

After Crash Comes...

Crash. Where was I? What had happened to me? I tried to open my eyes to look around but I just couldn't. My eyes were shut stuff. I could hear my heart pounding inside my chest. I could groans and wails. All I could feel was pain from when I somehow dropped. It felt like where I was, I was unwelcome. I smelt like I was in some sort of cave. As the day went on, the screeches and howls got louder and louder. I was finally able to sit up and open my eyes.

Suddenly, a hand touched my shoulder. It was my Mum. Then something touched my other shoulder. It was my Dad. I am safe. Then something touched me on the back. It wasn't my brother. It wasn't Granny. I slowly turned round through the darkness. I could just make out a shape, but I couldn't figure out what it is. It didn't look human and it didn't look like an animal. What was it? Confusion surrounded me.

Why were my family not frightened? I look into his eyes, but he had no eyes. "What's going on here?" I tried to say, but the words got stuck in my throat. I looked around. Why were they so calm? It looked like they hadn't showered in years and their clothes were all tatty. It was sending my crazy not knowing what was happening. As I looked more carefully at my parents, they didn't look human too.

Do I look the same? Shall I run or stay? I chose to run for my life. I chose wrong. There were at least fifteen of the beasts running after me. I was able to beat them because they were limping for some reason. Out of nowhere, I tripped and fell to the ground. Everything went black. It was game over. As I woke up, all I wanted was brains. Who was I...

Connor Simpson – Tolkien – Year 5