

Creative writing: the ghost and his soul



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Nowhere, a place to live a life so full of destruction that time never seems to take place a bleaching of disaster reaches out of the hole of hell to seize any frightful body a whispering ghost sits upon a rotted out log stump to tell a tale never told before the beast was the soul of the darkened phantom that roved

the area in hate upon a midmorning rain a beast no more mere than the size of a

2000 pound bolder prowled to feast was his mind set and to another animal a

battle of might's that can scream of blood striding at six feet with long dry stiff hair saturated in pride of his prays blood a main so laid out of

perfection for a feeling from a looker standing behind away from death eyes so

filled with flames being able to make any normal filled creature faint of fright

time strolled on while this evil beast lurked and tamed his mind full of

desirable thoughts a forest all still while this time moved on and all around

nothing lived as use to greed of pride tempted this evil beast so unbearably

often his fall could become reality quite all around while the beast roamed his

territory by choosing victims for their blood the scent on tree bases and
earth's crust soaked in his prays gore for victory his blood never shed
touching

air but when the forest all became one against him the whisper of fate has
neared while ending the fright from everyone's wits alone no one stands to
be

fearless and earth was lost deadening their dreadful spirit's to care never
about life on account of being annihilated by his fellow tribes and the
wilderness

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