

As the small row boat drifted towards the shore, Jack glanced back over his shoulder looking at the 'Mary Rose' and the safety of the rest of the crew he was leaving behind. He knew he had to be the first into Skull cave or they would take the heart of Tortuga for themselves. He reached the soft sandy beach at dawn with the red glow illuminating the horizon. Each step he took on the beach was long and drawn out; his feet sunk into the sand like it was trying to stop him from going any further.

He eventually reached the entrance to the infamous cave. His heart pounded. His palms became sweaty. His mind raced. Should he be doing this? Were the rumours about this place true? He looked around the entrance of the cave but there seemed to be no other way in. Large, overgrown, emerald trees grew so densely, no light could be seen in between them. The jungle floor was bare as though the trees had sucked the life out of anything small and insignificant. The great entrance to the cave stood tall in front of him. Its large carved eyes were staring into Jack's soul. The tunnel was a black hole not letting any light escape from it. It was time...

Jack lit a torch and the flame lit the path in front of him. He took his first tentative step over the threshold. No going back now he thought. The smell of the old cave filled his nostril. Ancient things had happened here but not for years. The dust danced in the fire light like minuscule gems in the dark. The darkness had hidden this place away for too long, but why? Why had no one been here for centuries? What had stopped them? Jack's mind drifted to the rumours of this place and the creature that was guarding the heart. Surely a creature like that could not exist. Surely it was not true. Jack could feel the cool breeze from the ocean entering the cave brushing past him, guiding him along his way. The constant drip, drip, drip from the cave walls and the occasional cackle from the torch were the only sounds to be heard.

Suddenly, Jack stumbled over something... bones! The remains of the last explorer had become entangled in his leather boots. He freed his foot from the ribcage of the poor soul and retrieved his torch. This was the first time Jack had looked at his new surroundings as his determination had blinded him until now. He looked at the floor and saw remains among the jagged pebbles. Strange... there was no smell, like the bones had been completely picked clean. He then looked at the wall. Long markings stretched across them: he ran his finger through them. Were they claw marks? His heart raced again and the hairs on the back of his neck rose to attention. What creature could do this? Out of the darkness he could see something. He raised his torch high into the air revealing a little more. The sight froze him in place; he was now completely stationary. Jack had found it...

By Mr Thurlby

Please feel free to edit this and make any changes. I will have made some errors and welcome people telling me about them.