

Stone Heart

Dirt blew into my hair and eyes. The lush forest closed around me as I walked, providing no escape. I tried, without success to ignore my claustrophobia, but there was no escaping the inevitable fact, I was going to die. I don't have the luxury of knowing how or when, but it is prophesised that I will die on this island.

The old me would have sworn to bring down whatever caused my death, but I don't think that I can prevent my death now. Being the adventurer that I am, I have learnt that, over everything else, you can't kill immortals.

A stick snapped behind me, forcing me to pause and look around. About three metres behind me, the ground had caved in, and ocean water started to pour out, soaking the ground at my feet.

Suddenly I realised how I was going to die.

The ground at my feet caved in, my hand flew out to catch the ground and save myself, but I wasn't quick enough. I fell... twisting and screaming into the ocean, the muddy water clogging my throat when I tried to breathe.

So this is where my adventures end, I thought; the prophecy has come to be, I will die here.

A hand brushed my back, and I spun around, looking for whomever the hand had belonged to. There was no one there, only a face of rock with a freshly scratched message reading: 'do not die in vain, save the island, touch the symbol below this message, your fate is set, do not stray from the path.'

Below the message was an inscription of a pair of hands, stretched out as if they were holding something up. I stretched out my hand, thinking that I had nothing to lose, but before I could touch the symbol I ran out of oxygen, my body going limp, like a corpse.

I floated downward, toward the ocean bed, and somehow my hand managed to scrape against the picture on the rock.

Agony swept through my dying body, worse than any pain imaginable, like my insides were swelling and turning to stone at the same time. Drowning felt like a five star resort to me now.

My hands shot up, propelled by some invisible force to the sinking island above me. My body started expanding. I tried to curl up into a ball, but my muscles wouldn't respond to me, leaving me paralysed, like a living statue. I couldn't even open my mouth to scream.

Suddenly, just as I felt like I was about to explode with the force of a nuclear bomb, my hands hit the surface of the water, lifting the island I had been marooned on less than ten minutes ago. I felt the rate of my expansion slow until my elbows almost broke the surface and I stopped.

My death came quickly after that, and my spirit floated up, breaking away from the torture of my life. I saw what I had done and looked at it with awe. I had turned completely too stone, water still pouring from my arms. It seemed ironic; I had saved the thing that I had previously planned to destroy.