

You turn from the building and head for the relative safety of the jungle. The vegetation hits you like a wall of whips as vines and thorns slash at your body. You run forcing your way through the plant life.

After running God knows how long you slow down and realize that you have been screaming the whole time. You go silent and try to steady your shaking limbs.

You can hear the sound of battle in the distance but you are not sure what direction it is. You spin around but cannot see or hear any sign of the soldiers that ran out here.

You sit down to catch your breath.

The ground suddenly shifts beneath you. You stand up and see the grass you were sitting on has been replaced by jagged stones fit together like mason work. You stomp on the stones and they make an oddly hollow thump.

It clicks in your brain what you are standing on, but too late.

The colossal mouth opens and you fall through into nothingness. The teeth snap shut bathing your fall in darkness.

You keep falling and falling.

It feels like minutes have passed and then hours. You should have hit something by now. This is impossible. The thing that swallowed you has to have an end. The creature, it can't be that big. Can it?

THE END

