

Footprints in the Sand – Elise Proctor

Hearing the soothing sounds of the waves crashing is the most beautiful sound ever. I escape from reality. All I can hear is the sounds of the waves crashing and the trees swaying.

I hear my mum calling me to come in for dinner. I run up to the house leaving footprints in the sand. Black, dark, mystery. That's all I see. I never got home. Never. I'm alone here on this boat. Alone.

I looked around the sides of the boat it was covered in filthy moss and rust. I remembered I always keep binoculars in my bag. I know it's weird but just in case. I looked through them confused that whoever put me here didn't do a good job. I can see my house. I'm glad I'm a fantastic swimmer.

I swam to the other side of the cold blue water trying not to get dunked by the viscous waves surrounding me. I was getting tossed under the waves as I tried to swim calmly.

I finally got back to my house. I ran up the stairs from the beach and slammed the door behind me. Just then I saw handprints all around me. But they were red. Red. Red as blood. Could it be? Is my mum...gone? I look around screaming my Mum's name. She was nowhere to be found.

All of a sudden, I heard high pitch screams coming from my room. I walked in armed with bat. I pushed the door open but found nothing. I turned around ready to head out but. a dark, mysterious shadow with scorching red eyes. I then felt my body fading away.

I open my eyes. It was a dream. All of this it was fake. My mums alive. I'm alive. There's no shadow. I'm safe. for now