

Short story by Aleisha.

Fear

"To complete this challenge you must pick up the gun spin the barrel and shot it's as simple as that" he smiles and looks down at the crowd of 1000s of teenagers. This guy made it sound like he had practiced this stuff for fun. The waves on the beach lapped over each other and the sand under our feet was wet and gluggy. Evening was creeping in and the small wooden table with a single gun was lying there. "But!" Mick raises a finger. "We need someone to do that but first you need a challenge to get whoever that lucky person is to spin the gun!" he yells with excitement and the crowd cheers. I couldn't believe we did this just for the thrill of it, for fun. "The contenders from this week need to jump off the rocks at the top of the cliff and swim back to the table the first one to run through the life saver flag gains a pull out then the loser will get to spin the gun!" I was in this challenge and I was terrible at swimming I knew that my opponents were strong. but I had to do this.

I stand over the edge my toes resting in the air off the crumbling rock. The wind blew my hair over my face and my bare legs had goose bumps everywhere. I shivered in fear and coolness rubbing my arms. "Good luck" Charlotte says to me smiling. She could only say that because every challenge she won. I needed the money and I needed to win this year's fear series. My gut swirled and I was so nervous that my feet trembled. I looked down at the bottom the dark blue water swaying slower. I had to do this for my sister she needed to grow up in a home not a car I was doing this for her, I tell myself not the money. My eyes stung from sea water and every time I swallowed my hands trembled sweat beading in my palms. "Go!" I stutter and bring my head back to reality. It had started and everyone started to jump there body's falling in the air like dolls. I go to jump but slip. I felt like every bit of my insides came to my mouth and I looked down at the huge sharp rocks below me.

I continue swimming the shock of the jump still aching on my left side. I start to lift my feet onto the sand and I stumble trying to run in the now shallower water. I pump my throbbing legs through the thick icy water and the water lowers to my ankles. Everyone had finished already. I choke on a mouth full of water as I run through the sand closer to the flags. Mick smiles the dimples in his face getting bigger as I trip over the finish line. Everyone claps as I bend over my hands resting on my knees. I start to pant worrying more about how tired I was then what was lying in front of me. "Over here let's get this over with shall we?" the crowd roars and my heart beats like a tribal drum in my chest. There had already been 3 deaths in this game I was wondering if I would be the 4th. "Do I have to do this?" I mumber my legs trembling from under me. He simply nods and I look at all the faces around me staring silence as I walk closer to the table. I pick up the gun. There was only one bullet in this I could do it I would be fine. My breath becomes heavier. And memories and faces of my family and friends flash by in a instant like my life flashing before my eyes. I choke on my own breath and looking up afraid that the thumping in my chest could now be heard. I felt sick. I load the run and listen to the barrel clicking one, two times, three times, four times. It stops and the only thing I could hear was the water. I raise the cold metal and place it to the side of my wet head. What should I do drop the gun and run now. It wasn't worth it I didn't need the money I just needed my family. Homelessness didn't matter I needed my loved ones. Mikes face was straight and his arms crossed as he watched. What would my younger sister Elyven think of me doing this? I rest my finger on the trigger and take one more big breath. Then I see it Elyven standing there in the crowd her eyes open wide what have I done? Why didn't she say anything? A tear rolls down my cheek, I pull the trigger.

Fear is all I feel.