

The caravan

"Now, my children, I need to warn you that whatever you do, you are not allowed to go to that dangerous pylon. What if it falls on your head? I would have to run with you to the hospital. Do you understand?" My mother warned us. "Not only that pylon can shock you but it is also at the seaside outside our house and look, it is raining! What do you want to do in the rain?" Of course, I thought she was kidding like she always is (she acts like a grumpy cat.) Being disobedient, I managed to persuade my twin sister, Inaaya who was a little too scared to come.

Once, night time fell, me and Inaaya packed our bags and left our room. A few moments later, we were no longer in our house and we were on the freezing cold sand which was annoying because it entered our shoes. "What have you done?" Asked Inaaya whilst shivering in terror.

In the depths of the forest, as the first calls of the dawn echoed across the land, the clouds howled and moaned whilst the sky turned from white to grey to black. Near a cobbled, massive bridge, whereby a train swiftly trotting by. Unleashing their heavy loads, layers of pregnant clouds were as grey as ever. Hovering above the bridge, a planket of eerie mist covered the bridge.

Without warning, the lights started to flicker before turning off completely, slaughtering the enthusiasm that the citizens of train once had. Unexpectedly, the train jolted forward and came to a sudden halt, triggering a reaction from the passengers grabbing each other, ~~seats~~ and handles.

In sheer panic, the children and their icy breath spread across the carriage room rapidly.