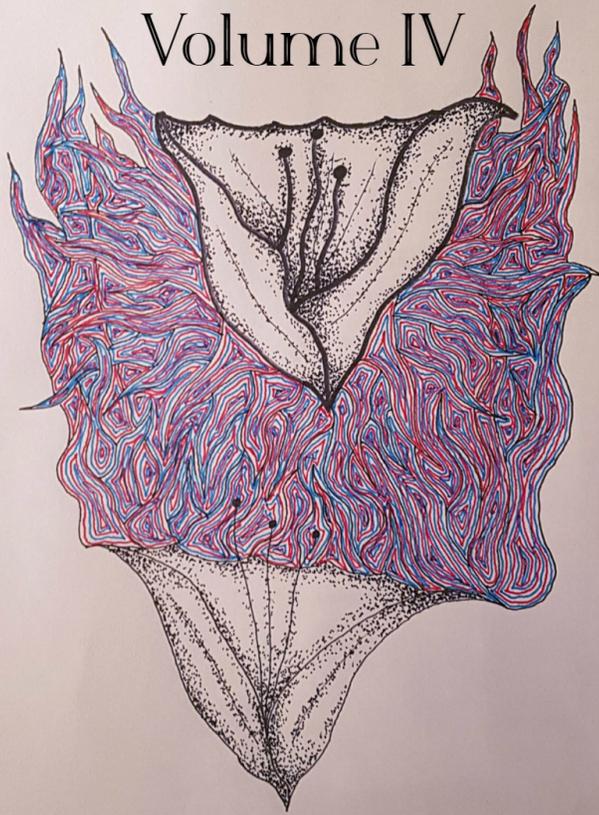


Safety Saves

Volume IV



Written by: Andrew Smart

1. It was grade five. That was when Kelly asked him the question to end all questions. "What if God isn't real?" The fabrication of the religious world evaporated into nothingness. He began to wear all black clothing and Kelly held small meetings in her basement without her parents knowing. The two of them bought endless amounts of old spell books, and books on witchcraft and the occult from a dusty used book store hidden in a shady alleyway down by 22nd street. Late one night Kelly kissed him on the lips, his first real kiss that was planned out. It didn't go as he had thought it would. Kelly screamed at the top of her lungs as her eyes melted to a black gelatin substance, and then she disappeared. He sneaked out of her house without her mother noticing, grabbing all of the books and ingredients they have purchased with their allowance. Within days the missing posters and amber alerts were all over the town. The skies got darker as he sat with the visual of her eyes going black. He could still hear her scream. It rained endlessly for years, she always told him that his element was water.

2. He ran as fast as he could to the next pay phone. His shoes slid on the small stones on the ground just in front of the pay phone box as he came to a stop. He picked up the phone and held it to his ear. *Lub dub, lub dub, lub dub...* A heartbeat! He thought it sounded louder this time, he was sure of it. He slammed the phone down and began to run again towards the next closest pay phone. He got to the next one after about ten minutes. Before he picks up the phone receiver, he can see it vibrating in a rhythmic pattern on the holder. The man picks up the phone and held it to his ear. This time the heartbeat was so loud that it hurt his eardrum and he dropped the phone, leaving it dangling by a metal cord, shaking violently to the thumping of the heart beat ever growing louder. *Lub dub, lub dub, lub dub, lub dub, lub dub, lub dub!* With a throbbing in his brain and a stinging ring in his eardrum, he opened his eyes to see an apartment on the fourth floor of the building in front of him. Through the window he could see a dark silhouette of, some sort of figure. The room itself was lighting up green to the beat of the heart. *Lub dub, lub dub, lub dub!* He wasn't sure if he should run, or go inside. *Lub dub, lub dub, lub dub...*

3. She screams but there is silence. The soft flakes of snow falling from the clouds make a ticking noise as they hit the ground. She's counting down her time line on snowflakes. She knows she doesn't have much longer. The man standing above her has sharp fangs like a dog, and his eyes look just as rabid. She knew right away that he wasn't after her purse. A faint wind filled exhalation forms a small fog patch in front of the woman's eyes as the man bites her neck. Warm, steaming blood fills his mouth and his eyes turn deep red.

4. He became his father. A lower class warehouse slave. Ever since he was a child, he vowed not to become like his father. Not because his father was a bad man, he just had a fear of cardboard. Ever since he was a child, and even still to this day he has visions and nightmares of a cardboard box creature that crawls with endless legs, chasing him down a never ending hallway. It always catches him and devours him by slicing away at him with cardboard paper cuts until he's a pile of muscle, skin, and bone on the floor. A co-worker of his called in sick today, making him the person in charge of throwing out cardboard. While dumping the cardboard into the cardboard compactor, he was grabbed, or fell in. We're still not sure. The recycling that week was damp with his blood.

5. Witness now what appears to be a large sperm cell floating in a jar of blue liquid. The cell itself is the

size of an average man's arm. On the face of the sperm cell it hosts two rows of teeth, and two solid white eyes. A young man was experimenting adding chemicals from his fathers garage to see if it could grow into a pet. He has a new plan for it now. He's kidnapped a young lady from his class, and plans on making a small child. Having sex is a sin, God wouldn't approve, the boy felt like a god in his own mind. Who knows what happened next.

6. Tommy was wandering around the forest behind his house, when he came across a small ball of purple sludge. He got closer to it with his face to see if it had a smell. It did, it reminded him of the tar his father used on the driveway that summer. As the strong smell from the sludge filled his nostrils, his eyes rolled back into his skull and purple veins began growing from the bottom of his eyes. His melted body was found the next day by his father and his pet dog Ralph. His father could smell something strong as he approached the body, and the dog began to whimper as they got closer to the pile of purple sludge surrounding the boys corpse, or what was left of it.

7. She awoke screaming for her life. Shelly Mcfarris, age seven. She just had the same dream she'd been having her whole life. Every single night she dreams the same thing. She's falling from somewhere very high. It had become routine for her parents to come into her room nightly with a glass of water, and the kind comfort words of "it's just a dream sweetie, go back to sleep". She awoke screaming for her life. She was now forty three years old, suicidal, and standing on the roof of her work building downtown. She stared down at the ground with her dark ringed, sleepy eyes, and jumped. She awoke screaming for her life. Shelly Mcfarris, age seven. Her parents rushed into the room, crying tears of joy. Shelly Mcfarris, age seven, had been in a coma since birth.

8. He wore his new Halloween mask that night. The sun disappeared from the sky, leaving a mist of purple vapor in the sky. Dense, frosty air, chilled his nostrils as he opened the door to go outside. The smell of pumpkin candles filled his lungs as his mind went wild. Thoughts of pigging out on candy while watching Halloween specials later that night on television. He took a step outside and all seemed like a normal Halloween night. His father took him on a spooky detour through the nearby graveyard. It was once he was in the graveyard that his Halloween mask started to move, as if it wanted to attach itself to the boys face. The father wasn't sure what to do and began to try and pry the mask off the small child. As his fingers went white with tension trying to rip the mask of his son, he felt hands grabbing at his shoulders and legs. Upon looking behind him he found the re-animated bodies of all of the people he had killed over the past two decades. The undead held the father in place, as his latest victim stumbled down a dirt pathway towards them. As he emerged from the shadows cast by trees and moonlight, a faceless man screamed at the top of his lungs. The father remembered this scream, it was the painful shriek the man let out when he cut off his face. The faceless man walked over to the child, and took his face back. The boy screamed, the father screamed louder. The next morning the father and son were found, dismembered and sewn together in a very wrong way, hanging from a tree above a gravestone that said DEATH.

9. His father warned him about it, but he didn't listen at all. He figured he had more time before it happened. He figured he could just keep living a normal life and it wouldn't affect him until much later in life. He was wrong. A few days before his thirteenth birthday he noticed the first sign. A single hair

started growing on his upper lip. A single dark slick strand, protruding from his face like a defect that makes you throw away a piece of fruit at the supermarket. He snuck into his fathers bathroom and dug through his drawers until he found a razor. Off the hair came, sticking inside of the blade like a small child sitting alone at a baseball game in the seats, doing the wave all by itself. With a clean face the boy got dressed and went to school like usual. After science class he went to the bathroom. When he looked up at himself in the mirror he noticed that three more hairs had somehow grown on his lip in the past few hours. He quickly unzipped his backpack to grab a pair of scissors from his pencil case, when he noticed his knuckles and hands were also covered in small black hairs. His eyes wide, as sweat poured off his temples and down his cheeks. He stared down at his hands as hair began to grow out from underneath his finger nails, popping them off. As his nails ticked on the tiled floor he shuffled backwards into the nearest stall and turned his hands over, bringing his palms up to his face. His face was now covered in thick black hairs, slowly sliding over his eyes like tiny snakes living under his skin. The last thing he saw before his vision was completely taken over was the hair began to grow from his arms and chest, stabbing through his shirt and slowly weaving itself to become part of the shirt itself. Screams louder than the school bell were heard coming from the boys bathroom on the second floor of the school. The janitor came rushing to the rescue from his small closet down the hallway. He pushed the door open and was taken aback when his eyes met the fourth stall down the row. The door was shut, overhead a florescent light flickered, and pouring out of the bottom and extending onto the wall leading up onto the ceiling was a thick spread of black slimy hairs. The hairs appeared to be moving, growing in an outward motion across the ceiling and leading down into the small drain on the bathroom floor. As the janitor looked towards the ceiling as he shuffled slightly inside of the bathroom, he noticed an eyeball hanging from strands of hair. Too scared to go near it, he kept his distance. All that was heard was the muffled screams of a small child, until the screams slowly faded and became more wind filled, behind the wall of growing hair.

10. A large cabin somewhere in a dense forest, warm lighting fills the inside of the cabin. Inside are nine guests and one host. Tonights game is musical chairs. Everyone wants to go home, as tears stream down their faces and fall onto their fleshy legs. Completely naked and standing around a series of chairs, the music begins to play. High frequency sounds vibrate through space time, breaking glass windows of the cabin and making the guests ears bleed. The first few guests fall down and die just from the sound alone, old age I guess. The others that are left, are now deaf. Bleeding from the ears, naked and cold from the draft coming in from the forest. The remaining guests unsure of what to do, begin to dance around the chairs as if music was playing. A few of them slowly lose their sight as the frequency increases and pops their eyes like balloons. There was then one guest left, and she was beautiful. Overweight woman in her forties, no remaining family to miss her. She sat down in a chair and waited, crying blood onto her naked body. She left a soft wind blowing on her forehead and moving her arm hair. She looked up to see a large insect with six legs flying above her. It's large stinger stabbed into her chest, and carried her off to her nest.

11. The crisp night air wafted under and around the wings of the moth. High as planes flew it drifted through the night skies with ease, as a cloaked figure straddled it's hairy back. The moth knew that this cloaked figure was it's master, but couldn't recall when the friendship began. The moth felt a slight tug

on it's hair and knew to start making a decent towards the ground. the cloaked figure shared visions with the moth, created visual maps with colour so he knew where to land. The cloaked figure never spoke out loud. The moths' body, the size of a horse, landed on a bridge somewhere in North America. Under the moths body was two cars that had just smashed into one another. As the moths long legs extended inside random smashed windows on the cars, in the backseat of the red car, a three year old screamed. All four of the people inside of the black car looked up at the moth and cloaked man and screamed at the top of their lungs. The cloaked figure collected their souls in his soul bag, straddled the large moth and took off back to his lair.

12. They danced wildly around the fire. Deep inside the dense, dark forest. Eruptions of screams and wild roars burst out into the tree tops. Flailing their eight hair covered limbs around, as they slowly grew out from the sides of their bodies. Painful screeching echoed a short distance from the fire until they fully turned. A father with his beautiful young daughter are driving to a nearby log cabin about three miles from the transformation location. They shut the radio off in the truck about two miles back due to lack of stations, and because of this the father could hear the screams. Somewhere deep in forest something was screaming, it was getting closer to the now parked pickup truck. The man hands her a gun and a flashlight and tells her everything will be okay, as a large shadow rises behind the driver side window behind him.

13. From the edge of the calm lake they saw it. The moon hung in the sky like a plate under a hot light, and suddenly, in a second it was gone. The bright light in the sky that left twinkling, flickers of light dancing on the lake, was no more. A large hunk of rock smashed into the lake, creating a wave that crashed onto their fire and campsite, putting it out. The moon began to rain down in large chunks, killing two of the campers. Crushing them into the sand. The remaining people looked up into the sky, and saw a large blue hand in the sky, faintly lit, holding what was left of the moon. It's arm went backwards and into a dark black hole in space.

14. He had found his way into the castle finally. His satchel filled with stakes and holy water. He had no idea how deep these dungeon tunnels went, but he wouldn't stop until he found the creature that filled his father. Two weeks past by, and the man was still walking. He had been in a hallway with broken glass on the floor for days. When would it end he thought. He reached a point in a tunnel and large metal bars shot out of the ground, capturing him within a cage. A large bat hung on the ceiling above him, and within a second transformed into a human being. The man was weak from weeks of walking and his feet were sliced up beyond words, he was losing blood. He didn't realize he was about to lose a whole lot more. The other man in the cage without hesitation took a large bite into the adventurers neck. After draining some blood, he transformed back into a bat and flew through the bars and disappeared into the darkness of the stone wall tunnel. Hours later, a large door in the ceiling of the cage opened and a half dead woman was thrown down. Whispers in the mans mind drove him mad. He was left with a choice, satisfy his hunger and new found urges, or wait it out and kill this vampire once and for all. Hours past by and a headache overpowered his thought process, his stomach turned and twisted into knots. He gave in. He found his mouth wrapped around the pale skinned neck of the woman who was dropped into the cage. Starving and delusional he feasted until she was bone dry. Hands shaking,

stomach full, his mindset reverted to stable and he realized what he had done. He opened up his small satchel he had brought with him and chugged back the entire bottle of holy water, prayed to God for forgiveness, and stabbed himself in the chest with a wooden stake.

15. Wires hung from his helmet, ran through a series of electronic devices and into a VCR. Surrounding the VCR was stacks upon stacks of VHS tapes. A now sixty-eight year old man, fearing that his mind will fail him, as his grandmothers' did, had created a device to capture his memories in a format that felt more like home to him. The warm fuzz and grain over the darkest parts of memories. the Alzheimer's made him record nightmares sometimes. He only wanted to capture the beauty of his memories. He was so scared of not existing one day. In the middle of recording his favorite childhood memory, the tape ran out, the screen went blue displaying the word 'STOP', and the remote fell out of the old man's hands and down to the carpeted floor.

16. A priest sits in a church courtyard smoking a cigarette. Wisps of toxic fumes exhale from his lungs, his body, his mind. The wind takes the smoke and creates clouds, where his god sits and watches over the world. As he fills it with death and cancer, he laughs as the smoke builds his kingdom larger. Pollution makes his castle in the sky larger than life. He sits in his cancer castle in the smoke clouds, plotting a new plague.

17. Wilfred had a hole in his chest. From birth he was given three years to live. At age two, a small spider crawled inside of his chest hole, and decided that was it's forever home. It tickled him and his parents heard his laugh evolve. At age twenty-three, Wilfred and the spider were linked telepathically and shared a love for a girl in his biology class. On day after class, Wilfred invited the girl over to his apartment to study for the test the following week. She agreed and they went to his place. They made their way to his bedroom and after a few minutes of awkward silence, they begin to make out. She stops when she feels something in her mouth. Moving her tongue around and blowing out of her mouth, she can feel that whatever it was is now gone. She apologizes and goes to start kissing Wilfred again, only he isn't moving. His blank stare, deep into her eyes worries her. "Wilfred, are you alright"? He gave no reply. Wilfred's vision faded to black, and he heard the girl scream. Upon waking up he found the girl stuck in a massive web in one of the corners of his room, all wrapped up with only parts of her face not being covered with web. The spider in his chest communicates that he wrapped her up for him, and they could both partake in the feast of her flesh. Wilfred was horrified at the thought and went to go save the girl. The spider in Wilfred's chest made him freeze where he stood. All Wilfred could do was watch, as thousands of small spiders slowly clawed their way out of the girls mouth, nostrils, and stomach. As he stood there paralyzed, he began to feel the small biting of thousands of spiders, as they began to consume his body.

18. Thunderous cracking of century old tree stumps break through fog filled atmosphere as the tree people migrate to a new area. Local flooding had forced them to show themselves or die from root rot. Rain dowses the ents in a thick downpour, while a steamy mist rises and fills the void between sky and land. As the humans see the creatures they branch into two parties. Exterminate the ents, and save the planet. Ever divided, the global floods keep happening. Humanity and the tree people won't last much longer.

19. Sunbeams dancing in slow motion, in a direction known as down. The flowers have a sixth sense, they know it's coming soon. They put on their most beautiful faces and show them off to the sun. Their colours scare the sun, his anxiety rises and pours out into the stars. As the sun turns away the flowers rot in the ground and melt into small microorganisms that begin to eat everything living on the planet. As they concur the land, water, and the skies. The planet had never been healthier. Humans will show up in five billion years. They lay dormant and wait. They wait.

20. He inherited his fathers gift. He was the only person in the village to be able to know when someone was going to die. Just by looking at their tongue. He first knew when Emily stuck out her tongue at him when they were nine years old. He knew when Clarissa would be dead when they were making out in the forest. Figured himself immortal, he had never seen his own tongue out of fear. If he never knew, he could never die. He turns three hundred and two this year. He cut out his own tongue around age one hundred and seven. A local dog dug it up from where he buried it and brought it back to him by scent. The man crumbled into ash when he saw it.

21. Mary went to church on Sundays. She always confessed to the priest for all her wrong doings and aggressive behaviors. She said her thank yous and pleases at the appropriate times. She saw a sign for the upcoming bake sale at the church's big summer event. She knew she just had to make brownies. To felt good to confess to the murders before they happened. It gave them time to understand their death as she stood above them smiling telling them all that God loved them, and they would all be seeing him very soon. She made her way over to the organ in the church and began to play 'Come, Sweet Death' by Bach. The sounds of the organ washed away the sounds of the church goers screaming in pain on the floor. As the song ended, Mary looked up at the large statue of Jesus hanging on the cross and said "Amen".

22. Tony was a painter. After finishing a painting, he always expected to feel some sort of relief, or gratification that the project was completed, but he never felt that. He painted a painting of his father and hung it above his work bench. He hated that man more than anyone would ever know. The constant pressure of having his father looking down on him began to wear away at him. As if his father was there, watching his every single movement, each small paint stroke on the canvas, judging Tony for not doing well enough. After a few weeks, Tony stopped eating, and drinking water. He would sit at his work bench and paint. He began to hear his fathers voice yelling at him, it made him feel like a small child again. He would look up and swear the painting was moving, the eyes watching his every move. He was in the middle of painting an image of a brutal murder taking place, when a hand covered in paint reached down at his desk, and picked up a paintbrush. Wide eyed and trembling, Tony looked up and saw his father in painted form, staring down at him, with an angry look on his face. His father dipped the brush in black paint and brought it back up to his canvas, where he painted a gun. He dipped back down to the work bench Tony was sitting at and dipped the brush in red paint this time. He painted the front of his own face red, and behind his head also red. A loud gunshot rang through the room. Tony's father had committed suicide once again.

23. It was 8:55am that morning, the morning we lost it all. I was driving my usual drive to work, the sun was no where to be seen. Black clouds with a tint of blue in them covered the entire sky. The weather

channel called for sun with a high of thirty-nine degrees, so I was very confused that morning. Half way into my drive, I was stopped on the highway, some accident up ahead I was sure of it. I noticed a series of small black dots falling from the sky, almost like rain, but it wasn't a liquid. I was about to roll down my window to try and catch one and see what it was, when I saw a bunch of them on my windshield start moving up instead of down. My mind was racing, was this a chemical attack by terrorists, was it raining spiders like it does down in Australia? I turned the radio to the local news. "THIS IS THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM, I REPEAT THIS IS THE EMERGENCY BROADCAST SYSTEM. THIS IS NOT A DRILL, OR A TEST. SEEK SHELTER, STAY INDOORS. Suddenly a man took over the broadcast and said "there appears to be a small black powder falling from the-. The audio cut off. Moments later a screeching sound poured out of the speaker system and his voice was heard once again. According to a scientific source the small black powder appears not to be a powder at all, but a series of small micro organisms. No one has ever seen anything like this before, we will update you when we can." Within weeks the small bugs had taken over the entire planet, killing most of the population. Some sources were saying that mother nature herself created these bugs as a way of cleaning the world. I guess we'll never know.

24. A large werewolf is outside of your bedroom door, digging, scratching out gashes of wood older than your great grand father. As they flake to the ground, mixing with saliva from the creature your heart begins to hurt inside of your chest. Tight, stinging feeling, you realize you're having a heart attack at age 9. You give up holding the door and everything seems to go into slow motion. You crawl towards your favorite white dog stuffed animal on the ground. You hear the door crack and break open behind you, your legs turn to mush and everything around you becomes silent. Your vision fades to black as your hands reaches out for your stuffed animal dog.

25. Three friends woke up at their campsite after a night of ghost stories, beer, and good laughs around the campfire, to a colony of ants climbing into and out of their nostrils and mouths. Harsh outward sniffing and coughing while blowing noses trying to get all of the ants out of their heads. Dozens of ant filled snot balls littered their sleeping bags. Scared out of their minds, the three friends ran back to their car, leaving everything behind. What they found was the queen ant on the top of their car, slowly crushing it with her legs. Each one of the legs was the size of one of the friends. Slowly over the course of the next couple of hours, the three friends and their car were eaten and never heard from again.

26. He wouldn't take these beatings from his father anymore. As his fathers' fist made a crushing blow to the boys face, cracking his jaw, the boy had had enough. He bolted out the front door, tears streaming down his face and blood running down his lips. He knew where he would run and hide. The tree fort in the forest behind his house. He didn't build it, some teenagers did, but he knew it would be safe because his father didn't know about it. As the sun faded on the horizon, a cold chill rushed through the forest. Tree tops swayed, and an owl could be heard in the distance. Cold, beaten, bloody, and alone. The boy lay in the fetal position within the wooden tree house. The blood on his lips had crusted and dried up. His tears were still flowing down his face. Suddenly the boy felt a slight tingle on his arm. He looked down and saw a single mosquito resting on his arm, with its needle gabbed into his flesh. He slowly sat up to get access to his other arm, and slapped his arm, crushing the insect into a pile

of legs and goo. Once the sting from the slap faded he felt another on the back of his neck, and then another near his right ankle. Licking his lips and flailing around he assumed it was the blood on his lips that was attracting them. He quickly ran out of the tree house and down to the creek to wash the blood off his face. He fell on his knees and began to bring cold water to his face. With each handful of water he splashed on his face, a few more mosquitoes landed on him. As the moon sat high and bright in the sky, a little boys scream could be heard from deep within the forest. Three days later the boys body was found with endless small puncture marks on his entire body, and no blood or any other bodily fluid to be found in his tiny dehydrated body.

27. The three of them had finally made it to the top of the old weathered stone staircase. It took them a total of seventeen years to reach its peak, but they all finally made it there. The dwarf, the elf, and the old half-elf wizard took a moment to take in the sight. The skies were dark gray and purple, with clouds moving at speeds they had never seen. The entire planet floor below them looked like crumbs from leftover brutine bread, scattered across a vast table. The air was hard to breathe, as they were so high up in the atmosphere. Before them on the floor, lay an old small stone path that lead to a door covered in symbols. Inside of that door is where they would have to enter and place the Amulet of Colociel on the alter to complete the ritual. Suddenly a loud rumble shook the stone floor below them and dust took to the air creating a cloud between them and the doorway. The three stood ready for a fight, as two large yellow eyes slowly opened, glowing brightly, and appeared in the dust cloud. Two large black leathery wings came heavily towards them through the dust and smashed into the stone walkway one after another. "I take it that Heldina sent you here to banish me from the lands of Azrotel, I wish you luck getting into that room." The elf took out his sword from its sheath, the dwarf wielded his two axes, quickly sharpening them on the horns of his helmet, causing sparks which the half-elf wizard used to conjure a shield of fire around himself as his eyes lit up red.

28. Darkness all around, cool night air. A perfect spot to take a nap. Awake, darkness, loud crashing. A sudden light at the end of a tunnel. Three figures. They want me dead. They wish harm upon me, I can feel it in my bones. I fly in circles trying to summon a creature, I try to transform to a human, but I am too weak. I fly into the light and am now trapped in a large place with no food. That was three weeks ago, I died of starvation today.

29. Your hair melts into your pale flesh, charcoal on white paper. In the shadows and smudges of your mind state we hold each other, a warm embrace. Both of us, tears pouring from our eyes. You told me that night that you had cancer. I killed you softly in your sleep and put your cancer into me. I'm going to re-grow you. Forever attached to me. I told you forever and always.

30. Lights flicker at millisecond intervals, illuminating her moves in strobed lights. Shes dancing wildly at the club, no one can see her, except for one person. He's watching her move across the floor towards the center of the crowd. The dance floor eliminates in purple lights and fog. The man that noticed her pulls a sword from inside of his jacket, and rushes towards her. She bursts into millions of small cells, dancing on the vibrations from the music around him as he swings wildly trying to kill her. The man pulls

out a gun and shoots the disk jockey's computer, stopping the music. The woman's ghost re-forms once again and he drives his sword deep inside of her chest. "Hunting ghosts used to be so easy."

31. His father's fists seemed louder than his voice behind them. The boy lay on the floor with a broken nose and missing teeth, which lay beside him on the ground. Moments later he got up and slowly shuffled his body to his bedroom. He pulled out a small bag from under a loose floor board under his bed and pulled out two chunks of amethyst crystals. He pulled away the rug on his floor revealing a large sigil painted on the floor. Holding the crystals in his hand, he placed the teeth his father knocked out of his mouth within the symbol on the ground, and allowed the blood flowing from his nose to drip into the arcane circle before him. The crystals began to melt into his hands and he slowly transformed into an amethyst monster, dripping wet in blood, and spikes made of teeth enamel began to stab through his spine. He heard his father's footsteps coming up the stairs to his bedroom, as his purple crystal eyes shifted focus to his bedroom door.

32. Mountainous terrain covered in red sand illuminates the fog and sky as the nearby sun envelopes the planet in warmth. From the north, the thirty feet tall sand giants make their way across the mountain scape towards the watering hole in the deep south. Sand giants need water every three hundred years in order to continue living. They make their way to the watering hole and begin to drink. Wide eyed and gasping for air, the sand giants realize that something isn't right with the water. The entire colony of sand giants slowly starts to collapse one by one around the watering hole into piles of dust. From the dust, large black snake like creatures begin to slither their way out of what's left from the sand giants bodies, slowly feeding on sand as they make their way up the mountain side.

33. Homeless Jeff was laid to rest today. His ashes were thrown onto a pile of other homeless corpses at the local morgue. He was secretly practicing magick in dark alleyways and when his flesh dust touched the pile of corpses, they began to rise up off the floor.

34. The eclipse light poured onto the grave stone like melted butter on corn. The bit of smashed crystals in the graves concrete mix began to shine and radiate purple light. The grass and dirt began to swell until a crack in the ground shot purple light beams through the fog towards the sky. A young woman crawled out of the grave and began to fly towards the sky. Joining her were millions of other bodies. As the eclipse passed, the bodies dropped from the sky and died once again, littering the world with the smell of rotting death.

35. She sat straddling him in the car's front seat. The windows coated with a thick icy frost, as their breath smoke crystallized and morphed together in the negative space between their bodies. Her cold hands grabbed his bald head aggressively and she kissed his lips hard. Burzum's track 'Dunkelheit' played in the background as she began to howl at the moon. Hair began to grow from each piece of flesh on her body. The man began to howl and his head split open, revealing a morbid insect like creature covered in a slimy fluid. It was his first transformation and he was happy to share it with her.

36. Halloween night was always a really special night for Sam. She never told anyone why, but this year was the year someone found out. Sam sat quietly through her school day and all alone at recess. Constantly staring off into the distance at the forest behind the school. The bell rang loudly and the

other children poured out of the school around Sam. In her hand she held tightly, a small raven skull. From behind her black hair, blowing in the cold winds, she showed her teeth in a huge smile. As her small feet made their way off the path she was on, her feet scraped against the gravel on the path, until they slowly began to mush into mud as she made her way closer to the swamp. As she entered the swamp area near the creek, the soft sound of water trickling down stream could be heard. The Autumn leaves scattered around like a blanket on the ground, and the dead skeletal like hands of trees reached towards the heavens. Sam came to her spot, a small hole in the ground that she could barely fit into. She entered the hole, and as her tiny body wiggled in, she began to chant. "Eskralem....csraeccelletha...bchroclemfen..." The hole got a little bigger as she softly spoke the words. She continued chant. A large bright light shot out from the darkness below her at the bottom of the hole. The chanted continued until her feet planted onto the ground. Once inside a series of torches became lit on the walls. Forming a circle around Sam, and illuminating the others standing in the circular dirt room. The women greeted her with hugs and small gifts from the forest. The women spoke no words in the hole. Sound was rare. Then as they finished their greetings, they heard a snap of a twig. All of the women turned and looked with wide eyes, to see a small boy standing there before them. His name was Robert Tremond. He was in Sam's class. The boy spoke "Hey Sa-". The woman quickly hushed his mouth and held fingers over his lips. Staring around the room wide eyed the women waited for a moment. The dirt walls began to quake and shift, as they all stepped away from the boy. From the darkness of the walls, roots and vines latched onto the boy and pulled him into the dirt walls, where his muffled little scream only lasted for moments. The woman stood together, beyond scared. Sam came forth with a small golden bowl and a dagger she pulled from her backpack. She sliced her arm open with the dagger and filled the bowl with her blood. Once this was done, Sam offered the bowl of her blood as an apology for allowing a male into the hole and for him speaking while inside of the hole. Sam placed the raven skull she had inside of the bowl of blood, and all of the woman bowed and took a knee towards the wall of dirt that had swallowed the boy. The wall reached out slowly with a root and grabbed the bowl of blood. The raven skull began to melt into blood as the root lifted it above Sam's head and began to pour it. Roots shot out with mud from the wall and wrapped around Sam's head. She didn't struggle but she couldn't breathe. Within a few minutes Sam's head was molded to look like a raven, made entirely of mud, sticks, and large glowing red eyes.

37. The town knew something big was coming. This small town had ten houses, a barn, and a small house they used as a church. The summer had been kind to them thus far, but that night, things got strange. It started with the temperature. A woman got up to sip some water in the night, and didn't understand why it was so cold. She thought she was a ghost, the glass of water was ice. She looked outside, expecting to see snow on the ground, instead she saw fog. Endless fog. Through it she could see vile four legged beasts roaming around looking for something to bite into. With a hustled sense of urgency she woke her sleeping husband. the cold hit him like a wall. He grabbed a blanket and his rifle, and opened a window on the upper floor of their house. He took aim at one the beasts roaming around outside and fired. The shot missed and all of the beasts scattered and ran back into the woods behind house. The rest of the night, swarms of insects flocked to the town and ate away at the houses and some of the local children while they slept. On the third night it rained, and then snowed. A dark twisted fantasy winter wonderland. Only a few towns people remained now. On the fourth night at a full

moon, a hag from the forest walked out completely naked, walking barefoot on the snow, and smiling. She was rubbing blood all over her breasts and stomach. The few towns people left understood why their town was under attack now. Years ago the hag gave birth to a child with the father being the town priest who she used magic on to fall in love. He was hung in the town square, and the baby was thrown into a fire pit. She's come back now, and it didn't look like God was on their side.

38. He tore out, and picked up out of the ground, the most beautiful rose he could find. He wanted to give it to the girl at school he thought was cute. Her name was Michelle. Her father owned the flower shop on main street. He had never seen her mother around the shop and assumed her to be dead. The boy would always ride his bike to school and saw Michelle walking through the forest. She would always stop and admire the trees and flowers on her way to school. He had lightly wrapped the flower, and placed it inside of his basket on the back of his bike. When he saw her today, she was kneeling down at the base of a large tree, seemingly smelling a flower. As he got closer he noticed that her eyes were glowing green, and a green ooze began to pour out of them when she saw the flower in his bike basket. "How could you do that to my mother, your mother, the mother?" Michelle screamed in his face. The tree Michelle was kneeling in front of twisted and turned towards the boy. The trunk crackling and creaking as a pair of eyes from within the bark appeared. Michelle screamed as more green liquid oozed from her eyes. The boy was never found but the forest grows a small patch of roses every year right at the base of a large tree that is said to move on it's own, even when the winds are still.

39. He grabbed her by the hips and pulled her body towards his. She extended her body into his. She wanted him to know that she was all his. She wanted him to have all of the power. At least in that brief moment. The woman waited for his hard cock to be inside of her, and then she changed. Her flesh tore open, her entire body split in half revealing a mucus covered purple flesh and over thirty different eyes protruding from various holes within the flesh. "Honey, you didn't have to do that for me!" The man smiled and continued thrusting into his flesh mound of a wife.

40. He leaned in to kiss her and he didn't back away from her, like all of the others did. She was sick and going to die soon, but he loved her anyway and wanted to be with her until the end of time. For a few months they spent full days and full nights together, and then it happened. Coming home one night the man died in a horrible car crash, leaving her all alone. The cancerous tumor still growing out of the side of her head. She felt alone and purchased an Ouija board online, to try and talk to her lover. After a few tries she finally made contact. His spirit then possessed the tumor growing in her head. True love does last forever, they died four months later.

41. She felt splashes of water and cold air rush her face as soon as they took the hood off of her head. She was chained to a solid block of concrete. The four men threw the woman overboard and heard her last scream for help. A few minutes pass and she doesn't resurface. The men go to start the boat again, and begin the drive home, but the engine won't start. One of the men checks and sees various fishing nests and seaweed all strung around it. As he's looking, a hand emerges from the water, followed by dozens more. A large grouping of mermaids hold the woman up high on a chair made of coral, and a crown to match. A mask made of shells glows blue on her face. Parts of her stomach have started to grow scales. A bubble filled shriek leaves the mouths of the mermaids. Pieces of their boat were found

a week later.

42. The woman found comfort inside of the yellow tent she pitched in her backyard. Her life was in shambles and she needed a place to go from her childhood. A place that both nice and comforting. She remembered the yellow tent her and her father used to go camping in, so she went out and purchased one a few years ago. Her backyard lead out into four thousand acres of thick forest behind her house. Her husband had left her after the abortion so she was all alone in their dream home. She sat in the tent with the fetus wrapped in an old band shirt. The smell of blood was sure to attract something from the forest to her. She heard twigs snapping, and heavy breathing from just outside the tent. Whatever it was stalked her tent for a few moments and then painted the tent red. Twenty nine days later the woman returned to the tent, her body covered in hair. She sniffed around the tent for a moment, stood up on her two back legs and howled at the large white orb in the sky, just before running off and disappearing into the forest.

43. The new child was laid down inside of the carved out oak tree stump. Its cries filled into cold empty night air, as moist heavy dirt was slowly shoveled and poured over top of its body until it's gurgled gasps of air were longer heard. He remembers the taste. The sensation of mud and flakes of earth sliding into and filling his lungs. Three hundred years have passed, and the children descendants of those that sacrificed him are picking apples from his branches. A million children's screams were heard that day from deep inside the forest, and blood ran down and covered the bark of a three hundred year old tree.

44. Chill winds pick up from the north, and with them they carry the scent of the dead. The giants began piling up the bodies of the dead warriors who tried to kill them in the middle of the two main mountains a few years earlier. The smell pouring down into their camp was almost too much for them to handle and they wondered when it would finally happen. Three nights later during a rain storm, a bolt of lightning struck the corpse pile and a rumbling sound could be heard through the valley. The center of the mountain opened up and swallowed the pile of bodies before closing again. This was the life of the giants, for thousands of years, there was no escape.

45. The flame filled torches on all twenty seven of the lanterns held by the villagers, flickered in the chilled autumn air. Before them a massive twenty four thousand foot mountain of organic, sweating, breathing flesh. Wet beads of sweat rolled off of it like a waterfall. The towns people had no idea what this was or how it got there. One of the villagers sniffed the air like a dog and began to make his way over to newly formed pools of sweat water at the base of the mountain of flesh. He knelt down and shoved his head in the thick molasses like liquid. He emerged screaming as his body began to grow at an exponential rate. Bone snaps and muscles tearing within minutes. There was now two massive mountains of flesh, both pouring sweaty liquid into pool of water at the base of them.

46. He was only seven years old. The door that lead to the attic was locked with a key that only his grandfather had. He wanted to go inside of that room so bad, but his grandfather always said "not yet, but soon." He was sixteen years old, and his grandfather still hadn't given him access to the attic. "Not yet, but very soon though." He was now twenty five years old. Finally his grandfather now dying of lung cancer and barely able to move said "Alright boy, let's begin." The old man handed the brass key over to

his grandson, and the boy opened the attic door. Before him stood two rows of people in black robes. "Take this and me another hundred years!" Shocked the boy spun around to see his grandfather's body and face return to a much younger version of himself right before his eyes. The boy looked down at his hands as they began to tingle. They shriveled up and crumbled to the floor, just like the rest of his body. The boy's clothing dropped to the floor in a pile of dust. The grandfather walked over and picked up the brass key before leaving again. As he closed the door the wind whisked the boy's body dust around the room.

47. Through the fog and mist enveloping the small apple orchard on the outskirts of Wibleton, a lone woman in a large black hooded robe emerges, walking slowly towards the black church. Inside, dozens of frightened townsfolk gather, hiding between the pews, grasping bibles and reciting prayers from the pages. There was a heavy wind outside, that slammed the window shutters against the side of the church, creating a crashing sound as if they were inside of a thunderstorm cloud. Then everything went silent. A few townsfolk rose from the pews in the church and looked out of the windows. The fog was lifted, the apple trees could be seen again. Before the first whimper of cheer or celebration began, the silence of the room was gone as a child bit into an apple, sending the crunch throughout the church. Followed by screams.

48. His beard blew in the salt-filled winds coming off the ocean before him. A lone man on a boat that could fit twenty. His eyes bloodshot, like varicose veins on elder legs. His ribs sticking through the sides of his torso like knots in trees. He heard the cheering crowds to the west of him. He knew he was close to home. In the distance he saw a lighthouse and the cheers of home grew louder. As the boat smashed into the pier, the hull broke open and from the inside of the boat, bodies began to float out. Half eaten, half rotted, the other crew members were floating in the water for everyone to see. The last survivor was missing an arm, and kept his strong gaze locked in the distance of the ocean. His body covered in blood. A sigil of sorts on his spine, dug out of his flesh. "Oh the things I have seen." The man said as he burst out in hysterical laughter.

49. There was no sound. The man entered the dark silent chamber to find sound didn't exist inside of it. His ears crackled and gushed, looking for noise. His blood slowly flowing in his veins, the soft pumping sound of his heart. He felt it all. Internal sounds. Before him in the center of the room stood a sword. The sword was so large that a mountain could wield it. As he approached the sword he could feel pain in his body. The sword began to glow, and by the time he got to it he was large enough to pick it up. The room was designed by giants so you wouldn't hear your body breaking and entered adulthood. Sword in hand, he had now become a man.

50. She sits at home alone on a Tuesday night, wondering what she did so wrong in life to get to this point. Unsure of what the next will bring her. She wraps herself up in a wool blanket and sits in a small room, being only illuminated by a small television set on a milk crate in front of her. She has dreams about space, and is pretty sure that she has astral projected before. She wants someone to hold her as she slowly fades away. Her family has all passed away and there is no one she can cry to about the cancer that is slowly eating away inside of her skull. Her memories are beautiful to her and she wants to keep them forever, at least she thinks she remembers that she wants to keep them. Is this her body she

wonders. With a gasp of air, she is rushed back to her body. Later that week, a thirty seven year old man tells his friends at work about how he astral projected into a womans body. His friends make jokes about touching yourself as a female.

51. His collection of dolls was becoming a problem. Each shelf, wall, and floor board was taken up by a doll of some sort. He always kept them naked and burned all of the dresses in his backyard fire pit. He liked the dolls with dark black hair the best. He only ever slept with one of them. He named her Rachel, after his mother. Each one of the dolls contained a small amount of hair wrapped within it's fake hair, from someone he had killed. The man would sniff the hair at night and remember the kill. Police arrived at his address Halloween night to find his body, it had been dismembered in various places and sewn back together with what forensics would later tell them is the hair of over three hundred women.

52. She slowly turned her body so that she was facing into the dark bedroom at the end of the hallway. She lived alone for the past three years, but tonight she heard someone or something from inside the darkness of the room at the end of the hallway. She turned on the hallway light to try and illuminate the room a little, but it seemed that the room was so dark it ate the light before it could enter. she slow approached the doorway of the room and found herself back in her bedroom, standing over herself laying in bed. Scared and confused she ran out of the room and back down the hall to her bedroom, where she found herself laying in bed again. She ran back out into the hallway and found herself standing, smiling, laughing.

53. He couldn't believe that he had such a perfect life. This was the stuff romance novels were made of, and he somehow found it in his wife. Every moment they spent together was like a movie. Each candle lit smelled of roses and comfort, and his wife was the most beautiful woman ever to be created. While sitting in his wheelchair at the age of ninety three in a specialized nursing home for people with Alzheimer's, a nurse recognizes him as the famous romance author Peter Belungo. She gets an autograph on his last book he ever wrote. He died after living his whole life alone, but his books became false memories.

54. Four women woke to sounds of screams. Their pale white naked skin laying on a dew covered mossy forest floor. In their mouths the taste of blood. Confused, they stand and stare at each other. They scream muffled breaths as they all realize they have had their tongues cut out of their mouths. On the ground surrounding them is a series of sticks, rope, and rocks. The formation on the ground leads to a point where a pile of ashes lay, steaming. Men in black robes appear from behind trees with razor sharp daggers and take their hoods off. The daggers move up and slice across their throats. As the bodies of the men leak out into the formation the pile of ash sizzles to a halt, and begins to bubble and form with the blood. Within moments before the women, an elemental creature unlike anything they have ever seen stands before them. They try to scream, but they can't.