The Golden Monkey Search

I was fast asleep and then. Ring. Ring. Ring. The telephone echoed through the room. I woke up and picked up the phone. The voice was deep and serious. “We think we know where the golden monkey is. It’s on an island. It will be dangerous. Are you up to it?” I chucked the phone down and leaped out of bed.

“No Time for sleep,” I muttered to myself. I grabbed my bag and shoved my: knife, clothes, shovel, bow, arrows, emergency phone and finally my metallic gun inside my bag. “It’s time for action.”

The plane bumped harshly onto the island. As I stepped out of the plane arms clutched onto my body. A sac was pulled over my head and my chest. I was tied in. The figures threw me over what felt like a wall. The sac snapped I was free.

I crawled out of the sac with a tiger staring at my head the tiger was drawling from its razor-sharp teeth. Its eyes were blood-red. I was shocked when I saw such a beast. I kicked the tiger and ran.

I jumped onto a tree and saw that all the animals were free and there were cages dotted around “it must have been a zoo,” I thought. I leaped from the tree and clutched onto the wall. Suddenly a monkey’s tail hooked onto my leg. While holding onto the wall I rummaged through my bag until my fingers touched the cold blade of my knife. I took it out and sliced the monkey’s tail. The monkey plummeted to the ground clenching its tail and screeching in pain. I climbed over the wall and hopped down.

I sat down next to the large zoo gates. As I stood up I heard the door creak a horde of bulls smashed through the door. I started running. I took a quick glance back and saw hundreds of bulls charging strait at me with blood on their face’s and men in jeeps. I sprinted through the jungle, jumping over logs, climbing through trees. Bullets whistled past my cheeks. I tripped over a twisted root. My head was smashed on a rock. Pain exploded my head. Blood was dripping from my mouth. I stood up and saw a whole in the ground. Easing my way in, I grabbed my shovel out of my bag and started digging some space to fit in.

Time passed and I climbed out of the hole. Nobody was to be seen. Suddenly a knife sliced through my skin. A man jumped down from a tree and landed with a sword to my face. “You must die!” the man shouted. My foot slammed into his face. I climbed up a tree and took my bow and arrows out. I took my aim and planted an arrow into his arm. Blood was gushing out of his arm. He through a knife into the branch I was standing on. While hanging from the branch, I took out my gun shot all my ammo all my ammo was gone I had nothing to do “it must be the end of me,” I muttered. Finally I threw my gun at the man and it hit his head. The man threw a large log at the branch I was hanging off I dropped down and landed on my back. I jumped up and his fist landed in my face. He kicked but I caught his foot and flipped him over. Then I grabbed my bow and shot an arrow into his chest. I was struck with relief nothing to worry about.

Ten more men surrounded me, it was an ambush, I jumped span round and kicked al ten men onto the floor, and I ran. One of the men tripped me up and I fell. All the men were now covering me. One of the men stuck a pill into my mouth. I was asleep. I woke up hanging off a cliff, jagged rocks were sticking out off the side of the cliff. I stood up a man was holding the golden monkey in one hand and a sword in the other.

I slid round and pulled the man down. I stole his sword and threw it into the water below. SPLASH. He climbed up, jumped and kicked but it missed I stole the golden monkey. I got a knuckle sandwich in the face. I fell of the cliff and clutched onto the side. I put a number on my emergency phone and within 30 seconds I dropped and landed on a speed boat.