Text to read out

There was a sound of undergrowth being disturbed - a click of breaking branches, a weighty pushing through low foliage - and then a kind of large, vaguely irritable snuffling noise.

I sat bolt upright. I reached instinctively for my knife, then realized I had left it in my pack.

There was another noise, quite near.

 ‘Stephen, you awake?’ I whispered.

 ‘Yup,’ he replied in a weary but normal voice.

 ‘What was that?’

 ‘How the hell should I know?’

 ‘It sounded big.’

 ‘Everything sounds big in the woods.’