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prehistoric Utah sandbar

Christopher McKitterick

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Before her eyes, it melted into a shapeless mass. Would it vanish? Instead, the outline began to coalesce into a new shape. When the smoke cleared completely, a beast no longer lay on the ground.

Instead, she saw an unconscious boy in his mid-teens, naked, with tangled blond hair. In his face she glimpsed traces of her father as a young man and of her dead

mother.

She fell to her knees beside the boy. "Rolf!" She clutched his cold arms.

He opened his eyes, stared at her blankly for a few seconds, and spoke her name.

Margaret Carter [Website: <http://members.aol.com/MLCamp/vampcrpt.htm>] writes: *The image of a castle besieged by a monster was inspired by Beowulf. My ending probably owes something to Gardner's novel Grendel, in which the creature appeals to the reader's sympathy. I have always enjoyed stories in which monsters turn out to be not so monstrous after all. Another reason for writing this tale was for practice in very short fiction, something I have a lot of trouble with. I'm fairly pleased with the final result.*

prehistoric Utah sandbar by Christopher McKitterick

wall of rocky flesh
molded ages before
my eyes
gaze drink imagine...

your hollow eyes
consider my frailty
here soon gone

tower of mass in motion
acceleration slowed by nothing

trees your toothpicks
framed eternally massive
by lush green then
carbon black now
foliage
to bless this day for me

I bow my head for you
reptile royalty
ageless majestic

your tomorrows locked in rock