

A Bad Day To Die  
By  
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“GET READY!” Sgt. Maxwell Landers shouted.

The abominations crested the hill, their hooves cleaving the dirt like it was rainbow icing on a toddler’s birthday cake.

The soldiers lifted blasters to their shoulders, terrified behind the barrier. The fear in their souls was palpable; thick, quivering.

The four-legged monstrosities raged towards the troops, steam billowing from their flared nostrils, their horns lowered.

The soldiers stood petrified.

“FIRE!” Sgt. Landers ordered. “WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR? FIRE!”

But it was too late. Soldiers were impaled upon the twisted horns and flung about like rag dolls.

That day went to the unicorns.