

Kraken

Glassy eyes echoed across the sky and engulfed the clouds. They were black, beady, great watery voids. They drew you in, drew you close. With their awe and with their deceit the poor crew waddled like helpless ducklings into dooms jaw.

Vast tentacles coiled and corrupted the boat, oozing goo, pus and slime. It dribbled down on the sailors, drowning them in the most foul of liquids. Yelping, clawing, pleading, begging for help their pitious hands scratched and stabbed at anything in their frivolous attempts to survive..

The squid only mocked them, humoured them with great cries, provided them with that glimmer of sweet, safe hope so that they might continue to struggle and suffer.

Capricious white waves begged the monster to retreat, but their attempts proved futile. They wailed and shrieked against the coarse tentacles. Their tone shrill like erosion on rocks. No matter how hard or how loud they screamed, the squid was a god in this realm. This was his domain and none could dare challenge him in his strides for domination and decay.

The battered planks they shattered, and the rotten wood fell limp; the creature's reputation could only wish to precede it, for this was no creature of coherent description.

A eldritch horror, a bump in the night; in explainable and threatening. The squid was both judge, jury and executioner, it was all in his mighty will. No man nor mortal could stand against that will.

The creature was a colour, a direction or a thought, something so intangible, to describe it would drive men mad and madder still in their despair. The blades and the buccaneers were weary to engage, no gleaming sword nor bitter blade had ever torn its putrid flesh.

The stories and the legends, though true to some aspect, could never hope to live up to the warped splendor of this beast. From privateer to captain to royal navy crew, their knees all buckled to the same timid beat, a clanking and clattering of pure human dread.

To meet the kraken, is to meet death before you've even died. Lay down the weapons and send prayers into the skies. For only a god so just and so true could save the sailors now, but a god so just and true, to really have existed, would mean the vanquishment of the Kraken.

But alas, the Kraken still swam, still left breadcrumbs of carnage to lead it home. The kraken meant the death of god.

The Kraken meant only doom. **Written by Crow Pietluch, 16 years old**