

Word of the Week Story

The gun sounded. We were off! Straight away I found myself hurtling down the rail track, totally out of control. There was an incessant fizzing noise from the engine. This journey of mine was getting pretty perilous! Suddenly it became very hard to manoeuvre my cart and it began careening into the forest, where it went round and round in perpetual circles before coming to a complete halt.

Where on earth was I? The forest looked strange, it was almost like the trees were trying to reach out to me and grab me with their gnarled fingers. The plants and trees all looked exotic. Then out of the dark appeared a fierce-looking beast with straggly green hair and long sharp fangs. I stared at it speechlessly as it snarled "This forest is enchanted what comes in never comes out!"