

By: Benjamin



As he stood on top of the ridge, he looked down : the white fluffy clouds hung below him. The steep drop was the hardest part. Bringing fear into his bloodstream. He peered into the misty distance. Knowing this was his best or last journey, Danny had gained enough courage to begin cycling down the spiky ridge.

He trembled along the side of the ridge that was thin as paper. Danny could fall at any moment now. Ending his life. The fearless adventurer knew he could do it making sure he was on the right route. As the drone flew over him, he didn't get distracted : only focusing on his bike.

He jumped from one rock to another. The amazing cyclist kept on going. Wind blowing into his face. He could feel it pushing on his smooth skin.

He was riding along the ridge with only one goal in his mind; getting down safely. Exhausted, he kept on going. One wrong move and it was over for him. Excited but nervous he had to keep on cycling.

As the mountain got steeper, he went faster feeling energised and feeling good about how he had spent his time on the ridge. He cycled faster soaring through the wind. He felt like a rocket ship travelling through space. Dripping with blood, sweat, tears, his fragile legs kept on pushing harder, accelerating faster.

As he finally reached flat land, he could see a mossy green lake in front of him. He saw a bridge going from one side to another. He felt like he could fall at any moment now. This was very risky as the bridge looked like it had been overgrown by moss and bugs. And the bridge also looked very old and unsafe. Danny could feel it wobbling while he rode across the bridge.

As he reached land again after he travelled along the unsecure, bridge. There was another jump he would have to make but he didn't get off his bike to jump he did it while on his bike. Now he had a descending slope, that was clear of rocks, he quickly accelerated

Riding down faster than a car faster than a train. Accelerating even faster. Knowing he could be the first to complete this journey without resting. Tired, he used all his strength to keep cycling.

Danny ,filled with energy, was now riding through a wheat field getting ready to flip over the tall fence. He would have to be careful. One failed jump and his skin would be penetrated by the fence.