

The Missing piece

The Coastal path: Winding, loose and pebbled was placed steeply against the bracken-covered cliff which hung precariously over the yellow stretches hidden in the sandy, bronze beach. It was the final day of the Summer holidays and the final day of the sandcastle competition. With school lurking just round the corner, both teams were eager to get onto the sand and create their majestic masterpieces. Tom and his friends raced down the path, halted their bikes and chucked them aimlessly without noticing Tom's bike slid under the bushy bracken. Once on the sand, their castles were already coming together. Each team with towers higher than themselves. Tom realised, he had something wrong. He needed a missing piece. Slipping away unnoticeably from the others, Tom edged into the following cove.

Clambering across the shallow rock pools, Tom arrived in the cove beyond - where he would find his finishing piece. After he glanced over, Tom saw, poking out of a crevice in-between a cluster of rocks was the fabric of the rainbow-coloured he placed there the night before. Little to Tom's conscience, behind him, the tide was creeping and eating away at the sand. A few minutes later, the salty rock pools were engulfed and swallowed by the rolling waves. As the clouds travelled over, the other two friends supposed Tom had already left. Without hesitation, they packed up their belongings and trekked up the crumbling path and pedalled off.

After a time of examining the flag, Tom felt a shiver down his spine and realised it was freezing and the light was fading rapidly. Suddenly, the heavens opened. Rain poured down on him which soaked Tom through to the bone. As he turned around, he understood one thing. Tom was cut off. He scrambled in panic to the rocks, the water was up to his knees, and took a step. After that, another step but on the second step something was different. As a jagged point embedded into his foot, Tom cried out in pain, "aagh". It was excruciating but he had to keep going. Regaining his balance, Tom stood up, anxious, he started spinning and leaping like a ballerina. Finally, Tom cleared the murky, seaweed-covered rocks.

Stepping in relief down onto the sand, Tom (in the distance) sighted the soggy remains of his castle. He noticed the beach was deserted, his friends had left him (alone and on his own). Abruptly, like a toddler who had been said no to, the sky had a meltdown. Lightning crashed down, thunder roared like a furious lion as the clouds were a writhing grey monster breathing its fury on him. The gales of wind were so strong it blew Tom like an autumnal leaf. Flinching every time the pound of a wave hit the shore, Tom hurriedly headed to the ascending path before the Atlantic Ocean swallowed him whole.

Finally, he arrived at the foot of the path. Starting to climb, Tom already felt the air seeping out of his lungs. His heart was beating, thumping every step he took. He was halfway there and Tom could just about see the bracken peeking out. Tom's foot slipped, his bare feet stinging in pain. A few more paces and he would be there! Tired, scared and injured Tom eventually made it to the top. Exhausted, he looked back at the beach which was now just another part of the deep sea.

Standing high above the beach, the night sky waited to disappear into the day. Tom wondered where his bike was, as he thought back to earlier when he threw his bike into the bracken. With his last fraction of energy, Tom crawled through the spiky branches until he saw the silvery glint of his bike. Weakly, Tom dragged his bike out of the bushes and onto the gritty path. He mounted on the bike and started riding at snail pace.

On the driveway of Tom's house, sat two cars which both read police on the bonnet. He leant his bike on the brick wall of his house and burst through the door. Tom shouted "I'm here, I'm back!" Then, he felt the warm and angelic glow of his family's hug. Later that evening - just before going to bed - he texted his friends "I won!"