



The mouth of the cave
gaped open and seemed to
suck all of the light out of the
atmosphere into its swirling void.

The ceiling was alive with the movement

of jagged wings as millions of inky black bats
jostled for position, scraping and scratching on the

stony walls. A single flame burned brightly in the centre

of the cave, casting flickering shadows upon the stony walls. The
shadows danced wildly as the light touched the expanse of grey stone

that stretched above as far as the eye could see. Embers glowed hot and bright at the

base of the fire giving off a luminous warmth that pierced the icy air. Smoke billowed

from the flames, stinging the eyes. It choked the fresh air with its acrid poison. The

rough, stone floor was strewn with pieces of twisted bone, worn smooth by time and

carefully preserved. Every surface was decorated with beautiful, rust-coloured
paintings that weaved across the cave, intertwining and meandering as they told the

tales of their ancestors. Fearsome warriors charged towards furious bison, whilst

mighty mammoths stampeded towards the waiting hunters. Sharp spears, trusty bows

and speeding arrows covered the walls as they told their tales of old. The harsh cave

was softened by the piles of downy animal skins and thick hides that lay in piles

upon the cold floor waiting to bring comfort to the tired bones of the hardworking tribe.

Above the fire hung a heavy metal pot from which a delicious aroma emerged. The

meaty smell weaved its way through the air searching for hungry hunters to

entice. The warmth of the smell and the fire cast its own hypnotic

spell on anyone who entered its realm. The cave's expansive

walls and ceilings were coated with soft moss, that once

was lush and green but had become dark and matted

by time. It spread like a carpet across the surfaces like

an invasion, fighting against the oppression of the stone.

Stalactites reached down from the ceiling with twisted

fingers, groping and stretching to the ground below like

skeletal hands. The stalagmites below raised their arms.

towards them in silent praise, casting eerie fingers of

darkness upon the cool, grey granite on either side. The

night looked on enviously at the blackness

of the empty cave.