

MONSTER STORY 3: GREMLIN

By EB Darwin

I see him I do. Blunderin' along the pathways. He thinks he's alone an' each time he sits to rest, I stirs him. Toss a rock, throw a pebble, always keepin' him worried, full a fears. He knowd somethin' out there, but he don't know it's me.



I giggles now and then, watchin' him startin' to get all edgy and ragey. Big, dumb man, all bloodied and angry-lookin'. Head of rocks, nuffin' upstairs. He's not like me. Smart as a whip me paps father used ta say.

I been trampin' through these tunnels for ages and knows 'em likes the the backs of my tails. There's that one human with crazy eyes I stays away from - he feeds on us, he does. Fouls and nasties! but this one is dumb, dumb, dumb. Looks at him, standin' on alert, twitchin' at every noise in the caves, eyes still blinkin' to see in the dark.

All's I want is the shinies he has. Treasure! I loves the shinies. If he gives it up, I shall leaves him be. Just a coin or two, maybe a trinket, a polished gem, somethin' that catches the light, brings me joy. I knows better than to fight this one, too big, too strong, so if he'd just gimme some shinies, I leaves him with what's left of his dull wits... Maybe...