

**It was a dark and stormy night, the waves beat themselves across the beach and the wind lashed my hair across my face. I could taste bitter salt droplets 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

- [Climb into the boat and row into the waves](#)
- [Walk along the path, keeping a good distance from those thorns](#)

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**

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

**FIN**