

# scary tales.



the thing in the forest  
by chris read

1 It was a dark and stormy night. The kind of night you wouldn't want to be driving down a dark road in the middle of nowhere hauling a huge elephant. But that's exactly what Steve was doing. He didn't know how he got the job. But he was about to lose it. He was listening to the radio, humming along to his favorite song when all of a sudden, a truck carrying 16,000 mice came across the center line and hit the elephant truck head on. The mice were freed. The elephant was freed. Or rather, it ran away. But it wasn't hurt...yet.

2 Soon, Steve, injured, hobbled out of his truck. Sirens were wailing. The cops had arrived. They noticed the radio in Steve's truck still on, but no Steve. He was out trying to find his elephant. Well, it wasn't *his* elephant, just the one he was transporting.

Steve hobbled back to his truck, failing at his attempt to find the elephant. He noticed the cops.

"What happened here?!" a cop asked.

"It was a car wreck! He crossed the center line and hit me!" Steve answered.

"You look badly injured. Should I call an ambulance?" asked the cop.

"Sure," Steve replied.

He saw a hearse arrive at the scene.

"I said an *ambulance*! I'm not dead!" Steve replied.

"It's not for you, it's for the driver of the other truck," the cop replied gruffly.

"His truck is in the lane, the other crossed the center line, his story checks out, except for the death," one cop said.

"Could have been a medical emergency," the other said. A third cop came walking into the scene.

"He died of a heart attack," the third cop said.

"But that doesn't bring back my elephant! I was carrying an elephant for the circus!" Steve said.

"I think *I'll* have a heart attack now," the second cop replied.

3 Steve and the cops left. The damaged trucks were towed off to the scrapyard. But as soon as the last cop car drove off, there was nothing but an eerie silence. And then, just as quickly as it became eerily silent in the woods, one loud trumpet of an elephant broke the silence.

“What was THAT?!” asked Matt.

“The boogeyman. He’s out to get you,” Josh replied.

“Quiet, you two. You’ll need your rest, we have two miles to hike tomorrow,” Paul replied. Josh and Matt groaned.

“Paul, why did we have to camp out in the woods? The boys are scared,” Julie asked.

“It builds character, you said you wanted a vacation, we get great exercise, and you don’t have to worry about me leaving the toilet seat up,” Paul responded.

Morning broke a few hours later. But instead of Josh, Matt, Julie and Paul, all that remained were four piles of bones. The Rollins family: the first victims of it.

4 Dawn arrived. “They’re just a pile of bones!” she said, “I can’t believe it!”

“What could have done it?” Pete asked.

Just then they heard it: The sound of an elephant. But not just *any* elephant sound. It sounded like a growl than a trumpet. And about ten times louder. Then it appeared from out of the bushes.

Dawn screamed. Pete shot at it with his gun. Several rounds went into the huge, white creature but it didn’t faze him.

“Officers down!” Pete yelled in his radio. About twenty minutes later, more police arrived. And what greeted them made the forest and its surrounding inhabitants worried.

5 Two more piles of bones. “This is the most grisly murder I think I’ve ever seen,” Michael was a tough cop. A few decades of service as a cop. But he shed a tear.

“We’ve got to warn people!” Michael said. “Someone ... or *something* is on the loose in this forest!”

“Some...thing?” asked Joe.

“Well, how many cannibals can there be? And it’s probably a pretty **big** cannibal if it’s eaten 6 people so far,” Michael said.

“Ah,” Joe agreed. Then, a look of shock pounded his face. “We’ve got to get out of here! Do you want to be next?”

“You rookie, we’re cops. We have to stay here. We...” Michael was about to make a grand speech but the trumpeting sound from afar interrupted him.

“Do you think the truck carrying the elephant had anything to do with this? I mean, it’s the same forest,” Joe asked.

“But what kind of elephant would just randomly kill people and eat their bodies and leave a pile of bones in its wake?” Michael asked.

Joe thought for a moment. Then he said it. “A wereelephant.”

6 “It looks...terrifying!” Joe looked. Someone was brave enough to take a picture of the wereelephant. The images were found in the camera. The camera was found next to a pile of bones.

“Well, now we know what we have here,” Michael said.

“So what do we *do*?” Joe asked.

“I have no idea,” Michael replied.

“A wereelephant, huh? I know how to get rid of a pesky wereelephant,” replied the old man.

“Where did you come from, old man?” Joe asked.

“I’m not *that* old,” the old man took offense. “Back in my day, we had herds and herds of wereelephants. You could barely take a step and not land your foot in a pile of wereelephant poop.”

“So, what’s your plan?” Michael asked.

7 “That’s your plan?” asked Joe.

The old man smiled and nodded his head.

“That’s quite possibly the stupidest plan I ever...” Michael’s tongue lashing of the old man was interrupted by the sound of the wereelephant. Somehow it had come into the office.

“AAAAH! We’re going to be reduced to a pile of bones! Run!” Michael and Joe ran out the back door, leaving the old man sitting there. It was then they realized the old man wasn’t following them.

“The old man! He’s still in there!” Joe said.

“Poor guy!” Michael responded.

Just then, the police building exploded into a fiery flameball. Michael started crying.

8 “What’cha crying about?” the old man asked. Michael turned around. “It’s..um...”

“Waldo P. Arbinkle, wereelephant expert,” the old man said with a bit of triumph in his voice.

As soon as the fire department put out the fire, the three of them stood, looking at the skeletal remains of the wereelephant.

“He was reduced to his favorite footprint,” Joe said. “Kind of makes you think a bit.”

Just then, though, the wereelephant’s skeleton came back to life and swallowed the three of them, spitting out their bones.

9 There stood the universe. Completely devoid of people and purpose. For you see, a giant meteor struck the earth and killed everyone and everything on it. And then the wereelephant’s skeleton ate the giant meteor and dropped dead for the final time...Or was it?

**The End?**