TouchdownPen-name writing competition

Lost

By Boris wiggles

As I explored this dark and fearful jungle, the wind seemed to whisper words in my ear. As my machete sliced through the thick leaves. I felt as if someone was watching me. I couldn’t see the sun because the trees were blocking the sun.

The leaves crunched under my boots as I searched for a river. Huzzah, I have found a river, but it still feels like someone is watching me.

Written by Declan Peebles 5/6A

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