Name	Class
Bicton Book Week 2021 Short Story Competition	
	She had been walking all day. Her feet hurt and her bones ached, but it would all be worth it: she was almost there. The path rose up in front of her, twisting through the mist like a snake squeezing its prey. Were the stories all true? Did the path truly lead where she had been told? If it did, this was only just the beginning of her journey

