

## Untitled

by Eshaan Balaraman

Indra sought solace within the tranquil embrace of the woods, where the air bore an enchanting sense of wonder. Yet, his peace was abruptly shattered by the looming presence of a monstrous intruder, disrupting the forest's serene harmony.

"Ahoy, Monster," Indra called out, his voice echoing through the ancient trees.

"Grmb!grmb!grrr," the monster responded in fear, its guttural utterances betraying its trepidation as Indra confronted it, deftly maneuvering to {Censored} and {Censored} it until its innards were laid bare in a ghastly display.

"My apologies, dear readers, for the gruesome scene. Narrator, did you censor this? Indra inquired with a wry smile.

*Hold your horses, is he addressing me? And you as well, dear reader! He just broke the fourth wall!* "Oh, indeed. Fret not," Indra reassured, his gaze seeming to pierce through the veil of narration. But enough of this folly! Let us proceed with our woodland story.

*But what's this? Indra, pray tell, what curious thingy is that? It certainly caught your eyes as well.* Indra gingerly lifted the mysterious thingy, its intricate craftsmanship evident as it revealed itself to be a marvel of gears and glowing metal.

"What manner of sorcery is this?" Indra pondered aloud, his curiosity piqued by the enigmatic thingy.

"KRRZAP" A resounding crackle erupted from the device, unleashing a luminous torrent of lightning that danced across the forest floor.

"Shall we get rid of the term 'thingy'? How about 'Lightning rod?'" Indra mused, mesmerized by the mysterious mechanism, until a shuriken narrowly nicked his neck.

"Who dares challenge me!?" Indra exclaimed, whirling around with practiced agility as he unleashed a bolt of lightning toward the source of the assailant. A figure emerged, bearing the unmistakable visage of Indra's arch-rival, Vritra.

"Yield the rod! It is a relic that is destined for my grasp!" Vritra demanded, his tone dripping with malice.

"Then come and get it," Indra taunted, flinging the lightning rod skyward with a flourish, a mischievous grin playing upon his lips. In an instant, the rod surged with power, unleashing a devastating blast directly toward Vritra!

What sorcery is this?" I, The Narrator, queried.

"Merely a trick I found within the rod's schematics," Indra replied with nonchalance. "A timely distraction for our foe. I wonder who's this is The power of the magic's strength is undeniable."

"I'm— still alive!" Vritra roared, lunging for the lightning rod. Undeterred, Indra delivered a swift blow to Vritra's face, leaving the villain reeling.

With that ordeal behind us, Indra resumed his woodland pursuits, forging friendships with the forest denizens and indulging in the harvest of delicious apples. Little did he suspect the next challenge awaiting him: a monstrous fiend threatening the peaceful existence of Boffy the rabbit.

"Not again!"