

The Dreadful Menace

Setting Description

It was a dark night. The shadows crept, crawled and slithered into the inky blackness of a hundred monoliths. A pallid wound ruptured from the already etiolated sky. No longer swampy and deserted, the single lowly path was now enveloped in a blackness as dark as the tarmac underneath it, yet with a silence so unbearably mucilaginous that you could almost taste it. Maybe it was just the storm that was preordained to wipe out any neighbouring villages - or maybe it was the threatening shadow looming over; the one belonging to the mountain that framed the background. The mountain with a reputation mirrored to that of a crocodile. In fact, it's the exact same mountain that made my dad go missing...