

## Tiny Monster

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A tiny monster follows me around. At first glance the monster is cute. Small, fluffy and round. All you can really see are its two large, round eyes. This monster has a quiet, small roar and waddles on its tiny stumps for legs.

What scares me though, is the way it feeds. The monster feeds off of fear. It will whisper horrible things into my ears and fill my head with terrible thoughts. It will numb my feelings and yet at the same time terrify me. It makes my heart beat faster and clogs my airways. It will pour ice into my chest. My stomach will flutter, like how it feels when you fall down a large slope. I will begin to freeze up, and my eyes will turn to the size of saucers. Sometimes, if it's really bad, my eyes will fill with tears. Other times, I might crumple into a ball, like paper being balled and thrown.

Half of the time I fear of falling apart. The other half of the time, I fear the monster. I feel like I need to run and get out, because something will happen.

The monster is no longer fluffy and adorable. It has now grown, with huge fangs dripping with saliva and large bloodshot eyes. It now has a hunched back and large arms that hang to the floor. Its fur is coarse and matted. Worst of all, its ears have grown into perfect points, that sit atop its head like a pair of horns.

Now it has the power to hold me down and lock doors. I can't leave my room. If I do, the monster will grab me and shove me into my room. I can't trust it, and I can't trust me anymore. Its shadow looms over me as I sleep, it holds onto me as I walk about and directs me like a puppet.

Sometimes, other people's monsters will stop their heart beating. They close their eyes ever so slowly, and allow the monster to end it all. The monster will then feed on the fear and sadness, and move onto its next victim. It doesn't look back and feels no remorse.

The monster has taken over my mind and thoughts.

The monster is no longer my monster. I am its human.