

Far across the world sat a luxurious island scattered with lush, towering, trees that grew alongside an aquamarine ocean. Soaring through the leaves of the tropical palm trees, you can see birds of all different kinds chirping merrily to each other. Turtles plodded out from the sea to rest on the comfy, warm sand. But nestled between all of this beauty stood one tree. A tree, like no other, stood alone on the dewed grasses. This was what they called a 'Dark Berry tree'.

For centuries the legend spread from the islanders, everyone knew the curse of the Dark Berry tree. If you ate a dark berry from the tree you'll be possessed and the berry would control you until you pass. Of course nobody ever dared to eat a berry for fear that the legend was true...

One day, a particularly warm one, a young traveller was hiking up the steep mountains of the island when he noticed down in the valley the lone Dark Berry tree. The traveller couldn't resist the temptation of the juicy looking berries that were scattered in the branches of the tree, and besides, he was very hungry from his hike. As he clambered down the mountain side he started to hear muffled whispers along the wind. The traveller was intrigued to discover what the whispering was saying so he continued closer. "Look at these juicy, scrumptious berries," breathed the whispered voices chained with the wind. "Just take a bite and you'll taste... heaven." They encouraged. Now licking his lips the traveller quickened his pace across the dewy grasses to the Dark Berry tree. "Take your feed, there's plenty to share..." snarled another voice. The traveller reached out for a berry and picked it off the tree. "Go on, young traveller." Urged the voices. He obeyed their commands and dropped the berry into his mouth.

"NO!" yelled a voice coming from the maze of trees. It was too late... A man from the village watched in despair as the traveller ate the Dark Berry. "What have you done..." mumbled the villager. The traveller whipped round and locked eyes with the islander. The islander took his leave and began to run. "GET HIM!" demanded the voices among the wind. The traveller gave chase and ended in front of him. The villager was no more. That warm day, all that was heard were screams from the islanders.

Many years later, a cruise ship passed by the idyllic island on its way to collect passengers. Alone on the beach sat a weary traveller with his head hung low. The ship slowed down. "Are you alright sir? Are you stranded?" questioned a crew member from the ship. The traveller did not reply, he only looked up with a murderous glint in his tired eyes. "You know what to do..." chorused the voices. The traveller arose, but stayed silent. "Sir?" asked the member again. The traveller pounced and... the cruise ship was never seen again...

496 words