*Death*

The Church house clock chimed twelve times. The echoes of the chimes faded. This is the hour that Death will rise. No one, no one at all was walking upon the cobbled streets of Bangor on that ill-fated night of Friday 13th 1895. Houses. Houses in every direction cowered away underneath their one and only supreme ruler. Castle Death. There had been many rumours for the past 100 years of Castle Death, hence its name. No one, not even the mayor had enough nerve to enter it, even in broad daylight. Castle Death shone in the murderous moonlight, its unique gothic design, ornate and decorated bricks in every corner, There was a great gust of wind. The wind wrapped itself around the emerald green leaves of the conifers like a malicious serpent killing its prey.

Through the archaic doors came an adventurer dressed in black, wanting to investigate. He does not know that this investigation would lead to his death. Swiftly, he moves like a feline ready to pounce. Among the many corridors and rooms the adventurer aimlessly ambles through he finds the main room of Castle Death. This is where the chase begins. Death. His ghoul-like appearance, his vermillion bloodthirsty eyes. Holding a jet-black scythe with fresh blood dripping steadily onto the velvet carpet. The adventurer struggles on, clearly unaware of how close he is to death. He starts to prise a monumental ruby from the wall, inscribed on the jewel reads: If thee shall take me, thee shall PERISH!!!! October 24th, 1727.

Now all the courageous adventurer had to do was to get out of Castle Death. Death, watched him closely, getting ready to strike in 120…119…118… In one minute, the adventurer had managed to safely navigate back through half of the amount of corridors. 55 seconds later, 3…2…1… The adventurer will make it out of the castle safely, in one last room to pass… Pity, pity, it was too late. With a jubilant look on his face, the adventurer was about to make it across, he stopped. He had heard something.

And in the other room, Death cleared his throat.