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Everything was perfect. The breeze on her back, her toes in the water, the trees swaying around her. That didn't last long. Only moments later, she was pulled in, into the river, and ripped to bloody pieces, her life ending in a second. It was too soon. She had only been alive for fifteen years. Her family grieved for years, never getting over the haunting sounds of her screams. Kiara Dalton, their daughter and sister, was dead.

I dropped down from the tree I was perched upon, and ran over to my best friend, Jason Verlac's house. I rapped on the door and it was opened by a grinning, brunette face.

"Ready?" I asked, "Bet you're scared." He stuck his tongue out at me and was given one back.

"Yeah, right." He stepped out and started walking along with me. We headed towards the unused river, anticipation buzzing through the air.

"So," he started, "You're going first, right."

"No way!" I gently punched him in the arm, "You PROMISED to go first!"

After a twenty minute walk, we reached the abandoned river.

"Go on," I pushed Jason towards the water. He didn't move. He obliged, eventually, but refused to do it alone.

"C'mon," I said in a sing-sing voice, "Go!"

"Up there," He pointed to a small ledge of rock overhanging the water, "We'll do it together."

"Fine." I grumbled, wanting to hurry up. We scrambled up through the trees and stood at the edge of the ledge.

"On three, " Jason proclaimed, "One... Two..." Impatient, I shoved him off. It was highly amusing to watch, him falling with his arms and legs flailing in the air, shrieking his head off. He glared up at me when he had surfaced, covered in muck and duck poo on his head.

"Your turn." He said pointedly. What a vengeful child. With no hesitation, I dropped down, literally stepping off the platform. My world turned into a blur of murky water, greenish duck poo and my own hair, waving in my face as I plunged deeper and deeper. Then my face reached the air, and the first thing I saw was Jason, laughing his face off.

"Well, you can't laugh, Jace, cause you kinda have duck poo on your head."

"You should've seen yourself," he spluttered, bursting into more peals of laughter.

We spend a few hours in the river, deluging each other with the unlimited source of water, until we made a horrifying discovery. Well, I did.

"Jason!" I exclaimed in horror. He swam over to see.

"I don't see anything."

"Go to the bottom. And feel around. Try to see." I could barely form proper sentences, I was so terrified.

He did as I said, and we shared a moment of contemplation.

"There's just so MANY." I finally exclaimed.

"And they're all dead."

After that, we left, and didn't do anything about it. Until December rolled around.

We had nearly forgotten about it. Nearly. That was, until we saw the news on the second of December, a news report that changed the way we looked at our town, our small country town that we lived in.

"Eighteen years ago, in this very spot, Kiara Dalton was brutally killed, ripped to pieces by an eight metre long saltwater crocodile." The reporter was standing by a river. OUR river. The river that was situated right near our houses. The river that we had swam in four months ago.

"Now, we investigate this site, checking for crocodile numbers." My mind turns back to the day we had spent in the water, and then the moment when we had found the bodies.

"We have found something astounding. This place that had once been infested with crocodiles, has none. The bodies of seventy crocodiles have been found at the bottom of this river, and are currently being checked by expert animal biologist Annalise Haynes for harm, or a cause of death."

That name of the girl, Kiara Dalton, circulated in my mind. I've never heard of the name before, but I had a feeling much like Deja Vu. I knew that name. I just didn't know how. I went over to Jason's house, thinking that he could help me out. Or at least giving me someone to talk to. I knocked the front door, pushing my auburn hair out of my eyes. No one opened the door. Jason said he'd be free today, so I felt a growing feel of unease in my gut.