

WRITE A DESCRIPTIVE TEXT ABOUT WALKING OR RIDING DOWN A PATH YOU HAVE NEVER EXPLORED BEFORE

Today was the day I tried something new. A bike ride home from school on a path I had never seen before. I redirected, switching from smooth concrete to uneven dirt, my bicycle dipping at the sudden change. The dusty rock road acted as a separator. On the left sat a dense forest, its darkness hiding untold secrets. On the right, an open green field stretched for miles dotted with little specks of color every now and then. Two sides of one coin, while the forest drew me in, the field creating serenity with just a glance.

All of a sudden the peace was disrupted. A rumble in the distance, faint streaks of white light and fast approaching darkness. I looked up to my right where a dark shadow loomed over the lush field casting a dark haze with the promise of a storm. I glanced to my left, the sky still blue, not yet dimmed by heavy clouds. A pit formed in my stomach as I began pedalling faster. My bicycle chain rattled at the sudden change in pace, the rickety wheels creaking in protest. My eyes zipped between the path in front of me and the sky to my right; the field was no longer calming me but making me panic. With every part of the sky that darkened the chance of me and my books getting soaked increased tenfold. I pedalled faster, my backpack swinging aggressively with every up-down movement of my hips. The thunder, no longer a rumble but a clear-cut strike, resounded in the near distance, drowning out any sounds of hidden critters in the dense forest to my left. My grip on the plastic handlebar tightened as my legs started to ache. The continuous machine-gun sound from tires against rocks was the only indication of my speed. I could make it, I had to.

Drip. Once. Drip. Twice. I felt it, the wet of rain. I felt three more drops before the downpour, cold water bullets continuing to rain down on me as I slowed down. Resigned to my fate, I glanced at my soaked books and soggy backpack. I took a look around at the field and forest, which were both happy to receive some nourishment. I hung my head, clothes sticking to my body, and walked home in drenched shoes and socks. The now muddy path caused my bike to occasionally halt along the way. This is what I got for taking a new longer way home.

Vinser

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