Trouble at the Lake

Living on a tiny farm, far away from everything was a hard working woman called Rose. Next to the farm, down a long winding path was a large, sparkly lake. It glistened in the sunlight like a thousand diamonds. Rose often thought about visiting it yet she never had the time.

One day, Rose was reeling up the wooden bucket out of the old well, whilst the wind was blowing through her brown hair, when she spotted a dark shape in the distance heading towards the lake. Carefully, Rose lowered the rough bucket to the floor and looked across at the shining lake. Nothing. ‘I must’ve imagined it,’ Rose thought to herself. Slowly, she picked up the bucket and turned back towards her house. A cold wind swept across the farm and with it came a quiet voice: “help!” Rose dropped the bucket and whipped round quickly with her keen eyes scanning the lake. She began to move towards the long winding path and then broke into a run. Scrambling over the loose stones, she staggered down the path as quickly as she could so she could find the voice. She didn’t even feel the pain in her leg as it was cut by a bramble.

After a few minutes, Rose made it to the edge of the lake. Panting heavily, she looked around for signs of life. Everything was still apart from the rustle of the long reeds at the edge of the water. “Is anybody there?” she called out.

“HELP! Over here!” Came a reply in the distance. Suddenly Rose saw a lady struggling in the water. As quick as a flash, she rushed towards the little dingy that was tied up in the dock. Pulling on the cord she got the motor running and skimmed across the water. Feeling the fresh air on her face, she gripped tightly onto the boat and went even faster.

Rose stopped next to the lady thrashing about in the water and stretched out her hand. “Grab my hand!” Rose yelled.

“I can’t reach you because something is tangled round my leg” Gasped the lady, “please help me!”

“Don’t worry I’m not going anywhere. Hold onto the side of the boat and I’ll get you free.” Rose replied calmly. She looked around the boat, and a glint of sunlight caught her eye as it reflected on something shiny. Snatching up the knife, Rose kicked off her shoes and dived into the water. She didn’t even think about what she was doing, for she knew she had to be quick.

Under the water everything was blurry and dark. Rose groped around in the dark until she felt something slimy wrapped around the lady’s leg. Quickly and carefully, she slashed at the weeds. Swimming to the surface, she gasped for air and dragged the stranger onto the boat. They looked at each other and smiled; glad to be alive. Rose heard the lady whisper, “Thank you so much.”