

Which opening do you prefer? Why?

The boy paused at the edge of a low, stone wall and peered curiously at a place so empty despite having so many bodies within it. A shiver went down his spine and he exhaled a sigh that turned the air grey, before he stepped into this most hallowed of places.

For as far as he could see, tombstones littered the ground like broken and ramshackle teeth. Slowly, the boy moved through the cemetery, the gravestones nearest to him nameless; worn and smoothed by so many years battling against the unforgiving elements. As he moved deeper into the graveyard, his path illuminated by the ghostly full moon, which hung low in the clouded night sky, the markings became more defined and the monuments more elaborate. However, the boy had no interest in the eerie beauty of the stones, his eyes searched frantically for something...for something he feared could not possibly exist.

Only it could and it did. The boy found himself motionless, staring at a fresh mark on an aged head stone. A pentagram. Tiny but definitely there. The rumours, the myths, the legends were true. He gulped and then forced his protesting legs to move on.

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The moon hung low in the cloudy night sky like a ghost. The ice-cold wind howled across the heath, its long grass being pushed flat. The girl, wrapped tightly in her torn and ripped cloak, battled valiantly against the driving rain, her face fixed with a look of steely determination.

Pausing momentarily, the girl peered into the shadowy forest and breathed a nervous sigh before tentatively taking her first steps into the unknown. The ghostly moon disappeared above a roof of bare, twisted branches and she found herself grateful for the dim light distributed by her lamp, which allowed her to go tiny step by tiny step towards her destination.

Although she could use the light to carefully place her feet, the girl still found herself clawed and pulled at by the tentacle like branches of the forest. Scratched and bleeding, she struggled on, ignoring the pain and the cold that engulfed her body, needing to reach her destination.

Then, she finally saw it. Glowing softly in the moonlight, by the base of a gnarled tree, was the smallest of marks. A five pointed star enclosed by a circle. She allowed herself the briefest of smiles, realising that the end to her search was close at hand.