

Into the Well

The next minute my heart leapt up my throat. A big, leathery hand had grabbed me up by the scruff of my neck. I shrieked, hands rushing up to clutch my throat. Danny and Ben looked up at me in horror. I could hear Danny's nervous gulp. My feet dragged as I was pulled away. I could hear the scrape of metal as a cell door opened. I felt a sudden burn on my knees as I was violently flung into a cell, the door slamming loudly shut. Click. I was locked in. My eyes stung as Danny and Ben were thrown into a single cell together. They put up much more of a fight than I did.

Our jailer was in fact who we'd expected. The horrible man in his dark cloak. Ready to steal innocents at any moment. Although, we *did* break into his home, so we were kind of asking for it. I gripped the outer facing bars and gritted my teeth. How were we supposed to get out of this one?!

The time ticked on and neither of the three of us had spoken to one another. I was slumped near the iron door, framing my face with my hands and tossing around the forgotten dagger, trying to think myself out. Ben was sat on the rickety wooden bench, slouched over and tapping his head back against the stacked stone behind him. Meanwhile, Danny paced around the small room, muttering with great speed, hands tucked behind her back. We were past the point of trying to break the door down.

It was only then that the small boy in the cell closest to me spoke. He'd been asleep.

"You're new," He said sadly, looking down at his feet. Poor thing. And only about seven too! I gave him a tip of my head and went back to my silent defeat.