

## NIGHTFUCKER

“Shit!” Joe shouted. “Shit! Shit! Shit!”

Joe was lost, and Joe was driving, and he was going too fast.

“SHIT AND BALLS!” he shouted.

The road, if you could call it that, was lumpy and pitted and I could hardly see it despite the headlight being full on. Joe was in a car in a forest at night, and nothing in a forest at night is ever easy to see, because even the brightest light in a forest at night just turns everything the same silver-grey, like a blurred photographic negative.

Joe could have slowed down, but he wanted to get out of there, wherever there was, and find his way onto a real road again. The sat nav was no good, it just turned and twisted around the same blue shapes again and again, ignoring the whole idea of the dark forest, so Joe just kept going and going.

“Shit, where the FUCK am I?” Joe shouted to himself, hair standing up in panic.

He could have stopped the car and turned round, gone back the way he came, but that felt like giving up and Joe didn’t feel like giving up. Besides, he wanted to get on with it, and get home, and to Joe that meant just getting on with it.

Perhaps he could have slowed down a little, though.

The car bounced along a road that became a track, snapping branches and scattering night creatures as it charged on like a blind bull in a busy street. Joe would have slowed for corners but there were none, just endless soft turns and sudden bumps. He didn’t see the grey glow of owl’s eyes in the trees or hear the frantic rustle of undergrowth as foxes fled from the ranting metal thing that kept on coming.

But he did see the thing on the track that stood there even as the car hurtled towards it, the thing like a great horned giant whose great white eyes never blinked as Joe swerved to avoid it.

“Get out the way, you NIGHTFUCKER!” Joe screamed, as he wrenched the steering wheel round, and the car left the road, hit a bough, and threw itself into a bank of earth, where it lay steaming, wheels spinning, windows smashed.

The great horned giant strode over, reached in, pulled Joe out and, before Joe could even piss himself with terror, pulled his head off. Then it crunched the top off like a boiled egg, pulled out the brain with one huge claw and ate it.

Throwing Joe’s head into the bushes, the thing walked back into the night.

“*Nightfucker,*” it said to itself in its guttural voice. “I like it.”