

by Mason

“Haha, what a fool!”, exclaimed the Puppet Master in his squeaky high-pitched voice while finishing a unlucky child.

No one could hear the ear-piercing screams of his victims in his creepy abandoned theatre. That was one host to the world’s greatest pantomime’s now its’ far from appealing: littered with bodies [dead] across the floor; pools of blood dwelled; people hung by thick ropes; sunlight struggling to break through the cracks of the wall and enter.

The Puppet Master stared at the pool of blood - seeing his reflection he was wearing red and blue shorts.

He muttered to himself, “I have the best fashion in the world!”