



**A Special Place  
by Daniel. Age 10  
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Icy, quiet, damp, the roofed, cold forest wailed in the strong, sickening wind and footprints marked the rough landscape like a stampede of angry wolves. He picked up his speed as the snow got harder and the thunder got louder. Great gushes of blinding wind pushed him into the freezing lake as if the boy got kicked by someone. Rain poured down so sharply that his hands began to bleed as he crawled out of the icy liquid. In the distance, you could see the ruins of the burnt, crumbled houses and the shadows of the cursed, screaming ghosts.

Ice rained down like hard, painful rocks then landed like a crash. The boy would soon stop running as his legs were tired enough, but something told him to keep on running. The thunder roared with anger and the lightning struck the defenseless trees with ease. He was now filled with absolute fear that his legs got slower and slower, and the wind howled constantly.

The sun began to rise and every single sound disappeared as the brutal storm stopped into nothing like swing of a finger. Suddenly flowers began to bloom. In amazement the boy stopped running as the very thing that was chasing him was no more and all that was left was peace. Snow melted and you could smell the damp, wet grass scatted everywhere across the forest ground. Creatures dug out of their burrows and birds began to sing happy songs for winter was now over! And those burnt down ruins of destruction was now filled with happy, cheerful spirits, for spring had come now and you could feel the warmth of the sun and the beautiful breeze of the wind, as this was a new beginning...

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