

The Forest by Nicole Brocklebank

Crash! The car violently flipped off the edge of road. Moments later, an old man crawled painfully out of the car, clutching a little girl. She was wearing a white dress which was now covered in bright red blood. Her blonde hair was also tangled with blood. In the distance the flashing lights of a potential rescue appeared.

Beep! Beep! Beep! The heart monitor alarmed the doctor. "I'm sorry," said the doctor sadly, "she didn't make it," he went on, as he put his hand on the man's shoulder. The man was speechless, a tear, dropped down the side of his face. "She was so young, she was only three," the man finally spoke, wiping his face. "Go home, get some rest," he continued gently.

"Today is the ten year anniversary of my daughter Isabelle's tragic death." the man said to himself, getting ready to go on an adventure, as his new job was an explorer. Today he was going to explore the "enchanted" forest. He didn't really think it was enchanted, but he would find out today.

Confused, he stopped for a rest, put the huge map down, took a big sip of his fresh, ice cold water. Minutes later, he started walking again, as he looked for the forest. "Huh!" the man thought to himself as he noticed a beautiful oak tree. Walking towards the oak tree, he saw that there was a colossal hole in the side of this masterpiece.

Seconds later, the huge hole opened up and dragged the scared man inside. Green lights flashed, the confused man twisted, turned and in seconds he was in a gloomy forest. The forest was dark, black birds squawked. The man saw a trail.

He followed the unpleasant trail, as it lead to a house. The house looked old, spooky, broken. The terrified man shivered as an ice cold drift hit the man. He walked into the house.

Inside the old house, weird crying noises came from upstairs, the confused man, went to see what it was. "No one live here" he said to himself. "How can someone be crying?" he continued to himself, as he carried on walking up the broken spiral staircase. Up the stairs it sounded like a crying girl. "I recognize that voice," He said over and over again.

There was a girl. There was a girl on top of the stairs. She was wearing a white dress that was covered in bright red blood; she had blonde hair that was also tangled with blood. "daddy," she cried. "Isabelle?" the man said as he hugged the little girl. "how are you here?" the man said. "why don't you want me to be here!" the girl screamed as she pulled a knife out of here pocket.

The man ran down the stairs as the girl chased him. Out the house he ran, through the creepy forest and back through the oak tree, back to his house, safe and sound, until he saw her.....