

## *Down under by Nóra Blascsó*

When I asked her why they changed she said it was a kind of camouflage, they went from eating seaweed to wearing it, clumps hanging off crevices, skin viscous and green, they tiptoed in a group like spectacular water bird flock, eyes watchful for danger. Dripping juices seeped into the sand spreading like brooks into the sea of murk. A monster emerged growling wet, waiting to pounce when they were close enough. Their disguise slowly disintegrating, bare skin flashing in the sunlight. Nowhere to hide. The creature, teeth sharpening loudly, jumped on the first one, tore off a limb. Screaming, scattering, a pile of seaweed, the monster feasting atop.