Slug

certifiableGrimalkin

A vase full of dried flowers, was sitting on the table. There was one set of silverware, as well, and a decorated plate. What was on the plate, could hardly be considered food, but it was nourishment enough, for the one consuming it.

Sitting at the table was a giant slug. It was brown in colour, and was slowly sucking up the contents of the plate, while gleaming slime was coming off its skin, and dripping quietly onto the chair and floor. It was large enough to be sitting in the chair, and eating from the table comfortably.

"What are you doing here, fiend!", came a heroic voice from the other room.

A woman came in, running through the door, holding a frying pan in one hand, and a saltshaker in the other. She looked at the slug with zealous anger. The slug looked away from the food, turning one eye towards her. Then its eyes recoiled back to it's head, and it started to lean under the table.

As it started crawling away, the woman reached it, and started spraying salt all over it. The slug hissed, in part of its own volition, in part because it's skin started dissolving. As the salt, and thus pain, increased, the hissing started to be complemented by an ungodly screech.

It was dead. The woman put the salt shaker on the table, and took a giant knife out, from under her belt. She pushed the knife into the side of the slug's body, and it slid in without much resistance. She carved the meat out into a good portion, and let it fall onto the frying pan she was holding

Soon enough, with a good bit of butter and spices, a comforting smell started spreading out from the kitchen. She came out, with a plate full of the meat, and went up to the table, under which the carcass lay. She pushed aside the meal the slug was previously eating, took the cutlery, and sat down, to dig in, herself.