

## Tyrannosaurus Rex Leviathan

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

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

### Introduction

It is easy to understand why Kent Hovind prefers this famed monster as the best possibility for the Leviathan. Who would ever attack such a fierce creature, with daggers for teeth? This story could also fit a Spinosaurus, since there are so many similarities. To make this one different, I will write it from the creature's point of view.

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I heard distant noises of metal clashing. This was interesting to me, so I started following the sounds. I left the depths of my cave lair, climbing out into the bright sunlight. The noises were much easier to hear now, and I could immediately tell which direction to start off.

As I was leaving, I passed by one of my buried stashes of carrion and dug it up with my fore claws. I ate half of a horse, as a snack for the trip. As I crested the hill, I could see the battle in front of my castle. I am sure those humans think the castle is theirs, but it is mine. I just stay in my lair, because I prefer it that way. There were an especially large number of horses in this besieging army, much to my taste.

I wasted no time in approaching the camp where the provisions were stored. I carried off a few sheep at a time and buried them on the other side of the hill, closer to my den. The humans that were "guarding" the camp, ran away at the first sight of my advance. When I felt I had enough sheep, then I took one and cooked it up. I prefer them without the wool. I also don't appreciate the smell of the burning wool so I aimed the flames down wind. I ate the blackened mutton as another snack.

The next event changed my life. I was spotted by a returning soldier. He ran away again, as usual, but several mounted soldiers came back, presumably because of the report of the runner. They panicked, but instead of running this time, they got this silly idea, maybe because they were fully armed and eager for battle, to throw some spears at me. Of course, the weapons just glanced off my scales. I love that! I have seen, many times the effect of a spear on a horse or human, but they have no effect on me, except that I really enjoy feeling of power when they do me no harm. I especially enjoyed the reaction of soldiers. They went from panic to sheer insanity.

Having already spent their spears, they started shooting at me with their arrows. I got excited from all the attention and the power went to my head. I started running after them. They turned and went toward the main body of the army. I followed and met the entire troop. The carnage was ecstasy for my carnivorous self. The soldiers on the far side of the ranks, of course, retreated immediately. But some were slowed, while the crowd dispersed, so they felt obliged to put up at least a show of defence. So I was able to stock up on my horse meat supply.

The only problem, from this battle three years ago, is that no army has ever attacked my castle since then. The flocks and herds outside the castle are starting to run low. I may need to start demanding a rental fee for the use of my castle.