The he heard the **slithering**. A brushing sound, a slithering sound near his feet – and he kicked out as hard as he could, kicked out and threw the **hatchet** at the sound, a noise coming from his **throat**. But the hatchet missed, sailed into the wall where it hit rocks with a shower of sparks, and his leg was instantly torn with pain, as if a hundred needles had been driven into it. “Unnnngh!”

Now he screamed, with the pain and fear, and **skittered** on his backside up into the corner of the shelter, **breathing** through his mouth, straining to see, to hear.

The slithering moved again, he thought towards him at first, and terror took him, stopping his breath. He felt he could see a low dark form, a **bulk** in the darkness, a shadow that lived, but now it moved away, slithering and scraping it moved away and he saw or thought he saw it go out of the door opening.

He lay on his side for a moment, then pulled a **rasping** breath in and held it, listening for the attacker to return. When it was **apparent** that the shadow wasn’t coming back he felt the calf of his leg, where the pain was centered and spread his fingers to fill the whole leg.

His fingers **gingerly** touched a group of needles that had been driven through his **trousers** and into the fleshy part of his calf. They were stiff and very sharp on the ends that stuck out, and he knew what his attacker had been. A **porcupine** had stumbled into his shelter and when he had kicked it the thing had slapped him with its tail of quills.

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**Monday** | **Tuesday** | **Wednesday** | **Thursday** | **Friday**
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Comments: