

The Stone Tiger

I moved to town a year ago, it was to get away from my life in the big city, a fresh start, the town was small, cheap to live in, and away from people, where nobody would know me. My neighbours were down the road from me, a walk being necessary for me to see them, but other than that, the town had seemed simple and boring, just how I wanted it to be, save for one weird unexplainable thing.

There was a stone statue of a Tiger. I don't know how accurate it is to the size of an actual Tiger but, it seemed to be the size of one that would be large, measuring out to be a little over ten feet at the tip of the tail, although I cannot know for sure, since the tail was not stretched out all the way.

Since I had nothing to do, no work was needed to be done for I had saved up with my work in the city, I had no family or friends, I found myself visiting the tiger everyday. I did not have any reason to, it was just a simple statue of a Tiger, I mean it looked nice, it was well carved, but that was it.

About 8 months after moving to the town, and 6 months of visiting the Tiger, things felt different, I went to the Tiger, and at night something would happen. A sheep would go missing, a man would have gashes on his legs that looked like claws and teeth marks, although everyone else claimed it was a knife wound, not a claw or tooth wound, but I saw it, it was a tooth wound, they were wrong.

When I went to see the Tiger a month ago, I saw some marks on its mouth, blood, it had to be. When I told the old couple down the street about the blood, they looked confused, "Tiger?" the old man asked, that was when I realized, they must not see him, he is a Tiger, he

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can camouflage and is made of stone, and nobody ever went up to him. Maybe, I will bring them to see him some time to see him I thought.

When I went to see the Tiger two weeks ago, I could see it, its eyes were shining, it was alive, it would shed its stone figure, and attack the town at night, this was dangerous, who would be his next victim? What if it was me, from that night, I did not sleep without my knife.

Six days ago, the old man down the street was murdered, they said it was two attacks to the head, knife wounds, but I knew that was wrong, it had to be the Tiger, but when I told the townspeople this, they looked confused and judgemental. I was determined to do something about this, so I convinced the old lady to come with me yesterday, to show her it was him, and so that I could have backup, but when we got there, she couldn't see him, damn! His camouflage, he's hiding from her, what do I do? Suddenly, he leaped out, I tried to defend her, and I slashed him with my knife, but his one swipe across her throat did her in, I tried my best.

That's what happened officer, I swear, it was the Tiger, I tried to defend her, but it got her, and then turned back to stone by the time you got there.

The End