



## Victoria Pettigrew

**I**t was late and there was little to see of the moon. Something followed me for several yards before I turned to face it. I could hear it as it walked. It made almost no sound, but in the dead of night I could hear its light steps.

It stood in front of the hall. Its EYES WERE WIDE AND BRIGHT. PINK, I think. Just staring up at the night sky.

It was MUCH TALLER THAN ME. Like a LIZARD, I should say, but upright and on two feet. LARGE FEET. I don't remember seeing a tail.

Its ears were POINTED and its skin strangely SHINY. What light there was seemed glisten from its SCALY SKIN.

Very scary. It hissed and its eyes narrowed like a cat. I didn't hang around to see what was coming next.

I never saw it again.

