

The Extinction

By Anonymous, aged 10

I. Hate. Cougars. Perched on a branch with all four hands armed with rocks, I pelted the cougar square in the eyes, point blank. My body was 100% filled with adrenaline, so I jumped. Freeze.

Yup, I know that sounds pretty stupid but I knew what I was doing. As I fell 20 feet, I caught the cougar with my knife as he tried to climb the tree. I was breathing heavily as I landed on all 4 arms on a bed of moss and pine needles. Before I could stand, I rolled forward, getting bits of wood bark up my nose. The cougar was lying dead on the forest floor.

The falcons quickly circled the carcass. I had to work quickly to carve the pelt before dark, and removed both its claws and shoulder blades. I stuffed the pelt into my sack and shoved the rest deep in my pockets. The claws would later be attached to my gloves and used as finger knives, the shoulder blades for something important.

The darkness clouded over the tops of the trees. I started to run back to my hobbit hole, jumping from tree to tree, finally arriving home. Starving from all that adrenaline I pulled my cooked deer meat from my home dug ice box. I knew it tasted a bit different than usual but I was so hungry, I didn't care.

Seconds later the room started to spin and the floor felt like it was dropping from underneath me. I recognized the familiar taste in my mouth. Someone had been here. I was scared for the second time in my life, other than my fear of cougars. As I fell to the grassy floor I knew anything could happen. I'd been drugged.

When I woke up, I found myself lying in a cold, damp cement cell with walls that looked as hard to penetrate as titanium. At some point I'd overheard someone talking about how they were going to build a wall around the forest and release me in it, and then hunt me like an animal. I thought maybe I'd been dreaming. All I knew now was that I needed to survive.

I removed one of the cougar shoulder blades from inside my large coat pocket and started to carve bits of the cement wall away. The cougar's bones were old and soft, lacking calcium. After four grueling days, I'd dug the depth of a large cereal bowl. I wanted to scream but that would attract attention to me, so I kept carving. With the other shoulder blade I dug through another cereal bowl worth of cement. I couldn't get right through the wall but at least I could hear what was going on outside. I could hear my captors planning the hunt.

I decided to wait for food and would try to escape then. It didn't work. They didn't bring me any food. I became more agitated by the hour. I'd now gone eight days without any food, only rain water leaking from the ceiling.

Would I survive being hunted while weak, hungry, tired, and starting to hallucinate?

The sound of footsteps drew closer to my cell. As they entered, I saw them coming at me with melting, hot metal sticks. From behind me, with their rods, they prodded me out of the cell.

As I darted through the exit, into the sunlight for the first time in what seemed like ages, I began to run. Scattered in the woods behind me, I could see more guards lurking in the trees, posed with cross bows. I was terrified. I was drenched in sweat.

Suddenly, I could hear the smacking sound of hooves hitting the hard, dry ground. They were getting closer and closer and closer. I panicked darting between trees with no plan, Then I tripped I'd smacked face first into a tree, yet didn't feel a thing

I opened my eyes to find people screaming and pointing in my direction. Strangely, these people had either four arms or two I didn't seem unusual there. "Run! Run!" they screamed, as they ran away from me. Or so I thought. I slowly looked around. In place of the tree I'd just fallen through was a massive beast with a mouth the size of Jonah's whale, eyebrows as dark as the Black Forest and his pupils as cutting as circular saw blades. Nothing else mattered except getting out of there.

In this land where I strangely felt at home, where it didn't matter how many arms I had, we all became the beast's dinner. At least no one was discriminated against for the number of arms they had. It would have been a good day to discuss anti-discrimination in a school assembly but there was no school for us. Only waiting to die, to disintegrate, to break down into pieces.

The ten-year-old author of this story loves to read and to show his creativity through his own powerful writing. His favourite author is Rick Riordin.