

The Anonymous Site

by Scarlett Wightley

The hot afternoon sun reflected off the water, darting like lightning. A cool breeze passed through the stringy-bark trees; the water rippled gently.

People were laughing and splashing. Utes and old Toyotas lined the muddy bank crookedly.

Isabella's wet hair crossed her face in dark lines. She grinned largely before dunking her head under the murky water. Eagerly, she headed for the bottom.

How deep does it go? she wondered, as her strong legs pushed her through the water.

Although her ears stung, she felt like she was getting close. Isabella loved looking for the bottom. The deeper, the better.

She thought she could see the bottom through the gloom, but she couldn't fight it any longer, her lungs were begging to head back and surface. She started to rise.

Suddenly, her body reached a halt as she felt something sticky and prickly wrap around her legs.

It was cold and ticklish; she fought not to look back. She went to breach the surface, but she couldn't.

Her lungs stung. Whatever had her was pulling her down quickly. She panicked, fear disabling her from thinking, like a lock on her brain.

It began to constrict tighter around her legs, travelling slyly up her abdomen. She didn't want to look back, but her head turned against her will.

Her legs were smothered in green, tentacle-like weeds, coming mysteriously from the blur. The bottom wasn't as close as Isabella had thought.

They poked at her skin uncourteously, like ants crawling up her legs.

She thrashed around, her now-bound legs flapping helplessly. The plants didn't budge. They teased her with their stubbornness.



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Objects began to come into view. Isabella thrashed harder, she didn't want to know what else was down there.

At the bottom, the kelp-like plant exploded into an intimidating complex of green tails. Isabella screamed a silent scream, using whatever air she had left. Her lungs felt like they were expanding, ready to burst.

Human skeletons lay limp in the growth.

Old Robert collapsed into his old armchair, turning on his small box of a TV.

'...spotted in the night sky about five days ago, the crash site anonymous. This UFO is thought to have landed somewhere in Victoria. Geologists and astronomers are still locating it.'

The woman continued.

'An eleven-year-old girl supposedly drowned in a lake just outside Westbrook, Victoria. Her body has not yet been recovered. Her disappearance isn't the first...'



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