

As she confronted the slime oozing towards her, up the sandy slope, she held the umbrella before herself like a samurai wielding a katana. The foul blob was translucent, like the one from her basement; therefore she was able to see within it. The fisherman that it had engulfed earlier was still in one piece, though he seemed to be unconscious and pieces of his clothes seem to be dissolving. Along with the fisherman, Val spotted fish, tin cans, sticks, and a variety of other things within the gelatinous one's body.