Tunnels

I’d lost count of the days that have passed since the Earthquake, the cut on my leg had gone deeper, all I felt now was the need to die quicker. My food supply had drastically fell since the day of havoc, as well as the water supply. My faith had slowly deteriorated and my hope in being found. My phone is on the ground a couple of metres away from me, teasing me with the cracked and broken screen, my torch was cracked but still able to be used. I winced as the pressure on my leg hurt as I stood. Slowly I walked, whilst I dragged my leg in the opposite direction of where I came crashing down, hours ago. I switched the torch on and off many times before the stream of light searched it’s way through the darkness, I then followed.

Time seemed to slow, minutes dragged, but I carried on even though my only source of light drew closer to being abolished by darkness. Suddenly my light flickered onto something, that something came up again into sight, I squeezed my eyes to get a better sight as my vision was blurry. My heart jumped at what I had just seen, it was the rest of my supplies, but how did they end up several hundreds of feet away from my spot. Something was wrong, the anxiety creeped up along my skin towards my neck, I was in a cave or tunnel, but how? This must be one of the biggest caves or tunnels in existence, unless these weren’t caves or tunnels.

After a while the cloth on my leg needed to be replaced due to blood slowly and gradually pouring out, so, I used my shirt as a bandage. As I walked it was painful, teasing sounds of helicopter blades whispered down towards me from somewhere above. Just when I thought my legs were going to drop of my body I confusingly dragged myself to a place I recognized, I thought I was dreaming or having an illusion, but it was real, my brain wasn’t playing tricks on me, I had walked miles on end, and had arrived at the same place of where I got my leg cut. As annoying as the situation was I had to push on towards the exit of this place.

As time passed, sanity quickly shattered itself and then it happened, illusions, illusions of the silhouettes of people, real people popped up around into my vision, they shoved food and water into my face while laughing cruelly and leaking the water down into cracks of the tunnel as well as dropping food into the abyss of the rock. I kept on dropping onto my knees and shuffling across the cold curved floor but most of the time I got up and started to attempt to carry on walking again, but it was tough due to infections sprouting up from my wound.

Soon after the illusions faded, the tunnels widened and suddenly grew slippery, not with condensation or moss with some sort of slime and goo. There was barley any places for my hand to grip onto therefore my nose became bloody and wet, as the last drops of water slipped down into my mouth I strapped the last piece of cloth onto my leg. But with a gasp of pure and utter surprise the tunnel opened up to transform into a cave, water was sitting there too, it was like it was staring at me with a grin of satisfaction when it first saw its devourer. It was while I was sitting down resting when I saw it, the ‘cave’ didn’t look like it what so ever, the walls weren’t smooth or flat, instead they were like a worm made them with slimy and deformed walls, also there was hundreds of small and huge tunnels leading out from the cave. This wasn’t normal, this wasn’t a cave.

It was then my heart sank deep into me, an empiercing drowning scream happened, the top of the cave crumbled and shook hard and furiously, I began to run towards the only guess of escape the water. Hundreds of sounds like metal scraping against metal pierced the air around me, my leg then popped into excruciating pain, I dropped, I crawled into the cold water and light came to contact with my eyes, my hands grasped the rock around the light. I then pulled and pulled and pulled.

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