

After a restless journey, Angus reached the daunting lair of the Syler. His heart wacked against his chest as his trembling body entered the wretched cave. Without hesitation he edged across the uneven bridge. As his eyes scanned the cave he felt like something was watching him. Was it the beast? Would it jump out any second now? He didn't know but he still carried on his quest determined to get his precious mother back.

Suddenly, his eyes widened with fear as he looked down at the rotting dead bodies of past, unlucky warriors. There were claw marks on the wall and blood dripping from the rigged roof. He wanted to go home he wanted to leave but he knew he couldn't. It was like a jail that he knew he would spend his life in without saying good bye to anyone. He cried inside wishing it was over.

He heard dripping of blood from the ceiling and it felt like there were voices still in the dead telling him to go back. No he thought he had got so far he can't give up his gruesome journey now.

Finally he reached a turn in the cave but he didn't turn. He was very smart and he knew that the beast that could end his life could be around this corner. He took a peek. He froze. Run. It was the only thing he thought he could do. Standing there sinking its teeth into a body was the beast. Angus could be next ...