

Untitled-Untitled-Untitled

By : **Gothicghost95**

A creative writing prompt response... Prompt: Pick two words from a dictionary and incorporate them into a short story/drabble/essay/etc. Words Chosen: Copemate & Floccinaucinihilipilification. Rated for gore and language.

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The sounds of the inhuman, agonizing, cries were echoing all around the blue-eyed man in green. He clutches his shotgun in both hands as he sprints for cover behind the crudely made barricade. The air was chock full of dirt, and black ashes were blown up by the harsh wind. He took a deep breath and tried to calm his furiously beating heart.

The creatures that he was constrained to fight should have never been discovered, the horror and disgust in their existence is too horrid for mankind to have ever witnessed. The hideous beasts would claw and snarl, exposing their frightening, yellow fangs, emitting horrendous odors not known to man. Their black eyes peered into the soul of every being it gazes upon, their prey. Howling their grotesque calls of murder, they travel in packs like wolves. Their excruciatingly skinny bodies did not stop them from being powerful murder-machines, their bones could be plainly seen from afar; they possessed a speed unknown to man, leaping and bounding towards their victims, they mercilessly devour everything in their sight.

The blue-eyed man wiped the sweat from his forehead, smearing the dirt around his face even more in the process. A chilling screech alerted him to his left, and he shot down a horrific brute, green and black liquid surrounding the creature in its stillness. He heard the footsteps of someone approaching him. Gripping his gun tightly, he snapped his attention and to the could-be threat, only to relax a bit as he notices it only being a friendly, the young Stanton.

A jolt of pain quivered through the man's heart as he acknowledged the fact that the kid had to be accustomed to the madness of the apocalyptic world for the full 17 years of his life. Regretfully, he knew that he really had no choice but to accept the kid's assistance, the beasts from Hell must be stopped and there were relatively no survivors of The Great Incident. He admired the kid for his determination and bravery, reminding him of himself at that age, when the world fell apart.

Stanton's eyes widen as he sprints towards the barricade. "Watch out!" he shouts. They both fall to the ground gracelessly and dodge one of the beings. Stanton and the man leap up and with success, shoot it down, and the beast wriggled around on the ground, stirring up the ash and dirt. The man shoots the creature in its skull, successfully making it motionless. Stanton coughs, finding it hard to breathe in the ash and reloads his own gun, "We are going to die. I just know."

The blue-eyed man turns his attention to his friend and says vehemently, "You are not going to die," he continued, "I promise." Nevertheless, the nervous boy did not seem to relax from the man's reassurance.

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Through is underlying fear, the boy's face scrunched up in confusion, "Wait, you said 'I'm not going to die'," he shook his head as a new wave of panic washed over him, "What about you? What are you going to do!?" Sensing the kid's worry and taking in his distraught appearance, he calmly stated:

"I have a plan."

A plan indeed. The ultimate sacrifice must happen in order to banish the ultimate evil. The beasts have taken countless victims, hundreds, thousands, millions even. It had to end, and soon or else the entire human population would become extinct. Having nothing left in the world, the blue-eyed man came to a decision. A decision, that would hopefully spare Stanton and the rest of the survivors.

Stanton tried to grill him for answers frantically, only to gasp at the sight of a beautiful blonde haired woman a few dozen yards from the barricade. Her eerie, clean appearance stood out from the destruction and horror surrounding her. She glanced at the duo, winking at the man in green.

"You wanted to know my plan, kid?" the man asked anxiously, gesturing to the queer woman in the field. The woman then proceeded into battle, clawing and taking down multiple brutes with ease. A delicate smile was placed upon her face as she expertly destroyed the grotesque creatures. Stanton tried to form a complete sentence, but managed out a shaking "What?" through his blatant confusion of this mysterious woman.

"She's my...", he searched for the right word, "copemate," he finished darkly. Their attention was on the woman, seeing her crush the beasts' skulls in and viciously maim them to the point where you couldn't tell what the creature was in the first place. A wave of hope washed over the two as they witnessed the creatures' numbers quickly dwindle.

"Wow," Stanton was at a loss, but he seemed renewed with determination. This was the first time the man saw him smile in a long time. The first time he saw hope for the future of their annihilated world.

"Do you think we could actual-" the kid was cut off by a dreadful howl. A beast leaped over the poorly made barricade and snatched the kid by the neck. His gurgled cries of pain were muffled by the furiously snapping jaws of the awful being.

"No!" The man cried, vocalizing obscenities towards the unmerciful being. He shot the creature in its sickly thin chest, blasting it back. It flashed its nasty fangs at the man, blood dripping from its chops. With

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unearthly grace, it lunged for the man only to have its head blasted off, evidently silencing the being once and for all.

The man collapsed beside the 17 year old kid and cradled him close. Stanton wheezed and tried to breathe, only to choke on his blood. The wound on his neck was fatal, and the man knew it. The flesh was ripped away from his face and neck, well beyond repair. The kid was losing too much blood. However, he tried to comfort the dying boy.

“It's okay, kid,” the man choked back a sob, “You'll be okay,” tears were invading the man's eyes. Stanton knew he was lying, he knew he was dying. Stanton shook his head slowly and gripped the man's shirt. A moment later, the man felt the boy go limp in his arms. He embraced the boy one more time before grabbing his gun and, in an anger-driven frenzy, began killing everything in his sight.

He managed to shoot the beast's heads right off with one blow and expertly reload his gun. Dozens of the horrendous creatures were beheaded, and the man was covered in the green and black liquid. In his distressed state, he failed to acknowledge the woman from before come up from behind him and snatch him by the neck. He dropped his gun in alarm and tried to peel the woman's claws off of him.

“What are you doing?” he gasped. This wasn't supposed to happen, the deal he was desperate enough to take was supposed to spare the others. She was supposed to help them.

“I thought we had a deal,” he choked out. The woman laughed boisterously and smiled at the man, revealing her pearly white fangs.

His eyes widened as he felt her claws cut into his throat. “Oh, Baudelaire, darling. You forgot to take in account the fact that all demons floccinaucinihilipilificate every last pitiful human.” Baudelaire desperately tried to break free from the demoness's clutches. He could feel himself become drowsy and his vision was fading to black.

“There's a reason demons rarely associate with humans,” she spit out the word human as if it were a profanity. Her piercing red eyes made his heart drop and he accepted his unfortunate fate.

Right when he was about to pass out, he heard the demoness cry out in fury and he crashed to the ground, coughing and desperately trying to refill his lungs with air, only to choke on ashes. He noticed the demoness contorting into something more fearful and disgusting than the damned creatures he was fighting before, her

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bones breaking and reforming. The sound of each breaking bone made Baudelaire even more sickened. The once beautiful woman was now a murderous vixen, enraged and hungry for blood.

Tearing his eyes away from the beast, he urgently searched for his gun in vain and for any means of escape, calculating his odds of survival that were not very good at the moment. He locked eyes with the person who saved him momentarily. To his astonishment it was his brother. His brother that supposedly died seven years ago. He took a drag from his cigarette and reloaded his own sawed off shotgun before taking aim at the dreadful being.

â Get away from my little brother, you crazy bitch.â

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