

# Monster, Monster!

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*14 humans, a monster, and four gallant kids that has just sealed their fate. Please read and reveiw!!!*

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# 1 - Before...

## Prologue

"Thomas! Where are you?!" a small voice shouted from a distance. Thomas Avery was sitting at the edge of a small pond. Then sighed. "Yes, Dan. I'm right here!," he replied through the thick terrain. Then saw a small little body peeked through the bushes. "Tommy, can we go home now? I want lunch!," the little one demanded. Thomas sighed again. "I told you, Danny. We're not leaving until we get proof that a monstrous creature stalks this place. And, besides, we've only been here for five minutes!" Danny gave a little, "Humph." then sat down, next to his brother on a warm rock. After another five minutes passed he said, "Now can we go?" Thomas glanced back at his little brother then mouthed a firm, "No." and kept taking notes. After another horribly boring minute passes Danny heard a voice from a cave on the right. "Uh, Tom? Did you hear that?!" Danny looked at the cave in wonder. Thomas, on the other hand, was not impressed. "Oh, Dan. I know your little tricks," Thomas breathed. Danny shot a dirty look at Tom, put his hands on his hips, then said in a cold voice, "I am not fooling you, Thomas Avery." Tom was very put off by cold tone of Danny's voice. "Bro...? OK, fine! I'll go check out your mysterious noise over by the cave!" Tom got up and headed toward the rim of the cave. And this time, he actually did hear a voice. Thomas? Thomas? Then, out of the gloom, a beautiful maiden walked out. Tom could barely believe his eyes. Meanwhile, Danny watched his brother confused. The, he, too, heard a voice. "Danny? Danny?," the voice coaxed, "Will you come fishing with me? I just got a new boat! The new SEA DWELLER!" Danny stared into the cave. "Er, Tom?," he asked. Tom, on the other hand, was fixed on the maiden. The maiden looked up at Tom. Then said, "Thomas! Tom? Is that you?" Tom stared at the girl. Then muttered, "Err, well...um..." The girl laughed. "Want to come in? I can fix that scratch on your arm." Tom looked at his arm. Then thought to himself, "Where on earth did I get that?!" "Er, OK." Tom blushed. Then headed toward the entrance. "Hey, Danny?," the kid's voice said to Dan, "Come on!" Danny thought. "Well... OK." Danny skipped up to the cave. "Uh, Tom?" He saw Tom walk in the cave. So... Danny thought it would be okay in since Tom is going in. As they both walked past the entrance, the monster smiled. And then...well... the monster melted and reformed. Danny looked back. "THOMAS!!!!" Tom shot back. "Danny! Get behind me!" Tom glared at the monster. "Who are you?! What do you want?!" The monster smirked then replied, "You" Danny hid under Tom's leg's. "Why?" "I need your life force to survive. But, I will tell you what. I will tell you my plan: I need fourteen of you. Once I have all fourteen...I will be non-stopible! I WILL rule your type of being. Now..." Thomas gulped. "Please... you can have me. Just let my little brother go." The monster smiled. "Ah, compassion. Tell you what. I will give you 10 seconds to get out of my domian. If you are to darn slow... you are mine!" Danny replied as loud as he could, "Agreed! Close your eyes!" "Danny, NO!" The monster grinned but closed his eyes. "One...two...TEN!" "NOOOO!" The monster took hold on Tom's shoulder. Tom yelped in superise. "Please! Let me..." Too late. It was done. Thomas's life-less body fell to the stone floor....

## 2 - Charper 2

(Gwen's P.O.V)

"Guinevere!" Someone started banging on my window. I was afraid the window would break. "Gwen!" Whoever started hitting my window obviously was not going to stop until I got up. Great. Instead of answering I rolled my body to the other side of the bed. Then, tries to ignore the noise. Okay, okay, I know it sounds rude but 2:00am?! Bang! Bang! I thought the racket would wake my parents up. Finally, I gave in an. "What is it?" I grumbled. "Gwen, it's me!" I opened my right eye half-way. Arthur Lance, my best friend (which I'm not happy with right now). "Artie?" I stumbled out of bed. Brrr... the coolness of the air seapped through my PJ's and skin. I opened my eyes fully. Blurry. So, I rubbed the sleep off. Artie watched then said warily, "Gwen! It's Sabrina! MY little sister! She's gone!!!" I looked at him to see if he was joking. I gasped. He was as pale as the moon. His shaggy auburn hair covered some of his crystal green eyes. Shocked, i observed him again. He was shaking. Stress domminated his eyes. "You wanna comein? You're freezing." He nodded. I unlocked my window for him to climb in. "Need help?" I asked. Of course not. In case you haven't noticed he is very tall for his age (13 yr.) When he finally squirmed in, he told me, "I need to talk to you." "Yeah, you better," I replied jokingly, " OK. What is it?" Artie looked at me then said in a cold tone, " Sabrina is gone. It took her."

## 3 - Chapter 3.

### Chapter 3.

(Artie's P.O.V.)

Gwen was staring at me. I don't like when people stare. Creepy. Anyway, she looked at me straight in the face and said, "Where are your parents? They know...right?" I shook my head then replied, "No, they're on their honey moon. I was going to call them but...I just couldn't do it!!! They were so excited about it!" Gwen watched me. I felt like saying, "Err, Gwen, stop it! You're freaking me out! And, it's not nice to stare!" But, I decided if I wanted her help, I better not. Finally, she asked me, "Err, so why didn't you call the cops? Wait, wait, wait! Start from the very beginning! 'K?" OK, well, that's encouraging!, I thought to myself. I inhaled the air. "Well, this is going to take a while. Can I sit down?" "Yeah, Art. Sure, you can." I sat down on her girlish bed. Blah! But, pink girly beds were the least of my problems. I looked around her room. Wasn't so bad. Lots of fantasy stuff. Posters, books, wallpaper etc. "OK..." Another deep breath. "... 8pm. And you know what that means..." "...Snack time for the Lance's," Gwen cut in. I nodded in agreement. "Well, before I went to go get some crackers or something, Sabrina ran down stairs. And-well, she looked at me and told me, 'Artie, let's go to the pond! I wanna go rock hopping.' I looked at her. She already had her jacket and shoes on. 'Whoa, whoa, Bud. Not tonight. I mean, look at this!!!' I pointed at my history report paper. (which is supposed to be twelve pages long. And, I only had three done!) I felt bad. So, I said, "How about tomorrow?" Sabrina shook her head. Then ran over to me. 'Come on, Artie!!! Please!!!!!!!' she begged. I tried not to feel so bad..." "Artie, get to the subject please." I could tell she was upset. I couldn't blame her. After all, I was at her window at 2am. "Okay, okay! I told her no. Tomorrow. Because of that you-know-what." Gwen nodded. I tried to smile. But-couldn't. So I continued, "Anyway, Sabrina started huffing and puffing..." "HA! Sounds like the tale of "The Three Little Pigs and the Big, Bad Wolf!" I was now annoyed. "So, I ran upstairs for some peace and quiet. When I came back down for a snack, she was...gone!" Gwen looked at me, blankly.

Finally, she said in a cold voice, "And, so...you came here for my help?" "Err, yeah." "I'll get my parents." "NO! I...uh...mean..." I looked up to see the look on Gwen's face. Shocked. Great. Just great. Gwen sighed then asked, "Then, what do you want me to?!" I thought. "Well...I've known you ever since we we're ..." "Two days old," Gwen cut in coolly. I nodded. "Okay, so I wanted to know if you wanna help. And/or come with me." Then for a long moment, she was silent. "Err, Gwen?" "What?!" "Will you help?" Another long un-bearable moment. "Um... and that applies?" :Err... didn't I just tell you?" "Oh, yeah." "Well, then let me go get my jeans on. 'K?" Yes! I need all the help I can get! "Yes! Ok!" Five minuets later, we were out the door. "So, were do you want to walk check first?" "The pond." Gwen stopped dead in her tracks. "T-the p-pond?!" I stopped as well. "Yes. Why?" "B-but I-it's haunted w-with a m-monster?" Gwen exclaimed. "But what about Sabrina!" I saw Gwen take a long deep breath. "You owe me big, brain boy." I smiled. "Thanks. And, don't call me brain boy!" Gwen giggled. I got butterflies in my stomach when I could see the pond with a massive cave to the right. My body and brain told me to run as far away as possible. But, my heart told me to be brave and save my sister. When we got to the border I started shaking. Because of the cold? Or (probably) because I had a 90% chance of being attacked by a monster. I walked as quietly approached the mouth of the cave. I smelled a something disgusting when I was two feet away. Ugh! "Artie?" I saw Gwen tense more.

“Hmm?” “Can we go now? This is freaking me out!” “But what about Sabrina, Gwen?! I have to!” “But, what about me, Arthur?! What about MY safety?!” She got me there. I felt bad. “Oh...sorry.” She sighed, “You are so guy!” Then walked away. “Okay, what are you talking about?” At that she giggled. “Whatever,” I grumbled. For a scary second there I forgot where I was and what I was doing. I stopped when I realized where I was. Gwen stopped as well. It looked like she forgot as well. “Well...here we are.” I looked up-there it was. The pond. “S-Sabrina?” I whispered. I glanced nervously over at Gwen. “Y-you t-there?” “Y-yeah, I-I a-am.” “Sabrina! Gwen, I’ll look over here. And, you search over there.” I pointed to my right. She nodded. I started my search near the pussy bull frog mating grounds. Until I heard someone give a terrified scream. My blood froze. My heart raced a hundred miles an hour. “G-Gwen?” I looked over near the cave. And I saw her, curled up in a ball. “GWEN!!!” I sprinted over to her. “Gwen? What happened?” I shook her softly. And, finally, she looked up. I saw tears in her eyes. “Artie?” I felt really bad then said, “Gwen? What happened? You look...” “...Horrible. I know. Artie, I s-saw it!” Her skin turned a monotone gray. “Err...” Then...I heard something. A screech. As soon as it touches your ears, your blood curls, your ears fell like they are about to burst. “UGH!” Gwen shook like nobody’s business. “Artie, we’re leaving!” I nodded. Then, a fowl stench roamed the air. I heard something coming from the cave. Thuds... I picked Gwen up till she was on her feet. Then we ran. Back to Gwen’s house. I locked eyes with my best friend. Then, I suddenly knew what we were about to do

## 4 - Chapter 4

Chapter 4.

(Gwen's P.O.V.)

OK, so here it is: We're racing, jumping, and shouting down the road like idiots. "Let's go to my house," Artie said. Absolutely NOT! No way! "No...my house, Arthur! I have the supplies there, you know," I replied in a cold, accusing voice. Artie winced. I felt like saying, "Sorry!" But, look at who came to MY door at 2am!! 2am? 2am?!!!!!! Ugh! Then, no, you won't believe this!: He, woke me up, dragged me out of my cozy bed, then what does he do?! He forces me out of my home, brings me to a monster's lair, and expects me to- to not tell my parents and help him get out of trouble! Bah! Okay, okay. Maybe I'm over reacting. Well...OK fine! I am over reacting. Okay, Gwen! Calm down! Sorry. Anyway, we were hopping down the road like lunatics. I turned on Arthur. "You did it, buddy!" I waved my hand angrily at him. "Sorry." Artie shrugged. "You better go home." I stopped. "W-What?" Artie rolled his eyes. "Come on I know your mad at me." Ugh! He is SO guy! "Ugh! You just don't get it, Arts!" Uh-Oh. I tried to calm myself own. "Do you know how serious this is?!" He knit his eye brows then replied in a quiet tone, "Yes, Guinevere. I do." I stopped and stared at him. He never calls me Guinevere. Mainly, because I demand that he just calls me Gwen. But, this was... different in a bad way. I sighed. "I'm...sorry." He shook his head. "No, need to be," he whispered, "I am the one to be sorry, Guinevere." Finally! Then I saw a tear trickle down his emerald green eyes. My anger supplicated right then and there. Maybe because I was so tired and wound up, I cried. "Err...Gwen? You 'k?" I nodded. "Y-Yeah," I said through my hiccups. Arthur sighed. "You're making me feel bad." HA! Funny. "Oh, my bad... Sorry." I smiled at him. Artie looked at me then laughed, "That is the cheesiest smile I have ever seen! HA!" "Shut up." "Fine." We stopped in my yard. "Look," Artie confessed, "I'm sorry. You can...go back to sleep. Sorry for bothering you." I stopped to look him in the eye. "In your dreams, brain boy. You dragged me into this mess, and your not getting rid of me until the job's done!" He looked at me, shocked. I, on the other hand, put my hand on my hips, looked him in the eye, and dragged him in my home. "Get the flashlight, batteries, and any other supplies that we might need. I'll take care of the note, and the food." Arthur nodded in agreement. I grabbed lots of water, food galore, a huge back pack, and...a piece of paper and pen. I can't just barge in my parents room and say, "Hey, mom. Hey, dad. Listen, we're going into a monsters lair 90% chance we'll get eaten (or whatever we does to intruders). And, (if we do make it) we won't be back in a while..." I snuck upstairs to my room, and grabbed my small silver necklace. Then ran back down stairs. Well... I got half-way down the hall when I saw two faces glaring at me. "Julia! Dave! What are you-" I caught myself. Dave blinked. "What are you doin'?" I spun around. "Davy, go back to bed!" He folded his chubby arms and shook his head. "No, Gwen. I-I don't wanna." No! Why couldn't he listen to me just once. The to twins looked at me. Yes. They are twins. My little pesky 5 year-old siblings. Julia went pale when she saw me take out the backpack. "Gwen," she asked, "Where are you going?" "Err... none of your beeswax." Davy's face went red. "That is not nice!" "Sorry!" I put my hands up in a surrender position. He smiled. I put more water bottles in the other bed. Julia stamped her foot. "Gwen! I want to know where you are going!" Davy looked at me then said, "Yeah, me and Julia wanna know where you are going!" I glared at them. "Gwen", Artie coaxed, "We could use the extra hands." "What?! NO! I will NOT take them." Arthur crossed his arms. "Then tell them where we're going." I shook my head, stubbornly. "Or...I'll tell

them.” “Arthur! Why are you doing this?!” He shrugged. “They deserve an explanation.” I felt my face redden. “N-No, they don’t. If-if you tell them...then you’re on your own!” I felt bad for playing that card. Then, for the first time, I saw Arthur’s face get hot pepper red. “Well?” Dave breathed. “OK fine! We are going to the cave to rescue Sabrina. Happy? No go back to bed!” I saw Julia’s eyes widen with fear and shock. Davy, on the other hand, seemed amused. “Really? Cool! Can I come?!” I stared at him in shock. I laughed. “You? You want to come?” I wheezed. Artie ran over. “Gwen, shhh! You parents might wake up!” I wiped the tears from my eyes while I took control of myself again. “I-if Davy goes...I go.” I stood full height. “No, you are not because Dave is not coming.” Julia looked relieved. Davy shook his head. “If you go...I go.” “And, if you go...I go as well!” Julia finished. Well... Artie’s right. We do need all the help we can get. But...what if we just called the police.... No! They won’t listen. All they’ll do is put us in the nut house. Ugh! Well... they won’t leave me alone if I don’t..., I thought. “Okay, fine!” I heard whoops of joy. I rolled my eyes. “Thanks, Gwen! You’re the bestest!” Artie walked up and smiled. “You mean: Gwen, you are the best. Not: You are the bestest.” “Artie, shut up.” I heard him give a chuckle. “How could you be laughing at this moment?!” “I’m not. I’m giggle at your...” I put my hand on my hips. “My what?” I asked. He smiled. “No, no. Nothing...” “Dave, get your ball of string. Same for you, Jules.” “Sir, yes, sir!” Davy teased then the two of them ran up stairs. “Quietly!” I hissed. Julia nodded. Five minutes later, they returned down stairs. What a sight they were! Fully armored with biking gear. I let out a snort of laughter. Julia shot me a dirty look. “Aw, come on, Jules! I was just trying to shed some light over this picture!” I sighed. “did you get your balls of string?” I asked. “Yes.” they both replied at the same time. “Jules, can you get my ball?” “Um...sure.” 10 minuets later, we were all packed and ready to go. “Wait!” I muttered. I finally got to the note but, instead of me writing it, Artie got the honors.

Hey, mom. Hey, dad. If you’re reading this, then we are long gone by now. Do not look for us. We are...um...over with Artie. And he need’s our help with some thing. So...and...he won’t be picking up the hone if you try to call. Thank you.,  
Arthur Davy  
Guinevere Julia

You’re probably looking at Julia’s signature and thinking, “That is impossible for a 5 year old!” But, she is so fixed on her signature to look pretty. Impressive huh? “I really don’t think this is smart. No, I know this isn’t smart.” Artie stopped, looked me in the eye, and told me,” Gwen, you have a choice, you know. You can urn back now.” I shook my head. I don’t know what possessed me to come. But, I refused to turn back. My stomach started doing summersaults. The trip was silent. It felt like we were walking into our own trap. Every part o me wanted to run and hide under my bed. We trudged up those hills, ran passed the pond, and finally arrived at the monster’s realm.