

# Screams in the Night

By SP Wright

A scream pierces the night!

I arose quickly, cursing in the dark as I reached over to grab my glasses.

Rubbing my ass, I hear the scream again. Now deeper, and far more primal; it was louder and closer. I race to the window and thrust open the shutter.

A soft snow falls this night. The flurries visible only in the shafts of light from the streetlamps. The world frozen in silence.

Neighbors were rushing to their windows and flying out the doors into the soft cold powder. All had been awakened as I had by the unknown scream.

We all wait silently while looking for the source of the disturbance. There was no evidence of anything wrong!

I began to close the shutters ...

A scream tears its way down the street, louder than any before. It lingers in the cold air and echoes off the sides of buildings. My blood freezes in my veins as I register that it came from my end of the street.

Coming into view was the ragged form of a young boy. His clothes were torn, his breathing labored and coming in quick puffs. His arms and legs were covered in blood! He was attempting to run; however, his wounds forced a more awkward gate that left the poor thing liling.

Another scream escaped his mouth and hung in the air.

The neighbors who had gone outside rushed to the boy's aid. Herald and Julie had almost reached him when a new sound stopped them in their tracks. A fierce, and powerful howl exploded into being driving fear into all who heard it. The guttural noise reverberating within our skulls as though alive.

Unable to move I watch in terror. Stepping from the darkness was a creature of nightmare. Thick, lush fur draped along its body, and as tall as a man. Its lavender eyes glowing perilously in the dark, as hot saliva ran freely from its jowls.

There, flooded with light from above stood the largest wolf I had ever seen.

I realize that Herald and Julie are still frozen in the snow, with only their billowing bathrobes for protection. All I can do is mouth silently for them to run!

For a moment, it paid them no mind as it remained fixated on the child it had been stalking. Then, the silence was shattered once more by Julie as a primal screech of terror belted free.

Instantly the wolf pivoted and pounced. Within moments Julie's cries ceased.

Unable to move I bore witness to the feast...

In time, I notice that the child had not yet escaped danger. He no longer showed signs of his struggle as he stood tall in the falling snow. Nor was he concerned that the monster would soon be finished with its meal.

Instead he was smiling!

Smiling?

He opened his mouth and unleashed another cry into the night, however he no longer cried in pain, or fear, but in triumph.

The little bastard laughed as two souls were devoured!