**RESULTS**

**Category 7th – 8th class**

**1st place** Zuzana Zahradníková 7.A

**2nd place** Natálie Schejbalová 8.A

**3rd place** Tran Thi Phuong Linh 7.A

 Nguyen Le Tuan Hai 8.A

**Category 9th class**

**1st place** Marie Padevětová 9.B

**2nd place** Anna Thanhová 9.A

**3rd place** Jiří Gumančík 9.A

 Ondřej Svoboda 9.B

**Drunken dragon still a dragon**

**by Marie Padevětová**

Topic: Hurry up, we have to be there in time!

\* \* \*

Hurry up! We have to be there in time!” said Straightspine quickly. But Narrowhand didn’t listen to him. Narrowhand was a very lazy ogre, who was wandering with his ogre-friends Straightspine, Flatnose and Longleg around the Fluffyland and Hellearth.

Right now, they were sitting in their cave on Moomountain, a mountain full of cows. Only Straightspine was standing and was very angry, because at eleven o’clock all of them have to be on national congress of mystical beasts. It’s a big event and Straightspine wouldn’t want to miss it. He took his festive dress and washed himself like never before.

“Fine! I’m going on my own. If you need something, don’t call me. On the congress, my phone must be turned off.”

Of course, it’s modern age, so also ogres have cell phones, Facebook, Twitter, etc.

Only Flatnose decided to go with him. So it happened that our modern ogres were on the road. Nothing bad happened on the journey to the congress, until …

“Hey! You two!” someone shouted at them in a strange, deep voice. It was Redwing Flame, a fire dragon, who has been an enemy with all dragons for a long time.

“Redwing!” said Flatnose, pretending to sound happily.

“Yeah, it’s me. Are you going on congress like me?”

Straightspine was as tall as Redwing’s leg but he wasn’t afraid of him: “Yes, dragon. Anymore questions? We would be happy if we could just go. We want to be there in time.”

The dragon was a bit surprised but he hid his feelings.

“But bro, we can go together! We could be closer then.” Redwing knew that this will make Straightspine totally upset. But he stayed calm.

“Of course we can, Redwing!” and he patted him behind his neck very hard. Redwing was already angry now and that was making Straightspine really pleased.

After an hour of walking in total silence, except for the sound of their steps, they finally arrived to the congress. It was at the castle of Fluffyland, which was enormous and really gorgeous.

Little mermaid in a bathtub next to the gate stopped them.

“Hiii beasts! What’s your name and mystic race?”

They told her and she wrote it down on some important-looking paper with other names and races. Luckily, the gate was wide enough, so the dragon could also come through.

They came to a giant square, where they could see so many beasts, like Cyclops, elves, fairies, and many more. Some of them were enemies in their usual lives, like Redwing and the ogres, but today everyone was in peace.

After few minutes of meeting their old friends, the king of Fluffyland (who happens to be a human), appeared on balcony over the square and started his long, boring speech about races, friendship and tolerance.

Then, the celebrations began. There were lots of pints, food and there was also a photographer, who then shared all photos on Facebook. Straightspine was really drunk and Flatnose wasn’t better. It started to be dark outside so they decided to go back on Moomountain. Redwing Flame was also drunk, and he started to be nice to the ogres, perhaps too much.

“Hey, Sledgeslime! Hey!” yelled the dragon with laughter.

“Yeah, Redsink?”

Yes, they were drunk this much and started to give nicknames to each other.

“I can give you a ride home! You can sit on me with your friend and we can flyyy together! I just love you, ogres!” offered Redwing.

Ogres accepted his offer and sat on him. Wow, they flew really fast!

“Hey, Redsink! Are you sure that this is safe? Because I don’t think so! You’re drunk and you must concentrate hard to balance yourself. And I think that we are flying in the wrong direction!”

The dragon laughed: “Ha ha, whatcha think ‘bout me? You fool! We’re going to my den! I haven’t had ogre meat for a long time and you two seem just really juicy.”

Flatnose looked really scared.

“Do you see that high pine over there?” asked Straightspine quietly.

Flatnose nodded.

“We can jump and go home and Redwing won’t even realize that we’re gone.”

“It would be a brilliant plan if only we just didn’t fly over that tree.”

Straightspine was thinking while Redwing was singing some odd song about fire and bacon and didn’t listen to the ogres. They were almost at the den.

The ogres must do something now or never.

“Wait!” Straightspine’s eyes we shining and you could almost see the light bulb above his head, as the idea appeared in his mind.

“I’ve got my cell phone here. We can call someone who will help us. Yahoo - full signal!” Flatnose looked a bit dumb but at least he wasn’t loud and said to Straightspine, that he should also be quiet.

“We could call other ogres to help us!” suggested Flatnose.

“No,” replied Straightspine. “They’re too slow and lazy. I’ll look on the internet if someone or something can help.”

He was scrolling through the news feed on Facebook, then he was on Google for a while…

“I got it! Giant trampolines! They use teleporters for travelling, so they’ll be here in a blink of an eye.”

He clicked on the right numbers and then put his phone to his ear.

“Hello, is this Giant trampolines store?”

… a moment of waiting ...

“Yes please, I’d like to have a blue one, about ten meters in diameter and I need it right now. Can you find my position over my phone?”

… waiting for an answer again …

“Excellent. Thank you, young man,” he ends the conversation.

“Great! Trampoline will appear in a moment just underneath us, so we can jump…” whispered Straightspine.

“Okay, buddy,” said Flatnose.

“Ha! There it is!”

The dragon did not see it.

“JUMP!” shouted Flatnose and both of them jumped down on the trampoline. Well, the dragon already heard that.

The giant trampoline catapulted the ogres back in the air but the dragon was too far in front of them. He turned and the ogres just smiled at him. The dragon was furious and started to blow fire but after that celebration he was too exhausted so just a few flames came out of his mouth.

“I’ll find you!” yelled Redwing and then he whispered: “But not just now. I’m tired.” and off he flew to his den.

The ogres were happy and pulled the giant trampoline into their cave. The other ogres stared and wondered what happened but our heroes did not tell them about their adventure – they should have gone with them.

THE END

\* \* \*

**Fairytale future**

**By Anna Thanhová**

Topic: Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

 \* \* \*

“Do you remember summer 09?” Harry asked me while we were lying on a blanket in the garden, under the stars.

“Yeah, of course I do. I was ordering my drink in Starbucks and then I saw you there standing at the end of the bar corner.” I started. “Then you came to me and we waited for our drinks to come. I said Hi to you and you replied with a shy Hi to me. Our drinks came and I saw your name on the cup and there I knew your name is Anna. We introduced ourselves. Then we spent the whole day together,” he continued. “We’ve become really good friends. When there was the X Factor audition, you wanted to audition but you thought you weren’t ready yet so you said you’ll audition the next year. The next year you auditioned for the X Factor. You’ve got through to the boot camp and the judges put you and four other lads in a band, then five of you guys chose the name One Direction. One Direction got through the judges houses to the live shows.” I said.

“But we didn’t win, sadly. However, the next day Simone Cowel invited us to his office. And then, a year later, we became a popular boy band. We travelled around the world, sold out MSG in 1-2 minutes, won a lot of awards, and loads more. However, I hadn’t forgotten about you. I was thinking about you every day all day, all night. Then, when we had some days to relax, I went to visit you to tell you what I was and still am feeling for you but you had a boyfriend at that time. We didn’t have much time together ‘cause you were studying. You wanted to be a stylist so I got an idea and went to talk about it with Will, our manager,” he said, taking another breath but I continued for him: “And when I finished studying, I got a job. I had to style out One Direction.

That was the best idea of you, we could be in touch without fans sending hate to me. One day I log into Facebook and saw our photos on my wall. They said that we’d look cute together, then I checked Twitter and found out that “Harry and Anna” was trending. That night you and I went on a date and after the date you asked if I want to be your girlfriend, so we were a couple then. The next day everyone knew about us.”

“And few years later we got married. There were some fights but we forgave everything and looked ahead. Now we are a married couple, soon we will be mom and dad.” Harry smiled and pat my flat stomach, which will soon not be flat anymore.

\* \* \*

\* 9 months later \*

“Ahhhh…!” I shouted in pain. I was in the hospital giving birth to a new born. Harry was standing right next to me squeezing my hand.

“It’s a girl!” the doctor shouted and they gave me my little Darcy. Aww, she looked so cute.

“Hi, Darcy,” I said. The doctor took her and washed her.

Then I suddenly screamed out.

“Anna, what happened?” Harry asked me, worried.

“I can see another baby, Anna, push!” said the doctor and I pushed.

“It’s a girl again. Congrats, you guys got twins!” the doctor said.

When they gave me my little baby, Harry asked how should we name her.

I said: “ILY. Like **I** **L**ove **Y**ou.”

“That’s great, Anna. I love the name.” Harry said and the doctors took her to wash her.

I’m a mother of two little twin girls named Darcy and Ily.

\* \* \*

\* 5 years later \*

“Mommy, Darcy doesn’t let me colour the colouring book with her!” Ily cried.

“Darcy, let her colour the colouring book with you.” I said from the kitchen. I started to make dinner.

\* 4 hours later \*

“Once upon a time there was a very ugly princess …. And they lived happily ever after, the end.” I ended a good night story.

“Good night, girls.” I said quietly and gave them a light kiss each, on their foreheads.

\* \* \*

\* 11 years later \*

We’ve moved to L.A. but are still keeping our house in the UK. Darcy and Ily will turn sixteen tomorrow and Larry, my son, just turned nine two weeks ago. Plus the girls will have a prom after they turn sixteen. They’ll get a driving license and Harry’s car because he’s got a lot of cars. Larry got a car too but a plastic one.

\* \* \*

\* The next day on the girls’ birthday party \*

The party was in a club and everyone got drunk. Larry stayed at home with his new nanny…

\* \* \*

**Airless**

**by Jiří Gumančík**

Topic: Why did he do that to me?

\* \* \*

*At the beginning, there were a few people who didn’t know where they are, why are they there and what are they supposed to do.*

\* \* \*

I woke up in a dark room. I felt cold and wet air. I thought I was in some basement but I knew that I wasn’t alone. The lights came up. My eyesight was blurred and I saw a few people lying on the floor. The room looked like a normal living room but there were no windows, so we didn’t know what time it was. Some guy stood up and shouted: “Who did this to us?”

No answer.

“Hey, you asshole, where are you?” Still nothing.

“Stop yelling, you won’t help anybody,” said some man in the corner of a green living room where we were. A few other people started to wake up.

“And you are who?” asked that creepy and nervously looking man.

“I have been here for the third time, so I know what helps and what doesn’t,” said the old man very safely.

“Does anybody know where we are?” asked a woman who was trying to get up.

“We are in a trap that only one of us can survive,” said the old man.

“Don’t be silly, oldster,” said another man, who got up.

“We should introduce to each other,” said I.

Everybody looked at me and so did I.

I started: “My name’s Emily, I’m twenty-eight years old and I work for UBS corporation, where we make bio weapons and we make vaccines too. I’m the main doctor.”

Everybody looked uncomprehendingly. “Who’s next?” I asked and I stood up. It was quiet but just shortly because the old man said: “I’m a math theoretician in pension,” he said, “and my name is Hector.”

The creepy guy continued: “My name is Rob and I’m an electrician.”

“I’m Susan and I’m a teacher of Chinese language,” she said in a scared and shocked voice.

“I’m Chris and I study an analysis of genes,” a guy continued.

This was weird. Everybody was specialized for something. I walked round the room and I found a letter on a desk.

“Hey, guys, there’s a letter!”

They all ran to me. I grabbed the letter and started to read.

“Dear players, you are in room where there is no oxygen intake. You have got two hours to get away from there. Your work skills could help you. Susan is a teacher of Chinese language, Rob is an electrician, Hector’s a math expert and Emily makes vaccines. Think! You don’t have much time.”

Everybody was shocked. They sat down and started thinking, everybody, including me.

The room was with a kitchen (1+KC) so I went to the fridge and opened it.

“Guys!” I shouted out.

There were some plants, chemical preparations and some chemical stuff.

Everybody came to me and I said: “This is probably my job.”

Suddenly I remembered that everybody can do something so I said: “Hey, guys, if you want to survive you have to look around and find something what you could do.”

I looked at those things.

“God, no! It was what we were experimenting on rats in laboratories: A vaccine for surviving in carbon dioxide,” I whispered.

This was dangerous but what could I do? So I started. Rob found something too and he needed Susan’s Chinese help.

“Chris?” I called and he came.

“You’re genes analyst, right?”, I asked.

“No, I’m just a student,” he answered fearfully.

“It doesn’t matter, you could help me,” I said hopelessly.

“Okay, but I don’t promise anything,” he said doubtfully.

“Can this be used on people?” I asked.

He took it and said, nervously: “What is it?”

“I invented that,” I said, “it will help us. We could breathe in a room full of carbon dioxide,” I said confidently.

“I don’t know,” he looked as if he ate a lemon a few seconds ago.

“We should try it,” I said.

“Hey, guys, come here!” I shouted out and they ran to us.

“If we drink it, we could survive in carbon dioxide,” I said full of hope. Everybody drank it, except for me.

Everybody fell down and died. I took the letter and read:

The oldster was right, only one can survive. I didn’t tell them that last sentence of that letter.

The door suddenly opened. I ran. The hall wasn’t long. When I ran up to some dark room, the lights came up. A few people were sitting on a table there and one of them said quietly and hopelessly: “Round two…”

*Dear players,*

*Youare in a room where there is no oxygen intake. You have got two hours to get away from here. Your work skills could help you. Susan is a teacher of Chinese langure, Rob is an electrician, Hector’s a math expert and Emily makes vaccines. Think! You don’t have much time!*

***And don’t forget! Only one can survive!***

\* \* \*

**The blacksmith and the witch**

**by Ondřej Svoboda**

Topic: Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

\* \* \*

Once upon a time, there was a very ugly woman called Alison. She lived far from every human but she wasn’t bad. Yes, she was a witch but it doesn’t have to mean she’s bad! Yes, her house was made of gingerbread but she hasn’t ever eaten any child. Yes, when she was very angry, she usually made frogs from people but just for several minutes. Yes, she … better to get back to our topic…

… Once upon a time, there was a very ugly woman called Alison. She lived far from every human but she wasn’t bad. Wait! An ugly woman living far from people? How stereotypical!

Now, once upon a time, there was a very ugly woman called Alison. She lived in a little village called Riverhood. She was known as “the good woman from the mill.” People liked her, because every day, she walked through the village and helped anyone, who had a problem. Sometimes it was a farmer, whose cows were lost, sometimes the tailor, that someone stole the cloth from. As I said, she helped people and with the time she was more and more beloved in the village.

There was a blacksmith in Riverhood, his name was Beefy John, and he was the mayor of Riverhood. Before Alison started helping people during her walks, he used to be the most famous man in the village. He didn’t like Alison, he thought she had caused all of his problems. For example, that the council didn’t accept his plans, that his wife had left him (by the way, this was really caused by Alison, because he beat her so much that she couldn’t walk without help and Alison helped her to leave him), and all the other things, which happened to him.

He closed himself in his smithy and he didn’t let anyone go inside. People were interested in that but they couldn’t find out more than that he’s working on something.

It was true but not fully. Every blacksmith, who has (and it can be a really little part) a bit of dwarf blood in his veins, has a seeing. It’s a seeing of a perfect metal thing, sometimes a weapon, sometimes jewelry. The blacksmith had this seeing just only once in his life. Beefy John, full of his hate, saw a big machine. Machine, which should entice Alison and then close her in a big cage. The machine was built from steel and leather, and it looked like a tailor, whose clothes have fallen on the ground. When Alice would come to help him, she would touch a pressure plate, and it would free the cage hanging high above it. John tried the machine with a rabbit and it worked perfectly. He started to laugh. He was laughing for a long time and it was a laugh of a crazy man.

Some days later, the blacksmith put the machine on the street. He put it there in the night so nobody could see him.

When people woke up, they were surprised.

“Some stupid vandal put this hideous thing in the middle of our main (and only) street!” somebody said.

They tried to carry it out, but they couldn’t, it was too heavy and well attached. The blacksmith, hidden in a bush near the street, was smiling, and he was smiling more and more, when Alison came in the village. She was old, so her eyes weren’t good, and what she couldn’t see, she filled by her daily routine. She went to the trap, equally like she went to help someone every day. John smiled more and more, until he didn’t have any more place on his face to stretch his mouth to.

Finally, Alison stepped on the plate and the cage started falling down but it was slower and slower and then it stopped. The blacksmith’s smile froze. What happened? It shouldn’t do that! It should normally fall on Alison, as would every well-behaved cage do!

Alison was evidently surprised, too. Then she turned around and looked directly on the blacksmith. Her eyes were like swords, stabbing and cutting him into little pieces.

When Alison finally turned back, John breathed out noisily. He was thinking about what happened and he realized that he got out really easily, when he felt no ground under his feet. He looked down and screamed. He was flying about twenty feet above the land! When he was starting to get used to it, he started to fall down. Without any magic effects, he was just falling, falling down.

“And this is the end of my story,” thought John. “I’ll die here.”

But Alison wasn’t so cruel. She stopped him about an inch above the ground.

Alison looked at him, now with her normal look and said: “Was it really necessary? Don’t you think it would be better if you just told me you don’t like me? Think about yourself, John!”

And John really did. He apologized to his wife, stopped to make corrupt jobs and helped Alison with helping people.

However, it didn’t last long. Two months later, Alison died. The whole village came to her funeral and John had a speech there. It was the best speech that the people of Riverhood had ever heard. They remembered her for a long time.

\* \* \*

**The beggarman**

**by Zuzana Zahradníková**

Topic: Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

\* \* \*

Once upon a time…

…there was a very ugly beggarman. He had only one dog, some old clothes and a little yellow duck to bath. He walked criss-cross the world. One day, hungry and thirsty, he knocked a door in a small village. A small woman opened the door. She was very pretty, but small. When the beggarman knocked the door, she was cooking a delicious soup for her children and husband.

“Can I help you?“ said the woman.

“Yes, I´m looking for an overnight accomodation.“ said the beggarman.

“Ooooh, yes. I´ll ask my husband.“ said the woman and closed the door.

Our beggarman wasn´t surprised. “People are very selfish today.“ Said he and walked away. “Today I will sleep on the field over there.“

Next day the beggarman looked for food. He was very, very hungry. He knocked a door next to the house where lived the small selfish woman.

A woman with black hair opened the door. “Can I help you?“ she said.

“Yes! Do you have any vegetables, meat or fruit?“ asked the beggarman.

“Ooooh, sorry, but I´m a very poor woman, I have only bread! But if you want, you can have lunch with me.“ said the woman.

“You are very generous! Yes, I want“ said the beggarman.

When they ate everything from the table, said beggarman: “Because you was very generous to me, I´ll give you a little lucky duck to bath.“

“What?“ the woman was surprised. “I don´t know what is it!“

“It´s a LUCKY DUCK. It will be protect you“ said the beggarman.

“O-Okay.“ said the woman. The beggarman left her house and went back to “his“ field, where he slept yesterday. At six o´clock he was watching the sky, when a death knell started ringing. “…yes. The small woman died. Of course…“ said. He waked up his dog and went to a village square.

When our beggarman went to the village square, the small woman´s husband was crying. “Why, why? She was healthy and fit, why she died?“ He was really sad. Nobody didn´t know the reason of her death. Only the ugly beggarman knew.

After one month, when the beggarman was looking for some food in a forest, saw the generous woman on a horse. She arrived to the beggarman and said: “Thank you very much. Your (mine now) duck is really lucky. Look at me! I´m rich! I´ll move to a town tomorrow!“ She was really happy, but no generous. “You are very stupid! Why did you give the lucky duck to me? You could be rich, but you are poor, because you gave it to me! Stupid guy, yes!“ said the woman. But the beggarman kept calm. “Okay. I´m not stupid, because NOW is your luck far far away. You have only money, but? But? What do you have except money? Nothing.“ Said the angry beggarman and walked away. And nobody knows, where is his grave today.

THE END

\* \* \*

**E- mail letter**

**by Natálie Schejbalová**

Topic: Why did he do that to me?

\* \* \*

 13.12.2013

 5:16 p.m.

Dear Alice,

It is not easy, to write this to you. But I have to confide to someone. I´m gonna write you a story, about how Tomas broke up with me. It was on Wednesday, and we were going from school. I hope, I don´t have to remind you that I love him. So, we are going home, and he asked me “Did you see the film Skyfall in cinema? No, I don´t like action movies, James Bond is awkward. Oh sorry, I forgot that you like just some sweet romantic comedies.” And … it wasn´t all. He entase about Sindy, she like action films, she plays football and that and then. Nature, it makes me angry, so I told him: “If Sindy is so amazing, you can take to the cinema her!” And … he did. Sorry, if this words will be little blur. I´m crying. I can´t stop it, it´s, it´s so hard. And he was so cheeky, to describe me it was an amazing date. Yes, you are reading good. He said a date! I had feeling like he don´t like me at all. Next day I decided to change my image. I … how I can get this idea? I don´t know, but now I know, it wasn´t any good idea. So, I decided to recolor my beautiful blonde hair to red… I think I was crazy, when I did it. Maybe you have any idea about what happened then. Crying again… Oh God, how can someone have so much pitty together? So … my beautiful blonde hair...is…now…pink! Do you understand? Pink! Do you know what it means? My pink hair shine in the dark like traffic lights… It´s not hot at all. When I came to school next day with this on my head… So embarrassing! You can´t imagine that. And what do you think Tomas? He had lots of fun thanks that. And he told me the Pink. No, it´s really not funny. I didn´t talk to him for one day. Tomorrow afternoon he came to my house and ask me out. And of course I was so stupid.. to thought he wants to excuse me. When we walked in the park, I thought we are still a couple, so I take his hand. He stopped and looked right into my eyes. My pokerface with pink hair must look funny, but I didn´t care. He told me… I can´t be with you, because I´m in love with Sindy. But, we can still be friends? I thought I will kill him in next three minutes, but I didn´t. I have no idea, how I can this, but I answered him cool. So, again… he asked me “Can we be still friends? “And my answer: “Knock, knock. He: Who is there? Me: No, we can´t.” And I left. With pink hair, with heartbreak, upset, but with some self-respect. Next three days I spent at home with self-pity. My mom told: “You look like crying punk is not dead poster.” It was a good joke, but I haven´t power to laugh. I didn´t eat for a week. So it has some positive parts. =) I hope, they won´t be happy together. It´s breaking my heart, to see them like a couple. Btw, do you want to spend some days of holidays with me? Christmas coming! I hope you get this email.

With love, your Patricie.

\* \* \*

**An ugly girl and a prince**

**by Tran Thi Phuong Linh**

Topic: Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

\* \* \*

Once upon a time…

… in a Kingdom, there was a girl. She was very ugly and everyone didn´t want to see her. She was very sad. But people didn´t know about her. The girl´s name was Alice. She was 18 years old. Her parents died when Alice was 15 years old. She lived alone in an old house with some animals. The people didn´t know that she was good and friendly. They were scared. She had a big nose, she had the small eyes and the big mouth. She wasn´t beautiful but she always helps everyone.

Once she was going to the forest for funguses. The sun was shining and the birds were singing. On the sky weren´t any clouds. She was seeing to the well and singing: “I´m not beautiful. I´m very ugly. But it´s me, I´m not any princess. I´m a normal girl. I know that people don´t want to see me, but I don´t care…” So Alice heard a sound: “Help me, please! Is here anyone? Help! Help!” She saw him. He was on the crag. She thought that she is ugly and … but she must help him or he will fall to the river. So she was coming and Alice pull him. And then she was running to the big tree. The people she helped was a prince. He said that: “Hey girl – who helped me! I want to thank you. I can see you?” Alice answered: “No, you can´t. Because I´m ugly and you will be scared.” The prince said: “I don´t care. You helped me!” Alice: “I´m here. I´m ugly!” The prince came back with Alice to the Kingdom. He decided that he marries Alice.

It was a wedding. The wedding was very very very happy. The prince married an ugly girl. People thought it can´t become.  They had 3 children: 2 girls and 1 boy. They were happy. It was a happy family: The prince and ugly girl.

THE END

\* \* \*

**An ugly man**

**by Nguyen Le Tuan Hai**

Topic: Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

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Once upon a time there was a very ugly…

… man. He haven´t got money, and he must live in the streets of London. His clothes were very dirty and old. His socks has holes. He wasn´t ugly, he looks like normal homeless man. But London people say that he killed very very much people. And why didn´t judge take him to the prison? Because, the judge was scared of him, and policemen too. So the judge said: “Police will take you to the darkness side of London streets and there you will with other murderers!” but the ugly man wasn´t scared, so did only a smile. But this is only the story of London people. One day his life change forever. In the town came a new man, and he looked like rich. “Look like you have lost your way, didn´t you?” asked ugly man. “Yes, I was looking for another town, not like this. I´m Bryan.” answered the rich man. “Sorry, I have forgot my name long time ago, but I can help you. What town do you looking for?” said ugly man. “Eh? Never mind. I looked for town named Murders souls. I wanted to find the legendary murderer, the ugly legendary murderer. I hoped I will find him in that town, but it´s impossible” said Bryan. “Hm… But do you think that it´s very dangerous? I mean to meet him?” said ugly man. “No, I was a policeman and was the best, but one day I asked myself “Bryan do you want really be a policeman forever?” And I thought by myself and the world was more danger and I could have problems. “I did that job, three years. And when I leave that job, everyone was sad. But that was the past, now I want to find him.” said Bryan. “Okay man. So let me to say to you that you´re here. The town where live all types of murderers. Cannibals, crazy clowns, drugs men… and I´m the ugly legendary murderer.” said the murderer. “What?! It can´t be…! You´re really…! Thanks God I have found you!” said in shock Bryan. “But why? Why are you so poor?” asked Bryan. “It´s a long story.” said the murderer. “But I think I know what´s your name! You´re, you are…!” Bryan didn´t complete his sentence. “Yes, I´m Kevin Shark!” said Kevin. Yes and that was end for Bryan. Kevin take his clothes and his motorbike. And go to the city. At first he go shopping. That was luck Bryan had in the jacket credit card, so he could buy everything he want. Then, Kevin went buy something to eat. And he must shave his beard. So then tomorrow he was a new man. He wasn´t no more ugly. But he must did something to make money and he know what it is. So he do internet page for people who want to kill someone and for one murder he can take two thousand pounds. So he had get very rich.

(At the Murders souls town)

“Sheriff. We have here another murder. In Murders Souls town.” said policeman. “And why do you call for me?! You know that in that town, there are murders every one hour!” said angry sheriff, when he is eating. “Sheriff wait, but it´s not all. Kevin Shark has gone! We have controlled all houses, parks… but he isn´t anywhere!” said policeman. “That´s impossible…! Why didn´t you call me sooner! This is a big problem!” said shocked Sheriff. “But it´s not all I want to tell you. We have bad news from London, there was killed ten people in only one week and police don´t know who can be it!” said policeman. “You´re stupid. It´s of course our Kevin Shark!” said Sheriff. “And we maybe know where he is! I´ll call all police stations, you know he is clever and he know when police come.” said policeman. “Okay. But hurry, he can hear us. He can hack everything!” said sheriff and went took his sheriff car. Now in London wasn´t silent anymore. Now it was only police car. Poor Kevin was running from the police. But no one can run forever. Police didn´t catch, but something maybe better. When he run in the bad street, they got him. He couldn´t anywhere run. So they shot him, in the head! And that was end of the ugly man…

THE END

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