

Comfort Creature

It was dark... rain drizzling in the mist, he could barely see two feet in front of him. More and more he ran, branches slashing against his face. They came just like sharp strikes lunging out from the darkness. He felt like his lungs were going to explode, his little legs burning from constantly being on the move. Whenever he thought about stopping, he also remembered the searing pain in his abdomen from the broken glass bottle, and the intense strikes he took to the face. With that thought, he found a new burst of adrenaline pushing his body further past exhaustion. He then hit another branch, one much bigger than the last, striking him right above his nose. But still, he ran without slowing down, bewildered by the injury that he took to the face. He did his best to shake it off and kept running.

Just when he thought that it might be safe to stop, he tripped on a large tree root. He slammed face first on the forest ground and skidded on the rough muddy soil. There he lay, collapsed, disoriented, and worst of all helpless. He tried to regain his composure, but when he tried to stand up he just fell down again. Drops of blood streaming from his face, along with the rain that rolled down from the back of his head, he looked at the ground as his blood mixed with the wet mud, but he thought nothing of it. All he could think was that he needed to keep running, "I need to get out of here, he could... still be behind me." He gasped. But he couldn't run anymore, his legs wouldn't move no matter how much he tried. He was so tired... He had already been so badly beaten before that his body was at its limit. He tried one last time to lift himself off the ground, but he was unable to find the strength. He let out a large sigh, as his battered body lay in the wet sloppy mud. He had given up... Then he heard heavy footsteps approaching, he turned his head toward the source of the noise and peering from the mist he could see a pair of yellow lights moving towards him. We wanted to crawl away to safety but his body wouldn't listen to him, his vision grew dark as he drifted off from the pain.

When he came to, his entire world was spinning. His ears were ringing like a screaming cicada, he was still dizzy as if his head was full of spinning tops, and his vision was blurred like a watercolor painting. He had a massive headache from his collision with the tree branch earlier. But when his vision became clear enough he saw that the sun had come out, he was laying on his chest with his arms slightly spread to the side. When he regained his other senses, he noticed something very peculiar. When he pressed his hands against the surface he was laying on, it squished inward like a pillow, whatever he was laying on it was something very soft and warm. He then looked up to see a large head looming above him, his eyes shot open as his vision finally cleared up.

The creature had large yellow eyes on both sides of its face, which was structured similar to an orca, with smooth white skin, a black circular spot on the top of its head, and a neck that was at least two feet long. Scared half to death, he tried to stand up but when he tried to move his legs they began to sting with

pain. “Ahhh!” The boy cried out as he fell back on the creatures soft belly. He could feel his entire body was sore, he moaned in agony as the pain from his long and exhausting escape returned to his weakened body. He did his best to hold back his cries, and he tried to crawl away, but the creature took its large arms and held him down against its soft belly, large enough to completely cover him from the neck down. The child flailed and began to wail as he tried to escape its tight hold. “I DON’T WANNA DIEEEEEEE!!!” He cried. The creature got flustered and turned its head side to side as if it was on the lookout for something. It held its tight embrace on the boy, while he cries his poor little eyes out.

After a few minutes his cries began to die down, he had burnt himself out, his cries had been reduced to weak whimpers. He had cried his eyes red, he didn’t even try to escape anymore, he just laid there in the creatures arms faintly sobbing. As he lay motionless on the creature's belly he heard a soft cooing sound, probably from some birds. Then the creature nudged his head as if to get his attention. The boy looked up and saw the sound was coming from the creature, and there was also something different about its expression. When he first saw the creatures face, its eyes were wide open, but... now its eyes looked so sad.

The creature slowly leaned its head near the boy and licked one of the cuts on his face. “Ow!” The gash on his cheek stung intensely as the creature kissed his wound, but then after a few seconds, the pain was gone. It loosened its hold on the boy allowing him to use his arms, he touched his face and he could feel that even though the gash was still there, it was somehow almost healed. The creature then continued to lick the rest of the wounds on his face. “Ah!!!” The boy yelped as the stinging pain returned. The creature once again tightened its grip to keep him still, keeping one hand on the top of his head as the boy continued to squirm from the pain. With each lick came a sharp pain, but followed with a warm pleasant sensation.

Once it was done the creature began to stroke the top of the child’s head with its paw, as the cuts on his face slowly began to disappear. The child then began to calm down, realizing how soft and warm the creatures hug was, it was like being squished in a pile of giant pillows. The creature then began to softly purr, it wasn’t like a cats purr, but more like a rhythmic sound. It almost felt like the creature was singing a lullaby as if it was trying to say that everything was ok. The boy had never heard anything like this, the sound was soothing, pleasant, and blissful. No one had ever sung a song for him, not since his mother passed away. He began to feel very relaxed, captivated by the soft, heavenly purring sound. He then let out a compulsive yawn, feeling rather drowsy. In response the creature began slowly rocking its body side to side, the boy didn’t notice as he had already begun to doze off. For the first time in his life, he felt warm... safe... and loved. Keeping his eyes open became difficult, and eventually, he let his body heal in the arms of his new friend, as the soft purring eased him into a

gentle sleep. "Sleep well sweet child..." The creature said in a soft voice, nuzzling him one last time...

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