

The last day in the life of Bethany Carter

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This was inspired by thre hunger games, enjoy!

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'You will be put in an arena with many foes against you. You get one weapon, and one weapon only. Good Luck.'

Never trust the government. They told me I'd been selected to be the star of a horror series like no other, one that will be remembered forever. It would be taped live, and the fate of my character would be decided by my 'stage fighting' skills.

I signed a contract, I read the fine print extremely carefully, yet it said nothing about this anywhere. I thought the law said all the details had to be put on the contract, but I guess that as they make the law, they can make themselves exceptions too.

I should have seen this coming, it *is* called 'The final kill'... Will my family think I abandoned them for a life of ease, fame and luxuries? Or will they work out the truth?

I stand in the concrete arena, breathing slowly, calming myself as much as possible. There is nothing to hide behind, save for a couple of large rocks scattered around. The cameras are everywhere, and rolling already. I have minutes left until they unleash whatever or whoever is behind those doors. I lift the heavy sword uncertainly, my long blonde hair swings forward, giving me a temporary curtain of safety to hide behind while I compose my expression until it is blank and unreadable. I will not give them the satisfaction of seeing me scared.

In frustration I swing my sword at the nearest rock. With a huge clashing noise, sparks fly and I take a deep breath.

The door opens and I turn to face my first foe.

A huge, hulking beast drags itself out, its breath stinking of flesh and decay, its dagger like teeth easily twelve inches long, they are bloodstained and bits of flesh are stuck in them, slowly rotting away in there. Its eyes are tiny compared to the rest of it, about the size of my palm, bloodstained and furious, they whirl sickeningly in their sockets. I shudder in disgust and it roars, the stench of decay so strong I gag and cough for a moment. It stalks forward, the underside scraping at the concrete. I hold my sword more firmly in my hand, plant my feet further apart and get ready to fight.

Its matted greasy grey skin looks ready to split as it heaves itself forward and tries to swallow me whole. I leap to the side and scream as its teeth catch my leg, ripping a chunk out of the flesh. It grins and strikes again, I stab it in the eye and it roars its fury. The camera watch us closely, following our movements feverishly, crazily. The thing then manages to pull the calf off of my damaged leg, and I shriek, panicked. I hack at it as it tries to finish me off, and have the good fortune to get it in the brain. It shudders, roars a final time and collapses on top of me. I manage to squirm out as the snakes are released. I scramble up onto the thingâ back, blood trailing after me, desperate to get away. But the snakes are simply the opening act.

I hear the heavy slither of it, smell its venomous biting breath, see its glowing red eyes. The basilisk slithers into the open and eats the grey beast whole, I leap off it and hide before Iâm eaten with it. The snakes, it turns out, are harmless, simply used as bait. The basilisk swings its tail round, pounds the concrete rocks with it and crushes my weapon arm. Weeping uncontrollably, unable to move, I scream my loveâs name as the

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mouth engulfs me and my world goes black.

The government watch with glee as the next contestants walks into the arena, the concrete already spattered with Bethany's blood.

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