The Story of Baelbrow – taster draft

After a while, he heard it - a loud rumbling sound bouncing off the walls. Flaxman Low gazed at the museum door as his senses started to awaken. There it was again - Rumble Rumble! Lightning struck, the wind howled, and the rain hit against the windows like thousands of bullets.

All of a sudden, a flame in the corridor was blown out and Mr Low was in complete darkness. In an instant an inexplicable smell lurked around him - like the stench of rotten eggs and meat. Could it be the creature that the Swaffam children had described? He sat down waiting eagerly on a wooden chair, which creaked gently.

With his lantern lit, Flaxman Low looked at the floor - just in time to see a shadow creep over the floorboards with a growing darkness. It was coming nearer!

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