

Last week, my classmates and I went to the New Territories to have our picnic. First we got on a school bus to go there. I sat next to my best friend Lisa; we chatted and secretly used our phones on the bus. It was pretty fun since our teacher was sleeping at the front of the bus and all the other teachers were talking very loudly too.

After one hour of being stuck in a small and crowded school bus, we finally arrived at the country park. Lisa and I and some of our friends took everything out of our bags and started walking to the barbecue pit. While we were chatting about how delicious our food was going to be, an old man who was about 90 years old, told us a crazy story. He said that five years ago an alien-like creature appeared out of nowhere and killed six human beings. After that, it dived into the lake to wait for another attack every five years. One of my genius friends, Matt, calculated the years and was the fifth year since the last attack. But I didn't believe it. It was impossible to have a creature like that here, I thought.

I just shrugged it off and kept walking but my friends were scared. I

told them how unlikely the story was, and they eventually believed in what I said. We kept on walking until we found the perfect BBQ pit by the lakeside. So we sat there unwrapping all of our food and drinks. Lisa and I sat down and spent the whole time chatting, eating and cooking, while Matt and Tommy were busy playing badminton.

After a while, we started to hear loud screeches from the water. Tommy asked Matt what it was but before Matt could even open his mouth, a large, three-eyed monster came out of the water and started screaming and destroying everything. Everybody started running. I couldn't believe what I saw! I started running for my life, leaving all my things behind.

It was exactly like what the old man had told us about what had happened about five years ago. So I tried to look for him but he was nowhere to be seen. Desperately, I gave up and hid in a place where the creature couldn't find me. A few hours passed and I didn't hear anything. I quietly sneaked out of my hiding spot. Many things were destroyed and there were blood stains everywhere. I wanted to see if my friends were okay but I couldn't risk it, so I just went back home.

The next day, my mom was scared for me because she thought she would lose me but I told her I was fine. I turned on the TV to watch the news, and yet again I couldn't believe that the "creature" I saw yesterday had been caught. To my greatest shock, it was actually a sociopathic serial killer named Jhon, and "Jhon" looked exactly like the man who told us the strange story. Thankfully he was arrested but I still didn't know how he pulled it off.

After a moment of shock, I quickly called all of my friends and most of them were fine and got home eventually, but my good friend Matt didn't make it. Of course, all my friends and I were sad and attended the funeral service and cried the entire time. But we do kind of blame ourselves since we didn't do anything to save our friends. I will never forgive that old man.

