, he stood up to check his surroundings, but found nothing but a couple of obscure looking trees. \*Rustle rustle\* This time it was louder. Being terrified of the dark, Ralph ought to wake the others up.

"Seriously Ralph! First you come for meat, then stay with us and now you want us to check out the stupid beastie?!" Jack mocked. Ralph stared at him with open eyes and didn't make a single sound. Feeling slightly worried, Jack responded, "Ok fine, We'll go check out the beastie."

The gang of bandits scavenged through the jungle and hid in dense green bushes, listening carefully for the rustling noises. \*Rustle rustle\* Ralph slowly peeked through the tiny gaps through the bushes and saw something ever so peculiar. Between the trees were 5 shadows which resembled adults from some kind of cartoon. The paper-like creatures moved sideways out of the trees and acted if it was ridiculing him. Their noseless pale faces made them appear like a monster, however they were neither scary nor normal, and they seemed to speak another language.

"Koko wa doko?" one of them said to the other. (where are we?)

"Watashitachiha akuma no janguru ni iru to omoimasu," the blonde paler one answered. (I think we are in the devil's jungle)

"Hey look! Jack, that's you!" Roger joked quietly. Quiet snickers spread through the crowd.

“Shut up!” Jack shouted as his face turned bright red. The ‘beast’ immediately turned around and glared at them before looking away and speaking. “Ano hitotachi wa dare?” (Who are those people?)

“Karera wa akuma desu,Hemu o korosanakereba naranai,” the blonde one replied with a malicious scowl. (they are demons and we must kill them)

Feeling a strong sense of danger Jack ordered, “Quickly, sharpen a stick at two ends.”

Immediately Robert began sharpening the stick, and soon the stick was sharp enough to pierce a rhinoceros. Yet curiosity brought Jack’s mind to ponder and he decided to observe a little longer.

“Karera o shiru koto naku koroshite wa naranai,”a different one said. (We shouldn't kill without getting to know them) This creature's doe eyes shone, and this gave the impression of innocence, as if she was feeling sympathetic. Beside her was another lady, whose red locks spread across her back. Unlike the mahogany haired lady, she had a rather dull expression, and her face almost made her look snarky. In the middle was this little boy who most resembled Simon, as he was stubby and held a bird in one arm.

As the others continued to sharpen sticks, Jack decided he was the only leader of the jungle and began to prepare for action. He arranged his tribe and gave the instructions, “We go on three, 3, 2, 1, ATTACK!”Charging like savages, they ran towards the paper-like figures, hoisting their spears in the air. Piggy and Ralph watched the chaotic tribe run towards the beasts in



horror, while camouflaging with the shrubs. As the tribe marched towards the beasts, the blonde one seemed to have something in his plain white coat. As soon as Ralph realised, the bullets had already whirred through the air and pierced through Robert and Harold's flesh, sending splatters of blood everywhere. As many of the others fell, Jack’s face started to tense up with anger, and he pierced his spear through the brown haired creature.

“Miki nashi,”one of them cried as they saw their fellow friend fall to their death.

“AAAAAH, watashi wa debiruman desu!” (I am devilman) Jack saw flames light up as if he was entering hell. The creature's body turned into what would be classified as a devil. His dark red

wings towered over Jack and his huge claws could rip Jack's heart in one go. As scary as it was, Jack could see pity in its eyes as it started crying. His heart felt guilty, and instead of fighting he ran across the dried leaves, out towards the sea.

Meanwhile Simon and the shorter creature started having a rather odd conversation. Simon followed the figure, and it stood there staring repetitively at Simon, then his lizard. The creature's bird was rather interesting. It has a yellow crest with scarlet red feathers, and occasionally it puffed up its feathers and chirped. "Can I hold your bird?" Simon asked, hoping for an answer. The little creature just stared at him, leaned closely to the lizard and abruptly chomped its head off, leaving the bloody corpse on Simon's arm. Simon stared at it in horror as it ate up its exotic bird, before staring at him and leaning in.

As the sun rose from the horizon the jungle was peaceful. The waves rippled happily as it met the shore, making the sand moist. Near the beast's cave lay the rotting bodies and skeletons of which was once a civilization on the island. In the centre lay the fly infested sow's head, and beside it was the brown haired creature's head, freshly pierced through a spear and still dripping of blood. As the breeze blew the heads leaned towards each other, mocking those who once lived on this uninhabited island.

