The Girl Who Did Not Think

*Within the deep, dark forest of Aralia was a small town, Phandalia, which contained a thriving community of teachers, doctors, bakers and salesmen. There was one hospital, large but lacking experienced doctors. There was one employee, that stood out from the others, her name was Remedy. She had a perfect record, everyone that was treated by her came out of her ward in perfect health. It was as if they never had an injury in the first place. It was a miracle. One day this all changed.*

It was the ninth of October. A patient was rushed into my ward after a horrifying snake encounter. I thought that today would have been calm; there were no patients today. But this was different, much different. Instantly, I rushed over to Demetrius, the patient, and attended to his wound. It was gushing with blood, which spirted everywhere.

“Hold this tourniquet on the wound,” I said calmly.

He complied and held it whilst I tied the knot, he screamed in agony. Filled with panic I attempted to keep him calm, but nothing worked. This was my last resort.

“Drink this,” I shouted.

I attempted to grab the morphine but my hand was, misdirected by a gust of wind. I reached for the snake poison, which I had been using that morning, to experiment on the effects of poisoning. Without thinking, I gave him the vial. He drank it. After a few minutes of agony, he was out cold. Quickly I checked his vitals. He had flattened. He was dead.

With the blink of an eye, Asclepius, God of health and medicine, appeared before me. With him came an eerie presence.

“You,” he shouted in a terrifying voice. “You killed him. You gave him snake venom and not the morphine. Now you shall be cursed!”

Instantly my skin became silky scales, which glistened under the moon, from the nearby window. I let out a shriek of agony as my legs absorbed into my body. Slowly, my ears and hair dissolved. I rapidly shrank. Whilst this occurred, Asclepius stared at me.

“This is your punishment for not concentrating. For putting someone’s life at risk.”

They were his last words to me. Then he disappeared without a trace. One second he was there, the next he was gone.

After my terrible misfortune, rather unluckily, my colleague Dan entered the room. He thought that I was a snake, which had escaped from my laboratory. Without hesitation, he pinned my head to the table. I attempted to bite at him but nothing worked. I hadn’t adjusted to my new body yet. He grasped me by my tail and transported me to a place that I knew like the back of my hand, the venom room. For the first time ever, he violently placed my head on to a cup and forced me to bite against it. After hours of this torture, I was placed in a cage by myself in pure isolation.

This is my life now. Donating venom in a dirty, cold room. All by myself for eternity.

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