The shark cage shuddered. It had taken such a battering so now there was a huge dent in it. The 21-foot shark had rammed into the cage, and the cage was about to break, with me in it! I had wanted to go to see some sharks, so a fishing trawler had taken me out and I'd gotten into a shark cage, and then they lowered it down, just to come face to face with the biggest shark I've ever seen. Now, that same shark was wrecking the cage.

I couldn't signal to the men above to lift me up, and the shark was giving no mercy. Fear coursed through my veins and I knew I was going to die. The crew above the surface had promised to lift the shark cage up out of the water after twenty minutes but we hadn't made up some signals that I could do if in danger or something else. I was terrified to the core and dread filled my heart about what would happen to me.

The shark had disappeared, and all was quiet. All I wanted to do was to curl up into a ball and die. My anxiety was dreadful as I waited for my executioner to arrive. Suddenly, the shark appeared from below, and like a rocket, slammed into the wrecked cage. The force of the impact made me start floating around in the cage and, with a final shudder and a bang, the whole thing collapsed with a tumble.

I swam quickly out of the wreckage, but now I was completely in the shark's home turf. There was no way that my friends up on the boat could help me now, but that was what I thought. Terror completely filled me, and the horror of a shark came for me. Luckily, I just managed to swim to the cage wreckage, and with all I had, I lifted it up like a shield. The shark slammed into me, the impact sending me tumbling away, but at least I had bought some time, and I wasn't hurt. The shark was, though. It had struck the cage, and had been stabbed by a pointy piece of metal. Now it had the cage stuck on it's monstrous head, and was shaking it around. The shark's blood stained the water a dark, crimson red.

I started grinning. I had started to turn the tables, but not quite yet. Suddenly, a harpoon slammed into the shark, driving it down. Blood flowed freely, and the wound was deep. It writhed and rolled, but it knew it had lost. With a final struggle, it went limp and sank to the bottom of the ocean. The score was now Humans-1, Sharks-0. All my terror had dissipated. I felt suddenly calm, and peaceful, and slowly I swam back to the surface to get back onto the boat.

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