

it
looked
like
this...

Well I heard..

Handwriting practice lines consisting of ten sets of three horizontal dashed lines.

the lobster



I haven't eaten lobster since that day. Can't even look at a crab claw with seeing Harun's head cut off and stuffed into that pulsating frill in my mind's eye. We were powerless to harm it, arrows and harpoons bouncing off that red carapace as it's tentacles tossed the crew aside like dolls.

That night as we lay drifting with torn sails and a broken mast, Skayne reappeared from beneath water and told us of her escape from its clutches. It lives in an old smuggler's den. She reckoned you could reach it at low tide. Piles of contraband booze and god knows what else holed up in this cave.

She swore blind the smuggler's were still there, ghostly forms with a chill touch and harrowing tales of watching the monster devour sailors alive. The sounds of their ramblings alerted it to the fact she weren't dead, but wedged a rock in its jaws and managed to escape.