

## The Fury

In the darkest depths of the darkest wood lives the darkest being in existence. It is tall, gruesome and mercilessly hostile. Shadows flee in its presence as even they have not witnessed a being so sinister.

If your eyes were to feast upon the Fury then its image would be burned on your retina for all time. Two imposing horns point to the sky. Greasy tufts of black hair wither around a fearsome face. A boil-ridden nose puffs out steam - a sure sign to make yourself scarce. And then there are the eyes. Oh, the eyes: swirling balls of fire which pierce through your soul. The only thing more deathly than its eyes is the spine-chilling sight of the Fury's razor-sharp teeth; rows upon rows of jagged metal protruding from a broad jaw. When needed, they slice through bone like a hot knife through butter. And that's just the head!

The body of the Fury is built for destruction. Its broad shoulders (which are said to be able to hold the weight of ten lorries) are wider than two doorways and form a sturdy base for its beastly head. Although its body is covered in the same tufts of thick, greasy hair that lifelessly droop from its head, the muscular physique which it possesses is unmistakable. A sledgehammer would not dare to clash with the body of the Fury for fear of shattering into a million pieces. When stood on his hind legs, he towers over the trees and watches as they shake with fear. Only the most audacious of creatures can resist the temptation to run and hide at the sight of this brute.

You would think that nothing could be more ferocious than the appearance of this monster; however, you would be mistaken. A thirst for blood and a belligerent nature make this creature notorious. It consumes at least fifty animals per day, tearing them limb from limb in a psychotic rage - hence its name. There is simply no way to satisfy its appetite for meat; it will kill everything in its path.

So, as the saying goes, if you go down to the woods today...