



Crystal Cave: My Story
by Ellen. Age 11
St. Benedict's Catholic School,
Ipswich.

All was quiet.

All was pitch black.

All surrounded me, as if there was nothing else to fill the empty nothingness. I wandered through it, the vast walls catapulting back the echo of my tapping footsteps, making them sound so much scarier than normal. The humid air formed pinpricks of sweat on my pale cheeks; they ended up trickling down my face into my quivering lips, filling my insides with a salty bitterness, reminding me of the ocean.

However airless it was, something foreboding sent a shock of shivers down my spine, like a zap of electricity, like a warning signal- it was only later when I dwelled on the thought that I realised it must have been the fear of the unknown. The craggy stone floor lead only onwards and let off the smell of puddles after a heavy rain.

As my eyes very gradually started to adjust to the little light, I started to see the jagged, intimidating stalagmites and stalactites growing either side of me, like a monster's jaws protruding out of the roots of its mouth. I think it was this thought that willed me to scamper off away from them, the thought that the cave would swallow me up...

Then I stopped.

And stared.

And gazed.

I'd run into the deepest section of the hole-like cave. But to me, it wasn't hole-like anymore. I could finally see fully again, the humidity had gone, and there was a faint smell of some sort of beautiful, flowery honey. And the jaws had gone too. Because in front of me, was a maze of wonderfully glistening crystals. They all seemed to be in different clusters but nevertheless, they were not all the same. They ranged through a wide variety of sizes and shapes for sure: some looked as if they were too fragile to be touched while others must have been at least 5 feet tall and 6 inches

thick! And, oh joy, the colours! There must have been over 30 rainbows worth of vibrant magentas and sky blues and scarlet reds and deep violets!

I don't know whether it was because my heart had certainly leapt rather a few beats or whether it was the utter shock of finding a hidden labyrinth in a hole of inky emptiness, but my brain started whirring and buzzing in a deep sort of confusion, making me fatigued and oddly faint. I ended up perching on one of the largest crystallography (crystals) only to find that it was unusually warm, which sent homely kind of vibration up my spine and into my veins.

And yet, I hadn't spotted the most beautiful spectre in the cave.

Then I did.

Amongst the fairy-tale-like crystallography, almost hidden, were tiny glow-worms attached to the walls, letting off fireworks of golden light. Only then did I realise that deep beyond darkness was a light of hope in everything. Especially in such a special place.
