

# / THE CRYPTID OF THE FAWN. /

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Drip. Drop.

The syrupy, thick blood continued dripping down from the wounds covering the boy's wrist, scorching them like a forest fire. His throat was parched, and his cries sounded hoarse. Kneeling down, the executioner slowly brings the sword to his neck, holding it there as a warning.

“Wait!-” The young, dirty blond, emerald eyed boy cries in a whimper. “I’ll go...Please...”

Everyone paused. Time ticked so slowly, that it felt like an eternity. Slowly the villagers started to agree with him, satisfied with his decision. Slowly dragging him to the edge of the forest. The sword still aimed at the back of his neck, as he began to walk in silence and shame into the forest. Never to be seen by his fellow villagers again.

‘This is my end, isn't it?’ He thinks to himself.

The walk began for god knows how long, the sun lowering into a fade as the night dawned.

Walking through the deep foggy forest, Noah’s body shivering with the icy cold swirling wind biting at his body. A nearby clearing of the dark lanky trees is spotted by him. Under his breath, he mumbled to himself, “A clearing...?”

He stepped closer to the small clearing, sitting down in front of the wet puddle laying before him. Rustling could be heard from the nearby bushes, sending his management brain into lockdown mode. Unable to focus, he froze. Waiting for a few moments before shuffling slightly away from the rustle of the bushes, unknowing to who or what could be inside.

The rustling suddenly stopped. All sounds muted in a seven mile radius. Feeling like time itself was standing still, Noah’s body tensed at the thought of the cryptid finding him.

A few moments passed, it felt like an eternity for the boy standing frozen in front of the bushes. When suddenly...

A creature jumped out, Noah yelled and scrambled backwards, desperate to get away from the unknown creature. However, the creature stood still, like a deer in headlights. That was because it was a deer! A fawn to be exact. Frozen in its place just as much as Noah was.



Taking a few seconds to process the fact it was just a fawn, Noah's body relaxed. Speaking up to the fawn.

"You scared me..." He said softly, kneeling down before the scared fawn.

The fawn drew itself closer to Noah, its small feet cautious with every step.

Fawns look like angels, with their beautiful brown-ish coats, small legs and tail. Perhaps heaven had sent down an angel to protect Noah from the evil of this forest.

You must remember however...

All evil disguises itself in a beautiful way. Luring prey into their trap.

As the small fawn reaches Noah, it stands there, Noah's hand gently stroking its fur back and forth in a comforting motion.

"You're just a small fawn aren't you...?" Noah says quietly, afraid to scare the poor thing off. The fawn leans into his touch, before darting off in another direction, the wind making the leaves dance from the treetops.

"Woah! Hey where are you going?!" Noah exclaimed, scrambling to his feet bolting after the deer.

After some chase, Noah leans on a nearby pine tree, catching his breath. His chest expands with every ragged, short breath he takes.

The deer retreats, leaving Noah in the illuminated night of the forest. All alone. No rustling can be heard, no wind, no trees shaking. Just dead silence.

Noah fell against the tree, his back leaning on it for support. Moments felt like eternity again, when he was finally able to catch his breath. Finishing the last slow breath, he felt replenished of enough oxygen to be able to proceed the new quest he had created for himself; search for the fawn.

Noah stretched and stood up straight off the tree. About to take off before getting slammed back into the tree, his back weak against the ragged, prickly tree as he's being grasped at the shoulder by a figure...

Noah winces as his back is launched into the tree, held there by the unknown figure in front of him, his emerald eyes open to glance at the creature standing in front of him.



His eyes widen as he stares at the creature before him. Light amethyst eyes hooked into his, his clawed hand wrapping around the boy's shoulder as he is holding him against the tree.

The figure glances Noah up and down, taking over every part of his small frame. His eyes never leave the boy. Their bodies flushed up against each other, Noah could feel his face heating up, whether it was from embarrassment or anger. He exclaimed, "Get off me!"

The cryptid didn't listen, holding him there, before speaking with a raspy, calm voice.

"Another human...?"

The figure's head tilts, seeming to not actually be trying to attack. Noah's heart was racing, his head running with questions. Why was this creature not attacking? Is this the so-called 'malicious' creature the village speaks about?

Noah couldn't move, too anxious to begin to speak. Even if he wanted to speak up, he couldn't before being hoisted up onto the figure's shoulder. Only now noticing the large deer antlers on the man's head. This has to be the cryptid that is apparently malicious...

Dragged into a nearby gem-filled cave, tossed to the icy, stone floor. Glancing up at the cryptid, Noah shivers, he won't accept his fate.

"Who...Are you...?" Noah questioned the large, lanky wendigo figure in front of him.

The figure pauses before speaking, "...Eli." His voice was rough, but it had no hints of malice behind it.

Noah pauses for a few moments, Eli? The cryptid has such a...human name? Why does he have such a human name?

His thoughts rushed for another few moments, before his train of thought got interrupted by the cryptid speaking.

"Sacrifices...name...?" He began to interrogate, with almost...curiosity.

"Noah." He states, slowly warming up to the cryptid.

Time continued, days if not weeks had passed the two, slowly realising their true feelings for each other. This cryptid wasn't a murderer, he was just misunderstood. The two live together in the cave, Noah forgot his past life and moved on, since his new life?

Was with the wendigo who loved him.

