

# The Pit



**By James Ye, age 15. Artwork by Aliisa Lee.**

“You’ll never find it. It’s a wild goose chase to look for such a thing. It probably doesn’t even exist. Atlantis is nothing more than a myth!” His superior’s words echoed once again, drowning his mind with doubt, yet Jonathan took no heed and continued to flout, trudging forwards in the darkness. Days had passed since he came upon sunlight as he searched every tunnel for the answer to his question. Another turn passed and he stumbled into a wall. The stone spiraled upwards to a lofty height. Above was brightness from an unknown light. But no stone would stop our vivacious hero! He clasped the edge and began his ascent.

Up he went for several hours as a low shriek swung from wall to wall, his shattered ears stung with pain and his hand groped blindly for another crag. A hapless finger chose quite poorly and out tumbled several stones, jeering and giggling as they rumbled by. With a heavy shove he reached the top. Listless and strength-less, he lay upon the ancient rock, breathing with the sound of a silenced hog.

He turned to be greeted by a massive stone face, its teeth sagged and frowned as water stains rolled down. Cracked and shattered the stone face was and a rippled hole clutched at its nose. He leaned on one foot to dust it off, only to be thrown back by an invisible cloth. Angered

and bemused by the amusing ruse, he scanned around for any solutions. Discerning a switch with narrowed eyes, he lumbered across the barren plateau.

At last he reached the crooked lever, surrounded it was by dozens of stone gears; they were carved with the effort of a starving man, with grooves rougher than a pile of leather. Without a second or third thought he pulled it down, the switch creaking after being lost for so long. The machine sprang to life. Gears whirred and fans twirled as the gargantuan grim stone shifted, its visage becoming a smirk, then a smile. For a moment, John smiled as well.