

# Sad Song

If only I'd listened to Mrs Scruttlescromp. If I had, I'd never have wound up on some dreary little island in the middle of nowhere.

The clouds above me were like the scales of a monster, one so large that it blocked all sunlight from reaching me. The slimy marshes beneath my feet tugged at my boots. The wind blew through, hissing at me as it passed. The complexion of the island seemed to change from pale and gaunt to sinister and mysterious. It was quiet. Too quiet. You could have heard a feather drop into the sea in silence like this. But when I did hear something, it was not a feather. It was like... ammunition hitting the ground from an emptied magazine. It was faint, far away. But then I realised. It was claws, raking across the ground, singing a sad song of farewell.