

THE LOST ISLAND



BY [CHILDBOOK.AI](https://childbook.ai)

Elisa gasped as a wave threw her onto warm sand. Her long brown hair was tangled with seaweed. The storm had destroyed their research vessel. She staggered to her feet, scanning the shoreline. Relief flooded through her when she spotted Jonathan nearby, coughing up seawater. "Jonathan! You're alive!" She rushed to help the thirteen-year-old boy stand. He wiped his short black hair from his eyes. "Where are we?" he asked hoarsely. Beyond the beach, massive stone pillars rose from dense jungle. This island wasn't on any map.



They ventured inland, pushing through thick vines. Elisa stopped abruptly before towering ruins covered in strange symbols. "These carvings are thousands of years old," she whispered, tracing the markings. Jonathan noticed deep claw marks gouged into the stone. "Something big made those." A low growl rumbled from the shadows. Two glowing eyes emerged from the ruins—a creature resembling a jaguar but scaled like a reptile. "Run!" Jonathan yelled. They sprinted between crumbling columns as the beast pursued them. Elisa spotted an opening and pulled Jonathan inside just as massive jaws snapped behind them.



They tumbled down stone steps into darkness. Jonathan fumbled for his waterproof flashlight. The beam revealed an underground chamber filled with golden artifacts and wall paintings. "This is incredible," Elisa breathed, examining murals showing people and scaled creatures living together. "Maybe they weren't always dangerous." Jonathan discovered a pedestal holding a crystal sphere that pulsed with soft light. When Elisa touched it, the sphere projected holographic images—the island's history, a civilization that vanished mysteriously. "We need to document this," she said excitedly. Suddenly, the growling returned, echoing through multiple tunnels. They weren't alone down here.



"There!" Jonathan pointed to a mural showing a signal tower at the island's peak. They navigated the tunnels using the ancient paintings as maps, avoiding the creatures by moving silently. Emerging at the mountain's base, they climbed for hours. At the summit stood a weathered structure with intact crystal technology. Elisa activated it using patterns from the sphere. Energy crackled skyward. "It's a beacon!" Jonathan exclaimed. Two days later, a rescue helicopter appeared. As they lifted off, Elisa clutched her documentation. The scaled creatures watched from the jungle below, guardians of secrets that would change history forever.



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