


Sky's The Limit

A photograph of a two-story wooden cabin with a green roof, nestled in a dense forest. The cabin has a balcony and is surrounded by lush green trees and foliage. A bright sunburst effect is visible in the upper right corner of the image.

It's so warm and humid up in the forest, trees surrounding me. I live here with my two sisters Matilda and Jane. My parents have gone into the forest to collect specimens of tropical plants. I'm writing this because I want to be an author and write about all of the adventures I have been on.

My favourite adventure was when I had to find some fruit in the middle of the forest. I made a raft and sailed across the river. I used my spear to kill some fish a long the way and then I arrived at fruit central. That's what I call it because everywhere you look you can see vibrant splashes of colour. It's my favourite place. I can sit peacefully under a nice shady tree and read a good book. At the moment I am reading about one of my parent's adventure novels. So far it has been about this piranha guy.



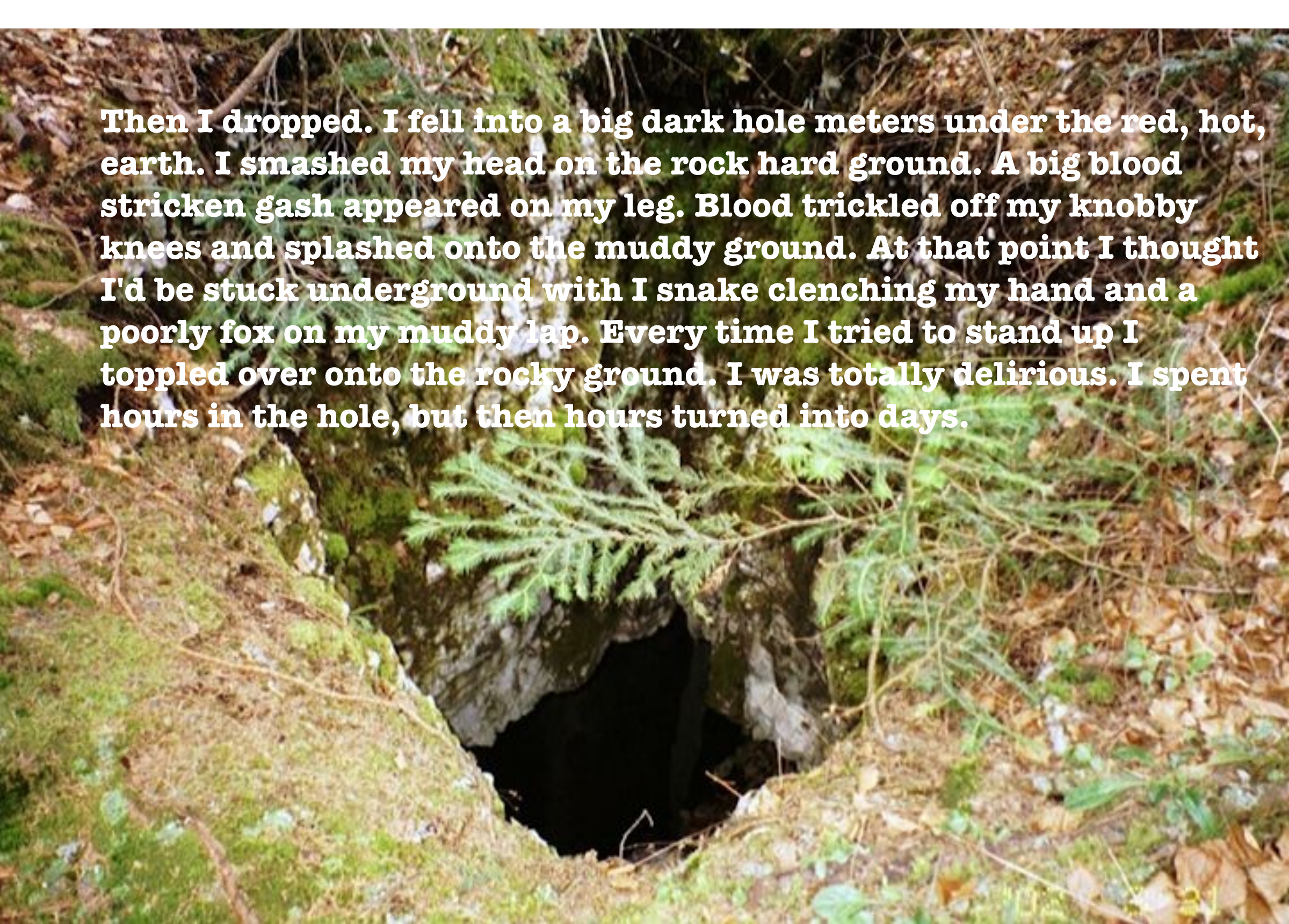
I've never had friend had
friends apart from the
occasional visitors who shoot
documentaries about my
home, the forest. my pet
snake Chi loves coming with
me to collect fruit. Anyway as
I was reading, Chi slithers up
to the long, slimy river reeds
along the side of the river. I
follow her. Where is she
going?





Suddenly I hear crying, shrieks, shouts. I rush over to the painful sounds. I see a tiny orange creature. With a long bushy tail. It had a snowy white tip on the end of it. It's black beady eyes stared at me as I was looking at it. I scooped up the fox and ran into the green, humid forest with trees that touched the clouds. I ran so fast it felt like my legs could of fallen off at any moment.

Then I dropped. I fell into a big dark hole meters under the red, hot, earth. I smashed my head on the rock hard ground. A big blood stricken gash appeared on my leg. Blood trickled off my knobby knees and splashed onto the muddy ground. At that point I thought I'd be stuck underground with I snake clenching my hand and a poorly fox on my muddy lap. Every time I tried to stand up I toppled over onto the rocky ground. I was totally delirious. I spent hours in the hole, but then hours turned into days.

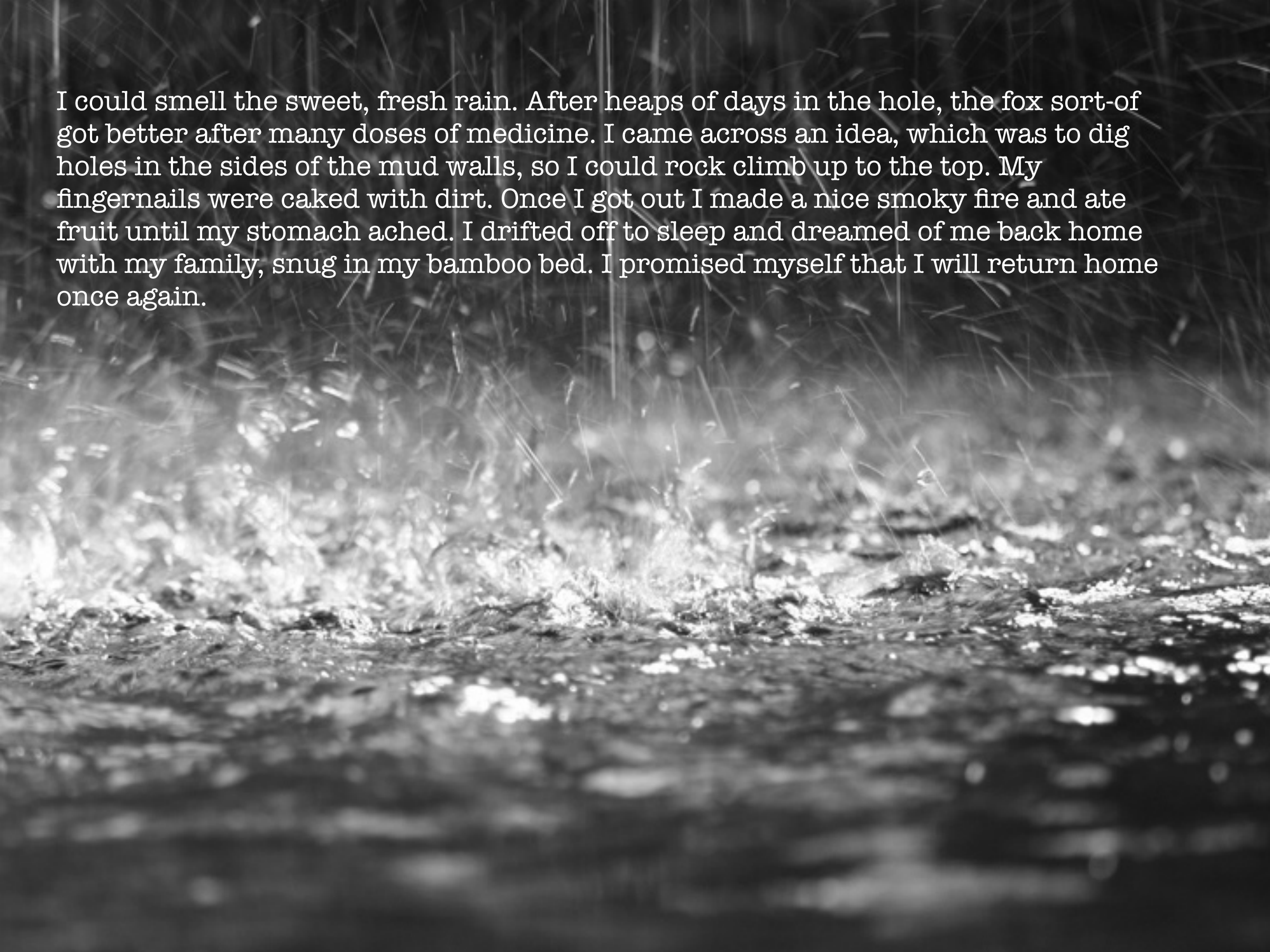


I snacked on the fruit I picked and the sandwiches I made for the journey. Chi caught some mice and shared it with the poorly fox. I tried to create a ladder at some point. I made up some herbal remedies to make the fox feel better. I made several phone calls to my family but no one picked up.

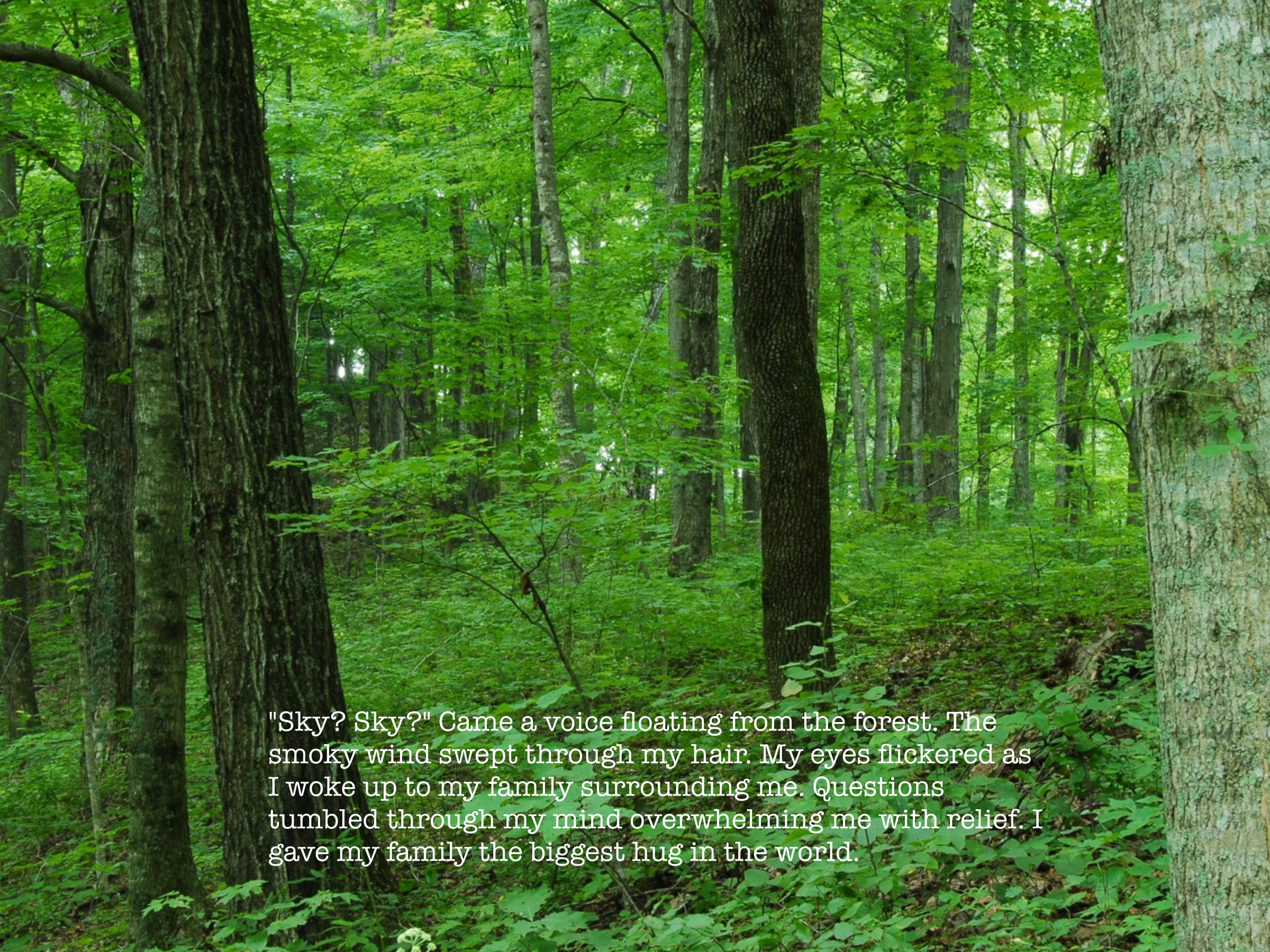
I got out one time when it was pitch black and when the frosty air sent chills up my spine.



I was going to make a run for it while I was out of the claustrophobic space, but all of my precious belongings were in there. Including the broken fox and my precious snake. I could hear sounds in the distance. Loud dripping noises. "Help" I yelled. My throat started hurting. I swallowed. A big black cloud swooped over me where I lay bewildered...



I could smell the sweet, fresh rain. After heaps of days in the hole, the fox sort-of got better after many doses of medicine. I came across an idea, which was to dig holes in the sides of the mud walls, so I could rock climb up to the top. My fingernails were caked with dirt. Once I got out I made a nice smoky fire and ate fruit until my stomach ached. I drifted off to sleep and dreamed of me back home with my family, snug in my bamboo bed. I promised myself that I will return home once again.

A photograph of a lush, green forest. Tall, slender tree trunks are visible, surrounded by a thick canopy of bright green leaves. The ground is covered in dense undergrowth and ferns. The lighting is soft and dappled, creating a serene atmosphere.

"Sky? Sky?" Came a voice floating from the forest. The smoky wind swept through my hair. My eyes flickered as I woke up to my family surrounding me. Questions tumbled through my mind overwhelming me with relief. I gave my family the biggest hug in the world.

We hopped back down into the raft and sailed down the glistening river while we were on the crooked raft, I finally noticed that when I was asleep the fox ran away to find his family. I could see the pup racing through the sunlit jungle, dodging the leafy trees. I could faintly see the fox family waiting for their baby to return. I knew he would.

