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As the blazing sun beat down upon the travellers backs, the newlyweds flung their welcoming arms around each other, smiles widely occupying their faces. The sweet smell of roses and sea salt filled the ~~in~~ cool air as the sounds of waves crashed ~~upon~~ upon the ~~cliff~~ ~~cliffs~~. surrounding cliffs. The Bride excitedly yelled 'Thankyou everyone for joining us on this special day. Feel free to explore the stunning Island, dinner will be served in the dining room of the manor at six sharp!'

Elizabeth gently wiped a piece of her luscious, black, velvety hair out of her eyes as she sighed slowly and jealously watched her cousin and her ~~new~~ new husband ~~happi~~ passionately kiss under an enveloping palm tree. She pondered how different things would be if she were the one wearing the flowing, white silk dress today, marrying the handsome and

kind Scott who she had dearly loved for so long. Instantly, a loud clap of thunder rumbled deeply and interrupted her enormous thoughts so Elizabeth quickly stood up and followed the happy couple into the magnificent manor.

Here ~~she was~~ the privileged guests were welcomed with ~~succata~~ succulent lamb and expensive, red wine. ~~that was as~~ Elizabeth took great advantage of the sumptuous wine and refreshed herself gravely, quickly emptying a bottle to herself. She glanced over to see her cousin, Jessica, and her ~~After~~ ~~to~~ new husband Scott nuzzling each other softly. Elizabeth grew with anger and jealousy and turned away fiercely. She could not bare to be exposed to the glamorous and stunningly beautiful Jessica who was wearing a tightly fitted red or crimson

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dress that dropped low at the back, clearly exhibiting her perfectly tanned skin. The envious woman slurped down her wine furiously and muttered quietly "I'd rather she be dead than with my beloved Scott".

As the guests tiredly filed towards their bedrooms to retire for the night, Elizabeth watched Scott ~~watch~~ peck his new wife, Jessica, lovingly on the forehead before walking off alone towards his room. Jessica stayed behind, conversing with her dear friend Michael ~~as~~ whilst still sipping on the extravagant wine. Elizabeth ceased the moment passionately and waited several minutes before following Scott to his room.

Elizabeth gently pushed the ~~heavy~~ solid, wooden door of the bedroom open as she was confronted with silence. She flicked the light on gently but Scott was nowhere

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to be seen. Elizabeth signed sadly and whispered quietly "It's a promise Scott. I will do whatever it takes to be with you!"

It wasn't much past midnight when ~~the~~ hysterical shrieks filled the cold, night air. The guests rushed to the source of the screams to find ~~Scott~~ Jessica collapsed on the floor ~~bes~~ crying pretusely beside Scott's, still-warm yet lifeless body. His face was brutally unrecognisable and a thick, ~~total~~ bloodied stone lay beside his body. ~~His~~ He had A stone had violently struck his head, killing the beautiful man. The guests gasped and stared blantantly at each other as Michael pushed passed the shocked crew, instantly dialing on his mobile phone.

"Hello Sargeant, its constable Michael Rivers here, theres been a violent ~~murde~~ death at the

secluded Hartley Island, we need help at once!"

As Jessica continued to weep, comforted by her frail mother, Michael informed the guests that his fellow policemen would not be able to make it out until the morning due to the horrid weather conditions outside. The ~~84~~ guests left the room silently as Michael ~~sat~~ pulled the door to a close, he noticed Elizabeth who was calmly staring at her feet.

Instantly, Michael began interrogating the suspicious woman who simultaneously broke down and confessed her love for the recently deceased. Michael was shocked and gasped from surprise, he accompanied the suspect to her room ~~and~~ before wandering outside for fresh air.

As Michael ~~1~~ wiped the rain from his damp face, he noticed a

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shadow moving quickly through the trees. He followed the shadow towards the frightening cliff face where he saw a burly, tall man throwing a blood-stained shirt into the ocean. He yelled out to the man who turned around instantly, his ~~fore~~ hard face glared at the confused police man. Michael tackled the man to the ground as the moon light shone down upon his darkened face. Michael yelped as he discovered the alias of the stranger was in fact Scott's best man and brother, Christopher. Christopher violently grabbed Michael's shoulders and pushed him over the cliff-face with his strong, thick arms. ~~At~~ Michael grasped at a vine that was strangling the rocks and screamed for help. Christopher bent down over the cliff and boomed "I love Jessica more than my brother ever has and ever will". He outstretched his large, ~~to~~

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drenched hand ~~at~~ to push Michael to his death but a slime-covered rock grabbed the sole of his shoe and sent him gliding over the edge towards the menacing and engulfing waves below.

Moments later the guests arrived to find Michael clinging drastically, they pulled him to safety as he ~~totd~~ revealed the truth, his body shaking from fear and the ~~cool~~ icy night air. Elizabeth and Jessica comforted each other lovingly as salty tears filled the lonely, heartbroken island.