

The Forbidden Tower



The night was still. Not a breath of wind could be felt. An eerie silence filled the warm evening air, broken only by the sound of the crow's wings flapping as it returned to its nest with food. Combined with the ghostly silhouette of the tower and the rickety pathway that led to it, the ominous silence made me nervous. I felt a prickle on the back of my neck as I thought about what I might find inside the tower, and what might be lurking in the darkness around me. My heart began to thump inside my chest, seemingly matching the beat of the crow's wings. I had always been slightly wary of crows; they had sooty, black wings, piercingly sharp beaks and menacing, staring eyes. The crow had settled down in one of the gnarled branches of a nearby tree. I thought it was watching me. Surely it wasn't though? Crows didn't do that. It must have been my imagination!

Plucking up all of my courage, I approached the stairs. They looked rotten and crumbling, as if nobody had set foot on them for years and years. The crow was still staring at me and had tilted its head to one side as if pointing its beak towards the tower.

"What was this crow up to?" I thought to myself. "Are you trying to warn me about something?" I asked the crow.

The crow did not respond, only shuffling its feet slightly on the branch, head still tilted to one side.

I frowned. "Of course you're not trying to warn me about something, you're just a stupid bird."

My eyes left the crow and I ascended the first few steps on the rickety path towards the tower.

"It's just a silly bird." I muttered to myself under my breath. "Don't be such a wimp!"

The crow watched as I left, and smiled. A wicked, cruel smile accompanied by a cackling laugh.

"Silly, silly girl" it squawked. "I must tell the others she is coming."

The crow took off into the night...