

# The pig of dartmoor essay examples



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I pushed open the gate to the manor house and stepped onto the pathway. The wind was howling through the trees; the storm made the rugged English moors even more menacing than usual. I glanced down at the piece of paper I was holding and read, once again, the address on the front. I was definitely in the right place. Madeline was here somewhere.

I walked forwards up the stone pathway. The manor house was more like a castle, with stain glass windows and imposing turrets sticking up into the night sky. I couldn't see any lights on inside the house. I took a deep breath then continued up to the wooden front door where a grotesque knocker in the shape of a pig stared back at me. It was made of stone and had small holes for eyes.

A light in one of the ground floor windows caught my eye. I glanced across and saw Madeline standing in the window, holding a candle. Our eyes met and she set down the candle pressed her hands against the window. I knew she was there. Now I had to get her out.

I was trembling and put it down to the rain trickling down the back of my neck. My hair was plastered to my face and I could no longer feel the droplets hitting my hands. I reached up to the knocker and was just about to grasp the pig's face when its mouth opened and grabbed my fingers. I snatched my hand out of its grip and leapt backwards, my heart thumping. I stared at the pig, squinting. The knocker looked still again; I felt sure that my mind must be playing tricks on me. I swallowed, about to lift my hand again. The pig's mouth opened again, but this time it grew into a grin. It laughed: a shrill, threatening cackle.

I wanted to turn and run, but I couldn't move my feet. The pig stopped laughing, but the grin remained. Light shone out through its eyes and, for the first time, I could see it was staring straight at me.

I was shaking so hard I no longer knew whether I was cold or just petrified. "What are you?" I managed to stammer.

"I am the lord of this house," the pig replied. "And the girl isn't going anywhere."

I glanced around my feet and found a large stone. I picked it up with both hands and turned to face Madeline.

"Stand back," I shouted, and hurled the stone at the window. The glass shattered and I helped Madeline climb out of the gap. I grabbed her hand and we ran back down the path. My legs were trembling with every stride. I grabbed the top of the gate and pulled it towards me. It wouldn't open. I shook it hard; it was locked, but there was no latch on it. I could hear the shrill laughter of the pig behind us. It was getting closer. I tried to pull my body up onto the top of the gate, so that I could climb over it, but the bars were too slippery. The top of the gate was sharp and I could see blood appearing from my fists.

Still pulling at the gate, I glanced over my shoulder. The pig's head was there, hovering behind us, the light in its eyes brighter than before. It started moving forwards again. Madeline screamed. Suddenly there was a loud bang and the pig's head blew into pieces, hitting the stone floor.

I turned back to see a man on a horse in front of the gate. He had a rifle in his hand. He was breathing heavily.

The gate suddenly swung open in my hands. We were free.