

Tom

Tom felt like a complete imbecile. He winced, recollecting the unfortunate events of the past, falling straight down a deep crevice, trying to break the fall with his leg, and finally, Tom hearing his ankle crack as the bone snapped in two. His maimed leg felt as if someone had spilled molten metal from inside him, but he didn't have the time to perceive the pain. His vision flashed red and then black as he fell unconscious. After he regained consciousness, he instantly glad he had woken. In his dream, he had seen a weird figure standing above him, watching him sink into the ground, and Tom couldn't move. He decided that he had no choice, but he had to find a way out of here. He realized that if even the slightest movement caused him so much pain, he would never make it. He had to make a splint. he looked over and saw pieces of wood and rope scattered amongst the base of the well, most likely used as a pulley system when the well was still used. He pulled himself over to the wood, gasping and blinking back hot tears while his vision flickered, every flash, seeing more and more of his terrifying dream, his heart beat getting faster. Finally getting to them, he breathed deeply for a few moments trying regain his breath. He gripped the rope but heard a loud moaning sound, the sound of a person injured, a person who knew they would never recover. He hesitantly stood wincing as the movement caused the pain to reawaken, but he was too horrified. A dark shadow darken his face, and he knew the end was over and he curled into a ball. Nothing happened. A man threw a rope over to Tom and whispered, in a quiet voice, "hang on". Tom hung on for his life and the man pulled. He pulled and pulled until the pitch black darkness of the sky was visible by a blazing torch. Tom, grateful beyond words, went to thank the kind man, but the man threw down his torch. Tom jumped back, surprised and petrified. Then the man transformed, his face contorting, skin tore and muscle ripped. The creature started to make a rumbling, cackling noise, and lunging at poor Tom. Down, down, down Tom fell, sunk to the ground with a sickening splat. The man was Death, coming out to visit his next victim.

By Vishal Kalakonnar, Grade 8 (Age – 13)