

Manic Monday 5-25-15

The Cave

She walked the three hundred and seventy woods steps down to the forest floor. Deep croaks from frogs pierced through while bugs buzzing past her filled the humid air. Even the sun was peerless to shine through the thick blanket of trees in most parts. Birds flew and cawed at her presence. Ducks swam in the many small ponds lining the dirt covered base. Brown-green grass peered through the patches on each side of the wood path.

She peered to her right and looked over the signs laid out at each stop along the wooden path. The signs told the story of the forest that had been here for thousands of years, carved by the geological effects of nature.

“Stay on the path, never veer off or you may never leave alive.”

She turned around quickly to find the owner of the voice.

An opening to a cave came into view. She walked further to explore. Her heart pattered against her chest. Excitement filled her bones. She found it, the mysterious cave where people have said to vanish in thin air. Many rumors spread about this secluded cave in the majestic Iargo Springs of Huron National Forest. She knew she'd be the one to come back with proof.

With each careful step, she strode to the entrance, covered with dark green moss. She heard water. She glanced to her right; a man-made waterfall trickled down the maze brown rounded poles encasing the clear water.

“If you enter, the cave will take your soul.”

She turned around again. No one appeared to her. Sophie took in a breath, rubbed her mouth and believed she had been overworked. Checking her surroundings, she left an empty water bottle outside the cave to mark her presence.

Sophie took five deep breaths and entered. She shoved off her backpack and pulled out five clear glass vials. After gathering the soil samples, a deep, bone chilling, growl startled her. Turning around on her heels, she looked back. Her eyes widened in horror at the black fury beast standing before her.

Amongst the fumbles with her backpack, she tried to find her camera. The beast raged forward and clawed her hand away. The backpack tumbled out of her hands and fell a few inches away. She looked left and right as her heart thumped hard against her chest threatening to force her into cardiac arrest.

“You will never get your proof, Sophie Masters.”

Her eyes widened once more. How the hell did the beast know her name? She stared at its fangs while it salivated over her flesh. The crimson blood stains spoke volumes to her. Whatever it ate last was before she entered. That was why it was quiet here.

The beast reached its black fury claws out to her once more. She scurried on her butt to get away. With a quick arced wave, the creature had her ankle. Sophie screamed in terror. Praying someone would hear her.

“You are mine. You will make a nice addition to my bone collection.”

Sophie gasped in shear terror, the bone collector. She saw the many different shaped and colored bones hanging from the dark brown dirt ceiling. The beast picked her up while she screamed once more. He devoured her in seconds then disappeared into the dark shadows of the cave.