

Stealthily lifting up the window to hear the sea rolling, Mia paused so that she didn't alert her parents that she was leaving. Luckily, she could still hear the tv blasting downstairs. Anxiously she climbed down the guttering pipe and landed silently on the ground. Her friends, who were staying at her house, had dared her to go in the caves but she was determined to prove that she was brave enough. Dashing down the beach in her pajamas she felt the cold, dry sand tickling her toes.

Her mom had forbidden her to go in the caves after 9:30 and it was 9:45. Her mom never really liked the caves. As she edged forward she took a deep breath in, and wondered if this was a bad idea. The caves were dark, damp and cold. She turned on her torch because she

could barely see a thing. A constant dripping sound was coming from above her. Little did she know, that beneath her feet, lay alluring crystals. Hours passed like minutes.

All of a sudden she heard a sound that made her realise she was in danger - the sound of rushing water. The tide was closing! At that point she remembered at every night at ten o'clock the tide comes right in. She was trapped. There was no way of getting out. So she ran. How was she supposed to get out? Now she was running for her life.

Frantically, she ran from side to side to find an exit. The navy blue sea was coming closer and closer. All of a sudden she dropped the torch there was no time to grab and run. Alarmed she spotted a tiny piece of daylight, she pulled away the rest of the rocks. Anxiously pulling herself up to the surface of the air, she breathed a sigh of relief. Pleased to be out of the cave, she jumped in the air with joy. She was safe. Turning around she saw a sight that made her think she was never coming back home... she was stranded on an isolated island!

By Abi