

By: Matilda



Danny breathed in deeply as he gazed down the bumpy sharp Ridge. The clouds hung around him like a pack of wolves circling their prey. He knew if he made one jolt, one wrong move he would fall to his death. Danny gazed ahead, at the beautiful mountains, where you can see the clouds and stars. The howling wind swirled around his ears. He focused his head and he pushed off.

Danny leaped on to the sharp jagged rocks sticking out of the dusty, muddy ground. He whizzed along the slim mountain of danger. He stayed as straight as he could. Danny could see the lime green grass with the slippery diamond water drops on them. All he heard was silence. Pure silence, the only sound was the wind haunting him like a ghost. His heart was pounding as he went up and down up and down many times.

Danny peddled fast, the bumpiness of the ground had gone off the steep slim mountain. The rocks, this time, were not bumpy but they were hard to go down and very steep. He was excited although the sun hurt his eyes so he covered them with his shaking hand. The path was smooth but Danny had to be super steady. A wobble could cost him his life; he could not let that happen.

Danny quickly jumped onto the drenching, squelchy, muddy grass. The mud flicked off his bike on the grass