At once, I pressed my paws up against the cold glass and stared: searching for hope. It was still there. Still chasing us. Edging closer by the minute. The growl of the propellers made me shudder from my head to my tail, and I held a panicked whimper inside so as not to show how fearful I truly was for our lives. The silver glinted dangerously in the light from the crescent moon and a sense of danger hung in the air.

Imminently, I forced myself to look away; I needed to gauge how John, my master, was feeling in this moment. John’s airship was hand-made with sheer excellence and precision: as if it was a metal masterpiece, but it didn’t have the ammunition of our pursuers. The silver airship, ever gaining on us, was overloaded with weaponry: ready for war. Knife-sharp blades protruded from the hull; it was a power-hungry king wearing a crown of imminent death. This made me shiver with terror and I think I saw fear in my master’s eyes too. The whir of the engines ebbed closer as my heart ticked faster.