

Terrifying Transformations

A Year 8 Collection

Metamorphosis



No-one Believes Me

Ben Greaves

Evelyn stared at her reflection, the letter's cryptic message, "You are not safe," echoing in her mind. The words had wormed their way into her thoughts, their sinister implications gnawing at her sanity. As she gazed into her own eyes, she felt a strange disquiet, a crawling sensation just beneath her skin.

Her vision blurred for a moment, and when it cleared, she noticed something strange. Her pupils were dilating unnaturally, expanding until they nearly consumed the irises. She blinked hard, hoping to clear the distortion, but the change only intensified. The whites of her eyes darkened, giving her a hollow, otherworldly stare. Panic surged through her veins, but it was quickly overtaken by a cold, creeping calm.

She raised her hand to her face, and gasped as her fingers began to twist and lengthen. Her skin stretched taut over her knuckles, which cracked and reformed, transforming her once delicate fingers into elongated, claw-like appendages. Her screams sounded like gunshots. Each one more deafening than the last. The nails blackened and grew into sharp points.

Sharp, searing pains struck through her spine, and she doubled over, clutching the edge of the sink. Her vertebrae seemed to lengthen and twist, sending ripples of agony through her body. Her ribs creaked as they expanded, her chest widening to accommodate a deeper, more monstrous breath. She could feel her heart pounding, each beat resonating like a drum in her ears.

Her reflection began to blur and waver, as if she were looking at herself through rippling water. She watched in horrified fascination as her face began to shift. Her cheekbones became more pronounced, her jawline sharper, more predatory. Her teeth became razor sharp, canines growing into vicious fangs that pressed painfully against her lips. Blood trickled down her chin, the taste of iron sharp on her tongue.

Evelyn's body continued to contort, her limbs stretching and thickening with muscle. Her skin grew pale, almost translucent, veins standing out in stark relief. She felt a strange mix of pain and power, her former frail body replaced by an unnatural strength. She felt horrid and sick to her core. The transformation was both excruciating and exhilarating, tearing apart the last remnants of her humanity.

As the physical changes settled, a darker transformation took root in her mind. The fear and confusion that had initially gripped her were replaced by a cold, calculating clarity. She felt a wave of hatred and resentment for this menacing, sinister body. At that point, Evelyn felt so ashamed of her body she ripped off her own skin and legs. Her newly acquired, acidic blood was flooding the floor. She hated herself. Her cries and screeches stretched out for miles.

After so many hours her emotions began to dimmer. She had no other choice but to just lay there wanting her torture and suffering to end. Then she heard something whisper in her ear. "No one will believe you..."

Her vision began to decrease until all she saw was darkness. What felt like years later, she awoke in a hospital bed. Covered in bandages, unable to move. Evelyn still felt like she was suffering. A couple seconds later a doctor walked in. "Hello Evelyn, it's good to see you awake. Your injuries were intense, but we managed to save you." He said in a calming voice. "Right now,

you are in extensive care won't be able to leave for another month or two. Although Evelyn I need to ask you a question."

"Yes," she answered with unbearable pain in her voice.

"What happened when this happened?"

She began to explain her story every little detail. She described it like it was last week.

"Oh, really?" He lied and left without saying anything else to her. The next day, Evelyn began to ask people for help. No one believed her. They just left her in her bed staring... judging.

A week later she was told she was being taken into another room.

"Please, PLEASE! I beg! Help me! HELP ME!" They took her by her scarred blistering body as she screamed for someone, anyone to listen to her. From then on, she remained in a white, psychiatric room with nothing but a bed and food. Even though Evelyn was put in solitude with no one to communicate ever again she never stopped yelling her story.

"No one believes me..."

Forgotten

Daisy Molloy

I turned the diary over in my hand, then cover was a cool, black leather and it had my name etched in silver slap bang in the centre. I traced the letters with my finger, each perfectly formed a thing of beauty. This was a diary that had been loved, treasured and perfectly preserved. I chuckled to myself, this wasn't my usual type of thing, I'd never written in a diary, at least I don't think I did. If I had I wouldn't remember, dementia can be rough. I opened the diary to a random page, I smiled to myself and began to read aloud.

'5/03/21

Dear diary,

Rachel Page. That was her name. She seemed sweet but she acted like I was a fragile flower.

I'm not.

She had no idea. I say had because Rachel Page is dead. I did her a favour really. If she acted like that all the time she would end up with no friends, and I know from experience that that is something everyone should avoid at all costs.

It was rather satisfying actually. The way her blood hit the wall, it almost looked like a picture. Something someone would buy to hang on their bathroom wall.

Her head leaked more blood on the floor. I think blood is pretty. I'm not sure poor Rachel thinks so. Mind you we can never be sure.

I rolled her vile remains in the rug on her apartment floor. It was an ugly thing. I'm glad I burned it. I drove it to the local farm, its my neighbours farm actually, Mrs Baker. She's a sweet, old thing. And her pigs will eat anything.

My weapon of choice is an axe, most efficient, I think.'

I stopped reading, my eyes wide, my hands shaking, questions running through my mind. Why would I do that? How could I? I was a monster. I dropped the book to the floor. I placed my shaky hand over my mouth, I felt sick. I gagged and let out a croaky sob. What. The. Hell.

My eyes flicked to the pile of handy tools I had; I could see the axe in the corner of the room. It gleamed almost tauntingly. I could see flecks of dry blood covering it, I stumbled over and picked it up. Pursing my lips to prevent myself from throwing up. I hear a strangled cry come from my front door. I snap my head towards the sound. Mrs Baker. She's holding a pot of her homemade strawberry jam, tears running down her winkled, rosy cheeks.

Before I even knew what I was doing I had walked forward and swung the axe, a spray of crimson blood covered my wall. My jaw fell open as I watched her head fall off.

"Mrs Baker"

The words trailed out my mouth. It was an impulse; I hadn't meant to. Had I? I looked at the blood on my wall.

It did look like a picture.

I looked back at her as the rest of her body crumpled to the floor in a limp heap, her head rolling and stopping next to my diary. Her face stuck in a permanent look of horror. It was muscle memory, it must've been, otherwise I wouldn't have been able to take of her head so easily.

It felt.... right. Exhilarating almost.

A wide grin crept onto my face. I walked over to her head and looked at it.

I think her pigs will be happy to see me.

Shattered

Freya Swanson

Broken glass, sharp and pointed. Looking around at the rubble and dirt I notice broken pieces of glass from a window near by. I make my way over with poppy following close behind, I stare into the glass looking at the room behind. Everything is still there medical records, beds it's like it's been frozen in time just waiting for the right moment to be used again. My eyes start to focus on my reflection in the glass, my lifeless, half broken reflection. Reflections are a strange mystery one minute it's there the next minute it's gone. As I keep staring at my reflection I realise I can't see poppy's reflection, I turn around and see her standing behind me, strange why can't I see her reflection?

I tried to keep my thoughts moving but I can't think straight with all the banging "stop the banging poppy." But she's not moving just staring blankly at me like any life that was in her just died, like she's not real. It's like the darkness of this abandoned insane asylum just swallowed her whole. I'm trying to ignore all of this, the banging, the darkness, the internal screaming telling me "you should go back," so I keep walking. We make our way down a long hallway. It's filled with doors, broken furniture and windows with bars on, almost like they're trying to stop people from leaving. I see a light switch on the wall and turn it on, the lights flicker into life before immediately popping and shattering everywhere. I shield my eyes making sure no glass gets in them. Once I'm sure all the glass has fallen, I lower my hands, letting my eyes adjust to the murky darkness of the hallway. I turn on my torch, up until this point we could see without the torches. I see a second light join mine, I turn and see Poppy shining her torch around looking at the debris. I start walking a bit further down the hallway and I see a small room with light coming out of it.

I walk over to it and step inside turning off the torch, it's a small well furnished room, a single bed, to the left of the window, a tall mirror and a shelf. This room seems to be the only one which isn't destroyed, strange. Poppy joins me and looks around, she slowly walks over to me, everything stops, the only words that leave her mouth are "You're insane" What does she mean? I'm not insane, I'm not insane, I'M NOT INSANE!! The room starts spinning, everything is spinning. And then I scream and scream and scream and scream. The mirror shatters and everything stops. I look down at my knuckle, my blood covered, scratched knuckle. I look back up at the mirror and stare at my reflection, my raged hair, and my hospital gown. My dead reflection. I look at the shattered pieces of glass, it makes me realise I'm broken, I'm shattered, I'm... insane. Poppy's gone, she wasn't real. We weren't exploring an abandoned insane asylum, I'm in an insane asylum. The banging continues, I sharply turn my head towards the locked door. A stern voice reaches my ears "Violet, it's time for your medication." Medication, medication, I really am insane...

The Hospital

Isabelle Ashworth

The building stood there in the silence. It looked deserted but inside it held the monster that was yet to be unleashed, but that would change tonight. The night sky covered in stars and constellations held the white, fluffy clouds that, at the moment, covered the beaming moon in the dark blue sky. The moon to everyone would seem welcoming and gentle but to others, especially the people who were resting in that dreaded hospital, they thought it was their worst nightmare. Inside of the hospital the lights flickered and gentle snores could be heard from the residents that slept peacefully in each corridor.

Each section of the building was used for different injuries or mental illnesses. Walking down one of the daunting corridors was a young girl, a patient, who was struggling to sleep. She limped slightly as she had an injury on her left leg. Her shoes echoed as she took steps across the glimmering, glossy floor. She seemed to walk in a desperate manner her mind in a state of worrisome panic. Her stomach was creating butterflies telling her to go back as she took every struggling step towards the large metal doors at the end of the corridor. Sweat was visible on her head she travelled towards the section labelled 'Incurable Diseases'. She felt a pang of sadness as she walked closer to the doors until she opened them her fingers grazing the cold, metallic metal. Inside was a single bed with beige curtains draped around the perimeter of the bed. Her adrenaline crept up and her heartbeat quickened as she stepped closer towards the bed her shoes squeaking in the process.

Her fingers curled around the silk curtains and she slowly pulled them back. Her shiny, bright blue eyes met the soft, chocolate brown ones of her brother, wide awake, staring at her.

She looked outside after she glanced at her feral almost unrecognisable brother. The light flickered continuously now and she saw the wisps of cloud that were quickly departing and revealing the bright, shining moon in the blue that started a nightmare. Soon the curtains started billowing and shaking violently as the bone-chilling, piercing wind penetrated through the soft silk. The cold made goosebumps travel up across her arm and hair stand up on end. The boy in the bed twisted and whined as his eyes dilated. He looked at the moon shining through the window. She looked around with alarm in her eyes as the lights turned off and the candles extinguished with a single wisp of smoke filling their noses with a horrible stench. The only thing she could see was the reflection of the floor, her brother as he shook and screamed, and the horrifying shadow that was changing at a quick pace as he transformed. She quivered and tried to scamper away but with her limp it was a losing game. It was already too late.

The young boy aged 17 started grabbing fistfuls of his bushy hair as he cried out in pain. His already dilated eyes enlarging and changing into a bright yellow that glowed bright in the shadows. His mouth and nose contorting and merging together to making an ugly, long snout. The side of his face now taking the shape of a wolf in the reflection of the shadow. Fur sprouted along his arms and body as he fell out of his bed violently shaking and pounding his fists on the floor. Cracks could be heard as his body elongates and the hardly visible spine could be made out on his back. His human ears were no more as large, fluffy, pointed ears emerged from atop of his head. Saliva drooped from his mouth which now when opened displayed a set of pearly white canines. A damp nose, like a dogs, sat on his snout as his screams turned into deep growls and howls.

His achilles enlarged and grew in length as his height became above at least 7-foot. His tall figure crouched and as his transformation kept him shaking and twisting the werewolf hit its head multiple times on the ceiling above. A flowing tail emerged and swished around the floor knocking over multiple jars that met the floor with a shattering smash. The canines arms grew and gained in strength and muscle as his now once hu-man body was fully covered in fur. Hands grew in size as razor-sharp, serrated claws replaced human nails. The fur was thicker around its neck creating an image of a long, shaggy mane almost like a lions.

The girl snapped out of her fearful daze and ran for the entrance as the wolf finished transforming and snapped its jaws. It's eyes narrowed as it spotted her the urge to infect as one had done to him so many years ago inflicted itself upon the werewolf boy. Knowing no memory of his once human mind the wolf took over at last and the taste for human blood and flesh took him over the edge. The severe consequences upon that hungered him and didn't stop until the moon waned and the damage had already been done.

The girl ran down the corridor, tears staining her cheeks, her legs burning in pain and protest as she headed

towards the entrance of the next section of the building. Far behind she could hear the clatter and pounding of objects being broken and shattered to useless scraps. Not until a piercing howl split the tension in the air did the patients dreams crumble into dust as they awoke in confusion. Her yells competed with the distant howls as she screamed for everyone to get out or run to safety. In the distance she could just make out the metal doors opening as the horror unleashed on the innocent citizens. Before she let out a sickening gasp what she saw was the werewolf opening it's jaws and biting a young person that now layed on the floor squirming in pain. The electricity ran out and everyone was left in the pitch black darkness. While she ran she looked behind her and as she didn't look where she was going she hit something and felt the pointed fangs pierce her flesh and everything went black.

The Procedure

Josh Gibbs

Stanley and Mary sat at home looking towards the beautiful night sky. The stars glimmered and sometimes they could see a beaming star race across the dark sky. They lived on the outskirts of the town Bradley where they could free themselves from their busy lives. Stanley was a very intelligent and obsessive doctor while Mary was a trusted police officer. But upon this night Stanley was called to take emergency operation on a desperate patient.

The hospital was isolated and lonely. It sat like a colossal silhouette in the night with few rooms projecting bright light. Many places in the hospital looked abandoned apart from the reception area. Stanley quickly found the room and set up before what he assumed to be a major operation. The tools were laid out neatly and the light above flickered a yellow glow.

Patient Richard was shortly wheeled in, and it was time to begin. The patient looked uncomfortable in his own skin as he laid there motionless. With a surgical knife in hand, it was slowly lowered towards the stomach. Before making contact, something had to be noted. Shaking began to travel throughout the body and seemed to be increasing vibration speed. With minor movement, they grasped onto the hospital bed and their mouth gaped open. A horrifying shriek echoed around the room as the patient tried to endure an agonizing pain of black ink popping and circulating through bulging veins. Nails pierced through fingertips like growing daisies and the patient's body shrunk as if it was a sizzling piece of bacon. Bare bone was visible through paper like skin and the creature's muscles had become bigger and more toned.

Shortly after, safety ties started to stretch, and the emergency siren was alarmed. Stanley froze and was left in awe before his nostrils filled with a pungent smell of dead animal which stained the walls. The creature's talons gripped round Stanley's face and ripped through skull and gravy like blood oozed out of Stanley's head. Shortly he was no more and only body was left on the floor, the creature's bloodthirsty appetite led him to his next meal as he effortlessly teared the door open. Who knows what is to come...

Annaliese

Lydia Powell

Annaliese was in a shop with 2 other customers and the owner of the shop. Everything seemed normal. But that's when she saw a strange looking necklace, she was intrigued so she hurriedly went to try it on, but when she tried to get it off, the necklace was stuck, in a hurry she tried to get it off while it was strangling her and choking her, that's when she transformed into a creepy, monster demon, she was screaming in pain, she was currently possessed. The next minute you heard screams of terror and fear, what on earth happened? She was terrorising customers, using the spiders off her, shoulders and throwing them onto her victim's. That's what happened...

The full moon came, she transformed back into her usual self. She said to herself: "what on earth happened!? I need to go see a doctor" So she hurried of and went to find the nearest doctor.

As soon as she got there, she looked to see if the sun had gone up, but it was too late.... She couldn't even say a word and killed the receptionists, a doctor came out and screamed in horror, she then attacked them too....

Before you knew it, she killed half of the city! The billions of horrors on their face were priceless.

She cried and begged every night for someone to help her, but one day someone came up to her and said: "Hey what's wrong?" she then said: "stay away from me! Ill accidently kill you in a second! The sun is about to come up! I'd run if I was you..."

He suddenly said: "no! I want to help you. The same thing happened to my dad! Just come to my warehouse, follow me. "

I guess I had no other option...

So, I followed him until we came across an abandoned warehouse, I was confused and wondered if this was where we were headed.

: "here we are, quickly! There's 20 minutes until the sun goes up! Ill try make up a potion to deactivate the necklace." He said.

"Good idea!" I said.

We then crept into the warehouse, it was empty, Rusty, and in fact creepy...

"What are we exactly going to do in here?" I spoke.

"I guess you'll have to be the one to find out. Quickly pass me the bottle out of my bag!" he said.

I then handed him a glass bottle out of his bag.

"Now pass me the leaves out of my bag".

"What type of leaves are these?" I curiously asked.

He then spoke and said : " there leaves that can help deactivate the necklace."

I then handed him the rest of the ingredients.

He then mixed up all of them in the glass bottle.

"its complete! Now drink the potion."

I then questioned him.

"Are you sure this is a good idea?"

He said: "yeah, of course my dad drinks this very day to suppress his powers."

"Okay! Here goes nothing."

I then drank half of the bottle.

"That should be enough! The sun has gone up! Has it worked yet?"

The sun came up and there I had turned.

"its not worked quickly run!"

He stared me in the eyes and said:

"I'll be back, meet me here tonight!"

Later on at night I then greeted him again.

"Drinking the potion may not work for everyone, good thing you left half. there's just about enough to pour onto the necklace!"

So, I hurriedly poured it onto the necklace,

He spoke. "did it work?"

"I think so?"

The moon then came up and it had been cured. He then explained to me how to make the potion every day until one day the necklace fell off my neck, so I threw it into the nearest river...

I was so relieved I'm so glad to now be a human again.

Kingdom of Stone

Alexa Collins

"I can't believe I'm actually doing this."

Amanda muttered partly to herself, treading through tall grass and brushing past overgrown stinging nettles. The gates to the graveyard were just in view, and she could make out the ivy crawling up the rusty iron bars, and the aged sign barely displaying the words: "Deverwood local cemetery" underneath twisted old branches. She kicked a large stick lying across the overgrown floor out of her way, still angry at herself for being so agreeable. Her only source of light was the alien-blue glow of her phone, her friends' faces illuminated on it. Why, oh, why, did she suggest truth-or-dare? She heard one of her friends, a girl named Kayla, snicker.

"We're not the ones who chose dare," she spoke up, her voice robotic due to the phone. She pushed herself in front of the camera. "Where are you now?"

"Just coming up to the gate."

She jumped over a fallen tree, nearly tripping over its gnarled trunk.

"I knew I should've brought a flashlight."

Amanda was only a few steps away from the gate now, and she could see mossy tombstones poking out of the ground between iron bars, illuminated by the moon's faint glow. She pressed against the cold, rusty iron of the gate, its temperature sending a chill down her spine. Nobody had probably touched this gate in years.

As she leaned into the gate, it creaked with disuse, and the chains keeping it closed rattled loudly. A large padlock hung down from them.

Amanda sighed.

"What's wrong?"

"It's locked."

She heard one of the girls mutter something rude under her breath. One of them piped up:

"Is there a key anywhere?"

Amanda looked around, squinting her eyes. She saw no key glinting from the light of her phone anywhere, but she spied a low wall to her left.

"I have an idea."

A few minutes later, Amanda was in the graveyard. She was walking through patches of long-forgotten tombstone, feeling more and more unwelcome the farther she went in. That wasn't the creepy part though. Wherever she went, wherever she looked, a stone angel would be knelt upon a grave, weeping for their lost loved one. She could see hollow, soulless eyes staring back at her through stone tears, as though they were accusing *her* of such loss. She moved, spooked by their presence, away from any she saw; but even more appeared. It made her hair stand on end.

“What are you doing now?”

The sound made her nearly jump out of her skin, and she realized her friends were still clutched in her hand. The phone shook from her trembling fingers. She exhaled with relief.

“Walking through graves, Can I come back now? This place gives me the creeps..”

“Just walk for a little longer.”

“Do I have to?”

“Yes! Don’t be such a baby.”

“Fine.”

Amanda trudged on through overgrown weeds. More angels. More tears. Maybe this was a mistake. Her face then landed on solid stone, rather than soft, mossy grass, breaking her out of her trance of fear. She looked up.

Towering above her, yet another haunting angel. Unusually, this one shed no tears. Instead, it wore an unreadable expression; a mixture of anger and triumph. It towered above the angels surrounding it and the tombstones- a king ruling over his kingdom of stone. Just by looking at him, Amanda felt her mouth go dry and her stomach go hollow. Her heart thumped faster. Definitely a mistake. Something was wrong.

“I think I’ll head back now...”

She lifted the phone to her face, taking in her worried, pale face in the bottom right corner of the screen.

“Amanda- are you okay?”

She wiped the cold sweat off her forehead.

“Uhm. Yeah- “

Her phone dropped from her shaking fingers. Tumbling down a small slope and landing by a nearby grave. She ran to pick it up, feeling more and more unwelcome the longer she stayed. She needed to leave. Now.

She grabbed her phone from the ground, dusting off some dirt that was covering the screen. Her friends’ faces stared back at her worriedly.

“Amanda? What happened?”

“Just dropped my phone. This was a mistake- I- I feel like everything’s watching me. I saw this huge weeping angel and I felt as though I needed to get out of here immediately- It wasn’t even on a grave; it was just standing on a pedestal like- “

That’s when she noticed her friends. Their expressions had gone from those of curiosity to expressions of pure fear and confusion. Each girl stared past her.

“What?”

“The pedestal is empty.”

Amanda’s brow furrowed.

“What are you talking about?”

“Amanda... The pedestal behind you is *empty*.”

Realization hit her like a truck.

She whipped around.

They were right.

The pedestal that she had just seen an angel upon had no such angel on it now. All evidence that was left of an angel having once been there were the other angels surrounding it leaning toward the pedestal with familiar expressions of sorrow- wait- no... *fear*.

Amanda couldn't scream. She couldn't move. She was cemented on the spot. She was too scared. She couldn't run; she'd trip up, her legs were wobbling that badly. She took a step back.

And she turned around.

After that, all she could remember were two hollow, soulless stone eyes staring down at her. A gaping mouth with bared fangs, and a face twisted into an expression of anger. A pair of stone wings enclosed her. She heard the screams of her friends from her phone, but it was already too late. Her eyesight went black. The harrowing scream of what she could only assume was the angels rang out in her ears for what felt like hours. She felt as though her ears would begin to bleed. Even she couldn't hear her own horrified scream over the angel's harrowing song.

People say the Deverwood Local Cemetery has been an area of "Missing Person" investigations for countless years. People believe its cursed, there've been that many disappearances. Every single one of those investigations failed to find their missing victim. Little did they know, their victim was right under their nose the entire time.

Amanda spends most of her time in the cemetery now.

All day, every day, Amanda sits on her grave and weeps. You'd think after all the crying her eyes would be red and sore, but no- she just keeps on weeping. Stone tears falling down her face as though her eyes were waterfalls.

She watched from her perch through stone fingers clasp onto her face. She couldn't move. Or scream. Or cry out. She watched as her parents called out for her through heaving sobs. She watched as her friends desperately looked around, answering questions from the police. She watched as detectives and authorities rifled through bushes and tombstones, looking for a missing child. And she was right there.

They never found her.

What became of Amanda, I wouldn't be able to tell you. That is in the hands of time, who will eventually tear her down and smash her to pieces. Cursed to spend eternity as a pile of rubble and stone. That is usually the way of time- he is unable to keep things in the condition they were created in.

The angel remains on his pedestal. From it, he basks in the ternal sorrow of all his frozen victims, their faces twisted with hopelessness. The angel's face triumphant as he watches over his kingdom of stone.

My Dearest

Joelle Essilfie

My Dearest,

I find myself being at the hospital a recurring subject, almost imprisoning. I sometimes find myself captive.

It was such a pleasure to see you, my dearest. I tied your lovely loose blonde curls beautifully. Oh, how adorable you seemed! My little girl, mama is coming to see you today, we can have our own little pool party, just like we always used to. You're an amusing, intriguing little one. I fail to even comprehend your beauty. Simply driving to school from 'work' at the hospital developed such excitement in me. Because of you, my love, I captured a sense of hope. It was exhilarating.

I had been engaging in a compelling conversation with a parent. I learned her name was Sarah.

"My girl is six, a beautiful girl! She really enjoys her new class,"

She exclaimed.

Silence found me. My body, my words lie limp in its grasp. Silence rattled my bones and I found myself awake. I found myself alive. What capability must she have to be a mother?

She did not deserve her, such a young child in the hands of such evil. In the hands of such intimidation and threat. She was exceedingly ineligible for a child.

My words were caught in my throat, threatening to betray my thoughts.

I requested for you and her girl to play. Sarah seemed to enjoy the idea of our amusement. I knew Sarah when we were only young, though we lost contact when I began to 'work' at the hospital. Lola, her daughter, had similar blonde curls, just like you, my dearest. Despite this, your hair has always been the most beautiful. The journey home was irritating, Lola constantly spoke of nobody but herself, she never possibly intended to be as captivating as you.

I was so close to seeing you, my dearest.

I led Lola to the back garden, blood blotching the pool. Caressing the memories of the past against the water. I recognized the paralysing terror that seized her.

As most of the others, I scrutinized your wardrobe, colourful frocks greeting me, along with your gentle smile. I changed her into a lovely blue frock. As I tied her hair in those loose ponytails you always wore, you came back to me, love.

You're such a beautiful girl, my dearest.

The girl wept and writhed under the touch of the knife at her skin. I brought your birthmark to her neck, following the same location as yours- carving the familiar shape of a key.

I've missed you, my dearest. My irresponsibility led to me losing you in this pool, the water engulfing your sweet smile.

Must I really have too again?

The Church

Niamh Halliday

The gunshots that killed my friends echoed through my ears like a pestering song as I ran from the scene in my ridiculously sized clown shoes. The blood of others seeped through my clothes and trickled over my footwear, blending in with their crimson colour. As time went on, the air choked me, causing my panicked breaths to become shorter. I didn't know if he was following me or if my fate were to lay in the hands of a soulless man. Either way, I couldn't stop - I had to keep going. I raced through the empty fields surrounding the circus, searching for somewhere to hide. Somewhere I knew that maybe I could be safe. That maybe I could live. Turning the next corner, my gaze fell upon what looked like the remains of a church. A ruin. A gunshot soared through the air nearby, followed by the squawking of crows flying from their home. Adrenaline pulsed through my veins as fear overwhelmed me. He was following. Watching me suffer through bushes and trees. Hidden away. I had to move, otherwise that monster was going to turn the corner and shoot me. Step by step, I moved my way through the snapping twigs into the church ruin. It was beautiful.

Turning from the entrance, I noticed a substantial structure lined with detailed wooden engravings and golden metal pipes. I seemed miniature compared to the vastness of the pillars, which I supposed kept the whole church standing. As I moved on, frightened from the darkness, lit candles came into view, guiding my way. The decoration and intricacy of the interior of the church was astonishing and precise in that dim light. At the end of this ruin, the ceiling was caved in and abandoned. How could this intimidating yet stunning church be neglected like that? The whole building gave off a peculiar sense. A sense that was unpleasant yet amazing. Harrowing yet thrilling. I knew I should anticipate the worst.

My foot made contact against an unstable floor slab, creating a deafening bang that bounced off what was left of the walls and echoed through the church ruin, extending to where the murderer was now stood. Chaos. Chaos in my head as worries whirled through my brain, only to be punctuated by a laugh. A malevolent laugh haunting me as I awaited my death. Was this in my head? Was this the last sound I would hear? Gradually, my thoughts settled, creating a serene space in my brain, only to be invaded again by that laugh. It approached me, becoming louder and louder and more ominous with every footstep he took; it was these same footsteps that were now audible from where I was situated.

My end was quickly approaching but unlike before, I couldn't run. I was frozen in time; my feet were stuck to the uneven stone slabs, while the warmth of tears ran down my frozen face and hit the ground near my feet. The sinister sound that once filled my brain had suddenly ceased, leaving an emptiness which was even more intimidating than before. The sound of silence was daunting. Five more steps and I could hear his polished shoes squeaking against the cold stone floor. Four more steps and voices ran through my head, the voices of those lost souls who I would be joining in moments. Three more steps and I could hear his smile spreading nefariously across his face. Two more steps and I found myself pleading in my head. I was yet to know whom to. One more step was left until the rattling of metal that could now be heard turned into the sound of my death. A boom that marked the end of my life. One more step and I was dead for good. One more step and it would all be darkness. Maybe I would go to heaven. Maybe I would just lay there in a coffin for eternity. I didn't know where I would end up in one single second, but

all I did know was that I was not ready to die. My life had not been accomplished by sitting around in a circus dressed up in a clown costume whilst making balloon dogs for children. I needed to do more but I couldn't. I couldn't stop running when fleeing from the circus. I couldn't move when I had a chance of surviving. And now, I couldn't live. I appreciated my last sight: a stained-glass window with coloured shards of light emerging onto the floor as the sun rose. More rattling of metal as the killer's finger found the trigger.

The last sound that my mortal life offered, was the blast of a gunshot.

Sudden, excruciating pain surged through my body like ice cold shards piercing my organs, one by one. The agonising feeling stretched throughout my extremities, reaching my fingers and toes and ensuring that none of my body escaped this torment as I died. Was I even dead? I had suffered a traumatic head wound injury, and yet my brain was still processing what had just occurred, still thinking onto my next action when there was not supposed to be a next action. Surely that was it. Surely it was just that resting in peace was less 'peaceful' than I initially thought. My tortured mind abruptly changed course, analysing my thoughts to display the greatest ones through my eyes, which were previously deprived of sight. My last birthday with my family, a memory I will hold on to forever. My deceased best friends surrounding me through hard times. Laughing and crying and shouting with fury, all rushing through my head in a hurry before my time was up, everything I had ever felt all compacted into a minute of memories. Sobbing, I cried and wailed and whimpered but how could anybody ever hear me when I couldn't even hear myself, or feel the tears running down my face, or even see my limbs trembling with trepidation about what my future might hold. Once again, the excruciation interrupted my bawling, now making me scream internally. My nerve endings seared with pain like acid was raging through my skin. An unknown pressure compressed my heart, cutting off the last thread of life with the sharp, piercing scissors of death.

An immediate numbness overcame me; all pain swiftly moved on to its next victim. With that came relief as I realised it was finally over after all that torment on the way to this tranquil afterlife. The metallic odour of blood entered my nose, rousing me from my newfound bliss. The darkness became a dim candlelit church ruin as my eyelids opened to reveal the sight of my translucent hand spread across the stone floor. My senses heightened and it was at that moment, I came to the abrupt realisation that I was indeed dead, but not in the way I had anticipated: I was a ghost.

Nightmare on Space Street

Alex Pickerell

It was the 4th orbit round the moon the constant beeping reminding us of the inescapable void that surrounded us every second of every day. There was a drip of a pipe that needed maintenance and some strange living goo we found, but I wouldn't worry about that. The walls were dark and hexagonal to help support us if the ship did a sudden movement and pipes at the top to be an annoyance to us. The sleeping quarters were 4 rows of 4 bunk beds making 32 of us in total. The mess, every crew member's dream, had glorious clean white walls sparkling every day since we left our rubbish dump of a planet. The deck was grey, and brown illuminated by the faint glow of multi coloured buttons and had a picturesque view of the new home we had. The stars and planets felt like rain drops on a windscreen. The hanger was where I spent most of my time it had 6 state of the art 45-19s fighter jets and 3 of the most impressive 93-69 bombers. Then the engine room it had a nice orange glow that lit up the whole room and could be a beautiful view if it wasn't for the choking intense gases. Finally, the science room a place I never want to go since that's where they store the thing.

It was all normal after that I got my meal at 12:52 went back to my job then it rang. A deafening siren as if there was an air raid and the horrible flashing red light spinning in circles almost mesmerising. Of course, we learnt what to do in these situations, but they didn't say what it was for. We looked at each other and hid behind anything we could, boxes, fighters even bombers. Then the crackle of the speakers croaked through "the mysterious substance is loose, get to a safe place lock the doors and whatever you do don't AHHHHH" he was dead as well as the scientists. One member of our team, Kidney ran to the door, but they were too late. It was the first time I had seen the monster and know that was another person dead we all ran I didn't stop until I arrived at my favourite room, the mess.

I started wandering, always on full precaution to check if there were any people, or even those creatures. I went from room to room, the hanger to bedrooms, where I bucked up enough courage to enter the room, I really didn't want to. The room I knew would scare me in my place. I opened the door, a rush of smoke and steam tumbled out of it like people in a bustling space port, the horrifying engine room had a dull, low and ominous glow, that let me see through the minute gaps in the grated floor. I was still looking down when I ran straight into something. Something warm, something soft, something alive. Once I looked up, I knew I was never going to live a normal life if I got a chance to get one, because what I saw was a cocoon, with a silhouette of a person their bottom half melted and disfigured, but the sound of their screams was undeniable. I ran out, dodging and weaving between those massive metal silos keeping the whole ship running but they sounded empty which I didn't think much about at the time.

After running past as fast as I could, I heard a whisper from a vent above me, I looked up and there he was, Walter. One of my earliest friends on this ship, I was incredibly thankful that I could find someone else to accompany me to go find others. That was the worst mistake I could have made. We were about to enter the science room when the creature's cold, dark, and sentient limb grasped him and took him away to the dim engine room with the other unfortunate souls. Now I was alone. The dripping pipe that needed maintenance was the only other sound I could hear. No bustling of a canteen, no flight crew barking orders, nothing. Just me alone and thirty-one cocoons stacked against each other.

I could not bear the thought of Walter, my last friend on this whole ship, in a dark cocoon boiling alive until he was only a skeleton and a pile of that horrible, disgusting goo that was made from all the nerves and blood vessels melted and combining, making the goo sentient. The brain was in the ribs, but the memory was wiped by the other monsters and programmed to act savage. After a few hours I learned to tell when one of these transformations happened. There would be a bone-chilling scream then a tear that sent shivers up my spine.

As I was trying to stay clear from the creatures, I heard the creaking crunching knee bones grinding against each other like nails on a chalk board. These sounds bounced around the walls echoing and the horrendous feeling that at any time I could get whisked away by the blood curdling goo that belonged to my closest friends. It was not their faults though, they had no control over what they did they were getting controlled and used. As I retreated into the vent the strangest of things happened something spoke and then the creaking went away as if they learnt something. As if they could communicate. Now all I could hear was footsteps and whispers they were talking about a plan, and I was the next step.

Paralysis

Sienna Batu

It was 2:38 am, the night was dark and quiet. The room was lit by the small glow of my nightlight. Tammy and Rose were on their phones and Yasmin was reading her book. Not the most exciting sleepover. "Aimee. Have you found it yet?" Tammy asked me.

I was searching in my old toy box to find something to lighten the mood, a game maybe.

I dug around in the box shoving all my old barbies and makeup out the way to find a wooden box with a bunch of letters on it.

"What the heck is that?"

Rose and Tammy lifted their heads and peered over the edge.

"Oh, that's a Ouija board, isn't it?"

Rose picked it up and told us about the seances and summoning.

"I think its used to communicate with ghosts. Your house is pretty old so we could try." She said as she placed it in the centre of my floor.

"You guys can do it. I wont play."

We looked up at Yasmin with disappointed expressions. She nervously smiled and then went back to reading her book.

Tammy shrugged and picked the glass. She grabbed my hand and Roses and placed it on.

Our hands actually moved.

"Tammy, are you doing that?"

"No are you?" She asked back.

"No I'm not."

"Well, I guess we should all believe in ghosts now."

"Shut up we need to see what is saying."

"G-o-A-w-a-y. Go away?"

Yasmin hurriedly looked up from her book and crawled over after we said that.

"Just a thought. Maybe you should stop."

We all ignored her worries and continued.

"Next one." I spoke. "D-o-n-o-t-d-i-s-t-u-r-b-t-h-e-s-p-i-r-i-t-s"

"Let's listen and not disturb them! Please Aimee."

"Yas, don't be... so... uhm."

My friends faced me and waited for me to finish my sentence. I couldn't. I started coughing and choking. Gasping. I couldn't breathe.

Every muscle in my body started to ache with intense agony. And then it all faded to black. All I could hear was muffled yells.

My ears rung and my vision was red and blurry. Red? Was I bleeding?

My head throbbed with a headache. I could feel something on top of my scalp that felt like it had split through my skin. Had I grown horns? I kept gasping for air and couldn't make out where the girls were.

I crawled forward and felt someone's leg. I looked up further and could see a long black mess of hair. It was Rose.

On the floor? I felt her skin. It was wet with blood and uneven from grazes and scratches over her whole body. I touched her neck and could feel blood and torn flesh that made it look like she had been mauled or bitten by a tiger.

I started gasping and shaking. What happened?

"Tammy? Yasmin? What's happening?"

I could see them huddled together in the corner with scratches on their arms. They were trembling and crying with immense fear. Fear of me.

Then the pain came back. But this time it was worse. This time I didn't pass out. I could feel my bones cracking. My eyes were spinning. And it felt like sharp teeth were growing out of my mouth.

I stumbled over to my mirror and caught a glance of my eyes. Pools of darkness like the irises had been plucked out. From my crooked smile dripped ruby red blood.

I didn't know how I was smiling. It felt like I couldn't control my own body. I locked eyes with Tammy and before she could scream, I jumped on her. I mauled her. My own friend. Stop. Why can't I control myself please make it stop! Tammy screams echoed throughout the room. I could see the messy bite marks all over her body. I could see that I was making her bleed from the mouth.

Why couldn't I stop myself?

Then I did the same to Yasmin. Blood. Flesh. Ear piercing screams.

Stop hurting them please stop. My friends.

I should've listened to that ghost. That demon. Why didn't I stop.

The last sight I could see was my friend's dead bodies on the floor.

And me in the mirror, shutting my eyes for the last time.

The Labyrinth of Deception

Jason Usher

Lucy finally reaches the end of the labyrinth.

“Lucy! Lucy! They are all dead!” Ethan catches up to her as tears flow continuously down Lucy’s face.

“What? They are dead?” she questioned.

“Quickly open the door!” Ethan shouted. With Barely any time to reached lucy runs ahead towards her escape. When she tries to open the door at the end of the labyrinth, she suddenly realises.

“No!” she screamed...

“What?” Ethan replied.

“The door its locked.” Ethan stops and a mischievous grin washes across his face. Suddenly Lucy turns and gazes into the eyes of her last and only friend, but this wasn’t the Ethan that Lucy had known before. The Ethan that Lucy knew was a small, frail boy who needed powerful people to guard him from the evil nature of the world.

But this Ethan was different. His face is scarred as if he’d been through hell and back. His eyes blood-shot and cloudy as if you could see his thoughts rushing through his mind. The bags under his eyes are like he had not had a wink of sleep for 6 years. With skin as white as a blanket of snow.

“What?” Lucy asks ominously. Ethan cheers loudly as he reminisces about the memories of her friend's souls leaving their bodies.

“Lucy, when we were kids did you enjoy humiliating me?” Ethan questions.

“What...”

Abruptly, Ethan cuts her off. “Well! I can tell you that, I loved killing all of your friends”.

“No. This can’t be true” she replied.

“I’m sorry to tell you that it is very true. I will enjoy killing you twice as much”.

As he stepped closer, Ethan’s shadow slowly swallowed Lucy whole.

The Portal

Faith Foster

Lyla was abandoned by her parents at the age of 2 and has been in foster care ever since then. Luckily, she isn't alone, her best friends are Erykah, Isaac, Rosie and Christopher (who everyone just calls Chris). They all have a similar situation regarding their parents, Erykah's both died in a car crash, Isaac's were both severe alcoholics, Rosie's were abusive towards her, and Chris's were drug addicts. They all arrived at the foster home at different times though.

Lyla and Rosie woke up at the same time, however they were the last ones out of the group to wake up. They both went to the main room to see Erykah, Isaac, and Chris all playing a board game together. Lyla sat down next to the window and stared out of it. It was snowing which made the forest trees seem like a fairytale. A thought overwhelmed her mind while Rosie, Isaac and Erykah were all yelling and chanting about the board game and how Chris is terrible at it. It went silent, Lyla took the silence as an opportunity to expose her idea.

"Hey guys, I just thought of something" she said.

"Go on" said Isaac and Chris at the same time.

"What if we go explore that run down school that shut down after that school shooting?" Lyla asked.

"Our old school!!!" both Isaac and Erykah exclaimed. Isaac was getting annoyed that everyone was 'copying him'.

"Yes, I think that'd be really fun, but just one problem, how are we going to permission to go?" said Chris.

"Yeah, that's a point, there's no way in hell that Ms. Mary Wary (the foster care supervisor that lives with the children) is ever going to let us go there", said Isaac.

"Stop calling Ms. Mary that!" Screamed Rosie as she slapped him across the face.

"Damn, sorry, why do you even care so much about her anyway?" said Isaac but Rosie just ignored him and looked away.

"we'll just have to sneak out tonight then" said Rosie.

"Ah yeah, good thinking Rosie" Erykah said.

The time went rather quick from this morning to 11 o'clock at night. When Ms. Mary was checking all the children to make sure they were asleep before locking the doors and waddling to her bedroom, Chris, Isaac, Lyla, Erykah and Rosie were all hiding under their covers pretending to be asleep. After Ms. Mary had locked all the doors and windows, then dragged herself to bed, they all sneak out of bed.

"Oh, dang it, all the doors are going to be locked, aren't they?" said Chris.

"Well yeah, duh" said Rosie sarcastically.

"Wait, guys, I know a certain door that doesn't lock properly!" shouted Isaac.

"Oh my god, be quiet you idiot!" exclaimed Rosie quietly.

“Ooo do tell Isaac” said Lyla.

“Okay follow me” said Isaac with a cheeky smile. They walked silently across the foster home to what the supervisor calls “the forbidden door”. She didn’t too much in front of the kids for obvious reasons, but once Isaac overheard her and one of the part-time nurses talking about it and why it was so forbidden. It was only because some kid named Darren was messing around in the basement and accidentally broke the lock, so it doesn’t lock anymore, and the owners of the foster home can’t be bothered to replace it.

They reached the forbidden door in hope of no new lock replacement.

“Huh, cool, I never knew this existed here” Erykah whispered.

“Shhh” Rosie shushed, “they’ll hear us so shut up everyone, don’t speak”. Everyone was silent as Isaac and Chris opened the door to the forest through the back of the foster house. They all sneak out quietly and run to the forest, leaving a stampede of footprints in the freshly laid snow. It was usually a 10-minute walk but because of the excitement it only took the group 3 minutes.

They enter the school through the broken double doors that were covered in weeds and peeling paint. 10 minutes pass and Isaac and Erykah had already unlocked so many memories. However, for Rosie, Lyla, and Chris, it was just another empty, abandoned place. 20 minutes pass by and they reach the memorial hall where all the drama happened. Isaac starts to hear voices calling his and Erykah’s name.

“Hey Erykah, can you hear that?” asked Isaac.

“Yeah, I can, I can hear my friends who died here” Erykah replied.

“The memorial hall is over here” she said, “Let’s go check it out!” Erykah exclaimed. Isaac and Erykah practically get drawn to the memorial hall by the voices of their dead friends. They finally reach the hall only to see their old classmates’ pictures propped up on chairs and benches with flowers and cards that say “I miss you” all over them. It was quite a tragic sight. All the flowers had wilted away from being there that long.

Suddenly, Isaac and Erykah fall unconscious at the same time. 2 minutes pass by and Lyla, Rosie and Chris finally find them. Lyla, the bravest of the 3, went to go see if they were okay but bounced back as soon as she reached them. They sprang back up in a synchronised pattern, both now facing the wall of graffiti that had been sitting behind them all this time.

“Isaac? Erykah?” Lyla said in a concerned voice.

“Guys stop playing, this isn’t funny like at all” Chris whimpered.

Isaac and Erykah were still facing the wall, terrifying Rosie and Chris. Lyla pushed herself to get closer but instantly regretted it as soon as they both started to lift off the ground. Almost As if they were being possessed by some kind o demon. Isaac started to chant random Latin. It wasn’t long until Erykah started to join in. Chris hid behind Rosie while Lyla slowly started to make her way back to Rosie and Chris while Erykah and Isaac were still levitating. 4 minutes go by of Chris whimpering behind Rosie, Rosie being so scare4ed she can’t even comprehend what’s going on to her friends, and Lyla feeling so uncomfortable that she doesn’t even know what to say anymore.

Suddenly, the 2 dropped yet again, they were just laying on the floor as still as ever. Chris screamed as they both lied there, as dead as a beheaded man.

"ISAAC, ERYKAH, PLEASE WAKE UP!!!" screamed Lyla. Rosie started to cry. Chris was already bawling his eyes out. A few minutes pass of Rosie, Lyla, and Chris crying, not believing what they had just witnessed. It was just the 3 of them now, what would they explain to Ms. Mary?

They thought it was just the 3 of them. And it was until Isaac's and Erykah's bodies started to slowly fuse together. No one had noticed at first. Cris screamed as a portal like hole began to appear from the 2 bodies stomachs. An ugly beast started to crawl out of the portal. Chris decided it would be a good idea to shut up at this point. This animal had a malnourished body, and quite a lanky build. Just like the body of an animal that hasn't eaten for days on end. The stench of decaying flesh filled the air.; one by one, a huge, sharp, dramatically long finger emerged from the portal. The creature was developing as it scrambled out of the bodies. Bones were showing out of the arm and legs until a rough piece of skin slowly developed around it tightly. The fur on the monster was spiked like a hedge hogs spikes but bigger and sharper.

The creature looked around the room for a bit after it had fully scrambled out of the bodies. Lyla and Rosie didn't even dare to breathe. Chris on the other hand ran out the room screaming in the opposite direction, leading the monster to look at Lyla and Rosie. Not moving a single inch, they both froze, in deep fear of being torn to shreds with what looked like teeth as big as a fully grown man's hand. The creatures long intimidating face staring right at them. The beast charged towards them as they ran away, splitting up going into different hallways. Lyla went to the P.E changing room and Rosie going to the science lab. In the distance, Chris's scream can be heard. That shrill and deafening that he'd often do if he got jump scared. That couldn't be good. Lyla and Rosie bumped into each other in the English department after some time. They both entered the classroom "AZD178". As Rosie entered the classroom, she knocked over a pile of old dusty books that had been sitting there for many years now. They both ran into the room and slid under the tables as quick as a gazelle running away from a lion in the wild. However, the thing is... the gazelle always gets caught...right?

Horns

Charlie Webster

As he entered the eerie, desolate temple he heard the blood- curdling sound of STOMP STOMP STOMP. Apprehensively he waked towards the sound. It led him to a dimly lit room. He got a torch out and saw it.

There it was. It mesmerised him. He stood aghast. It took his breath away. The sword in the legends was there Infront of him. He reached out to touch it. Abruptly he got pushed down to the ground...

Horns started to arise out of his head the pain was unbearable. Wings started tearing through his skin ripping through his clothes. His skin turning red his soul leaving his body.

His eyes started turning blood red. His breath slowed down. His voice deepened. He screamed in pain. His muscles broadened. Wings spouted out of his back with unmeasurable pain.

What Happens in the Lake

Mollie Mills

The woods look solemn at night, peaceful almost. The grass wraps around my ankles making them itch. There is an array of flowers around the tree trunks in a luscious red and purple colour even visible through the dark. The trees spiral up into the sky their rough bark spiking out like a weapon. They each have their own canopy of dark green leaves; through the gaps you could see the crescent moon it looks beautiful, so utterly beautiful. Using the light from the moon I treaded towards the lake which is surrounded by rich greenery and fauna in a mystical colour. My legs are so tired I sink into the soil the squelchy mud surrounding my knees. I bring my hands into the water, it is colder than I expected, making my hands cold to the touch. I cup the water and splash some on my face, it instantly cooling the colour of my face. I was never a good runner; in school I always came last in all the races. No wonder after I ran away from my house and my parents I look like a tomato. After cooling my face, my hands fall by my side, I grip the soil listening to it as it pops between by fingers. I hate my parents, but I suppose they hate me after all who calls their own child misery.

I looked into the water; it looks lighter than before clear almost. I wash my hands in it the colour not changing to a murky brown like I expected, why is it not changing? I pick up some chunks of mud and put it into the lake, it's still not changing, why is it not changing? In a frenzy I grab more dirt ripping the plants from their roots and chucking them into the lake, it's still not changing, why is it not changing? I'm still on my knees I look into the water again tears are now dripping from my face like a broken pipe. I'm not good enough to simply change the colour of the lake. My tears fell into the lake creating a peaceful dripping sound. The colour changed. Why is the colour changing? There are to purple dots almost like eyes staring back at me. They are coming closer, and closer and closer till I can make out the whole thing. It is a purple crab with purple solid eyes, it has two very sharp claws snapping continuously. I stumble onto my bum; my eyes widen in shock as it starts to approach me. I try to stand up, but vines have tangled themselves around my arms and legs binding me to the ground. The crab climbs u my leg its feet piercing my skin and my clothes. It reaches my stomach digging its claws into my stomach I wail it hurts so much. It's still looking in my eyes when its claws extend and snap both of my arms.

I scream, a blood curdling scream blood is rushing from my arms lie a broken water dam. The crabs of me creating 4 wholes in my chest in its wake. I try to curl up, but the vines still hold me captive to the floor. I lean my head back gritting my teeth, this is a bad way to die. Did I say this was painful oh I've never been so wrong. Suddenly my legs start to ache I look at them and gag. The skin is folding up on my legs. It is the most agenizing thing ever. The skin that has been pulled up so both the pieces are touching each other, a burning affect travels up the seam like removing a tattoo. My legs are conjoined I am mass of ripped bloody flesh, my feet still feel alive at the bottom. I squeeze my eyes shut and bite my lip what did I do to deserve this?

Just as the pain subsides my feet split into four a clean cut, they grow stretching the skin. Along my legs there is a slicing sensation three pieces of skin on either side hang of like tentacles. I'm panting, crying the pain is so much I wonder why I haven't passed out yet. a cold feeling rushes

up my legs soothing the cuts I look at it. My legs are no longer legs. It's a tail, starting in a purple colour to blue ten navy. I will never be able to walk again, go to the trampoline park with me friends it's all gone. A sob racks its way through my body it's all gone. The vines that once wrapped against my legs push themselves up, my tail pulling of some of the scales along the way. It travelled up to my waist tying me into a knot forever. Just above, my ribs then decide to hurt me to they protrude out of my skin which is now tinted purple- im not sure if this is a reaction to the pain or not. My shirt has shrunk into a thin piece of fabric covering my chest, giving me something to hide. My collar bone also now sticks out making me look like a starved monster. The vine that binds my hands now tenses as the skin between my fingers stretches to make them webbed, my nails ten grown to a sharp point like a talon.

I sit up gasping for air my hands now free. I however am not. I grip my mouth as a searing pain takes over my tongue. I bring my finger to my teeth they have been sharpened to sharklike teeth. I can feel my ears stretch and bend in to is what I can imagine like that of a sea monster. It's like someone is cutting my neck with a knife in a downwards motion. I topple into the lake. I can breathe, I can breathe underwater I bring my hand to my neck I have gills the pain was for gills. The cool of the lake takes over my senses. I open my eyes they are now able to see the entirety of the lake. My hair is growing, flowing all the way to my hands. In front of me is a broken mirror, I have blue hair, purple eyes, blood red lips, gills a tail webbed hand. I am a monster. A beautiful monster.

The woods look solemn at night peaceful almost. The tip of my tail brushes the floor of the lake, bringing the sand to the surface. The fish swim gracefully under the water weaving between the kelp and some even eating it. My hair flows around my head showing of my ears and gills, it is wonderful how all of it works. I don't need to open my mouth or use my nose to breathe, it is so weird, but amazing. I start swimming through the lake the water rushing up against my being it is wonderful, I'll never have to run again. I swim to the top of the lake -which has somehow become a sea- there is a boat on the surface, I swim closer and closer and closer. It is my parents. I go up to the boat and dig my nails into the side creating wholes. They scream. As the boat sinks, I grab their arms and pull them under. I will give them a reason to hate me.