Topic: A Bad Idea

Pictures given: A growling dog, a person kayaking without a life jacket, a boy climbing a tree

“Hey Tom, let’s take that short-cut! It’s much faster than walking our usual route!” my best friend, Sam, suggested to me.

We were walking home from school to Sam’s house to play computer games. Once I looked at the path he was pointing to, a sense of foreboding filled my heart and a chill ran down my spine. The concrete slabs on the path were jagged and broken, and weeds were growing through the cracks. The path also leads to a forest that looked like a setting out of a horror movie.

I wanted to object to the idea but Sam was already striding down the path. Reluctantly, I trudged after him and entered the dark forest. Little did we know that we would soon regret this decision…

As we walked down the path, the chirping of birds slowly dwindled away in the distance, and was soon replaced by an uncomfortable silence. The forest canopy was so dense that sun rays were unable to penetrate it. The air was so humid that it was suffocating. Sweat dripped down our foreheads. I tugged at Sam’s arm, feeling a mixture of fear and exhaustion, and stammered, “Why…why don’t we just …turn back and head out.” He turned to me, face pallid, and nodded in agreement. He too, was regretting this idea.

Out of the blue, there was a rustling sound in the bushes beside us. The hair on the back of my neck instantly stood up and I huddled closer to Sam. As the rustling sound got louder and nearer, my heart thumped faster. What could it be?

A wild dog burst out from the bushes. It bared its sharp teeth and snarled menacingly. It had mangy fur and its eyes were crazed. Even worse, it was foaming at the mouth. We were utterly petrified. My legs turned to stone as we stared at the dog, not daring to make a move. Sam’s shrill scream broke the silence. The dog felt even more threatened and lunged at us. Before I could even pull Sam aside, the dog had clamped its teeth down on Sam’s leg. Sam let out another blood-curdling scream. I grabbed a rotten branch and whacked the dog
on the head. The dog let out a howl of pain and scampered away back into the bushes, its tail between its legs.

I grabbed Sam, who had already fainted and crumpled in a heap, and hoisted him over my shoulder. Luckily, he was light. I staggered out of the forest to search for the nearest clinic.

When I got there, the nurse immediately let me into the doctor’s office. I placed Sam on the couch in the doctor’s office. Just then, Sam came to.

He smiled at me and said, “Thanks Tom. I will be alright. Don’t need to wait. I’ll call my parents.”

I stepped out into the waiting room and collapsed on a chair in fatigue.

After that incident, I have a fear of dogs and would always walk another way when I saw one. Sam has also become wary of dogs and we have sworn to avoid deserted, forested areas where wild dogs may lurk.

By Gi Min, P6