*Touch Down Pen-Name Writing Comp*

LOST

The trailing wisps are lost in the past. The leaves crunch beneath my feet; haunting trees whisper messages into my brain. Dew settled on the grass below. The thing… it’s here.

I ran onward; the misty air blocking my view. I tripped and fell into Sphinx, the river of death. It’s clear, cool water filling my lungs. It’s so deep but I try to keep my head above the surface. I see the shedding leaves as I sink further. Down I go.

By Erick B Rendrag

Written by Nelson Gardner 5/6A

TIGHES HILL PUBLIC SCHOOL

33 Elizabeth St Tighes Hill

2297