

The Beast by Riya, Year 7 Alperton Community School

"Few would have thought things would change so dramatically that day but....alas, they did.

The residents of Ombrea became more agitated, while plants grew in fear as the clouds grew darker day by day. What they feared was the Beast.

Legend had it that a Beast, more terrifying than anything you could think of, would attack Ombrea. All who lived there were destined to perish. This was written on a piece of bark which over the years became riddled with fungus so that the legend altered and changed as it was passed on through the generations.

Piercing gushes of wind zoomed past while flowers frosted with fungus began to rot. The Sun, large in the sky was dull. Black clouds sprawled across the sky, billowing in from the west. The scent of rain was dark and heady. Then, a stillness fell over the streets and in the silence, came a low crackle of thunder. For a moment, everything stood still again. Even the winds held its breath.

"I am here."

Eyes blood red slits, skin lime green, claws like knives and a tail of thorns. The razor sharp teeth visible through the smoky nostrils.

The villagers crept quietly into their homes, careful not to provoke the Beast. All except a little girl who stood trembling by a tree. The Beast raised his claw and.....gently moved the girl to safety just as a bolt of lightning destroyed the tree. The Beast then worked his magic, slowly releasing Ombrea from the killing fungi.

Now Ombrea understood the legend. Beware any who would do harm to the people. Peace.