**Survival**

**Written by Lucas**



**SURVIVAL**

Jan was cleaning his filthy, blood-stained gun in his miniature dirty hut. All of a sudden there was a deafening sound that shook all the forest trees. He grabbed his blood-stained gun and dashed out of his extremely small hut. The booming noise hurt his elf like ears. He felt like his ears were going to come off. As he strode through the forest the booming sound grew louder and louder. He had run for 2km of this and his legs were tired. Even though he was a trained warrior, he felt like he was a baby and he couldn’t walk or run.

Finally he got through the forest and saw Allies destroying the city. He grabbed his gun from his back and loaded it. Bang! Bang! Bang! Bang! He took several shots but he only hit one of the ten men. The one he hit was screaming on the floor. He didn’t blame him because he had shot him right into the shoulder. Filthy blood was pouring out of the wound like a fountain. His eyes started to water at the sight of so much blood. It was an amazing sight for the killer but not for the victim.

He didn’t understand why another annoying Allie had stayed behind. He looked strangely familiar. He had long bony finger and had a short fat nose. His eyebrows were short but extremely hairy. It looked like there were two hairy caterpillars crawling across his face. His hair was long and spiky. He had so many hairs on his hand. He looked like one of those extremely hairy spiders but with extra hair - he looked like a mammoth.

He threw him some cabbage and some lettuce. Then Jan recognised him to be his old friend in school, Ivor. Jan didn’t know that it was a trick and so he ate the food, not knowing that the food was poisoned.

All of sudden, the world started to turn upside down in his mind and Jan started feeling dizzy. All of the street lights started to flash on and off. He started singing and dancing. His legs started to go wobbly and he kept falling over. He tried to stand up but he couldn’t and he kept falling over. His arms felt as loose as string. To Jan, the world had ended…

However, Ivor was just dashing away laughing. Jan was falling over and jumping. It was like he was drunk but worse! The world kept falling on him like a tsunami does after an earthquake. It felt like something or someone was playing with his mind. Jan felt absolutely mad. His mind had suddenly been filled with so many crazy thoughts.

In a blink of an eye, his mind went dark and he lay down. He had so many funny feelings and now he was unconscious. He lay there and knew nothing about what was going on and his whole body felt loose. He had no strength at all. Never before had this happened to Jan.

After a while, it was 10:00 o’clock in England and 11:00 o’clock in Germany. Jan was still lying on the ground. In the darkness of the shadows Ivor (AKA food poisoner) slowly crept out of the shadows and made a quick grab for Jan. As soon as he got a long bony finger, he was dumping him into a dark gloomy bag.

Ivor started crawling through the shadows and avoiding Nazis. He scrambled on roof tops and sprinted past trees. His legs were like running machines because he kept running/ crawling for miles non-stop for miles until he came to a half bombed hut. Next to the disgusting hut was a dark ditch. The dark ditch was about 1m and 98 cm. Ivor carelessly chucked down the bag into the massive, dull ditch.

The bag lay there like a lonely lion; nothing but beetles to keep Jan company. The soft soil kept crumbling down onto the base of the ditch. After a few dreadful hours, the poison started to wear off. Eventually, Jan managed to scramble out of the off the bag but he had no idea of what was going on.

Little did he know that there was a bomb underneath his pale little feet. He had heard a tick-tocky noise beneath his feet. Jan had no idea where he was. Sweat was drooling down his face and tension was building but Jan had no idea what was going on.

As the poison left his system, he realised that he was in a dark, dirty ditch. Rain poured down softly and made the ground pretty soggy. Jan’s bare feet had got mud on the sole and he was practically squelching in mud. The tick-tocky noise was getting louder and Jan thought he might have to find this mysterious tick-tocky noise. He started digging. His small cramped hands were getting filled with mud and made the pale fingers turn muddy.

After ten minutes of tireless digging, he found a black round shaped object with a clock on. It read 10:58. Although he was an expert soldier, he had never seen one of those things before. Loads of his mates at his camp knew, but he was the only one in his camp who didn’t. He was probably the only one in the world who didn’t know what it was. Maybe a baby even knew. But then it hit him. Do you know what it was? It was a bomb and it was meant to kill him. Suddenly sweat was pouring down his face like a waterfall. He made a hole big enough to get his hands through and grabbed the bomb.

He pulled with all his might but he couldn’t lift it up. It felt like he was trying to lift an elephant. It felt even heavier than an elephant. It felt like the heaviest thing in the world. He tried his hardest but he couldn’t pull it up. The time read 10 minutes and 56 seconds. Time was running out and he had to think of something fast. Rain started to come down even faster than it had before. His golden hair had become soggy and he wished that there had been no war. His heart started to sink and he thought there would be no way out of this mess.

Out of the blue, a middle aged man’s voice. It said “Well, well, well what have we got here? It’s definitely a Nazi. We should shoot him with bullets. Serves him right. He shouldn’t have got mixed in with our business. No!! I don’t have any cartridges. It’s your lucky day. Wait not so lucky because I don’t have any arrows.”

Jan felt the slimy sweat drool down his sideburns. He knew that his life was about to end. Rain thumped down onto his feet almost like hail but a bit lighter. His life was in ruins.

“Mwahahahaha! It feels so glorious killing a Nazi. It feels like being crowned King of Germany.”

TWANG! The arrow almost hit him. It was about 5mm away from him. That was a bad sign. His life was about to end. TWANG! TWANG! 2 more arrows came shooting down at him.

“He is so lucky that he is not dead yet. If I had a gun, he would be lying on the floor already.”

“Well it is a good thing that you don’t.” muttered Jan.

TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! TWANG! Seven more shots came but none of them hit him. He was getting really lucky. No - he was getting extremely lucky. Ten shots came but all them missed.

Then he said, “Damn it! I have no more arrows left. I need to go to the shop and get some. But first I need to get some disguises. I will buy a gun instead and then you will definitely be dead. Mwhahahhah!”

“OK now I am definitely dead. Oh Hitler please help me now.”

Jan checked the bomb. It read 3 minutes and 42 seconds. Jan had no idea what to do. He needed to get out this mess right now. The rain poured down and did not help at all. The rain washed away the mud on his long hairy hands and fingers.

Just then, he thought of an idea. Quickly, he checked what the time read on the bomb. *59 seconds*. Time was really running out. He grabbed all of the ten arrows and ran for the wall of the ditch. *57 seconds*. He stabbed two arrows onto the side of the ditch. He jumped on to the arrows and didn’t care if they broke. They both snapped in half. *51 seconds*. This time he slowly put his foot on the arrow but he slipped and fell on the arrow and smashed it. *47* *seconds*. This time he did the same and got further but a piece of rock fell and crashed onto his arm. He lost his grip and fell back against the ditch and broke two arrows. *43 seconds*. This time he did everything correct but his hand lost its grip and he pulled the two he was holding down and they snapped into eighths. *36 seconds*. He kept jumping up to reach the arrows he had placed them just too high up. The more times he did this, the more he missed by as now he was panicking. Time was running out because there was only fifteen seconds left on the clock.

His last jump he made it and held on to the arrow. He climbed and climbed to get the top. All of a sudden, he lost his grip and fell. But he got one extremely long dirty finger to cling onto the top. He used his upper body strength to pull his self-up.

“Free at last!” Exclaimed Jan, punching his fist in the air for celebration. He was so relieved that he still alive. Then he realised the bomb would still kill him. He ran for ten seconds and at that moment the bomb went off. He was affected by the blast but it didn’t kill him. When he had jumped he had landed on a really sharp twig which made his leg bleed. He leg hurt so much he felt like he was about to die. He thought that he would never ever fall into a trap like that. But then he realised that he had to set a trap for his “little friend”. He dashed straight to Ivor’s house which had not been blown down. Blood came down from his leg. Dark red horrible blood. He was glad that his life wasn’t over. He gathered a rope and extra strong sleeping powder. He dug an extra-large hole.

Then he crept into Ivor’s house. He made sure that he wasn’t seen. He made sure he shrank into the shadows and made himself invisible. He could see that Ivor was cooking a lovely dinner. As soon as he poured in the clean and healthy water on his food, he left the room to go to the toilet. He knew this was his chance to poison Ivor.

He crept silently to the table and sprayed all the sleeping gas he could. He remembered that he needed to put on his mask otherwise he would sleep like Ivor would. Then he heard the toilet door open and he swiftly dashed out of the room and ran to the window and watched it all unfold.

He saw Ivor lying on the floor. He was so happy that he had made him fall asleep. He knew that work was not done because he was only sleeping not dying. As soon as nobody was watching he ran to the table and grabbed a sack which was lying on the mantelpiece. He put Ivor into the sack and ran out of the room as fast as he could with the sack on his back.

When he got to the hole he dumped the sack into the hole. The sack crashed to the floor. He got a gun and shot him. This was war and he was surviving.

By Lucas