

Paradise

By

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The day was hot, and the waves angry. I had been at sea for nearly a month now, with no such luck of finding the long-lost paradise. The sun stung at my skin, causing me to sweat waterfalls. Suddenly, when hope nearly faded, in the distance I spotted trees as tall as buildings, and sand the color of the sun.

Full of excitement, I raced to the ship wheel. I had to make haste, for it was known that if you take too long, the island may pass your eyes, never to be seen again.

I was about to start to tug at the sails, when suddenly my ship lurched forward, almost sweeping me off my feet. My ship was moving faster than I ever thought it could. As it sped towards the long-lost paradise, I braced for the impact of the ship meeting the sand. My ship slammed into the island's shore. If I had not been holding on to the ship's rail, I would have soared through the air, landing face first into the sand.

With much relief on not getting thrown from my ship, I stood. As I got up, my leg gave out searing pain, as if someone was poking it with a million swords a million times. I then knew that I was going to have to give it a splint if I wanted to explore the island.

Using the railing as support, I hobbled over below deck, I reached for a splint made from a bamboo tree. After I had tightly tied it around my leg, I grabbed my telescope and peered out one of the ship's windows. It seemed that around the middle of the island there was a jungle of gigantic trees. How I had not noticed them, I don't understand.

I grabbed a survival kit from my bedroom, and limped out of the ship. As I went outside I felt the heat sting my skin once more. As I limped towards the center of the island, out of nowhere something hard fell on my head. I looked down and saw a big, brown coconut. Then I glanced up, and what surprised me even more, was that there was nothing above me, just the sun. I decided I needed to keep my guard up.

In what seemed like forever, I finally reached the edge of the jungle. The trees towered above me, dominating the entire beach. I hobbled into the jungle, and to my surprise, many animals such as birds, tigers, and turtles raced around me. "For what reason did they have to not come outside of the jungle?" I wondered.

I sat down on an old tree trunk and began to paint one of the tigers sleeping on a tree. As I finished my masterpiece and headed back to my ship, my injured leg stepped on something. I winced in pain, wondering what I had stepped on. I glanced down and nearly screamed. A male bearing a red velvet coat and a feathered hat stared at me with plain white eyes. He rapidly reached for my pained leg. Yet again, I winced in pain.

"You should not have come to this island," It moaned. "Now you will never leave."

I gave him a rapid kick in the face with my strong leg. As soon as I felt his grip loosen, I bolted down to my ship. Pain flared in my leg with each stride I took. But none of that mattered now. All that mattered was getting away from this island.

Suddenly in the distance I heard the loud sound of footsteps. I turned to see all of the animals I had seen from the forest charging me at full speed. They outnumbered me one hundred to one, and were rapidly gaining on me.

If you are reading this, you may have already learned that this so called paradise is no paradise at all. I haven't long to talk, but you may be my only hope of survival! Please hurry!



About the Author: Davy Hernandez was in the 4th grade at Sherman Oaks Elementary School at the time this was written. Davy has found an outlet with writing, sharing that, "Everything that's in my head can get out without having to say it." When he's not writing, Davy enjoys playing basketball and baseball, performing in theater, and spending time with his sister. Davy would like to dedicate this story to his 4th grade teacher Ms. Alvarez, who encourages him to keep on writing and to his mom who helps him unconditionally.

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