# The Kraken

By Maggie B. Rubin

A boy and his grandfather walked along the beach. The boy ran ahead in his slides and shorts. The grandfather walked behind, his face mostly covered by his fedora. The boy bent down and picked up something. As the sand started to fall from the gaps in his grasp around the object, something blue appeared. He turned around and asked his grandfather, “What’s this?”

“That, my dear, is a piece of blue seaglass,” he replied gently, “and let me see that…I recognize it.”

“Come on, Grandpa, how could that be?”

“Well,” The grandfather replied “Let me start from the beginning”

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July 8, 1923
Venice, Italy

There was a brisk song through the air, a melody of destruction. Venice had become dangerous to the human species due to the Kraken! Its teeth were as sharp as knives, it had millions of legs as long as the universe stretched, its suction cups were as sticky as super glue, its one giant eyeball was as big as St. Mark’s Bell Tower, and he was as green as freshly cut grass. The Kraken’s picture was everywhere: tiles, stones, even seltzer bottles, engraved in the blue glass.

Me and my friends went to get a refreshing drink with the few cents our parents had given us. I chose a seltzer, DUH! We went up to pay for our snacks,

“Have you ever seen a Kraken?” Asked the clerk with a smirk on his face. He looked like he was twenty, long blond hair and acne across his face. He wore a visor and an apron, the typical clerk’s outfit.

“Oh yeah, definitely seen one,” one of my friends said. “Of course not. Because they don’t exist!”

“Oh but they do, I’ve seen one myself”

“When,” I replied, “In a fairytale?”

My friends laughed, but all the sudden there was a big bang and the windows shattered.

“That's what I’ve been trying to tell you, the Kraken rises every 15 years!” The clerk screamed. “RUN!”

He ran off. My friends scattered, but something blocked my path. The road cracked and chunks fell into the deadly waters. I tripped and almost fell. I tried to scramble away, but I was cornered between a wall and the water. A giant tentacle extended toward me slowly, but instead

of grabbing me, it took my seltzer bottle right out of my hand. It looked at me with its giant eye, then it took a sip. It went back into the water without harming anyone.

All of the sudden the rock I was standing on started sliding. I jumped and grabbed the edge of the broken road. My hands started slipping

"HELP!" I yelled.

"Grab my hand!" Someone screamed. They pulled me up. It was the clerk.

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"There's your answer. But I think that we have to go home and go to sleep"

"Yeah right, grandpa," said the boy.

But as they walked off the beach, he thought he saw a tentacle as long as the universe stretched, waving them goodbye.