



Terror

By Emma Tang, Year 5

Picture (if you can) the most horrifying sunset in the world. A sunset where the sky swirls, with patches of red and black, wrapping up the world in a blanket of terror. Shadows loomed everywhere. A long, muddy corridor stretched forward, only it didn't have a roof, or the sunset was blocking the view of the ceiling. The damp, bloody smell filled the air. Smoke drifted through the sunset, filthy, repugnant smoke.

Floating, lethargically around the place, were scally demons waving their tridents carelessly as their magnificent purple spikes, horns and the diamond on their forehead shone evilly. Their reptilian eyes seemed to grow and shrink restlessly. Above them, the dragon king flapped its mighty wings as it clawed at the demon, its radiant tail swished about in the wind. Its jet black skin seemed to grin menacingly. Baring its tongue slowly, it roared ferociously. The roar echoed through the tunnels, ignoring anything and everything that got in its way. The roar was like a merciless warrior forcing its way through the many obstacles it faced, a deafening roar.

Besides that, everything was more or less perfect, so you can guess, dear reader, it was not a pleasant place. The stench was terrible but instead of it coming from the huge mass of repulsive animals and monsters, it seemed to crawl out of the walls, its pungent aroma blasting through the air.

In one of the tunnels ahead, a colossal rock blocked the way through. So vast that if I were to go through the world, I couldn't find one bigger. Frozen to the spot, the boulder was like a muscular body guard, not willing to move unless its master said so. Even though I couldn't see anything behind it, there was an atmosphere of fear pounding on the other side, desperate to get out of the cold, bare prison it stood in.

Out of the other tunnel, dark, murky tides crashed against the stones. This water was not like any water. It was impossible to ignore the witch lurking under it, as if she were about to burst out and cast a spell over you. The evil grin she had, the despicable glare, the mother of fear. In the middle of the water, a decrepit pirate ship floated impertinently. There was not a soul to be seen, though shadows flashed here and there, hovering at the edge of my consciousness.

Weaving in and out of the mud, the last tunnel twisted rapidly along, although it was bare and empty, it was hypnotizing the environment around it. Almost sucking everyone in to a no-man's land. Engraved on the walls were intricate patterns, twisting resentfully.

It was a place where no nightmare could take you. An underground world made out of fear. A memory that would haunt me forever, a thought that would never leave me alone. The labyrinth...