

Stars twinkled overhead in the night sky. The only sounds that punctuated the night were the crackling and spitting of the flames in the camp fire. A gentle, cool breeze drifted across the forest landscape, kissing the faces of the mesmerised children. The smell of the marshmallows toasting over the flickering fire wound their way up the children's noses. Flames stood tall and proud, their sparks illuminating the dark, creating dancing shadows on the children's faces. Everyone was completely silent, as still as marble statues. They sat, watching, waiting for the stories of the olden days to begin.