Mystery Island

The nights were the worst. Creatures of the night made themselves heard and the wind roared in every direction. It had been 2 months since our plane crashed on this dreadful island, and we were no closer to escaping. Where were we? "Somewhere over the Pacific," Dad continued to echo. The other families disagreed, but it mattered little. We were trapped on a deadly island with no way to escape...

Seven people had already died in their effort to search the island. Their deaths were a mystery, but after 72 hours of absence, we had no option but to assume the worst. The captain of the plane seemed to be our leader but was often challenged by others. He told us to move to the other side of the island and many refused. We decided to go with him which was our biggest mistake.

The beach had been swallowed by the ocean, so we huddled in the jungle off the shore. Treacherous rain thundered down on us as the wind hit us like a thousand knives. All of a sudden, a shadowy figure emerged from the trees. Broken and battered, it was one of the missing passengers. He called out to us, but his voice was smothered by the wind. "Run!" he screamed as his body dropped dead on the floor.

We didn't need to be told twice. Without even thinking, I ran. I ran for my life. My family were next to me, bustling through the trees and over the uneven terrain. I looked back and saw other families on the ground, lifeless. Nothing could be done and there was no time for guilt.

We made it back to the other passengers who were also lifeless on the ground...We could sense our time coming to an end on this devilish island.