



Writing from Jessica Mitchell 5RR

Mark dove into the cool, refreshing waters, feeling his scuba gear press against his back. It was his dream to scuba-dive and calmly swim alongside the colourful, active sea life. Swaying stalks of multicoloured coral danced alongside the creeping algae. Humongous, grey rocks stood like mountains on small, bumpy cliffs. However, this beautiful and wondrous scene was soon to disappear. After a few minutes of adventurous swimming, Mark closed his eyes for a second of peace. He needed a moment to take in where he was. Crystal clear waters and oceans were far too enticing to him with their majestic, crashing waves and friendly fish.

Soon, Mark had taken a few deep breaths and opened his eyes, revealing...nothing. Everything around him had gone a dark shade of blue, unlike the bright water he was previously in. He looked around, trying not to worry. Just as Mark began to panic, a quiet and feeble *clink* echoed into the ocean. Something had landed on a black rock, not too far away from him. Intrigued but cautious, he waded through the icy atmosphere. Soon, the object was visible. It was a cold, green bottle with a silver, screw-on cap that was firmly fastened onto the glass.

Mark gingerly knelt down beside it, clinging onto some strong kelp roots to stay close to the mysterious object. Inside was something peculiar though. It was a miniscule diver helmet that had a mess of seaweed sprouting out of it. Below that was seemingly a tiny, purple cloth bound so tightly together that it managed to hold the helmet above upright. Confused but brave, Mark allowed one of his hands to grasp onto the bottle, quick and speedy.

He instantly closed his eyes in case of any danger...Fortunately, nothing happened and he remained floating there, his other hand wrapped in the kelp keeping him down.

However, Mark began to feel somewhat tipsy. His breath came in short gasps and his vision blurred. But...why? *The oxygen in his tank!!!* There was no possible way it could last much longer!

Just as the boy began to direct himself towards the invisible surface, he heard an almost *silent* ding accompanied by a flash of light. It was the bottle, glowing in the dark water. Mark gasped, taking far too much of his remaining oxygen. Completely entranced by the glimmer, he pushed himself back down to inspect the object once more.

Suddenly, a tremendous SNAP came from the bottle and the cap blew off. Mark felt an unnatural force pulling him towards the unusual thing, causing him to almost scream in terror.

And then...darkness.