

## The ritual

Across the desert plains where the river meets the stone the three unlucky lottery winners gathered. From the north came the old man, one of the few survivors from a time before. From the east came the woman, despite the circumstances she still held her head high. From the west came the young man, angry at the world and fate. The old man led the preparations, this was not the first time he had been selected. If they did things right only one of them would die. There was not much to do other than sit around the fire and wait for the witching hour.

They sat in silence, the old man was brewing some tea, the woman stared intently at the river, and the young man was making lines in the sand. When the tea was ready he handed a cup to both of his companions. The man from the west looked at his cup of tea with great mistrust. The woman stared at her cup before setting down it and asking "What caused it?".

"In the beginning Abassi created the world. He also had children, a man and a woman. Abassi was worried that humans would overpower him and so he forbade them from working or procreating. The humans disobeyed Abassi and as punishment the humans were granted the gifts of chaos and death. For many eons this kept the humans pacified but with the rise of technology humans were on the verge of cheating death and thus surpassing Abassi. The god could not tolerate such a slight and in retribution transformed a small annoying critter into a gigantic monstrosity that we now know as the Anopheles Occisor."

"That is such bullshit." interjected the young man "everyone knows that the illuminati are to blame."

"Listen child. No wants to hear your conspiracy theories. You weren't even there." said the woman.

"You seriously believe this senile old man and his nigerian myths?"

"Well he certainly makes more sense than you"

"Why don't we all calm down and drink some tea." the elder suggested

"No!" they both yelled.

"I refuse to sit around and passively drink tea while waiting to die." As he said this he knocked over his and the woman's cups of tea into the sand.

"Would you like another cup tea?" the old man asked the women.

"No, thank you"

"Biscuits, a sandwich?"

"No, thank you"

"I was hoping that we could do this the easy way" The old man lunged towards the women with a needle. The young man caught his arm and broke it.

"What the fuck, old man?" said the women.

"We need someone to be bait, before it arrives"

"Well I guess, we know who that is going to be" the young man said taking the needle and jabbing it into the geezer.

"No wait, the monster is attracted to certain individuals more than others. The sacrifice had to be her" he said before falling unconscious.

Before they could react they heard a loud buzzing sound coming from the river. The creature was as large as full-sized sedan, one that could also fly and wanted to eat you. As the creature swooped down the young man tried to swing the boiling pot towards its thorax. His clumsy swing was not very effective and his chest was gouged by the passing legs. The Anopheles Occisor went directly towards its prey and stabbed its proboscis into the woman. Only once it had drank all the woman's blood did it feed on the other two. Feeling properly fed the giant mosquito returned to the river to mate.