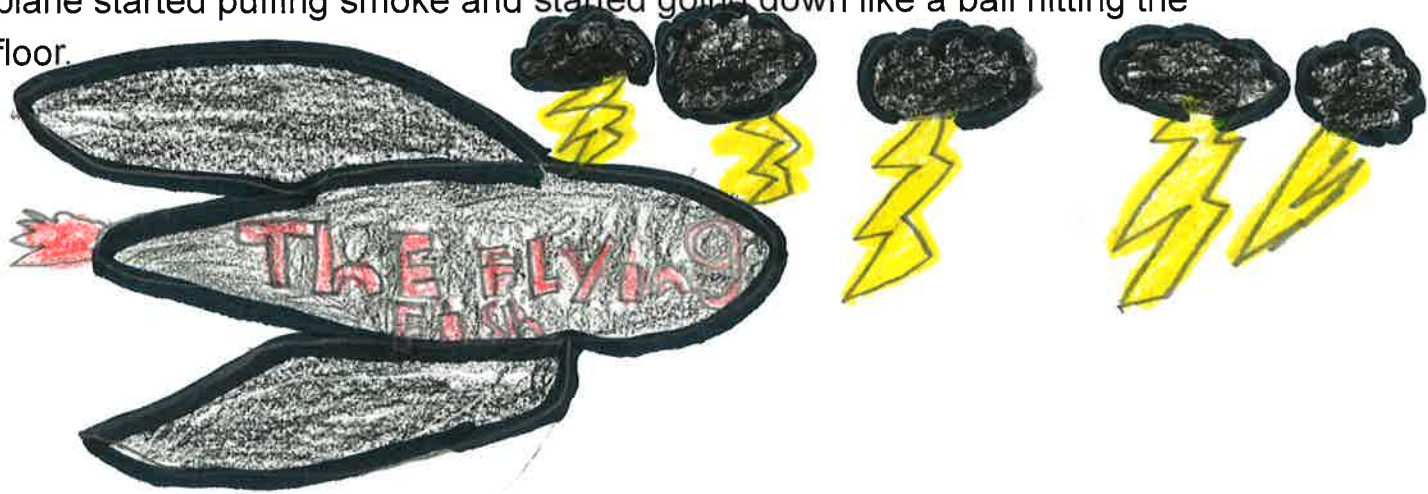


# The Wild Thing

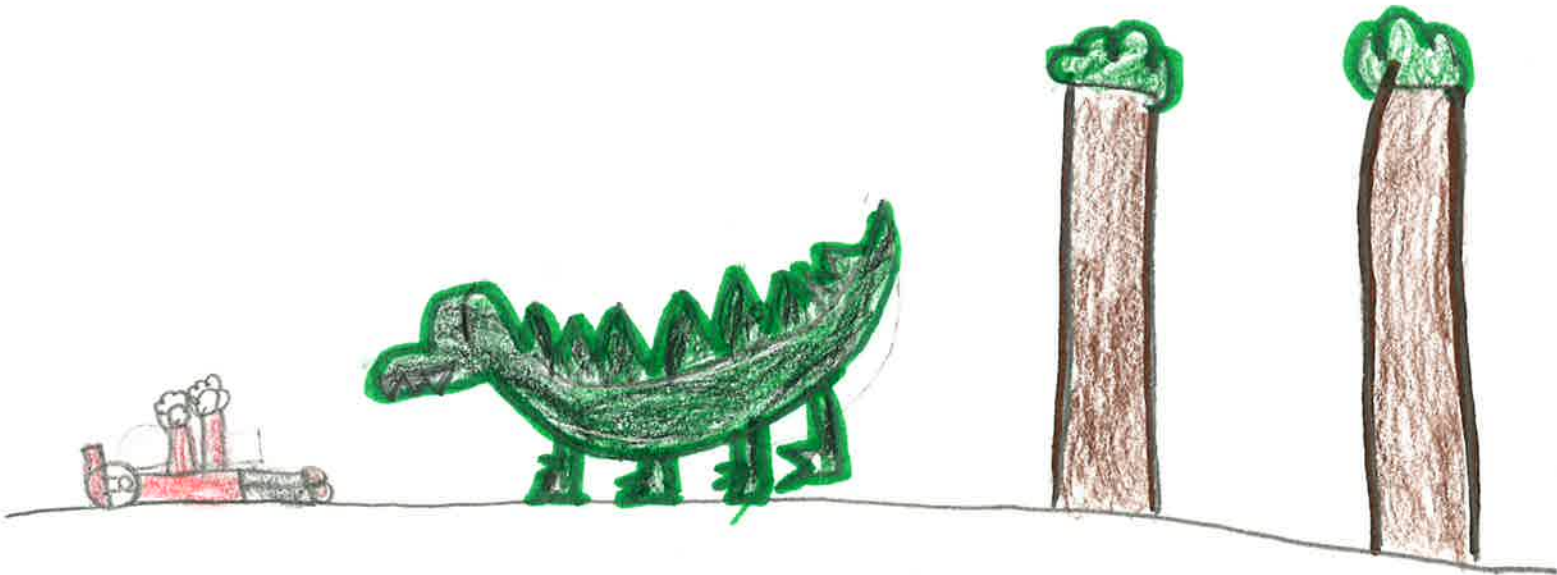
BY Andy Martinez



It was a dark and stormy night. I was in a plane going to a island so I could study new animals. When suddenly lightning struck the plane and it made the plane swirl from side to side. I felt as if it was the end for me. Then the plane started puffing smoke and started going down like a ball hitting the floor.



I woke up the next morning with something that felt like slobber all over my face. I wondered what could have gotten slobber all over my face. I opened my eyes and I saw a beast . . . It had fangs as sharp as razors, eyes as big as apples and scales the color of a swampy moldy creek.



The wild thing chased me to a cave that was pitched black and the walls felt like wet slimy drool. **I was trapped.** The cave was a dead end. Luckily, I had brought a rope and there were stalactites on the cave ceiling. I used my rope and twirled it as if I was a cowboy wrangling a bull. I lassoed a stalactite and I quickly swung over the beast...the creature.





Thankfully I was heavy enough that the stalactite fell and stabbed the beast right in the head. Good thing those stalactites saved me. I called my team of scientists and when I got on the plane, I felt so relieved that I had gotten away from that wild thing. But I wonder if that beast was a new species? I need to go back to that island one day with my crew. But right now I need to get home.

