

The Devil's Tomb

The waves were crashing into the ship as they crossed the treacherous sea. James's spine shivered, as he knew it was a dangerous journey as soon as he left from his hometown which was named Grimm. He had left everything behind, his wife, son, and his house. There was no question if he regrets it or not because obviously he did. The water started to get into the boat from downstairs.

"Zach, Hunter get the water out with buckets!" exclaimed James.

Suddenly out of nowhere a giant lightning strike hit the ship which knocked him unconscious.

James woke up on a gloomy island which had purple fog amongst tall dark trees and like the island he was covered in sand. He got up still distorted from the lightning bolt but decided to start working on a shelter. He got the materials, like logs, stones, and rope to build a shelter and fire. After he built it, James realised he needed food, so he decided to go into the woods for some food. As he travelled, he tripped on what seemed to be a root, but when he got up and looked at the root, he then realised it was a human bone! James looked around to see the skull of what seemed to be a giant monster. He entered the skull and saw a red cube with a silhouette of a demonic figure with horns and a tail. James got close to the cube and touched it, but as soon as he did; the cube started cracking.

A screeching roar came out and James sprinted as fast as he could wondering "WHAT IS THIS PLACE!!!!" but it was too late, the forest had awoken.

That was the last anyone saw of James. Some say James died of dehydration or starvation, but only I know the truth. The Devil's body was old and crippled thus requiring another body and James happened to be the perfect match, tall, muscular and smart. The Devil is still on the island patiently waiting for his next victim.

By Samar

Grade 6