

Rainsford awoke late the next morning, and for a while, he lay there, contemplating the last few days. Today, *he* was the owner of the island, and *he* would be deciding what to do next. When he'd finished eating his breakfast, he took a rifle and a few extra supplies, and set off to explore the island.

While he was exploring the forest ahead, he contemplated some of the things he could do next. Rainsford considered calling a ship, but as far as he knew, there was no way to contact anyone from this island, meaning he was completely stranded. It left him with only one option; find supplies, build a raft, and escape the dreaded island. As he was thinking, he suddenly felt a tug against his boot.

"Oof!" he cried, just as he fell forward, landing in the bush ahead of him. He stood up and looked around, and he spotted a long, bent, twig, concealed beneath the undergrowth. Rainsford frowned. How had he tripped so easily, when the days before, he'd been able to navigate the forest with such ease? Surely, it was just a small blunder on his part, and he'd be more careful the next time. But as he continued forward to look for more things to build his boat, he couldn't shake off the feeling that something was amiss, and that this island wanted him off of there as soon as possible.

After a few hours, Rainsford found himself back at the tower, lying in bed. Despite his extreme frustration, he had to admit it, he'd failed. Even though he'd taken the highest precautions, he'd managed to fall 5 more times, each time feeling worse and worse. Eventually, he'd taken the small amount of wood he'd found (although it was barely enough to make a small raft) and turned back, as he'd felt the worst headache he'd ever experienced before. It was extremely strange, he reflected. He'd never felt this way before, and he'd always been able to navigate the forest with extreme ease. But no matter how he felt now, one thing hadn't changed. He was still desperate to leave this island as fast as possible, and he couldn't do that now, not with this headache. As he lay there, thinking about his dilemma, the island, and home, he slowly fell into a deep sleep, while the sky outside grew dark with clouds.

A few hours later, Rainsford woke up to the sound of thunder echoing loudly outside the tower. He felt slightly better than before, but he knew he still had to make his raft, and despite the loud thunder outside, he still felt like he needed to go outside and *do* something! After a few minutes of thinking of what to do, he made up his mind, grabbed a flashlight, a rifle and a hatchet and left to go collect some more wood.

After a short amount of searching, Rainsford finally found a group of sturdy-looking trees that seemed to be useful for his raft, and began to chop away. A few minutes later, however, he heard a loud 'snap' in the distance.

"SNAP!" he heard again. At this point, Rainsford was starting to get nervous, and he could feel his headache slowly coming back. His heart raced as he tried to think of what to do. Should he go towards the noise? Should he run?

"SNAP!" it came again. This time, it was even louder than before. Rainsford took a deep breath, then headed towards the noise. He could shoot whatever it was with his rifle if anything happened, he figured. He crept forward, slowly, hoping this wasn't some sort of trap. Then, when he heard it again, he went even further, hoping to figure out what was happening. As he edged forward, he suddenly had an eerie feeling again, as he had a few hours ago, as if the entire island despised

him, and wished for him to be dead. When he looked down, he noticed the plants around him were... getting closer? Rainsford started. Surely he was seeing things. The plants couldn't be growing by the second like that, could they? But sure enough, he felt the vines of the plant wrap around his boots, then his ankles, and then...

"Arghhhhh!" he cried. He shook both his feet, trying to get the weird plant off, but the more he struggled, the more the vines seemed to grow! He remembered the small knife he had in his pocket, and began slashing at the vines. Then, when they had visibly reduced, he leapt away from the grove, and began to run. The vines kept chasing, and he had no choice but to go in the opposite direction of where he'd foolishly left his wood. "Oh, if only I'd just waited till morning," he thought, but it was too late to do anything now. As he kept walking, however, he didn't hear the 'squelch, squelch' of his boots until he felt mud at his ankles, and by the time he'd figured out what had happened, he was practically waist deep in mud.

"NO!" he cried. "This can't be happening *AGAIN!*". How hadn't he noticed the quicksand underneath him? Wasn't the quicksand supposed to be on the east corner of the island? Was his headache really affecting him *that* much?

"This island is cursed," he muttered to himself, as he began to maneuver himself out of the quicksand, grabbing onto a nearby branch. After a long amount of yanking, maneuvering, and screaming in frustration, Rainsford finally managed to get onto dry land. He was *not* going to stay here a minute longer than he had to, he decided. He headed toward the area he *hoped* was where he'd left his wood, this time making extra sure to move at a snail's pace. He wasn't going to get into any more trouble- not on this island.

By the time he'd retrieved his wood, gotten back near the mainland, and started to make his raft, it had started to rain. Rainsford figured it was a short while after midnight, so if he spent an hour or more longer on creating his raft, he would probably be able to contact a boat sometime around dawn. With this cheerful thought in mind, he continued building his raft, all while trying to ignore his pounding headache, the extremely loud thunder, the freezing cold rain, and the horrible sense that this island wanted him dead. He was just about to add the last few pieces on his raft when-

"BANG!" he heard, from somewhere in the forest. Rainsford groaned. The absolute *last* thing he wanted right now was another stroke of bad luck. He whirled around, expecting to see some sort of animal or something. What he saw instead, was something that left him speechless. It wasn't an animal, really, or at least it didn't seem like one. It was some sort of combination, it seemed, of large eyes, curling, snakelike vines, and many, many, many humongous teeth. For a second, Rainsford just stood there, in awe, horror, and also wondering why Zaroff didn't just try hunting this thing instead. Fortunately, when it roared the second time, he realized what was happening. He leaped onto his partially finished raft, grabbed his rifle, his small bag of food he'd prepared beforehand, and sailed off, frantically rowing with his paddle as fast as he could. It seemed like ages, but he didn't look back, only forward, until eventually the sun began to rise, and far off in the distance he could just see a large ship, which he might be able to signal to. He sighed. He was relieved, and if there was anything he learned, it was that Ship-Trap Island would, in his mind, forever be able to live up to its glorious name.