

It was a winters night along the cold, creepy, cloudy night along the lake. It was silent apart from the owl who was being noisy. The fishermen was grunting from throwing the fishing line into the lake. It was pitch black apart from his headlight which he had on his head. There was no sighting of the birds in sight. The fishermen looked up at the sky, he could see the sparkling stars, the moon was shiny like a freshly cleaned car. In the distance, where all was quiet, there was a blood-curling, deafening scream come out of nowhere. The fishermen looked terrified...