As I was sitting guarding the mead-hall, the howling wind whistled through the cracks in the enormous oak doors and flickered the soothing, warming flames of the candle. I had no idea of the horrors that were waiting just outside the door. I peacefully closed my weary eyes and rested my head on the cold, stone ground. Crack! The sickening noise echoed around the mead-hall. Frantically, my eyes darted from left to right scanning the darkness for impending doom!

As quickly as it arrived, the sound disappeared into the eerie blackness. It felt as if the world was holding its breath. The hairs on my arms stood on end as goose bumps covered my now shaking body. In the blink of an eye, the floorboards began to quiver and shake. Twigs and branches cackled like a witches’ eerie laugh just outside the door. My eyes darted to the source of the sound. Just then, an evil menacing shadow of an unknown beast flashed passed the crack in the door.

My eyes widened just as the door slowly slipped open. I noticed the moon’s warm smile turned into a malicious grin. Butterflies filled my stomach as I realised something was wrong. I peered around the room and noticed that the half empty glass of mead had started to ripple. I heard the sound of enormous footsteps growing louder and louder and louder!