

The Island

The wind whipped through the trees as I climbed the path to the old, abandoned cathedral. I crushed snails as I walked up the hill. The legend was that there was once a crazy serial killer who lived on the island. They said that the wooden cathedral was the work of the killer, so that he could sacrifice people who dared step foot on his island. The branches cast shadows on the path. The moon was a perfect circle. The late afternoon sky was a bloodthirsty red. I heard crunching in the bushes. It couldn't be the serial killer; he had died two years before. I continued on towards the cathedral. I was scared. What if the killer was still alive? All these thoughts scared me. I didn't want to die. As I was walking, a rock hit me in the head. I woke up to see the killer, alive.