

Monster Hunters - World Collection 2024

Release I of *WindySilver's
World Collections 2024*

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Monster Hunters - World Collection 2024

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About this collection

Monster Hunters (as it is currently titled) is a sci-fi world where massive beasts prowl the earth and hunting them is a huge business both in hazardousness and money.

Aside from [*Monster Hunt Gone Wrong*](#) and [*Drink for Celebration*](#) — the first stories written for this world — the stories are not connected to one another in anything else but the world.

Monster Hunt Gone Wrong

Collected in [*Past Mistakes*](#)

I used the optional theme, *nightmare*, as it fitted with the Flashback prompt, one, to my surprise and delight, from my year 2017 contributions: "*As long as there is no heartbeat, we have hope.*" - by [*WindySilver*](#) (Year 2017).

The creature was too powerful for us. What was supposed to have been a simple elimination or extraction – whichever was easier – had turned out to be a nightmare. It was almost like we had been lied to.

I think we either were actually lied to or the ones giving the briefing had no idea of the sheer *size* of that thing! Either way, as the corridors narrowed and our team got smaller one by one, we knew that this was worse than any of our nightmares.

There was no way in any world like our own that we could capture that thing.

I knew that everyone else knew that too. We were no rookies, so we knew what we and our equipment could handle. The rookies we had had with us? Dead, all of them except for one. He was a smart guy. I wish I could say the same of the other rookies, but they're dead because of their recklessness, so I can't call them smart. Only reckless and dead.

When we reached the final chamber and the creature still followed us, we knew that it was time for our endgame.

We fell into position, readied our strongest long-range weapons and waited.

Then it came and we opened fire.

In a cacophony of nearly twenty weapons – the most desperate dual-wielded their own – and screams of the creature, it fell before it got to us. We kept firing at its brains for a while just in case, then allowed the echoes to go out. The creature was still.

I went to it, checked its pulse – there was none – and sighed in relief. "Okay fellas, it's dead. As long as there is no heartbeat, we have hope. Now let's get the hell out of here, blow this cave up and be done with it," I told.

Everyone took their belongings quickly, the demolitionist set her bombs around the chamber and we ran out of the cave as fast as we could, the demolitionist planting everything she had on her as we went.

We stopped to pick anything that was left of our dead team members along the way and soon we found our way out. The demolitionist shouted at us to go even further away from the cave. Apparently, this was going to be a huge bang.

"Ready to detonate?" I asked. The demolitionist took her detonator out, her face grim. I nodded to her, giving the permission.

As she pressed the button, we watched the whole mountain blow up sky-high.

Once the show was over, the rookie cried out to the air, "This is worth no money you can offer, you sons of bitches!"

Well, I can't really blame him. He lost his twin brother and older sister into that cave.

Poor fella.

Drink for Celebration

Collected in [*Past Mistakes*](#)

The Flashback prompt: *Only a moment to work with* - by [*DirectionOfTime*](#)
(Year 2012).

The challenge: The story must take place while characters are having a drink and the story must include an item that is used in an unusual way.

After each successful hunt, having a drink was necessary. If the hunt was unsuccessful, make it doubly so. If we had young people under 18 summers in the team, they got something without alcohol – the bartenders whose bars we frequent know to keep something like that in stock for our team.

As this was the first successful hunt after the horrifying hunt in which we lost a good number of people, we were having the time of our life, drinking some of our shared bounty away. There would be only little time to work with liquid relaxation before the next job would come, so it was the time to enjoy and savor our victory over a savage beast.

"I want to propose a toast for our successful hunt," said the team leader suddenly with a pint of ale in their hand, "and to our ingenious Folen, whose quick thinking saved not just our bounty but also many of our lives, mine included."

Everyone raised their drinks, even the blushing Folen, and we drank for our success. I spied a guard tying a drunkard with – for some reason – their phone's charging cable, but I didn't mind. This was the evening for our success and no strange guard or drunkard would get to ruin it.

"For victory and survival!" I said, raised my own pint and drank as everyone else in the team cheered and drank as well. This would very well be a night of celebrating victory and we would all enjoy it as much as we could.

Nobody's Perfect

Collected in [*The Journey's End*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 1. Prompt used: "Well, nobody's perfect." -*Some Like It Hot* (quote)

"Well, nobody's perfect." I shrugged.

"Well, nobody told you to toss your expensive gear that we're still paying into the beast's mouth!" the team chief, Escargot — yes, he did kind of look like a snail — yelled in my face.

"But it worked, didn't it? The beast died and we could get the money for it," I reminded.

"Well, the payment sure as hell ain't paying for your gear, not even without all the damn fees deducted and the division between all teammates,"

Escargot growled. "Whatever Rick was able to salvage from the beast's stomach only brought a few more bills — a mere drop in the ocean of the cost of a replacement." He poked his least shortened finger at my chest.

"You better start saving up, kid, 'cause I ain't paying for a new one. Not this time."

With those words, he stomped away, probably to drink his anger away. I caught sight of some chicks who were looking at me. I flashed my pretty boy smile and said, "He's just overreacting. It wasn't that expensive."

The girls' frowns got deeper, and after exchanging some looks they just turned their backs on me to resume their drinks. The pretty brunette that didn't turn right away shook her head at me with an unmistakable look of disapproval and joined her fellows.

"Oh well." I shrugged again. "Nobody's perfect."

I figured that my teammates probably didn't want to see me while Escargot was still mad at me, so I opted to get a drink and settle near some other, less frowny chicks. Perhaps today would be my lucky day in bed instead of hunting grounds.

Dish Decision

Collected in [*The Journey's End*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 8. The prompt used: "I'll have what she's having." -
When Harry Met Sally (quote)

It had been a long day when I finally got to sit down at the local restaurant. It was packed so full that the only free spot was at a two-person window table where a woman already sat.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," the waiter said with a rather thick accent I could not place to an area I knew. "What would you like to have today, sir?" I gave him a blank stare, trying to think what I wanted. All I could think of was how much I yearned for collapsing into my bed once I got home. "I'll have what she's having." I gestured at the woman sitting in front of me.

"Very well. Anything else?" the waiter asked.

"No thanks," I answered.

"I'll pass the order to the kitchen then." The waiter left. I followed his swift movements around the masses until he disappeared into the kitchen.

When I turned to look at the woman, I saw that she was glaring at me.

"I ain't lookin' for hookups," she growled when she had my attention.

I blinked, trying to understand what she was talking about. Then I think I understood. "Ah, sorry. Not my intention. Was too tired to choose a dish myself."

The woman frowned at me but resumed eating what appeared to be a vegetable dish of sorts. Had I not been starving in addition to being almost as tired as the dead, I would have winced at my bad life decision.

The woman finished eating, paid and left soon after I had sat down, and a young guy took her place. I gave him a nod and resumed staring into the crowded nothingness behind him, hoping that the dish would be good enough to eat.

The Daylight Beast

Collected in [*The Journey's End*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 24. Prompt: "*You're gonna need a bigger boat.*" -Jaws
(quote)

We had been hunting the Daylight Beast for a week when we finally found it. For a thing with a hide that shines like daylight even at night, it was far harder to find than we had expected. It was worth it even if it was just to see it, though; it looked beautiful. It was probably the most beautiful monster I had ever seen in person or in pictures. It was a pity that our contractor wanted it dead.

The fight to get it killed was the hardest part. At first, we tried to fight it at night, but it managed to blind us by shining even more. We had to retreat, with Carillie too injured to continue. Kala sent her away with Roux to get patched up at a medical station. The rest of us formulated a new plan and struck at daylight, this time shielding our eyes with equipment meant for traversing scorching deserts.

It was tough, but we managed to kill the Daylight Beast without losing anyone else, although everyone, me included, got injuries. Kala broke his arm, I got bitten a couple of times, Quesnel apparently has a broken rib or two and so on. Luckily, everyone could walk on their own, so we set forth to the medical station after Roux to get patched up before hauling the now dead but still shining beast into the contractor.

After we had been patched up and Carillie could leave, we set forth to the shore to load the beast on our ship.

At the port, we found more trouble.

The sailor looked at the Daylight Beast and remarked, "Ight, you're gonna need a bigger boat."

Lost in a Cave

Collected in [*The Journey's End*](#)

[Prose-ject 2020](#) day 11. Prompt: [Joseph Oda](#) by [Karnivan](#).

Banner was not sure how he had ended up wandering a dark cave with only a candle as his light. He remembered entering the cave with his research team and doing some measurements, but after that his recollections had turned into a blurry mess up till the point he had become aware of his surroundings and the fact that he had only a couple of candles and a lighter on him. Only the echo had answered his calls, so it was safe to say that he was all alone.

He did not know where the candles had come from, though. He certainly had not packed them with his gear, let alone put them in his pockets; the wax would have severely stained them and he did not want that — this was his best (and only) suit and it had cost him multiple months' worth of salary, an amount of money he was not looking to spend in his clothes... ever again, actually. Sure, he *was* doing work that had a high likelihood of getting his clothes dirty, but dust and mud were far easier to clean than wax.

Nevertheless, he was alone and hopelessly lost. He found himself even doubting whether or not he was in the same cave anymore. The blurred memories did not give him any answers, so all he could do was wander around and hope that he could make it out. Finding water along the way would be beneficial for his survival as well.

Otherwise, he would die of dehydration before long.

Never Tickle A Sleeping Beast

Collected in [*Hunting Inklings*](#)

"Never tickle a sleeping dragon."

They should've had the slogan say, "Never tickle a sleeping dangerous beast of any kind."

I mean, the world of Harry Potter has other dangerous beasts than just dragons, so it'd make more sense, right?

Whatever. It's too late anyway. The beast I tickled is now closing in on me.

I'm a dead woman already.

Terror

Currently uncollected

Challenge: The story must be 10 to 20 words long.

The skulking beast could smell your terror while you waited for the inevitable.

Hunting Bounty

Currently uncollected

Challenge: Get a wordcount from another tribbler and write a story with that wordcount. Mine is 76 from [AmehanaRainStarDrago](#).

The bounty was big enough for passing the following summer season. If you did not get heavy equipment damages while hunting, that is.

Solonie cursed under her breath. Even with only the critical repairs, the remaining bounty would last until the next spring season. If she fixed or replaced everything, she would have to hunt during the winter season to get money for food.

That would not do. She had to get another bounty this season.

Stiffing Clients

Currently uncollected

The second-worst thing about hunting beasts are stiffing clients. You're probably at least knee-deep in medical bills, repair costs or both in addition to pulling off a tough, hazardous gig, and the motherfucker decides not to pay.

Whenever I encounter such clients, they never stiff anyone again once I'm done with hunting *them*.

Becoming Lunch

Collected in [*Birbs*](#)

Made for week 4's sidequest (three stories with different paces) — fast
pacing.

A dead blue duck on the road. Splattered blood, scattered feathers.

A predator's growl. Quiet steps all around you.

You think back to your ornithology courses. You find nothing about
confronting predators.

Cold sweat. Your heart tries to escape your chest.

The only way is up.

The growls intensify. Something nips your heel as you climb.

You wait in the tree. Hours pass.

You tire before the predators do.

Hero or Villain?

Currently uncollected

The day's prompt: *Hero or Villain?*

You look at the bodies all across the crossing. The rampaging creature is dead but so is a huge number of people, all because you detonated the fuse to stop the creature.

You feel gross looking at the gore that litters the area. You know stopping the creature was heroic but looking the results makes you feel anything but.

The people around you, the survivors who are also witnessing the results of your methods, will be the ones to decide what you are.

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