

Playground Terror

By Polina Filkina

Playing on a playground. An experience every child should have. A place filled with imagination, laughter, and joy. Children need to play games and create fond memories of them. But you never think about them truly becoming reality. This happened to me once.

It was an extremely hot day. My friends and I were playing Monster tag. “The point of the game,” I explained, “is to not become a monster, which happens if you are tagged.” Jack started as the tagger. He got on all fours, and we ran away. He chased us, sometimes tagging us, sometimes turning around to chase after somebody else. About fifteen minutes into the game, four of us became monsters. Then somebody tagged Jamie. He had the best monster impersonation. He snarled perfectly. He was insanely fast on all fours. Everybody was tagged in no time.

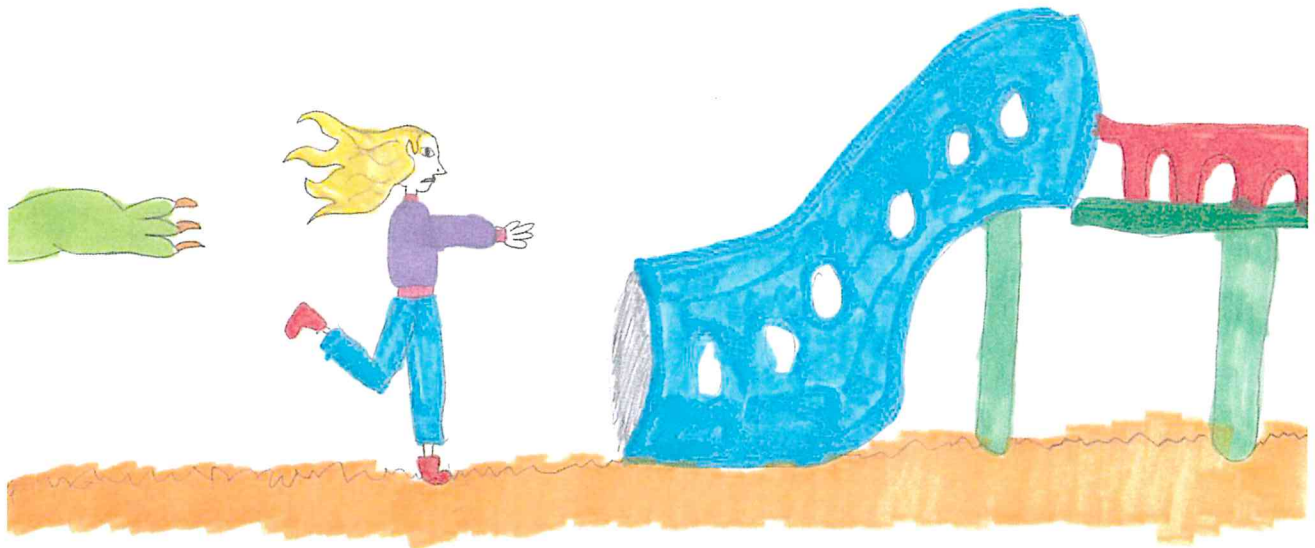


“Awesome impression of a monster, Jamie!” my friend Anika said to him. “Yeah, super cool dude!” Michael told him. Jamie smiled. If only we knew then. The next couple of days passed quickly. Many kids were tagged, but none of the monster impressions had Jaime’s flair.

Then, the faithful day of May fourteenth arrived. We were playing, when all of a sudden Jamie ran into one of the support poles. There was a sickening thud and a painful cry. All of us ran over there to see what happened, and what we saw was terrifying. There was a giant cut on his forehead, and where blood should have been, there was a thick, black, ooze slowly trickling down the side of his face. He took one look at us, and transformed.



Inconceivable! The Jamie that we all knew turned out to be a real, freaky lizard man. He lunged at us and we jumped out of the way. We ran as far as we could. This was real monster tag now. Jamie easily caught up to us with his ginormous monster legs, but he was forgetting one thing- heavy bodies don't dodge well. Timmy threw rocks at him, Anika tricked him into slamming into the metal fence, and the rest of us were fiercely trying to penetrate his stone hard scales. After having no progress, we all hid in a tunnel to form a plan.



Almost no time passed before I came up with an awesome plan – Human tag. Exactly like the Monster tag, but you turn into a human instead of a monster. We all started crawling about, snarling and attacking. Soon the tagger tagged all of us, including Jaime. He slowly turned back to normal. All of us sighed.



We have never played the Monster game since. Jaime didn't return to school the next day and we were all thankful for that.

But you never know... Your closest friend could be a monster.

