

Damon Creature

“The damn door is unlocked and wide open!” Monica and I walk inside the abandon warehouse. There is green liquid all over the wall.

“Did someone play paintball in here?” I asked.

There is debris everywhere. Spider webs are in every corner of the warehouse.

“I don’t think anyone has been here for quite some time,” said Monica.

“Look at these footprints! What the hell is this?” “It doesn’t look human,” I said.

“The prints look like duck feet with claws,” said Monica.

Monica and I walk into the back room of the warehouse and follow the footprints.

“Break open this back door with the cutter,” said Monica.

I cut the door down with my laser cutter. The metal door falls flat on the floor, dust fills the air.

“I can’t see; there is dust in my eyes,” says Monica.

We point the lights attached to our guns down a long hallway. We walk halfway through and stop.

“Do you hear that?” Monica says.

“Yes,” I said.

The green liquid flows out from the floor vents. “This hallway is filling up with that that green stuff!” I yell. At the end of the hallway we see a tall shadow standing there.

“What the hell is that?” asks Monica.

We walk down the hall and point our lights at the shadow. There is a tall creature, it has long arms, and hooks hanging from the ends of its dread-locked hair. The creature has webbed feet and claws on the ends of its toes.

“What the fuck is that?” Monica says.

We begin shooting at the creature as it walks toward us. I point the light from my gun at the creature’s mouth. The creature has a beak with five rows of razor-sharp teeth. Monica and I hear a growl from behind us. We look back to find my Pitbull.

“Damon got out of the truck!” I yelled.

Damon bolts toward the creature and bites its right webbed foot. The creature roars in agony. The creature takes a swipe at Damon with one of its clawed dreadlocks and misses. Damon backs up and bolts toward the mouth of the creature. The creature grabs Damon with its mouth and takes a bite into his flesh. The sound of Damon’s ribcage breaking and bones

crunching makes Monica and I cringe and look away. The creature throws Damon into the wall and it falls to the ground.

“DAMON!” I yelled.

NO!

“Hey! When Damon bit the foot of that thing it was in pain; we need to shoot the feet to bring it down,” says Monica.

Monica and I fire our guns at the feet of the creature. The creature falls to one knee and whips one of its hooked dreadlocks at me.

“Oh shit! My shoulder! There is a hook stuck in my shoulder.”

The creature starts to pull me toward it.

“Throw me the laser cutter!” Monica yells.

I throw the cutter to Monica. Monica cuts the dreadlock that has me hooked and releases me.

“You shoot the left foot and I shoot the right,” I said.

We shoot the feet of the creature; it falls on its stomach. Monica cuts the eyes of the creature with the laser cutter.

“Cut its throat!” I yell.

Monica raises the laser and cuts the throat of the creature. Green blood pours out of the creature as it yells and gasps before it dies.

“Are you o.k.?” asks Monica.

“Yea,” I said.

“We need to get Damon out of here Monica.”

“We need to give him a proper burial, we may not have made it without him,” I said.

We carry Damon out of the warehouse to our vehicle.

“Monica, there is a comforter covering some tools in the back of the truck, bring me that please.”

I pick him up and wrapped him in my comforter. We buried Damon on the side of the warehouse. I kiss his head and we cover the grave with dirt. I cry as we drive away from the warehouse.

“Never a dog like him,” I said.