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Monster of the Deep

By: Sadie Hutchings

Josh

I was on my way to my friend's birthday party at Jane's Creek park. I knew my best friends Jerry and Gary would be there. My name is Josh. I live in Arcata, California. We got to the party at about 12:00 and I was starving. It was nowhere near cake-time so Jerry, Gary, and I were hungry, we decided to go look for blackberries in the gully. We followed the overgrown path until we came to the creek. It was more full than usual, but the blackberries were just as juicy. They grew above the tiny waterfall that led into the overflowing creek. Jerry threw a stone into the river, making a big plop. We all decided to look downstream for any blockages. We followed the water all the way down until we found a huge log in the riverbed. Jerry tried to move it by standing on it before we could stop him. He fell down into the overflowing creek. My blood went as cold as the water in the stream. We were shocked at what just happened.

Jerry

I fell into the stream, hitting the bottom almost instantly but, as soon as I hit the bottom, I fell into a lower cave, underneath the stream. My camera was in my pocket and it snapped a picture quickly. When I landed, a humanlike figure grabbed some clay and patched up my hole. Naturally, I was curious, so I asked

“Who are you?”

“I am the monster of the deep” it rasped, in a low, wet voice.

It looked like a human, except with green scales, yellow eyes with red slits for pupils and all covered with algae and water plants.

“I was asleep for years and years, until you awakened me by hitting me with that stone and waking me up.”

“I-i-im sorry, I said I D-d-didn't mean to wake you up, I was only having some fun. I like the sound of when the rocks land in the stream. I didn't know this could happen.

“H-hhow do I get back?”

“You don't” said the monster sharply

“this is your new home”. he pulled back a curtain of algae to find...

Gary

Where did my friend go? One minute we were tossing stones in the river and now he's missing? What happened? What should I do? call the police?, get our parents? I decided on getting the police. After all this was a potential death, and I'm, like, twelve years old. I told Josh to stay there. In case Jerry floated back up. I went to the closest police station. On my way up from the gully I noticed everyone had left. I glanced at my watch. As I had it set on silent. There were two texts. One said that my mom saved me a piece of cake. The second said that the party ended but you boys seemed to be having too much fun. So we left. You can walk the two blocks home. I looked up. That text was sent about ten minutes ago. I continued my hurried journey about five blocks away from the police station. When I got there I told them my friend fell in a creek at Janes Creek Park and hadn't come up!

"Is this a prank?" He said.

"No", I said sincerely. He didn't believe me. When he had returned, Josh was gone!

Josh

I stared into the water, worried. I was panicking. I heard a muffled shriek from under the creek "Jerry?!" I yelled. No response. Thinking fast, I wrote a note to Gary, telling him what I was about to do. I jumped into the stream, feeling around, I did however feel a slight indent on the creek bottom, I pushed, and the floor gave way. I fell through. I landed in a puddle, and a sudden rush of water blew me through. Jerry was stuck in the flow with me! Instead of catching up with each other, we yelled, and Gary fell down with us.

Everyone

They flew down the "waterslide" and ended up in a large cave. The Monster flew up the waterslide and patched up the hole. The three boys landed in a puddle of water, the cave had blackberries hanging down from the ceiling, just then, the boys heard a cracking sound and the ceiling of the cave split. Two people jumped down and landed in the pool. They were wearing biohazard suits and one of them grabbed the boys and brought them up, and before they could thank them, they had patched up the hole, and were gone. All the boys sat around in the sun, ate the cake that their mothers had saved them, when they were semi-dry they agreed to tell their parents that they had fallen in the creek, not quite a lie, not quite the truth.

Jerry

I reached into my pocket, my camera was smashed, yet I found the photo in good tact. In an effort to forget the trauma we had experienced, I let the photo fly away in the wind.