

There he was, stood at the gate of the underworld with blood continuously oozing out. Koranius gripped his shield even tighter. All in the sky, was intoxicating air like being in a sewage pipe.

Hastily, Koranius stepped into the haunting, despicable underworld. As he darted along the pathway, he felt bad for his Grandad Hades. For a moment, Koranius got a glimpse of a myriad of maggots wriggling across rotten decaying flesh. Bats were laughing and soaring through the jet-black underworld. Koranius could taste the noxious air that loomed over him.

Koranius thought he would die before he even battled the beast or “pet”. He could sense he was close. There it was. What was it? Why would his Grandad have this?