A Dark and Stormy Night

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It was a dark and stormy night, the the waves beat themselves across the beach and the wind lashed my hair across my face. I could taste bitter salt dropplets from the ocean with a thousand microscopic sea creatures in my mouth.

The sand of the beach crunches under my feet and I feel the soft give of the surface decorming under my shoes as I walk down towards the water, drawn by the sound of the waves towards the crashing surf.

Before me was a boat, not much more then a dingy, bouncing about in the rough water. To my right was a path leading into the dunes, beset on one side by a wall of thorny brambles.

●   Taking the oars in hand, I push off from shore and head out into the dark water   this is the end, or is it?Climb into the boat and row into the waves   4

●   turning away from the water, start along the bramble path. Sharp thorns seem to line every one of the endless writhing vines, forming an impenetrable wall along one side of the path. Soon the brambles tower over head, interweaving above me and blocking the thin light of the moon, plunging my into darkness   this is the end, or is it?Walk along the path, keeping a good distance from those thorns   5

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- [this is the end, or is it?](#)

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FIN

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