

Revenge of the Mistreated

By Peregrine Austin, age 11

The car was driving across the road, the rain was pelting down, and the thunder rumbled. Suddenly a fox darted across the road. The man swerved trying to avoid it but he still hit it. He hoped it was okay. But it wasn't. One leg was bent at a sickly angle and there was a deep gash on it's side that was bleeding and ugly. The fox was clearly gone. The rain poured down and the thunder boomed. Just then the fox twitched and there was a low grinding sound as the bone fixed itself. The fox blinked. He shakily got to his feet and then he remembered. The lights. The noise. The pain. He wanted revenge. He wanted to feel the man's bones crunch under his teeth. He wanted the man to feel the way he did. But he couldn't do it alone.

A skinny stray on the street was looking for food. It hadn't eaten in a week. It was starving. It searched for hours but there was nothing so it went back to it's alleyway. And succumbed to eternal sleep.

But the fox found it and brought it back. The stray was confused and then it remembered. Starving. Cold. Alone. Always running away from animal control. It wanted revenge but they couldn't do it alone.

Soon their pack grew and grew. A wolf shot by a farmer. A dog whose owner was mean. A small puppy no one wanted. A coyote hit by a car. And many many more. It was a sight to see. Many had bloody wounds or were so skinny you could see their ribs. And they all wanted revenge.

The man was taking a walk on the street. He was oblivious to what was about to happen. He didn't stand a chance. The pack quietly snuck up on him and pounced. The fox struck the final blow. It felt good to get revenge. So good that it immediately helped the others exact their revenge. Then, it happened. They started breaking. One by one their brains snapped. They lost their minds. They became mindless zombies. Who wanted nothing but the taste of blood and the crunch of bones. And they all stank of rotten meat. So if you ever smell rotten meat, run, you might be their target.

The End (or is it?)