



The Monster

We moved forward and slowly pried the eerily silent door open. The room was dimly lit from a corner, and dust carpeted the floor. There were artefacts clustered together, each sitting in empty cardboard boxes.



They were available to scavenge, and we seized the opportunity. A stroke of luck led us to a unique greenish beaded ornament with 'do not touch' snuggling it in black tape. Initially hesitant to touch, we reminded ourselves of our goal. Hunter went first, and I followed. We unwrapped the tape and stared at the wonder.

No sooner than later, we heard a loud bang from nowhere. The room lights switched from their amber colour to a very dark shade of maroon. Startled to our senses, we dropped the ornament back in its nest. Something was going to go wrong.

Nonetheless, it was too late. *Bang!* The sound came again, lights began to flicker, and my veins began to dilate. I did not believe in curses, but my dogma, clothed in fear, swayed in that direction.

Hunter quickly grabbed my sweaty palms, and we began to hear a bit of noise coming from the rubble. I could not comprehend how this was happening, and my rapidly beating heart made no effort to quieten. Suddenly, everywhere went utterly dark and silent, and dark green eyes peered from the shadows.

I began to shake and sweat and was sure Hunter felt the same. All the while, we had been too paralysed by fear to utter a word; worse still, we could not convince each other to run. All I could do was hang on to Hunter for dear life. After a few minutes, or what felt like a few hours, the light eventually came back on. Shaken from our strange encounter, we decided it was now a good time to leave the room.

