

Years 9 & 10

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Year 10, Armadale Education Support Centre

The Wild Rebellion

'Wait. This isn't normal . . . what's happening?' he thought in his head, his mind slightly adapted to what was happening, as the beast approached. Run, was what his instincts apprised him to do again. He was running through the hallway, until there was nowhere to run, except for the two rooms on the left and right. He quickly, but cautiously went to the left room to hide. The beast's shadow peeked into the hall room from the living room. It savoured the smell of meat and followed it. Its giant claws made trails of creaking, increasing the frightening suspense. The smell led to the bedroom where Gaston was hiding under the bed. He was trapped; there was no privilege of survival. He will not get out alive.

Two days before . . .

Through the forest a narrow road led to a small hidden town just underneath the drop of the hill. People called it Tree Village named from how close buildings were to the trees and how wild the forest was. The only buildings there were an old renovated hotel, a small organic grocery store, ten houses in a neighbourhood; old but still in good condition, and an eerie mansion above the hill. The town always inspired people who witnessed the peace, nature and the gratifying welcoming from the community.

A man named Gaston was a very attractive thirty-four-year-old with a short moustache, slicked back black hair and tense muscles. He was buying a building everyone doubted anyone would buy. He was going to move into the eerie mansion. People were scared of it because there was a mysterious and brutal death fifty years ago. The victim was found on the living room floor looking like a huge chunk of gnawed meat. Since the death, no one dared to even go on the drive way. The mansion's disturbing history never bothered Gaston because it seemed too surreal and all he cared about was living somewhere where it was easy to hunt in an animal inhabited area.

He was driving on the road almost hitting Tree Village half an hour before lunch. He was taking a few glances of the map next to him to make sure there was no wrong turns. A couple of minutes later he arrived.

"Wow. What a scenic town," he said to himself. He glimpsed at the hotel and said, "I'm going to get me a drink."

He slid into the parking lot with a mini screech. He went to the pub and sat down with eyes exploring the place. The pub was clean and tidy and the drinks on the shelf were in alphabetical order. Walls were scarlet red and the green carpet was thick and velvety. Stuffed animals and photographs of the hotel's history were hanging on the walls. It also had activities such as darts and pool.

“What do you request?” The barman asked when Gaston finished looking around.

“Whisky please,” Gaston answered.

The barman expeditiously poured whisky in a glass and skidded the glass across the bench to Gaston.

“Cheers mate,” Gaston thanked raising his glass.

“Are you on holiday?” the barman asked.

“No, just buying the mansion on the hill,” Gaston replied. The barman couldn’t believe it; he mistakenly descended the glass he was drying with shock.

“Really? No one has ever bought the mansion for five decades because there was a horrific murder.”

“It happened long time ago, plus someone chewed up seems completely ostentatious,” Gaston argued. “People are so vacuous.”

The barman suppressed his anger and hoped for his leave. Ten minutes passed, Gaston finished his whiskey, scoffed down a burger and zoomed off to the mansion in his car.

On arrival at the mansion. Gaston looked at the withered wooden walls, foggy windows and spider web chandeliers hanging from the veranda and shrugged.

“It’s just an old building; people are cowards!” he snorted inside his head.

He opened the door with a loud creak and a mini-storm of dust coming out.

He looked inside the untouched mansion not expecting it to look like this. The whole mansion floor was like a dust desert and the blankets on top of the statues were helplessly protecting them. A staircase led upstairs and there was a dining room straight ahead past the stairs. Gaston was too idle to clean the mansion himself because hunting was his main priority. On his phone with just enough connection, he called local town janitors to come and clean the mansion. As soon the call ended, he prepared his hunting equipment and snuck on his hunting backpack. Analysing the map, he walked along the nature track.

After four hours, he returned with two dead rabbits tied on his hunting belt, his pack seemed flimsy without the traps inside. He was slightly agog to see what the mansion looked like now inside. He opened the door and saw the mansion as good as new.

Gaston glimpsed at his watch and he realised it was thirty-five minutes to seven. He wanted to go to sleep at half past seven for lots of energy to hunt early in the morning. He went to the kitchen and started roasting a rabbit and steaming some veggies for dinner. After eating and finishing the night time routine, he slipped in bed just as soon as the clock hit half past seven. Very quickly he snoozed off to sleep. At twelve in the night, when nocturnal animals screech and scatter about, there was a unique and unusual beast scavenging the forest looking for a decent meal. It was larger than a bear, but a tinge similar to one. Its uneven snout was slender with an inch of width at the end. Its claws were efficient and strong like titanium. Its ghostly growls were as frightening as suffering a death. Its expert senses could lead anywhere, such as the footprints which belonged to Gaston. By the size of the

footprints, the beast instinctively knew he was the perfect meal. It followed the prints as if Gaston had a tracker on him.

Early in the morning, a little bit past four, Gaston was awake and ready to hunt and started to exit. When he opened the door, he saw this strange beast partially out of the forest.

His brain twisted and his mind was overwhelmed. His brain could not function properly. His instincts took over while his mind was adapting to the complex situation. Without thought he ran, not even able to think about locking or closing the door. He ran up to the living room and gave a quick glimpse behind and realised he was being chased by the beast.

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Gaston's breathing was increasing rapidly; feeling like his heart would blast out of him. The beast bowed his nose to the floor and moved as if it was using a metal detector. When its nose pointed under the bed, it deeply inhaled Gaston's scent. Before the beast attacked, it made ghostly growl. The beast slid under the bed lifting it at a diagonal angle and charged. With a scream, it grasped Gaston by the head and dragged him out of his hiding. With a pierced head, he was barely breathing. He was screaming in agony as the beast gnawed him, until the remains were flesh, as well as vaguely uncovered bones.

The moment after Gaston's death, he was looking down at his own body.

"I must be a ghost!" he presumed in his head. He looked right down and realised he was no ghost. He had the claws that belonged to the beast. He glimpsed at the full-length mirror at himself . . . as the beast. He could somehow feel his memories fading away, but he could still think.

"This was how the victim mysteriously died in the mansion, he was murdered by the beast." Gaston started to understand. "It must've followed my tracks because it came out of the nature trail. I'm the beast now; the man five decades ago must've been the beast too? What will happen to me if I eat someone? As a beast I must have a destiny. A destiny of what happens next? I wish I were too scared to ever go near this crap mansion. If only I believed in such paranormal things." Those were the last thoughts of Gaston before his memories all faded away.

He now lives as a mindless killing beast, one that will resist Gaston's true character and will be controlled only by nature's instincts. He is a species of a wild rebellion.