

The Grimathonian Monster

Do you know that feeling when you wake up at night, right after a nightmare, and feel like you're being watched? Do you know the feeling, when your arm or leg falls off the bed, and you feel like something, (or *someone*), under the bed will grab it? What about when you see a sudden flash of darkness, creeping up the wall? Nothing compares to the **Grimathonian Monster**. The monster under your bed is **terrified** of it. The monster in your closet tells stories about how he *saw* the monster to the other ones in your room. No one has ever seen it, except me, and a monster or two. It lives in the land of **nightmares and feeds** off the **frightening** thoughts that children have. Whenever a child groans or cries in their sleep, it grows. Whenever a child dreams about their parents dying or a child getting kidnapped, it grows. I am the only one who has ever been able to *control* my dreams far enough, to **bend reality**, and see the thing that lurks in the corners of our minds, **in our nightmares**. It is a tall, towering thing, (after all, it does grow off of nightmares). It has a MASSIVE underbite, riddled with yellow stained, slimy, **giant fangs**. The fangs go almost up to his eyes... wait, why are there five? That's right, five eyes. Since it is not prey, the eyes are on the front of its head, and despite having five, it has terrible vision. It is covered from head to toe, in dark blue-gray matted fur. The beast has long curling horns, almost like a ram's horns but 10x as big. The horns don't do much, they just add to the effect of terror, though it really doesn't need much more fright power. I think we are done with how it looks. I already have *goosebumps*. it smells like... like a sardine was in a dog's mouth, then the sardine was spit out into a melting garbage pile in the summer sun. Gross? Yeah, it gets worse. The Grimathonian monster would probably eat the sardine, actually I think it did. (I can still smell its breath since last seeing it). Let's move on to its sound, (because I think I'm going to **barf**). It has a deep, booming voice. Its voice is so low, you can feel it and hear it. When it does make that horrible low sound, (Its almost like a clap of thunder), you know it's mad. The Grimathonian monster feels weird. Its matted fur has never been combed, (or washed), so it feels starchy and rough. Gross. What the fur would

taste like is another thing all together. I can't actually taste it, (and I would never want to), so I have to imagine. It would have the same texture as a raw, rotten egg with hair in it. It would taste like broccoli that has been repeatedly thrown up and eaten again. If you somehow killed the Grimathonian monster, and wanted to eat its flesh, it would be ok... once you burned it into oblivion and didn't eat it.

The trick is to never meet the monster. Its fine if you catch a glimpse of the one under your bed. Its fine if you get a blurry picture of the monster in your closet. Just *never* try to find, the ruler of nightmares, the Grimathonian monster.