

### **The Knot Hawk by Bronwyn**

With the beauty of all mythical universes and the magnificence of the incomprehensible, its wingspan stretches across the broad landscape creating a strong figure of bulk. Though it leaves the mind dumbfounded it is visibly, eerily and horror-strikingly predatorial. It leaves no mystery of its power and victory for it holds the evidence in its jaws, animalistic traits far from the imagination. It clearly holds the undisturbed reputation of a merciless foe or an unavoidable obstacle. Many a time people have failed to surpass this beast or are hypnotised by its graceful prowess.

When I encountered this beast myself, I was traveling to my friends across seas. I had just entered an area famous for its solitary knot hawks and I had come prepared, but I was not ready for the event that would come to pass. I was alone and I strolled into a clearing close to a large canyon from where the beast must have come. In a way quite storybook originating, a shadow crept over the landscape as if a thousand arrows had dotted out the sun, falling upon the fragile, tranquil moment. It swept down in such a movement that struck both elegance and dread, a dangerous combination.

I peeked wide eyed at this creature of such destruction with fear as the flared nostrils, the hackles in its throat and the glare of its eyes pieced together to create an unsettling spectacle of threat.

In pure, mindless panic I lifted the backpack off my strained shoulders, pulling out the honey I previously packed. I then drenched the sticky solution over my body. It seems quite insane to do such a deed in any situation, though there was method to my madness. The honey both hid my scent and used the knot hawks Achilles heel against itself. The beast, tail between legs, fled, leaving behind nightmares that echoed in my mind through the nights to come.

I trust that the reader of these words takes my advice and remembers:

*You will not believe they're real*

*Until they are.*