

Sarcosuchus Leviathan

This is a sample story for the Leviathan Story Writing Contest.

<http://WhenHisVoiceIsHeard.wordpress.com/2015/02/01/leviathan-story-writing-contest/>

Introduction

This astoundingly massive crocodilian is easy to imagine being the king over all the children of pride. Especially if we augment his armour to the extent described in Scripture.

He is extremely territorial, so that if you cross his border, either way, it makes all the difference. Though perfectly capable of chasing you down, he will merely ensure you are well aware of your unwelcome, unless you are in his garden. His size is enough to ward off anyone, but he also has armour plates, many of them spiked, serious teeth and, of course, breathes fire. He is utterly confident of his superiority in a battle, and the intimidation he can create, with any of these assets. He actually enjoys the impact of arrows and spears, mainly because of the response it effects on his assailants when the projectiles fall to the ground, without the slightest harm being done.

Of course, leviathan is only an animal, not a human, so he doesn't have his own thoughts of design for a purpose in life. But, in the same way that a dog can be affectionate, and a horse can be valiant, he is arrogant and enjoys humiliating his enemies. Invaders are his form of entertainment. Whether you retreat in fear, or you are defeated in battle, which are the only two options, it is very satisfying to him. Running far faster than any human, swimming easily faster than any boat, and not a single predator, there wasn't much challenge. Even a megalodon shark would just break off his teeth, if he attempted to bite Leviathan.

Though his eyes are quite large, the proportion to his astounding size is not great. As his eyelids slowly open, revealing his fiery yellow-orange eye colour, it is akin to watching the brilliance of a sun rise. The strands of his iris entwine, with some lines being stark yellow, some with a hint of brass. The contrast with the jet black pupil, vertically splitting the iris, makes the shock more stunning. His eyes look like fire, almost like a warning of his flame throwing abilities.

No one would be foolish enough to hunt for Leviathan. So, our story will demonstrate his war prowess, when a fully armed troop unintentionally passes through his territory.

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The hamlet would be caught off guard, or so they thought. The troop from the neighbouring town was fully armed, and ready for an easy victory, then the reward of rich spoils. They had reliable reports that these nefarious brutes had attacked an ally. So, this was plenty of reason for the vengeance today.

As they made their way along the sea coastline, they came to the mouth of a fairly large river. They followed it upstream until they found a place they could cross. As they were heading back toward the coast, they saw something floating in the mouth of the river. It seemed to be a large piece of wood. Drawing closer, it struck them that the object could not be simply floating, since it was moving up stream. The first warrior to notice this, pointed it out to his comrades. They froze. They were in an unfortunate position. Because of the cliffs behind them, the quickest exit was to go towards ... whatever this thing was. They had no desire to do so, thus the waiting. But, the waiting brought the ... swimming thing ... closer every second.

Two of them passed out immediately, falling to the ground, when the beast began to rise from the water, revealing that this object they had been watching, was just the top of the head of a Leviathan. It had already seen them, before rising, due to the fact that his eyes were positioned at the upper ridge of his head, thus he could see above the water, while he was swimming. So, he rose quickly, with purpose. The creature came straight for them.

For the warriors, there were no good options. It was clear that he was faster than they could run, so the only option, though seemingly hopeless, was to fight. Several spears were thrown. He was an easy target, due to his stunningly massive size. Three of the spears hit the monster squarely, but with utterly no effect. The spears fell to the ground the same as if they had been thrown at the face of the rocky cliffs.

Out came the swords, since the animal was practically on top of them now. One of the men was instantly vanquished, impaled on the spiked teeth. Leviathan easily tossed the body aside. Many of the other men were hacking, with all their might, with their swords, on whatever part of the beast's body was at hand. This only served to notify the animal of the location of his assailants. Two of the men were dashed aside with a crashing blow from his tail. This was done as he pivoted for a better aim.

A gust of air was coming from his mouth, but it was not air. An explosion of sparks flew forward from his nostrils, igniting the stream of combustible vapours. Two more of the men fainted at the sight. Three others were scorched to death. Recalculating the options, several other men had begun to run for their lives. Though there was no way for them to know this, those men that happened to run towards the sea, along the cliffs, had left the creature's territory, so he was no longer interested in them. He chased the others. They were correct, he was much faster than them. As he caught up, they reached a wooded area. He was too big to fit among the trees, so he chased them with his flames, as he tried to find a way around, or through.

All of the survivors had a very long walk home. They had no intention of coming anywhere near this menacing force again, so they took the scenic route. Once home, they took up gardening and started a tradition of pacifism.