

## The Mysterious Mine(redraft)by Amie

*As quiet as a mouse, George crept out of from the safe, warm tent and listened intently for any noises coming from it. His shoulders dropped, and he started to make the trek up to the cave he had glimpsed when they'd pitched the tent on the mountain side.*

*When he reached the cave he stared at its beauty in awe. It was engraved with ancient markings and symbols, obviously from centuries ago. It was a quaint, picturesque place, almost relaxing to look at. Breathing slowly and heavily, George watched the leaves dance to the ground like ballerinas. He took one more step, his hands clammy with sweat as he put one foot inside the cave.*

*The nature surrounding the cave was beautiful and tranquil. Birds sang mellifluously from their perches in the canopies of the trees that encased the area. Underneath rocks, bugs had created and inhabited homes. On entering the cave, George's mouth dropped open and he stood completely still. The room had evidently been visited before, as it had been decorated and furnished. He had not expected this, but he was pleasantly surprised. There were many passages leading off through the cave. George was eager to explore them, and was excited to go and search them..It was illuminated because of the sunlight streaming in, as bright as 100 fireflies.*

*Looking back, George stood stock still in the maze of endless passages he had ventured through. He had spent hours and hours exploring. He didn't know where he was or what he was going to do. Goosebumps sprang up from his arms, and the hairs on the back of his neck prickled like an electric shock. The engravings on the walls scowled at George and rocks moved ever so slightly under his feet. Outside, he could hear the thunder growling and barking like a wolf. He could envisage lightning striking the ground like a snake when it's catching a mouse. If he had stayed in the safety of the tent, if he hadn't gone exploring, if he wasn't so stupid, then he wouldn't be in such a hazardous situation.*

*Convincing himself that he would all be fine, he followed the twisting route of tunnels. He was either entangling himself further inside the cave or he was on his way to get out. Travelling further and further, George started to see a misty, eerie fog enveloping the place. He jumped. He could tell it was dark outside. What could the time be? And then he heard it...*

*Suddenly as loud as a bass drum, a peculiar sound sliced through the ghostly fog. George stopped in his tracks. Who or what was it? He could sense something behind him, but he didn't dare look back. An unpleasant, icy chill crawled up his back, and his mind cleared with all but one thought... R!UN! Sprinting for his life, he felt a harsh, whipping wind hit him directly in the face. He spotted a square of lifeless night, getting bigger and bigger as he ran faster and faster. Scrambling frantically out of the tunnel, took a picture of the place to remind himself to never ever go back again. George hurtled towards the woods, and didn't look back!*

*Entering the forest and shining his torch on the ground, twigs scratched George's body and the starless, coal-black sky looked down on him with blank eyes mercilessly. The forest was too dense, too dangerous to go through. George was stuck. When would he get out? What could he do?*

*The morning after the terrible incident, George's parents came calling, although they didn't find what they were looking for, and they saw a picture that took their breath away...*