



Danny's breath caught in his throat, tears pricked in the corners of his eyes. The misty clouds swirled below him and the biting winds became a whisper of encouragement chanting his name. Cragged, jutting rocks spread out like a map of possibilities: in the distance he could see the blue lake which he would soon be sailing across. With a push of his feet Danny was off .

The mountains wrapped around him , mossy and rocky. Danny could feel every dip in the ground, every rock, each and every one of them could cause him to slip and fall to his death. This was unlike anything he'd ever done before; this was a whole new level of danger. This was risky, this was life threatening, this was ...fun!

As Danny carried on the knife-like path he could spot his next obstacle lying in front of him like a snake about to strike. This was the rock jump. Two great slabs of rock were within eyesight, one wrong move and he would plummet down the mountainside. Danny contemplated, he could back out, go the easy way, that he had to show all the people who had underestimated him that he could do this. Danny was speeding now. the jump was a metre away- this was it. in the flick of his wheel, Danny had done it.

The next part, the next leap for Danny could be seen in a patchwork of grey and green. He gazed into the hazy sky seeing the eagles soar above him,they seemed to be taunting him "You can't do this ,do this,do this." Danny grimaced with effort ,he was doubting himself now but as long as he didn't look down he would be fine.The ridge was steadily approaching, pedal by pedal , his legs ached but he carried on right to the end of the bumpy, narrow path.

Danny's bike slid down the jigsaw pieces that were his next challenge:the rocks.The wind whipped in his face,refreshing him and the rain could be heard slamming down below his wheel.