All was quiet at the Lion’s Head. Waterfalls of wax cascaded down the beer-stained counter, with infinitesimal stumps protruding from their soot-covered peaks. An array of tables spotted the food littered floor. Each one in various states of disrepair. Evidence of the scuffle that had only recently ended.

This was Krysa’s paradise. He scuttled across stonework, sampling each and every delicacy that he could find, for Krysa was a connoisseur amongst his people, and no food remained outside of his grasp for long.

He was just tucking into a particularly delectable portion of his favourite rabbit stew when there was an angry knock at the door. With a furious thud, the door shook in its frame. Krysa

flinched back. This was not one of his people.

The door rattled and crashed, as the mystery visiter pounded its surface. Finally, it gave way. Showers of splinters peppered the floor, ruining the potato gratin that was next on Krysa’s list.

Silhouetted against the luminous full moon, Mr Riddlesworth towered over the room. His perfectly trimmed suit and long moustache gently waved in the slight wind. He was spotlessly clean, save for a smattering of dust and dirt, smeared over his right hand and sleave.

He strode across the room, saving a slightly disgusted look for Krysa, and straight through the back door.

Krysa, sensing he was in no danger, followed him into the dim corridor. He had never entered this part of the Lion’s Head before. It was not nearly as exciting as the main room. The floor was clean and the whole area smelled strongly of lemon.

Mr Riddlesworth tour into a side room, to a great shriek from its occupants. The scuffling that occurred was cacophonous, littered with shouts and grunts from several people. A moment later, Mr Riddlesworth emerged from the side room, with a young lady, kicking and screaming, causing significant damage to the whitewashed walls.

Krysa dashed to the side, narrowly avoiding an unfortunately aimed kick as the lady was dragged towards the exit.

An oldish gentleman rushed out of the room. Shouting angrily to Mr Riddlesworth but they were already gone, vanished into the mist.

And thus ends our epic tail. Such a wonder Krysa has never seen since and all this, children, grandchildren, great-grandchildren, and great-great-grandchildren, still gather around the evening fire, to hear this epic and strange turn of events.