**The hunter**

In the middle of the Amazon rainforest, a young boy was about to experience something he had never experienced before. The rainforest was no ordinary place. Its dense, snake-like vines and large, overhanging trees meant that it was a great place for hunting. The animals within the rainforest did not like to be disturbed.

A young, tired boy with leopard skin attached to his bottom half, began to collect weapons for his first ever big hunt. He wasn’t entirely sure what he was hunting for, but one thing he did know was that he was starving.
“I must find food! I must find food!” he began to chant to himself. The other tribesmen had showed him how to make something sharp and pointed like a razor-sharp fang of a crocodile, so he set himself a challenge (after all, nobody else was going to do it for him).

A few hours later, he felt quite happy with his newly-formed spear. A narrow, windy path appeared in front of him as he waded through the trees, that felt as if they were wanting to grab him and lure him in. His heart raced and his hands quivered in fear.

“I can do this!” he reassured himself. Just as he was about to give one prod with his spear, a monkey appeared. It had a grey face and eyes that were piercing. The young boy stopped and stared, fixed to the spot as if he were paralysed.
The monkey began to beckon him closer and the boy managed to move towards him unable to do anything else.

The journey seemed like forever. The monkey was taking him somewhere but he did not know where.
“Where are you taking me?” questioned the boy, in a quivering voice. The Money did not answer.

A rustling noise began in the bushes alongside the young boy. The boy stopped once again, paralysed by fear. Was something watching him? Was something going to hurt him? Why did the monkey want to be followed?