**Mission Accomplished**

The sea was wild and untamed, the perfect place for a pirate like me. I had been searching for the hidden treasure for weeks, following clues and deciphering maps. Tonight, I was finally close to finding the elusive treasure. I could feel it in the air, and I was filled with a strange sense of anticipation and excitement. I was a pirate, and I was here to find the hidden treasure.

I was an intrepid vessel, charting my course though life, following my own moral compass. Yet, I was consumed by an inner tempest that threatened to capsize the very foundation of my being. The waves rose higher and higher; thundered nearer and nearer; broke into a cacophonous roar of boiling foam and rammed into the stern of the boat like galloping foam horses. The spray from the waves was a bleeding mist in the red light of the setting sun - their thunderous roar like a wounded animal. Fulgurating lightning streaked down from the tenebrous, caliginous sky, lashing out with its irriguous, murderous hand, annihilating anything in its path like a hideous beast ready to pounce. The ominous storm sneered diabolically as it commanded the clouds to loom into a hellish black mass. An immense guillotine blade of lightning streaked across the horizon and illuminated it with a stark sapphire spark. Dazzling arrows of lightning tore the night sky apart, ripping its belly and flooding the boat. A mass of churning foam rose in an arch high above the boat, threatened to bury it in its watery grave and into the inky depths. The raging sea was swirling with indignant anger, livid blue bulging eyes and devilish, malicious, intimidating jaws thirsty for its next prey. Despite the raging waters engulfing me, I had no fear. I don’t fear death in this world. No cut, scar or wound shall penetrate me.

The storm faded away. An island stretched out as far as the eye could see. Old oak trees stood tall and majestic, its branches stretching to the sky like outstretched arms, its leaves a vibrant green canopy that rustled in the breeze. The trees were sentinels, standing tall and proud, their branches reaching up to the sky in hope. The trees were a vibrant canvas, their leaves of green and gold creating a kaleidoscope of colour. The trees were a choir, their leaves rustling in the breeze like a chorus of song. The sweet chirps of the birds were a synchronised melody of hope and wonder as they serenaded around one another. The landscape was breath-taking; a vast terrain of land stretched out before me, dotted with trees and rolling hills, a vivid blend of colours that seemed to stretch on forever. The fields were a quilt of life, a patchwork of colours and textures that seemed to come alive with the rising sun. The fields were a symphony, their music a gentle melody that echoed in the wind.

But as I stepped into the island, I couldn’t shake the feeling that something was off. The place felt sinister. It was the type of place that made people quicken their steps as they passed. It was the type of place polluted by the black veil of soot, smog and smoke. It was the type of place where the air was thick with the scent of pollution, the stench almost overwhelming. Derelict trees stood lifeless - dark green moss spread across the trunks like mould on bread, as if they had been gnawed by hundreds of starving rats. The island was beautiful on the outside, but darkness lurked beneath its surface.

A murderous voice shivered down my spine. The pounding of my heartbeat thundered in my ears, about to jump out of my ribs. I prowled the island like a caged lioness, grappling with the enormity of my vacillation. I knew the treasure was a stone's throw away, but where? I had trained my whole life for this moment, to feel a sense of pride and accomplishment for my family name. I couldn’t go back now.

The sneering voice of my own insecurities whispered its insidious doubts, making it hard for me to see the strength within. But, deep down, I knew that my spirit was capable of soaring to great heights. My inner angel voice of hope chanted ‘beneath you, beneath you’. A crimson-brown chest was gleaming with scrubbed and polished wood. The air was entombed in silence like a hushed serenity. A calming presence that seemed to envelop all who breathed it in. The air was a gentle caress, a soft touch that soothed the soul. The air was a whisper, a voice that seemed to carry on the breeze. The only sound I could hear was the sound of achievement. The sound of dignity. I breathed in the air of triumph.

“Mission accomplished,” the speaker announced.

The pixels faded away.

My level upgraded to 2.

The game maker took off my VR headset.

“So, how did it go?”

**Word count: 834**