

'A Hostage to Nature'
by Milly McCosker L50

Her power was gone. The earth was not listening to her silent screams. The commands that usually were met with effortless ease, were being ignored. So she had no other choice but to run. And run fast. Her legs ached with every leap. The ground beneath her was trembling, the thorns were scratching at her shins. Despite the agonising pain rushing through her body, she carried on going. Reluctantly, planting one foot in front of the other, her breath shortening and lungs burning, she stumbled over bushes.

Her foot got entangled in the roots of an oak. She caught her breath, her heart skipping a beat.

Tumbling down, stretching her arms out, she cushioned her fall. As soon as her palm touched the moss that blanketed the forest floor, everything began to spin – calmly one moment, but wilder the next. Her dominance over the land twisting out of control. The trees and the bushes vaporised. The thistles and the thorns vanished. The blue sky above her was soon grey and misty. And then the rain began to pour. Just drip drops at first but torrential soon after, battering down on her back. She was instantly soaked through.

The unforgiving woodland had taken her hostage. She was powerless and vulnerable. Her mind couldn't comprehend the situation. Her body unable to respond, paralysed out of fear. She couldn't fathom a solution to this problem. Then, as though a cog had clicked into place, she went into autopilot. Her body taking over. Leaving her disorientated mind behind.

The ground was crumbling away, piece by piece. Her body understanding that it wouldn't be long until the floor was gone too. So she turned herself around, and flung herself towards the oak, the lone piece of nature in sight. The ground breaking away, she tucked in her toes. It had happened as fast as it had started. Sucking in her breath, she willed the wind to stop.

And it listened.

Relief washed through her and hope sparked in her thoughts. She had control again. She could feel all the earth's energy on her fingertips once more. Glimpsing at the world around her, she steered herself away from the oak. The spectacular sight before her eyes was nothing compared to the wreck that it had replaced.