

WRITING

The Tunnel

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TYPE

FANTASY/SCIFI
NARRATIVE

GENRE

GRADE 6

It was a beautiful afternoon, and we decided to go visit my aunt. I was exhausted on the road, and I eventually dozed off.

“Why is it taking so long? I said.

“I am so over this,” my brother also said.

The road we were on was very old, and nobody every really went there. My dad had previously used this road, at least that’s what he said. We got closer to a tunnel, and unfortunately our car broke down. My aunt’s place was close by, and the sun was getting lower and disappearing. We got out and went in toward the tunnel.

It was unusually cold in the tunnel, and there was water everywhere on the ground. Suddenly I felt uneasy. My head started to spin and my whole body was covered in goosebumps and chills. I was scared. I looked down and saw little creatures that looked like mice. They were very tiny, with sharp teeth and fur

covered bodies. The wind blew and the little creatures were no more. I had many questions but no answers to them, and that made me more anxious and scared. In a very short time, I found myself standing in an unknown place. There I was, standing in the middle of a room. The room had a stench, a rotten smell. I knew that someone or something was surely out to get me.

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