

Ж GRIFFIN VENOM Ж

A shrill cry echoed in the mist as the icy wind slashed at my face and the rain danced its evil dance upon my head as I tried to get my bearings on the isolated beach. Suddenly I saw it and a cold shiver ran up my spine. My magnificent red and orange Griffin glared at me from the end of the long stony beach. "He's gone feral" I thought to myself. Unexpectedly the Griffin pounced at me, I only had a split second to draw my sword but my foot jarred upon the slippery rocks and I fell heavily to the ground. The Griffin was on me, digging its claws into my already bruised and battered shoulders. I cried to the heavens in the most bloodcurdling scream, then through my blood shot eyes I saw something on the Griffins

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chest; a weird symbol implanted into a chest harness. I realised he was being pushed against his own will by the Massarym, an ancient enemy of The Chie whose symbol is this.

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Suddenly the Griffin lifted me off the ground and bashed me back down against the rocks, and I could feel blood trickling down my face. I cried out for help but I was alone, born alone... dead alone. But I refused to give up; reaching up with broken bleeding hands I grabbed the harness

and ripped it off the chest of the Griffin and saw that on the opposite side there was a needle full of fluid that had been stuck in to him and was poisoning him. Abruptly the Griffin leapt off me staring wild eyed at its blooded claw as if ashamed at what it had done. Then it looked at me and curled up around me to keep me warm from the icy wind and the lashing rain and started purring as it tentatively started licking my wounds. I slowly drifted off in to a dreamless sleep.....

