

CRASH! BOOM! A few months after his start of his daunting quest, the thunderous lightning struck as Cryptius saw that his perilous journey was coming to an end. The biting, frosty wind, which howled like a solitary wolf, gnawed Cryptius's pallid skin. Was he going to make it? Dense, suffocating smoke spread across the endless abyss. Heart pounding loudly like an oil drum, he could make out a myriad of human remains with maggots wriggling its way out of rotten, decaying flesh. Whilst Cryptius was struggling to walk and was shivering with fear, he saw it – the enormous cave yawning at him. Its jagged, fang-like icicles were razor-sharp. Cryptius took a deep breath. Was he going to be able to survive?

After entering the cave, Cryptius immediately saw impaled, previous challengers with oozing, ruby-red blood continuously pouring out. Their blood-curdling screams were still on their lips - it almost looked like that they were photographed for their last second of their lives. The putrid, pungent smell, which filled Cryptius's nostrils, was nearly unbearable. **FEW!**

The torches went out. Lips quivering. Teeth chattering. Skipping heartbeats. A chill ran down his spine. What was it? **ROAR!** A deafening roar echoed the gloomy Xylverine's lair. This was enough for Cryptius – it was too much! Moans and groans in Cryptius's mind said that he should go back. As soon as possible, he wanted to exit this deadly lair. He looked back. There was no exit. He **HAD** to do this.

A shaft of dappled, luminous light appeared in a minuscule hole. With his serrated sword, he slashed the slimed granite. It crumbled out like someone collapsing slowly. And there it was....the ferocious Xylverine.