

Hot, blistering heat consumed her as a sweet array of salts gathered at the bottom of the blue, crystal lake. It was 16th June when Isla was in Thailand. She came here very often to visit her grandma, Martha. She had silky, silver hair that wrapped up into tiny bundles like a ball of yarn, spiralling, weaving in and out, creating a warm, comforting blanket. Her skin was like an ancient map: wrinkly and fragile, protecting her organs as if they were precious treasures. Speckles of sunlight shone softly upon Isla's skin. The sensual wind whispered through her hair as she danced along the shore. Martha hobbled out of a dilapidated hut, balancing a passionate cocktail of fruits on her head. Her sweet, innocent face gazed towards Isla once more.

"Hello, cheeky chops," Martha hummed, caressing Isla's serene cheek with the back of her wise hand. "Hi, grandma," Isla replied softly. The echo of birds chirping played in the back of her head. Thailand - a mystical land - haunted Isla, bullying her to find the hidden secret that laid upon this island.

Isla and Martha were very close. They could speak about anything and enjoy the wonderful memories through ancient photo albums that held so many jewels. "Grandma, do you know any wonderful stories about adventure and mystery? I'm writing a story for my school back in England."

"Well, have you ever heard about the crystal cave that lies beneath the grassy hill upon that horizon?" "No, I haven't."

"Well, I was around 23 when I went out on an adventure into the transparent sea. I was a curious girl who loved to find things out."

Martha had swum her way to the enchanted, mystical cave that had been there for centuries. It was a place unmarked in any history book. Or so she thought.

Vines dangled beside Martha like ribbons with a mind of their own, twisting and wrapping around each, crisp edge of the grey stone that endured so many lashings from the surrounding waters. Pointy edges stuck out like daggers ready to attack, belittling her with the pressure of fear. As Martha bravely ventured into the deep dark mysterious hole, the remaining light behind her was suffocated into oblivion. Curiosity rushed within her as she saw a purple aura arise from behind the pedestal.

Her eyes were drawn to the vibrant warning sign that stood in front of her, yet she didn't see the threat until she dug deeper into the mystery. Premonitions were painted over every inch of the cave. One in particular stood out to Martha: her son, Jacob. He was famously known as a heroic figure in Thailand. He was the chosen one who preserved Thailand's beauty by stopping a tsunami from hitting the small but gracious island. His skills of bravery were known by many.

However, Martha unfortunately experienced the future that day, one she wished she didn't have to see. Her son was brutally washed ashore by the currents that dragged him onto the serene and tranquil sand after slaughtering him with their menacing powers. Martha tried to stop him from going into the jaws of Hell but the cave's scriptures never lied.

Martha never told anyone about the secrets of the cave. She didn't like the idea of a demonic individual possibly having access to mess with the future and bring great sadness to Thailand. She had cast laws over the place so no one would adventure into the cave. Martha never went to go and tell Isla this half of the story. She was too scared of the consequences.

Isla was shocked and emotional about this cave she never knew about. She questioned herself why Martha hadn't discussed it before and why she was warned to never explore it. This only made Isla's thirst for adventure turn into dehydration. She was desperate. Desperate enough to go against her grandmother's wishes, the one person she greatly looked up to.

As Isla carried on with her school project, she experienced intrusive thoughts about the cave; it taunted her, whispering manipulative affirmations to tug at Isla's ambition and consciousness.

As Martha returned to the hut to talk to her daughter-in-law, Sarah, Isla found the perfect opportunity to sneak out and feed the cunning devil perched on her shoulder, compelling her to explore. As she got further and further, Isla's stomach started to tumble and dive into a cocktail of emotions, forming butterflies that brought unease. Still, she strode into the secretive cave: a sated abode filled with burning questions. Grotesque smells permeated from the dark hole that sat patiently in front of her. Isla's face turned sour as the scent of abandonment consumed her nasal cavity.

Carvings of the map of Thailand were washed away by tsunamis, dates flashing randomly as if a history book had taken control. It read, '2006, the deadliest world disaster will hit Thailand.'

The news stunned Isla. She had to warn everyone, be the hero like her dad.

Suddenly, just before Isla turned to run away and warn her family about the premonitions, a perishing, uncomfortable feeling loomed behind her, one she knew very well. Martha.

"Why did you go off the beaten track? You should always listen to the old and wise!" She was enraged.

"Falling out of line, Isla, must bind you to the consequences of rule breaking!"

I fell silent.