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Annie

by Sho Botham

The monster showed up just after midnight. As they do. Like every Friday night, Mini the Monster sat on Annie's bed pulling hairs out of his head. It seemed to sooth him.

Mini the monster stands nine feet tall, is covered in long shaggy green hair with purple tips. His eyes, of which there are many, are scattered around his head and face with a couple of stray ones on his knees. Annie didn't know why he needed eyes on his knees but she was sure there must be a reason. Mini's hands are almost feminine in their slender delicate presentation. Long nails that had a natural sheen gave them a long, narrow look. In contrast his feet were big and bulky. They had to support his 9 feet frame of course.

When sitting on Annie's bed the Monster's head was not far from the ceiling. Looking down at Annie, he smiled, as only a nine-foot monster can.

When the village clock chimed once, Annie knew that Mini would need to leave. She didn't know where he went after leaving her and she had never liked to ask. She never wanted to do or say anything to upset him. She liked his Friday night visits and never told her mother and father about them.

One Friday night, Annie was sitting on her floor cushion leaving the bed free for Mini when she realised it was already five minutes to one o'clock. Where is Mini, she wondered to herself? Annie tried to stay awake every night that week hoping she would find Mini sitting on her bed pulling his hair out. But Mini didn't arrive. In fact Annie never saw Mini the Monster again.