

The Alcatraz Escape

I ask myself how I got here. I will tell you my crazy story. My name is Mark Wilson and I am an aristocrat. I come from a noble family but I always wanted more money. So, I decided to rob the bank of the current president, Dwight David Eisenhower. And here I am now at Alcatraz. I have been condemned to 10 years in prison. The Alcatraz prison is a jail for the most serious offenders.

The atmosphere is always dark and gloomy, as if there was a cloud of bad weather on the island. I arrived at Alcatraz in 1955 but in 1963 the jail closed and the prisoners were moved to another jail in San Francisco. But I decided to escape not to be expatriated and not to stay in jail for another two years.

To escape, I go through the air vent to go under the roofs of Alcatraz. I stay there for twelve days so that the police will think that I couldn't possibly have survived for twelve days without anything. I have one liter of water and a meal to survive, which I have taken with me. The next day, I wake up, I don't know what time it is, so I decide to go for a walk to stretch my legs. Suddenly, I see bodies in the distance, I get closer and I see corpses. I can feel my heart beating faster and faster. There are three corpses. Their bodies are stiff, they have a very pale skin with blood running down their cheeks, their lips are purple. When I stop on the 'eyes' of one of the corpses, I realize that his eye is next to him. My heartbeat is getting faster and faster and I am breathing heavily. I can no longer sleep at night. For the next three days, instead of sleeping, I try to build a boat to get away from here as quickly as possible. As I finish my boat, I hear footsteps above me, on the roof of the Alcatraz jail. I think it is just birds. So, I decide to run away now. Utterly exhausted, I climb up on the roof, walk over the tiles and go down through the gutters. I turn around to see if anyone is following me and I see the three corpses coming down from the roof. I rush with my boat towards the open sea. But the corpses catch me and grab my leg. They pull it, I try to struggle as much as I can but in vain, they are too strong. I fall from my boat so I try to come back to the island of Alcatraz but the corpses manage to make me plunge underwater.

That's when I told myself that this was the end, this was my destiny and that I didn't deserve to live any longer.