Exhausted after travelling and then setting up our tents for our camping weekend, Ellie and I gathered some wood from the edge of the forest ready to start a campfire. We needed to hurry up too: the once glorious, picturesque views of the forest and hills were becoming rapidly dimmer as the sun seemed as if it was being dragged down by the greying hill tops. Suddenly, I dropped the fire wood with a loud clatter as an ear-piercing shriek came from the woods. Ellie grasped my arm – the contact of each other seem to give us both some feeling of protection and comfort. Ellie an I slowly looked at each other and - without saying a word – could tell what we both thought: although scared, we had on overpowering sense of duty to go see what the noise was; to see if that someone was okay. Determined yet nervous, curious yet frightened, we edged closer and closer (out of the saftey of the meadow) to the forest and entered.

Inside the forest, the icy air was bitter and howled in delight as it devoured the little warmth I had, as if it was trying to discourage me from entering. A repulsive stench invaded my nose making me feel instantly nauseous. The forest floor seemed to cackle and whisper sinister secrets with each footstep that I took. The gnarled, twisted branches of the towering trees seemed to be reaching out to entrap me in their intricate cage. With a growing sense of paranoia and fear, I realised I was entering the unknown from which I might not ever leave.

“Do… do you th-think we sh-should turn back?” I stuttered.

“Y-yeh, I th-think s-so,” answered Ellie.

“Do you remember the way?” I asked.

Ellie doesn’t answer… I turn around: Ellie is gone!

“Ellie!” I shouted but it was no use. She was gone. A tsunami of panic flooded over me as the crows sat in the trees, savagely laughing and mocking me as I stumbled over the trip wires of roots determined to thwart my escape from this vile and evil forest.

As I regain my balance, slow, menacing footsteps (that aren’t mine) fill the air. The hairs on my body leap up in a desperate yet feeble attempt to protect me. Who or what was it? Where was it coming from? My mind was racing. Why didn’t we just go for help instead of venturing inside the forest? Warm, yet putrid, breath swept across the back of my neck. In what felt like an eternity, I eventually broke the paralysis of fear and turned around…