

ISLAND OF DEATH

The wind whipped through the trees, as I climbed the path to the old abandoned cathedral. I guess I should tell you how I got here, well... long story short a wooden and bloodthirsty troop of snails were chasing me all over this island in search for the legendary treasure of the rich. Ah, speak of the devils, here the snails come! Their shadows are behind them so the sun is in front of me making it hard to see. I run, crushing branches as I go. I run into the old cathedral as light shines down on top of me and a deep voice rumbles, "So, another chosen one eh?" I'm terrified. My brain works overtime as I try to process this... N-n-n-no I manage to stutter to the giant followed by "die!" It rumbles. What's worse, snails or a giant person who's trying to kill you? I run towards the snails, blackness emerges from their mouths and engulfs me. I struggle towards the light, but I can feel the life force fading from me. I know this feeling, this is the end of me.

