



# JACLR

*Journal of Artistic  
Creation & Literary  
Research*

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**Volume 3 Issue 2 (December 2015)**

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**"God-awful creatures"**

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#### **Recommended Citation**

Gil Bonilla, John Fredy. "God-awful creatures" JACLR: Journal of Artistic Creation and Literary Research 3.2 (2015)  
<<https://www.ucm.es/siim/journal-of-artistic-creation-and-literary-research>>  
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#### **God-awful creatures**

--- Double history on a wintery sullen Monday--- total nightmare! I would presume to say that some minutes ago nothing worse could happen. But when you find your own life in an endless well with no exit you realize that everything which happens in that forest called "Fright Demon" is real and dangerous where you constantly have to face unnatural creatures, noises and voices and once you are aware of what is happening there- it's really late to throw back the watch needle!

The life in "Fright Demon" is chaotic. Many hellish creatures want to get rid of me. I regret having found that book called "the book of the Fairies" which I thought to be a book filled with rituals of some kind of tribe dwelling along the forest but it was not like that. My fate turned into gloom and doom since then. All those pictures of demons that I found in the book are real and that's not everything. This so-called "magic book" is constantly changing since every single time I peep into it; I find new creatures and objects that I remember having not seen before.

This eerie book is leading to my own fatal end but also it could be my own protection and salvation if I manage to use it. That was a fear of all those demons, especially of that one called "Denest" who is the chief of this enchanted forest, where all things that happen are not easily explained with words but just with magic everything makes sense. Denest and his ancestors didn't want me to learn the real magic of "the book of the fairies" since I could be even more powerful than all of them.

My first days in Fright Demon were really dark. I felt that I was on the brink of death. Lost, shifting time, muddled occurrences, being targeted and tracked by madness and demons

--- Mourning dawn. Grass wet with dew. On my own. I had to keep moving my toes to keep them warm when unexpectedly I felt a creature growling hungrily upon me. I could feel his hot breath in my ear. It was about to grab me by the shirt collar when a strange voice raise from the depths of the forest and said: stop Arterious!—and the animal immediately stopped tracking my steps but my panic and dread didn't let me stop --- Some time after I slowed down my sprint. My heart throbbing at full tilt. I was back in my soul again. My legs trembling. My breath and heart beating as hard and quick as never. Fears seized on me. I became aware of my plight. More demons longed my destruction--- I was scared to death.

In a flash the book sprung to my mind. Immediately, I peeked into the book and I agnised that the creature I had escaped from some minutes ago was the same which appeared here. Exactly in this page! --- I wouldn't have believed that a creature like this one exists, if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes. It had red bloody sockets. Nasty huge fangs. Its body was of a lion and its head of a crocodile.

Sometime after scrutinizing around the jet-black murky forest I started to hear a cackling tee-hee sound "your drilling anguish shall be short". It was that creepy monster again, it was drifting around me. I noticed his two large holes and I somehow understood he was smelling my fears.

- "Poor Crubitsch", he murmurs, stopping in front of me.

- His pale skin was broken and dripping blood, he had extra arms --- long soiled splintered woman's nails.

The worst thing ever was about to happen. That critter was staring at me fixedly, watching every single step. His bloody sockets filled with fury. I saw he had my mom's head in his mouth.

- "mu-mu-mu- mommy?" A bitter gulp. Grr. Grrr. Grrrr....

"It's over", he whispers, shaking his head, he said "this is what you are paying for not obeying" "Remember her Crubitsch. Recall the golden memories; this is your final moment. Cry for her; Give me your tears Crubitsch".

He smiles eagerly and his left arm reached my face. The touch of his skin was moist, rough, sticking, and smelly -- Having this croc-lion face to face, he murmurs

- "you can change your for coming in this dim and sunless forest".

That hoarse, wicked and sadistic voice reappeared from the depths of "Fright Demon" ordering the croc-lion to leave me alone. This time that strange unknown creature seemed to be irked. It said the croc-lion to go with him. Immediately the croc-lion disappeared --- I was afraid but curious.

--- In the middle of the darkness trailing the croc-lion. Being curious. Stumbling with rocks. Ripping my skin with branches. Feeling the bleeding through my flesh. Desiring to know where this demon was going to and who that bossy voice was.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes after the croc-lion stopped in a huge cliff. That mysterious creature was right there. The chief of the forest! --- After a while I heard these two creatures speaking softly as if they knew that someone else would be hearing their conversation.

- He laughed evilly, while Arterious was smiling and saying "he assumes I am finished".

- Arterious "he has to be alive".

- I know sir.

- He will be useful but you have to make sure that he can't discover our real world because he can be even stronger than all of us.

- Arterious roared and said "I've taken aback and whacked all demons!"

The darkness didn't allow me to see what that strange presence looked like. I just could see a shitty beetle toppling from his head.

Time goes by. In this bush hidden at ease. Trying to shape that demon, though he's a hard one to figure. Spiteful, inhuman, unshaped, hardhearted---- aloof, with a twisted sense of humour.

Suddenly those filthy demons disappeared. "Where were they?" I thought. "What they meant by saying that I would be useful for them?" I had many questions but any answer.

I felt a snapping sound behind me. The stench of blood and decay --- "it was another creature of this forest" I thought.

It was! ---- But one who supposedly wanted to help me.

It was a trap of those demons. They wanted to know my secret. "This so-called "GOODY" creature is on their side and wants to know more details about me" I wondered.

--- This unshaped dwarf creature gasped and said...

- "Salve, Crubitsch"

- "My name is Burrow". If you want to keep alive in this isolated forest Crutch! Keep track of my steps!"

Total confusion --- but with any help in here I had to believe him or I would be dead.

The darkness was empowering of the most remote depths abysses of the forest. I couldn't see him properly --- but I decided to go with him. During the whole course he was jabbering with some difficulty.

- "Crutch, Diz iz De way hOm" he said

- "Hmmm..." "It has been a long time by walking from the forest", I hissed

The whole forest inky. His face impossible to figure. His house hidden with enormous, strong trees which opened in his way.

--- Entering in this house I began to fadeout of reality. I avoided returning to nightmares and demons; I lifted my head and focused on his moving lips.

For a long time----- nothing, he whispered, he had a creaky voice similar to that of the unknown creature who was talking to the croc-lion. Not all his words made sense which made it nearly impossible to get what he was saying.

Burrow's appearance was completely different to all of those demons who were outside there --- he had a pointed-large nose with greenish bogeys. Large coiled brown horns, one of them broken in the half. Green shaggy body with some bleached white skin --- This is hardly believable in our world—human's world.

This creature began telling me the story of the forest. How everything began. How those demons arrived and why they are here. But what most astounded me was the story of the croc-lion. Now, I could understand many things of this forest.

- Crutch, a Kolt snOwy Tay a bEutiful Plont womAn arivet to Diz fOresd by chans. She waz sutch a bEutiful womAn Dat Al witha Plantz floUrishhhhd whEn She steppt on Dem. Al Demonz Desirt Diz yOun' laDy --- butt her fate Changd radikaly whEn She fount Diz bUk. "The book of the fairies!"

- She Dit nOt uze it propaly --- and Al af Doze Demonz punisht her imediately turnin' her bEuty into A horifik-groz apearans havin' to wORk fa Denest etErnaly.

- Sum senturis agO Der waz a Blody figt amon' Al De Demonz fa De Powa af De fores. Mor Dan De hAlf wer slotert, killed and masaKrt. In Dat savach figt De bUk disapeart and Denest, De kurrent chief af De foresd sent Al Demonz to IUk fa it bUt nObody fountit. He Fot Dat De own eard af De foresd hAd swoln De bUk til "YOU!"... Crubitsch" arivet hEre and fountit. Dat is one af De reazons Dat Al Demonz want you!!!--- Burrow sighed.

I had many questions to be answered --- but the troll grinned and said "Crubitsch, Diz iz enouf so fa. Itiz beta you do nOt knOw mor detailz 'bout De foresd fa your own sekurity. De mor infomashn you knOw, De mor riskz you wil haf to tAke".

The floor was moving roughly. It was like an earthquake. It was our end --- I thought. A dungeon opened a cracked path through the floor. I glided away --- it was around thirty or forty minutes till I arrived to a more lively meadowy forest --- One brighter and more flowery than that dusky one.

The scenario was totally different --- breezy wind, smiley countryside, and eerie fig trees saving my own life.

The book was the only way of communication with Burrow. I decided to glimpse at it and found:

- "Crutch, Al evil Krechurz knOw Dat you AAre prokressin' so quikly wif my help"
- "We AAre a THreAt fa Al af Dem!"

Sitting up in a huge rock. Pondering 'bout my future in this forest. Being so pessimistic--but trying to be optimistic...

Another message from Burrow: "Crutch, in Dat rigt foresd you muzt fint a mAgik wand Dat waz lost sum senturiz agO. Al beins alife wud slay fa getin' just Dat one"

De story relatZ Dat De one whO findit getz mor Powa --- De only fin Dat I knOw 'bout itis Dat it seemz to be a comon magik wand bUt jutz in De rigt Uppa side it getz a soort af brigt silvEry THunda whiCH symbolizeZ Powa!

- "Soz, Crutch" I failt to recal Dat I hat to tell you 'bout De wand". Burrow voiced
- "Grrrrrr...." Troooooolls! I frowned
- "BTW" "Be KareFul wif Al your surroundin's --- De foresd watchz, listenz and hearz every singl mofment you makE. Do nOt rely On any Kreachure!" retorted the Troll

Setting out my expedition to find that wand before any other creature. Getting more and more involved in the depths of the forest. Every step I made onwards, made the weak sunshine to fade away.

In a twinkling of an eye everything was dark. No sight. No vision of life --- but terrific smelling -- whiff of danger. A crummy rotten odour in my nostrils. Groans, crunches and cawing around-

- "Demons!" I knew.

Some minutes silence and quietness --- but a snort in front of me; it was the croc-lion!

- "Crubitsch, you will suffer all my pains. You will feel in your flesh all my eternal ache!"

All those demons snouts were upon me. Smelling my fears. Strengthening their anger and fury. Their schlocky rough tongues licking my body.

A bite in my right leg. Terrible pain --- but I couldn't show my fears. Fighting with the own death. Fighting with my inner pains. My tears rubbing my cheeks. My mom's memories. A spurt of blood gushing from my leg. Those creatures licking my blood as if it were a delicacy. My soul was all filled with anger and fury. I couldn't do anything in that moment but I knew that my revenge was about to arrive.

--- I squinted in the book and I found a message: "Crubitsch", Get rit af Al Dose krechures or you wil be dEad. Cum to WARLAND! Its your only protekshn so fa! Konjuur Up De magik wort whiCH apearz in De main peich af De bUk "sed cruen- tum bellum".

I closed my eyes strongly and invoked the word but nothing happened. The second time was done with all the strengths of my heart as if I believed and was into this world and...

---Some minutes after --- I was swallowed by a grey swirl. I don't remember what happened in the course --- but when I squinched my eyes I dwelled on that this so-called place "Warland" was full of fairies, goblins, chimeras and trolls. One of those trolls was Burrow, who had supposedly uttered a war whoop with a horn calling for help and one of

those fairies was Brucie, that sprite that saved my life when I was fighting with that gruesome and dire chimera which is now one of our allies.

The troll began to give tongue to what was taking place "Crubitsch, Al af us AAre redy fa fazin' Denest ansestos. Dey Kan cum out fae anywere lyk a shot".

--- All creatures were whispering that Denest ancestors were terrifying and some of them were really powerful that any creature of this forest has been able to destroy them. Those are named as "potens!" some whispered.

The sunshine faded away. Warland was getting darker and darker. Any of us were able to watch over what was happening.

Strange hunch --- A gaping wound in my right leg, heavy breathing and a deafening thunder. Inside the forest somebody chortles --- wickedly, mournfully, throatily. There's a crackling sound, followed by echoing bursts and evil screams.

Some time nothing ---- A yell uttered "Darkness is their victory!"

I looked askance at those creatures that were around me. They were getting angrier and angrier.

Burrow looked at me with a sullen face thinking what to say ...

- Crutch, Az U knOw Dose Demonz feI mor Powa in Da daknez --- Deir strengfs AAre oua fearz!

Burrow continued saying ...

- Diz PlaZe iz were De knOwn "blady figt" tUk plaz nd were maeny creachurez wea masakred. Dis iz oua Only posibility to shOW Dem Dat we kan be Stronga Dan Al af Dem. If we Deztroy Dem in Deir Own hom, Dey wil gEt Weaka.

- Buu—Buu---Burrow??? I muttered.

- "Shhhhhhh... Dey kan apea wen U lez expekt it!" The troll replied in a low tone.

Denest threatening waspish voice was back again --- You two betrayers!

- Deus animas nostras salvet et nobis daemonia misereant. Finis acerbus nostrus terminatus est. Daemoniorum Deus, nobis ab malo liberat et nos protegat.

Argaaaaaaaad, veni ad nos!!!" Brucie and Burrow uttered

I assumed the sprite and the troll were invoking a spell --- "Their behaviour was really strange" I realized.

- You! Crubitsch! The death is embracing you --- All my ancestors are craving for watching your end. You are meeting your dead mother!!!" Denest laughed evilly.

- " Sssshhhhhh! Denest, Freakin' Hellish Monzta, ztOp! Burrow halted with a fiendish voice.

- HAHAAHAHAHAH!!! Looooosers!!! Are you ready for being destroyed?" The chief of the forest retorted with a nettled voice.

A sparkle of light, blowing air, demons roaring in hunger for killing --- They got many different creepy shapes --- Impossible to figure in human's world!

One of them was a menacing fiery bird --- it was similar to a Phoenix but its tail was full of greenish spiky snakes. It breathed lengthy burning flames. Another one placed in the left had the half of the body as a horse and the top as a human --- it got an arrow in its hands filled with small heads with huge fangs -if one of those fangs pierced your flesh, it would terribly drain your entrails --- I thought.

Next to that one, there was a hairy creature with legs and horns of a bull, his face was like a lion and his hands and arms were so human, -Da's a familia af Minotorz, itz one af Da mozt Powaful Monsterz af De forezd, Dis beazt wud be Able to Deztroy Al af uz. He iz Amozt indeztruktibei; he haz beeN Build spechially fa batlez. He haz jutz A deztroyabel zpOt but nObody knOws-Burrow said.

Next to that kind of Minotaur there was a demon similar to a hydra --- it got many macabre freaking heads similar to dragons'. They were bleeding a thick yellowish-green matter. The last of them was the grisliest creature which had the face of a man, the body of

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a lion, wings of a bat and the tail of a scorpion ---its movements are impossible to describe with words!

All of us heard a busting sound in the depths and a voice which said  
--- The struggle starts! ---

**Bioprofile of the author:** John Fredy Gil Bonilla (1993) is currently studying English studies at Complutense University but fond of General Linguistics and the study of how apes might communicate with humans, a branch of Linguistics which he would like to study much more in depth. A multi-faceted writer, he is passionate about music, demonic books and poetry. Today writing a narrative book and poems about his own personal feelings "brusque adieu" or "a letter to my conflicting love" are some of his most recent poems. He has decided not long ago to create a blog down to upload info about his narratives and poems for those interested ([https://www.linkedin.com/profile/edit?trk=nav\\_responsive\\_sub\\_nav\\_edit\\_profile](https://www.linkedin.com/profile/edit?trk=nav_responsive_sub_nav_edit_profile))

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