No-one at the circus could remember where the lion came from but it was the fiercest animal there. Its eyes were lifeless and showed no mercy; its claws were almost metal-like and were dangerous- very dangerous.

Every Monday, Karl had scouts at the other side of town in the town hall. However, today was different because he would normally be driven but today the car wouldn’t start so he would have to walk. There was no other way. “Karl?” his mum called, poking her head around the door,” Don’t go through the forest it will get dark soon.”

After he had set off, he passed the circus, that stood in the park at the end of his road. There was a loud spine-chilling roar followed by shouts of,” The lion is out!” Probably a joke, he reasoned. He glanced at his watch. He was late.” I’m sure it won’t matter if I take a slight short cut,” he muttered to himself,” I’ll go through the forest.” So he stepped through the large iron gate into the forest itself.

It was dark. The oak trees towered above him, watching his every move. The only light along the path was a single, dim lamppost flickering on and off in the breeze. He was afraid. As he walked further along the path, something moved in the bush beside him. By now, Karl was beginning to regret choosing this path over the main road. He shivered. He felt as if something or someone was following him. Karl glanced behind him and lifeless red eyes shone in the eerie darkness He ran, tripping occasionally over the roots that jutted out of the ground. He could see it now. The way out. There was a sudden pain in the back of his leg. “Roar!”