

# The heart of the island

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My name is Lucy. Lucille Alexander if you really want to get formal, but I'm not one of those people and I just go by Lucy. Ever since I can remember I have always been fascinated by adventure and discovery, and would always be somewhere I shouldn't be. Right now I'm living in New York, however I've been to many places trying to discover new things. Today is not like any other day though. Today is spectacular. I have found Trinadi, a lost island I've been trying to locate for five years. The problem is that I must get to Trinadi before an organization called SPIF gets to it first, or else the world will become a harbor of terror.

Today, September 20th 1987, is the start of my journey to Trinadi. Not many know about this lost island, but in ancient folk tales it says that it was once inhabited by a strong empire. However, the people on this island weren't just ordinary people, they each had some type of magic ability. The magic that they obtained led to their fall, because other countries were so frightened that this small island would cause destruction to the world. So, they all joined together and destroyed this island and it hasn't been seen since. Although they left one thing behind, the heart of the island jewel which powers all of its magic. SPIF doesn't want the island it wants the jewel that is still on it. That's why I need to get to it first; if they get to that powerful magic they will cause an uproar around the world.

As I approach the island I caught a glimpse of something that looked out of place. Looking harder I saw, people, machinery, and weapons. SPIF had reached the island before me. Making sure I was out of sight from the agents, I brought my boat carefully to shore. Rounding my way around the island's thick jungle to see what SPIF was doing, I didn't watch where I was

going and stepped right into a trap! As the agents ran towards me, I quickly untied the ropes that captured me and hopped down. As soon as my feet hit the ground I took off running. What I didn't know was that I was running straight to the center of the camp.

I reached the camp right as they were digging up the heart of the island jewel. In the blink of an eye I swept down and grabbed the jewel with my right hand. Once I felt the cold, red, stone in my hand I started to run in the opposite direction I came from. Running as fast as I can, I heard the agents screaming after me “ stop her!” and a few gun shots in the distance. The further and further away I got, the voices started to quiet giving me the signal that I might have been safe. Once I finally reached the location of my boat, I quickly jumped in and started the engine. However, SPIF was quick and suddenly they came out of nowhere, right towards me. My boat was not fast enough to outrun them so I quickly thought of a solution. I turned sharply towards the left cutting one of the SPIF boats off. This caused it to change direction and crash into the other SPIF boats. Once I knew I was in the clear from any other SPIF agents I started my journey back to New York with the heart of the island jewel in my hand.

Back in New York, I was able to talk to a high class museum to hold the jewel in a secret location, and they greatly accepted. Not many will hear about this jewel, and even fewer will see it. However, the heart of the island jewel is safe and that's all that matters. Time to find a new adventure!