

16.11.20

Dear Diary

After the Sun rose, I was wondering around the island searching for supplies to help me survive. Then I saw it in the corner of my eye a small wooden rowing boat that would fit about two people appeared from under a pile of metal scraps. I couldn't believe it, a route of escape. Nervous and excited, I slowly approached the boat to take a closer look. As I walked towards it, I heard something rustle in the bushes. I shot my head back to see nothing was there. Worries filled my head and I started to breath heavily I pushed those thoughts out of my head. I used all my strength to tug the boat out of the pile. It was filled with holes, cracks and dirty cobwebs but I knew I could fix it

I mended the boat day after day after about a week it was finished, ready to sail out onto sea. The next morning, I woke up at the crack of dawn and went to the shed where I had hid Lyra and my supplies. ~~My~~ I quickly grabbed them but to my horror

it was too late. people started thundering down the hill. I bolted out of the shed with Lyca and my supplies. My heart was thumping and I was sprinting but the gang was chasing after me like a raging stampede. They were screaming things like "Get her!" "She has a route of escape" and "Let me on to please!!" but I ran and ran as fast as I could. I was terrified they would take my only route of escape. After running for what seemed like hours the loud sound of thumping footsteps died down so I stopped to catch my breath. Panting like a dog, I turned around to see somebody staring straight at me. There was a deafening silence. They eventually screamed out "GUYS! she's over here" & less than a ~~mit~~ second the crowd ~~to~~ came after me they chased me towards the dark blue sea there was only one option...

With all my might, I shoved Lyca into the water and leaped in with my backpack. I rowed and rowed until my arms felt like they were gonna fall off. I heard people begging for me to come back and to let them on