



As Danny rowed across Loch Scavaig, a ripple of fear struck his rapidly beating heart. The wintry, whispering wind was biting his red, rosy cheeks. One wave after another shook his frozen lungs terrifyingly.

With an oar in each hand, he rowed his vessel into the shallow-looking waters. His heart was pumping blood frantically into his fatigued muscles. Before the boat reached the shore, the salty sea captured it in its murky abyss, which was a vast expanse. The Cullin Mountains laughed at him and his tiny fragile boat. He watched the seals, which swam elegantly, as they calmly bathed in the shining sunlight, which was more radiant than a full moon, beaming with light.

He hooked his bike on his drooping shoulders as he stepped cautiously onto the jagged rocks of the dusty shore like a sailor discovering a treasure island. Although as soft and soothing as a cushion, the taste of bitter, salt air was whistling with the wind.

He could hear the grass crunching below the muddy wheels of his bike until he almost fainted in exhaustion before he feasted his hungry eyes, which glistened in fury, on the mountainous, snowy peaks. Danny could hear the snow-white gulls screaming like victims from a horror movie.

Danny, who started to regret this long journey, grimaced. With a shivering spine, he looked up to the towering and twisting shape of the clouds above. Then he saw the narrow ridge in front of him. Danny could smell the lush, green hills below like a hound sniffing around the stench of his prey.

As he rode his bike on the rocky ridge, he admired the crystal-clear sea below. The clouds hung in the sky while he biked up the treacherous mountain. Danny could see above him the looming, murky clouds above the mountain range like a spy undercover.

He climbed up to the summit although it was freezing like an ever-long glacier in Antarctica. The bike on his drooping shoulders weighed a tonne although it was his size. His legs roared in pain as he clambered up the treacherous, perilous peak that leads to the grey, overcast clouds hanging like impending doom.

It was as cold as a wintry twilight. As he enjoyed the glorified view on the majestic mountain, he had made it. But whatever goes up must go down...