

The Storm

Like a black wolf, dark clouds crept through the night sky and covered the landscape with a thick blanket of terror and gloom. The inky skies felt heavy and it soon began to cry from the heavens above.

There was no escaping the storm's anger. The wind howled, an angry banshee as she swirled and whirled her way through the trees, over the river and across the moors that led to Potter's Farm.

The animals were restless and faithful Jess barked at the intruder that had entered the yard. Even the candles danced inside the belly of the lonely farmhouse.

'Let me in,' she screamed. Quick flashes of lightning burst forth and with them came the grumbings of a giant's thunder. The cornfields waved in the distance.

'Let me in,' she screeched. The rain tapped on the windows and pounded on the door. The barn doors could be heard rattling in the distance.

'Let me in,' she shrieked. And the saws and the spades and the scythes all clattered and clanged in the tool shed. But the iron beast that they surrounded stood firm and would not move.

And old farmer Potter sat in his armchair, Meg curled up on his lap. With a cup of hot chocolate to warm his hands and his favourite slippers to warm his feet, he looked out from the eyes of his castle and smiled a warm smile.

