

The Bottom of the Stairs

Catherine had never been afraid of the dark. To her, the dark night was where adventures happened, where ogres fought each other in the forest, and where dragons flew through the blackened sky. She had never been afraid of the dark before, so why should she start being afraid now?



Catherine trod carefully, the air was becoming warm and wet as she descended into the basement. She arrived at the bottom of the stairs and a long, tiled corridor stretched out before her. At the end of the corridor was a door with a deep red glow shining through. "The dragon," she said to herself, and crept towards the door.