

CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

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Trekking through the dark forest, Annabeth and I were looking for a mysterious area the Oracle had instructed us to go to. The disgusting mud reached up to our ankles, making it generally quite challenging to walk through.

“Percy, why do you think we have to go here?” Annabeth demanded in her horror. I shrugged, as I was just as curious as she was. Every now and then, we would trip and fall, and graze our hands and knees, until the mud gradually got lower, to the point there was none in our path. I smiled at Annabeth, and she subtly grinned back. I was happier that the ‘mud trials’ was over, but we still had a long way to go. For a while we just stood there, in absolute silence. But then, I heard huge thuds on the floor. It couldn’t have been Annabeth, it was too loud.

I rushed forward, my hand touching the sword. I hoped it was far away, so we’d have time to run.

Unfortunately, I could see a large figure in the distance, but my eyesight was blurry.

“Percy! What are you doing?” Annabeth hissed. I put my finger to my lips, to silence her. She finally got the hint, and went quiet. The figure was coming closer, but I held back a gasp. It was a Cyclops.

“Annabeth, we have to go. Now.” I whispered. She saw the Cyclops too, and we sprinted as fast and far as we could. Before we knew it, we had an angry Cyclops on our tail.

We picked up speed as the Cyclops was getting closer, but then we were trapped. It was a dead end, covered by fallen trees and branches. There was no way we could get out, The Cyclops let out a deep cackle as we jumped as his footsteps hit the ground. He picked us up, as if we were his unwanted pets. His head rocked back and forth, probably deciding what we were.

“Annabeth?” I asked, because I didn’t hear her at all.

No response. I looked over to her, and saw her eyes shut. After a split second, my head lolled back too, and I saw pitch black.

My eyes opened, and I was in a small, white room. I called Annabeth’s name, hoping she would respond this time around. It echoed, but louder. I covered my ears, trying to block out the sound. I felt trapped, and I have the strange feeling that the Cyclops knew my nightmare. I didn’t know what to do and I tried punching the walls. It had no advantage but to make my fist hurt. I went to the corner of the room, and I remembered what the Oracle had said.

“Be careful. There may be strange visions, but just fight.” To me it sounded vague but just then I understood...