

*As the sun rose in the now azure sky, a misty haze began to form under the canopy of swaying, rugged trees. Curling around thick spiraling branches were constricting vines, which braced and creaked. Two brave explorers strode through the seemingly endless jungle, sweat running into their eyes. Dangling down from the layer of moss, vast, bold leaves flickered like flames in the growing bluster of wind.*

*Simon, the leader of the expedition, was a tall, muscular dark-skinned man famous for finding hidden or lost artifacts. His dark, brown hair was tied back and his piercing green eyes constantly searched the jungle for danger. Originally from England, he had been raised in America by his parents Sam and Ella when they had moved there to find new employment. Simon's love of combat trousers and loose, cotton shirts was inspired by his father, a famous archaeologist who had worked in Egypt. As he grew older, Simon knew he would follow in his father's footsteps.*

*This place they were walking through was truly special but for the wrong reasons. Because, in the chaos of the natural surroundings, (where vines choked vines and branches beat down branches) he could feel the eyes of the forest fixed upon him! On top of this, there was a sense that something, good or bad, was going to happen very soon. Through a small gap in the flickering leaves, two dull, piercing eyes emerged followed by a gaping mouth full of teeth that jutted out like yellow pegs of evil! Before Simon had time to spin and flee, the jungle floor gave way underneath his feet!*

*As he landed onto the damp, saturated ground, he took a forward roll. Slowly he stood up and looked around him in the gloomy light. In the distance, through endless cobwebs, a soft glow caught his eye. Could it be gold? Slowly and carefully he set off, brushing aside the cobwebs sending spiders scuttling away. Soon he saw the object causing the gleam - a golden skull! He carefully picked up the artifact and placed it in his leather bag. Back in the jungle Bert, Simon's friend wandered around calling his friend's name loudly. Where could he be?*

*Simon carefully walked back along the dark tunnel excited with his find. As he walked closer to the pool of light caused by the hole on the jungle floor, he could hear his friend's calling.*

*'Down here!' he shouted up at his friend. Suddenly the light dimmed as his friend's head blocked out the light.*

*'Hold onto the rope and I will pull you up,' Bert called down.*

*As Simon grabbed hold of the rope he heard the click, click of sharp claws and the deep rumble of a growl from behind him. Quickly Bert pulled strongly on the rope. With a frustrated growl and a swish of its black tail, the beast retreated back into the depths of the tunnel in which it belonged.*