

The Temple

I don't know why I signed up for this. The dilapidated temple stood in front of me. I know I have to go in.

I first signed up for this last year, it was described as an exciting trip to try to find a temple. I was really excited at first but now I'm not so sure. The temple looks like a large lump of green and black stone and I don't want to enter but I know I must so I do.

As I enter the temple I see the amazing roof high above me. The roof looks as though it could fall down at any moment. I knew I had to run. I ran straight ahead. I heard tales of the temple when I was young. The tales said that anyone who did not have permission from the gods would be killed.

I continued forward toward the moss covered centre. I was standing here by myself all alone. I wish I had someone with me. We would have gone in together but people didn't want to risk the life of more than one person. I had agreed. I had to. They had offered me so much money... if I came back alive.

I decided there would be no point just standing here thinking about bad things that could happen. I had to continue. I promised to myself that I would not stop again. As I moved forward I noticed something strange. There was an empty packet of chips. At first I thought that the wind must have blown it in but then I remembered that that wouldn't be possible because I had to open the door at the front of the temple. There was only one possibility. Someone has been in the temple recently. I had hoped they could still be in here and we could survive. I yelled out that was a mistake. Immediately a trap got set off. I fell down a long way. I hit the bottom hard. It was made of stone. It was then when I discovered a long passage way with lots of turns. I wasn't sure which way to go. I yelled out. I got a response this time and nothing bad happened.

I went straight ahead. I bumped into a person who looked injured. They asked how I got here and I told them what had happened. They told me a story that sounded very similar and surprisingly the same company that told me to come, had told them too.

Just then I had a thought; the company was trying to trap people inside the temple. The main difference between our stories was that we entered from different sides. We started looking around searching for more people. Unfortunately we couldn't find anyone. We set ourselves a new goal of trying to get out. I started climbing. I felt a pull on my leg. It was my new friend. He's gone crazy. He's not going to let me escape. I used my last bit of strength to pull away. I started running for my life. Will I ever be safe?