

The Unknown Island

The wind blasted at my face while the cold, ice water splashed up the sides of the little boat I was in; ahead was a very large rock ...The Unknown Island.

My name was Jim but my so called friends called me Little Jimmy, not that I was small. The Island loomed closer, towering above the spellbound little humans. We landed at the only shore line on the island, after we hopped out of the boat the scientist that was leading the party grabbed a key from his pocket and jabbed it into the rock.

The island opened up revealing a mystic gate projecting a light brighter than any I had seen; a flash of the beam temporarily blinded everyone in the group except me. I could remember the beam drawing me in like a moth to a light bulb. Another flash pulsed from the gate as I was drawn in to the interior of the Unknown Island.

Giant mushrooms loomed above me as I was floated towards the centre of the island. The pull grew stronger as I got closer to the pillar drawing me in. A loud moo woke me out of my dream;” what dream?” I asked myself. An ox like creature with coffee coloured, shaggy fur and horns the shape of shells, “moooo!” it yelled, startling me. As I got to my feet I glimpsed a scroll lying on the ground; it floated towards me, as it unravelled I could make out smudged letter like figures on the singed papyrus paper. I reach out to grab the scroll but it skipped away, I ran away from the main cave and into several other smaller routes; I caught up with it grabbed it and stuffed it in the pocket of my tattered jacket that no longer smelt like seagull poop.

A sign rest on a pole of this weird substance reading: route 23Q; could this be the lost city. I turned around and I spotted a briefcase, why would a briefcase be in the centre of all mystery? Feeling a tug I crept towards the case; it opened slightly revealing a large ruby. Well that made me run, run at the ruby; wait, stop, my subconscious thoughts wanted me to stop why? I stopped, the story about the mimics; could this be one?

Mimics are creatures of pure evil drawing you in with something valuable and then gobble you up, ready for the next unsuspecting victim.

I threw the scroll at the suspected mimic waiting; waiting for it to feast. Just as I suspected it jump up and ate the scroll “BREIFCASE MIMIC!” I yelled, warning anyone else in the cave system. I ran out of route 23Q and plummeted down a hole someone had dug. I was bigger than what it looked like. Rotted planks of wood jutted out of the sides; this wasn't just a hole it was a tunnel, it was a way out. As I slid down the tunnel I looked back the mimic was still following. Another one of those signs it read: route escape; as soon as it passed I was spat out of the island.

Cold water again, no warm damp caves, the wind howled as I remembered it; I clambered up the slippery cliff face, I ran to the scientists, lying on the ground blinded by the light that cared me into the centre of the mystic island, one man sat on a rock, toasting something on it. I walked over to him asked him what was going on he told me nothing had happened.

He apologised and refunded my money and gave me a ride home with a briefcase on board.