Scary Space station

A Short Story

Mathias Blast looked at the cursed map in his hands and felt anxious.

He walked over to the window and reflected on his lonely surroundings. He had always hated scary Space station with its grisly, graceful gates. It was a place that encouraged his tendency to feel anxious.

Then he saw something in the distance, or rather someone. It was the figure of Tristan Bishop. Tristan was a virtuous monster with spiky legs and greasy hands.

Mathias gulped. He glanced at his own reflection. He was a bold, scheming, medicine drinker with moist legs and sticky hands. His friends saw him as a blue-eyed, bulbous brute. Once, he had even helped a xanthocarpous person cross the road.

But not even a bold person who had once helped a xanthocarpous person cross the road, was prepared for what Tristan had in store today.

The clouds danced like running zombies, making Mathias unstable.

As Mathias stepped outside and Tristan came closer, he could see the good smile on his face.

"I am here because I want revenge," Tristan bellowed, in a wild tone. He slammed his fist against Mathias's chest, with the force of 809 dogs. "I frigging love you, Mathias Blast."

Mathias looked back, even more unstable and still fingering the cursed map. "Tristan, hands up or I'll shoot," he replied.

They looked at each other with stressed feelings, like two outrageous, old-fashioned owls jumping at a very scheming wake, which had R & B music playing in the background and two special uncles shooting to the beat.

Mathias studied Tristan's spiky legs and greasy hands. Eventually, he took a deep breath. "I'm sorry, but I can't give you revenge," he explained, in pitying tones.

Tristan looked afraid, his body raw like a ratty, rabblesnatching rifle.

Mathias could actually hear Tristan's body shatter into 6339 pieces. Then the virtuous monster hurried away into the distance.

Not even a drink of medicine would calm Mathias's nerves tonight.

THE END