**Sherlock Holmes – The Metamorphous by Noah (Year 6)
Hound of the Baskervilles unit**

Clambering up the towering mountain, a thick dense fog corroded it like an infection on one of ours. Slender tendrils of mist grasped the unstable ridges below us as if pulling itself up, whilst fixing its non-existent deathly glare on us. The forest below was now a white woolly plain as if an avalanche fell on it leaving no traces of an environment ever thriving below us. There in the corner of my eye – there I saw Sherlock smoking his pipe and his fixed gaze had a bundle of familiar emotions: fear, wonder and glee. Out of nowhere, Holmes said four words to me and Lestrade, who was cowering in the corner of the crystal cave. “This is its lair.”

Now knowing this we edged back slowly, for there in the fog was a beast – a chaotic, wild beast – like no other. Myths of legendary creatures were all passed as rumours not told to be true but once this creature was told to Sherlock nothing swayed him to think not. All this work and we were wrong because it stood before us now.

Homes slowly edged forward, one foot in front of the other, looking down (while me and Lestrade followed clasping our pistols) as it emerged out with a deafening screech. Two protruding antennas shifted left and right while a glowing radioactive scorpion tail reached above, dripping with venom. Its body was as long as a school and as big as an ancient tree. Boulder thick scales, obscured in piercing deadly spikes, overlapped the corroded flesh with protruding pincers at the start – concealing four, no five, rows of razor-sharp teeth in its mouth to swallow us whole in one go.