

Glentress

Rat-a-tat-tat went the wheels of the spanking new shiny HOY bike.
Splosh went the moat around the ramp as my amazing
Cycling shoes collided into the surface of the water.

In my imagination there were bears chasing me round every
corner of every amber coloured forest I zoomed past.
Ignoring my Dad I flew through the cornfields evading every
single pebble I could see.

The golden sky and bright clouds made me feel as if I was flying
through the sky calmly until another imagined bear passed me.
I felt like I was trying to escape the police as I was going sooo fast.

Crush went the autumn leaves that I trampled on with my bike
whilst still cycling as fast as I could past the bears.
All I could smell was the dank undergrowth of the moss and wet
bark that slowly slid down the tree like soggy lava.

Nearing the end of Glentress I started to slow down. The bears
were gradually running out of energy and retreating back to their
bright orange caves. The pebbles were starting to get smaller
and smaller until they became a boring grey road.

Looking out of the car window all there was to see were sleeping
bears and countryside fields lying like a sheet of green snow on the
ground.

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