



That Sinking Feeling

As I watch the hull of the boat slowly disappear from my grasp, and that sinking feeling in the pit of my stomach grow, I realise that my choices of escape are limited. The cage that enslaves me in this watery hell protects me from the dangers out of it, but captures my breath, and soon there will be no breath to capture. I have to escape now. As I watch the ocean beasts circle above, I quickly devise a plan of escape. The cage is sinking faster and faster, and my chances are dwindling. I pull on the cage door, but it doesn't budge. I try and squeeze through the holes in the cage, but it's too tight.

I try the door again... BANG! The cage erupts as the sea floor punches it too pieces. I'm finally free, but other threats still endanger me. I'm running out of air, and I am now officially fish food. I use every muscle in my body and swim up towards the surface. 'Maybe I can swim past them and they won't see me.' Those chances are slim, but I'll take them. I'm approaching the beasts now, and they still haven't noticed, but I feel like my impending death is near. I'm now losing consciousness, and my world turns dark. My legs push harder and harder, my sight goes darker and darker. Then suddenly I see an explosion above me. The boat erupts in glorious flames, and I am forced away from the boat. "CUT, CUT, and CUT!" he screams. "What the hell happened? The boat isn't supposed to explode until she reaches the surface. Who is in charge of this... you? Guess what, you're FIRED!" He recomposed himself. "Get into your positions, we're running the scene again!"

Sarah Pennisi, Promotion Roll Call