

Growling, snapping jaws, teeth showing, eyes alight like a match that has just been lit. The grass, trees, sky and walls are all just stripes of green-blue merged together in one rush, a rush of no breath, legs burning, wind stinging my eyes, damp grass soaking my feet as we ran. Ran out of the field, onto the track, dust flying, feet pounding the ground, round the corner... and into their trap, like a moth to a flame. Stunned, we panicked, kicking each wall, shouting for help, anyone just to help us. It was dark, not pure black (like the night) but dark nonetheless. The floor was cold, textured and dirty (not that dark, mysterious traps are usually clean). The beasts were just outside, I could hear them growling, but more controlled than before, there was a man! Two men! "Help!" I cried to them begging for freedom. I heard a click, a rattle at the lock, yes! They were going to save us from the beasts! But, alas he opened the door! Light flooding in like a dam of hope bursting its banks and uttered the words, "calm yourselves" and slammed the door, click. We were plunged into darkness once more. The men spoke outside, just too loud to be ignored, just too quiet to be understood. They conversed like nothing I had heard before, grunts and low pitched noises rather than English words. One finished with a final, extended, grunt and the other opened a door. Not the door to the trap but very close by. A rattle. A roar. I had heard this before but always in the distance and in daylight. Now in the dark (figuratively and literally) it was much more starting, to make matters worse the trap was filling with a vile scent of fumes. Jolt! And we were moving. Being towed (I presume) by the roaring, fuming thing along a dusty track, the debris coming in and filling the metal box in which we were. We went steadily for what seemed like forever and a day. In all the panic of the day I found myself, presently, asleep. Being sure to keep one eye open. All of a sudden the roar was silenced, the fumes eased and the debris settled. Once more we heard a rattle at the lock, the door was open! We ran, ran for our lives, our freedom and also for the fresh air. We didn't stop running until we reached a field, not dissimilar to the one we were chased through before the trap, but it wasn't the same. Neither was the girl who came behind us, calmly closing the gate (and us) into the field. Next came a boy, who sat next to the girl on the gate, she pointed at us and said, "look! Mr Birch just dropped off the sheeps Dad bought from him, they're cool aren't they?" The boy turned to her in a superior way, "don't be daft, they're sheep not sheeps."