

ON THE VERGE OF TEARS

If only I listened to Mrs Scuttlescromp, I wouldn't have said my farewell to this Earth, I wouldn't have found the dreary forest, I wouldn't have seen what I saw, and I wouldn't have disappeared.

Splinters of sunlight hissed through the ominous clouds as I stumbled across the slimy Earth floor trying not to fall. "Help," a shrivelled voice croaked. Reality kicked in 'where am I?' 'Who am I?' 'Why am I here?' Questions filled my head but the answers were nowhere to be found. Mrs Scuttlescromp lay shivering on the verge of tears. She clearly resembled a scaly monster since her complexion was as rough as bark. "They're coming, you must help!" she cried. I foolishly used this as ammunition to tease her about her appearance. I sincerely regretted it instantly, because it was the start of an agonizing journey.