

My short horror story – Year 9

As part of our holidays in India, my friends Wasif, Kashif and I decided to go and see tigers in the jungle.

Staying in a lodge, we had booked a safari with a local company along with two other tourists. It was cheap and promised an adventure.

When the minibus arrived early that morning, it was old having been used for many outings. The noise from the engine was not very 'healthy' but it worked for most days and took us to incredible places but no sign of tigers. So, we decided to return to the lodge as it was getting dark.

As we started heading back, the minibus suddenly stopped. We looked at each other with fear of what may happen next. The driver seemed in control suggesting we should head into the jungle.

My friends and I decided to follow him hoping he would take us back to base. However we soon found out he didn't know where he was going.

We felt as if all the animals of the jungle were closing in on us and were going to have us for dinner. We were walking blindly when suddenly I stepped on what I thought was a soft piece of wood. How wrong was I!

The head of a spectacled cobra appeared like a submerged periscope through the dark mist hissing with his shiny fangs, staring ready to attack one of the tourists behind me. As he panicked, the snake launched and injected his poison in his leg. Despite screaming for help, we did not turn back and left him behind as there was nothing we could do for him. After a while, the screams ceased so we knew he had died with excruciating pain.

We kept on running aimlessly, being slashed by angry vegetation. It seemed like hours until the driver who was leading us came face to face with the tiger we had searched all day. It glanced at the petrified man and jumped on him like a blazing flame, tearing his limbs apart. What a gruesome spectacle! Never imagine we would be the audience of such a scary, dangerous and unforgiving scene in the jungle. I still feel the cold sweat on my back.

As we changed directions without a guide, we came unexpectedly across an abandoned house in this dangerous location. As we entered the house,

a man was lying on his bed covered with dried blood and maggots eating his body. We felt sick with the smell and vomited.

Kashif and Wasif threw the decomposed body outside while I was shutting all the windows. We lit a fire and rested for a while gathering our thoughts and our phones.

I managed to connect to the lodge and rescue was organised. What a relief! We did not sleep that night fearing for our lives.

The following day, we were located and two majestic elephants took us back to base.

We found out that four people had died in the past few days. How did we survive? I still do not know.

The End