

The Monster of the Frozen Flame

Sardor



In our quiet town, a massive blocky monster stands frozen like a statue in the central square. It has been a silent, twenty-foot-tall landmark for twenty years, a looming presence that everyone has learned to live with.



My name is Leonard, and I am twelve years old. My father is one of the elite monster guards, spending nearly all his time watching the beast to ensure the town stays safe from its ancient curse.



The most important rule in our town is the total ban on fire. Matches, lighters, and even campfires are strictly forbidden because the legend says the monster only wakes when it sees a flame.



One afternoon, a curious boy found a dry stick near the monster's icy feet. He began to rub it against a rough tree trunk, completely unaware of the ancient danger he was about to unleash upon us all.



A tiny, orange spark flickered into existence, catching on a pile of dry leaves. The boy's eyes widened in terror as the small flame danced in the shadow of the giant, casting a warm light on the frozen stone.



Deep within the monster's stone-like head, two eerie red lights began to glow. The ground started to tremble and the air filled with the sound of cracking ice as the beast's giant body began to move for the first time in decades.



Panic erupted through the streets as the monster reached out its massive, blocky hands. It snatched up two people nearby while the rest of the townspeople turned and stared in absolute horror at the awakening giant.



Brave citizens rushed forward with buckets of water and sand to smother the accidental fire. As the last embers died out and the light faded, the monster's movements slowed and its heavy limbs grew stiff once more.



To prevent another disaster, the workers built a towering iron fence around the frozen creature. The monster was trapped behind thick, cold bars, returning to its silent and motionless state in the center of our town.



Now the town is quiet again, but I still feel a chill when I walk past the iron cage. Late at night, I look through the bars and swear I can still see a faint, haunting glow flickering deep inside the monster's eyes.