Section 1: Using good examples

Extract 3: The Swimming Tunnel

Jack opened his eyes. The palm tree spread like a starfish above him. Mum, Dad and Amy were lying by the pool. A heat haze shimmered from the ground. The pool looked cool and inviting.

"Anyone for a swim?" he said. No one answered. Mum was reading a magazine. Amy was texting. Dad looked like he was asleep. His neck was already turning red from the sun. Jack emerged from the shade of his umbrella, pulled on his goggles and prepared to dive.

"Don't be in too long, it's nearly…"

Mum's words were lost as the blue water swallowed him up. It felt deliciously cool. Most people had gone for lunch and he had the pool to himself. He slid through the water, aware of the shadows of lilos and inflatable rings above him. The pool was shaped like a kidney and shelved quite steeply, but Jack was a strong swimmer. He swam into the deep water, his body undulating like a seal's. Through the blurred discs of his goggles, he could see something ahead. It looked like the entrance to a tunnel. Jack was intrigued. Did the tunnel lead to another pool, perhaps a tidal pool by the beach? He swam on, his heart beating a bit faster. He had no idea how long the tunnel was or where it would take him. The water inside had turned dark and murky. Something like seaweed was brushing against his leg. Then suddenly it became dazzlingly bright. He was on the other side of the tunnel. Jack thrust himself upwards, gulping for air. He took off his goggles, wiped his eyes and looked around him. The hotel, the pool, and the sun loungers had vanished. He was swimming in salty water and he could see a craggy island ahead. All the trees on it seemed to be dead. A flag with a skull and crossbones was planted on the beach. What on earth was this place?
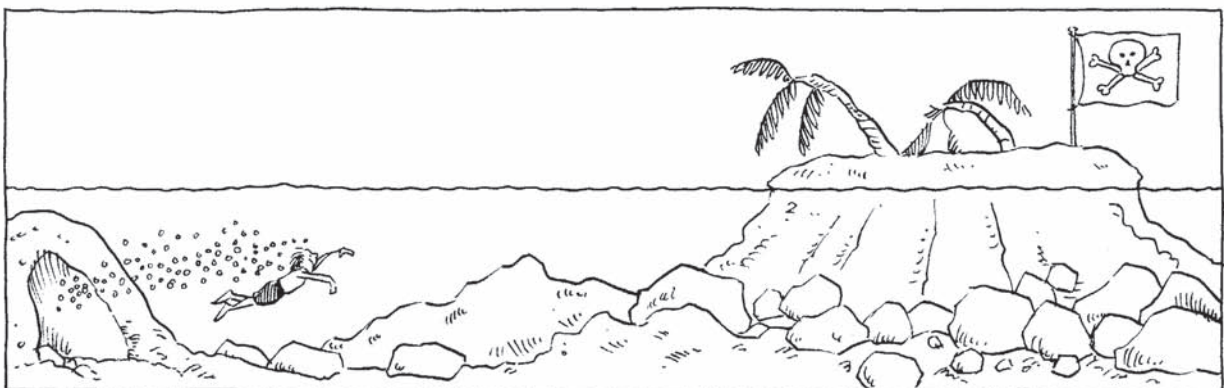

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