

*The boys waited patiently as the guards slowly lowered the drawbridge. They looked across the river at the rising sun. Neither spoke. It was an event they had witnessed from this exact spot a thousand times. Thomas flinched as the rusty iron chains let out their first ear splitting scream of the day. The huge castle door swung open. Even though the boys had been working there for years its foul smell always seemed to surprise them. Grimacing they walked past the guard who studiously ignored them. To gain access to the kitchen Thomas and Geoffrey walked downstairs, past the well and through the storeroom. Halfway across the storeroom however they both stopped at almost exactly the same moment. Something was not quite right in the castle that morning. It was to be a day that neither would forget for the rest of their lives...*

*Geoffrey was the first to talk, "Doesn't something seem different to you, Thomas?" and then continued to say "I mean, is something missing?" .*

*"Yeah, well kinda 'cause I dunno what's wrong," Thomas answered confused at what was happening. "It's definitely not the smell!" joked Geoffrey only to be given an evil glare by Thomas. But Thomas couldn't help himself ever, "Or that angry guard outside!" they laughed until they could no more. "But, really, something's wrong,". So they had a look around the wooden barrels and old sacks. "You hear that?" Thomas whispered urgently "Let's make a run for it!" said Geoffrey, so they sprinted through the corridors to the kitchen but were stopped by two guards standing ever side of the door which led into the kitchen.*

*“ Oh no! Oh no! Oh no! “ half whispered half shouted Thomas from behind. “ What?!” asked Geoffrey.*

*“Oh! My pants are on fire!” Thomas said sarcastically.*

*“ Stop lying!” Geoffrey complained while Thomas sighed. “ Now, we need to stop messing around, I’m pretty sure that’s the constable behind us, and those two guards in front are the usual guards, so they will know we’re late. Now, You see a hiding spot?” said Geoffrey taking charge. “ We’ve been working here since we were around six, walking these corridors, and you still don’t know a single spot for hiding, c’mon buddy,” complained Thomas feeling bad about what he had told his friend. “ Do you wanna annoy me and get caught or do you wanna GET TO HIDING,” moaned annoyed at the statement Thomas had made. “ Annoying you sounds fun,” Thomas replied.*

*“ You wanna get slapped?!” threatened Geoffrey holding his hand up “ No thanks Thomas replied “ Your hands like a battering ram”. Then a painting got his attention, he thought he could hide behind. “ Over there!” said Thomas and he pulled Geoffrey over to the gold framed painting , they ducked under and stood behind it.*

*“ Hello? Hello-o?” said the constable, questionable about the noise, “ Oh, must have been the maid,” he sighed, and he clattered down ,with his hard, leather shoes, the corridor.*

*“Phewph!” Geoffrey sighed ducking out from under the painting. “ What do you mean by ‘phew’? There are still two guards we need to get past! Wait! Be quiet!” squealed Thomas.*

*“ You were the one... D’you hear that?” Geoffrey urged.*

*“ Yeah,” Thomas screamed. “ I think it’s the English!”.*

*“AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAARRRRGGGGGGGGGGHHHH!”* shouted voices from outside. Out of nowhere a guard said *“Get hidden in the bakery boys, we are under attack!”*. So Tom and Geff ran into the bakery and hid behind the sacks of flour while outside, the

*Normans and English fought for their lives. “ ■ ■ ■ ”* silence fell

*upon the castle. “Noo! The English are coming for...”* but before Geff could finish his sentence an Englishman stepped through the room. *“ I know you're in here, little boys, I saw you!”*. Geff and Tom look at each other nearly crying. *“ Hah! Found you!”* said the Englishman again so the boys ran through his legs out the door and met the guard from before. *“He’s in there!”* they cried together panting so he stepped inside and took away the Englishman’s sword. *“You two get home now, the castle needs cleared,”* said the guard. *“ Right,”* they muttered, eyes wide open, and they walked through the corridors muttering to each other about what had just happened. *“ That’s what was wrong!”* Tom said *“You know, this morning, that man must have escaped the dungeons, and do you see that sack, there, it was full earlier!”*

*“ I did not see that coming!”* Geoffrey said.

*“ Hold your nose!”* Thomas sang

*“Why”*

*“ ‘cause of the blood out there!”*

*“ Oh, you’re gruesome!” Geoffrey exclaimed, smirking with Thomas.*