

As I began my adventurous way home, the frightening shadows lurked in the solemn darkness afar me. Each foot step I took turned colder and colder as I left the warm, glamorous dragon flames, that Stapleton owned. Would I make it home in the lovely sunset? Slowly and steadily, I took a steep hoping no one would see me. My heart felt like a irritable, strange lion breathing.

Ahead of me the path suddenly reared, as grey clouds came curving behind me. When my head leaned sideways, I saw spine-chilling tors that inclined towards me. After words, my eyes were glued to the mighty lightning cloud that was determined to drop stinging heavy beads on me. Never in my life would I think that I would pray with bewilderment to get home.

When I moved through the filthy strong beardrop I grasped my overcoat and put it on my nearly sodden wet hair. Without warning the wind and the rain attached together like a battle.

I turned my head. I had no choice but to give shelter; I was falling into the eerie damp mud whilst running to shelter. In the distance was a terrifying noise.

The door was left ajar, the faint glow of the bus shelter offered safety. I had to enter as the angry noise got louder every god step I took. Gently, I sat on a disgusted, awful seat that had traces of error, "Shooock," I whispered to myself, what sort of mess have you put me in?

I carried on sipping, trying to distract myself from thinking someone is watching me. Almost inevitably, a howl came out of the distance. The noise got even louder every second like there's two howls. "I know this is a bad idea," I doubtfully said to myself.

"What's there to be afraid of?" asked a somebody in my ear. In a blink of an eye, there was a warm breath on my neck...