

My River in the Valley

One hot and sunny day, the bright sun glistened in the glorious, clear, pale blue sky. Below the succulent, emerald green trees perched a stern heron, its eyes fixed on the sparkling water, ready to pounce. Confident but nervous, fish swam in the river. Minding their own business, spiders and other miniscule insects crawled around the mucky mud and rigid rocks. The crystal clear water trickled down a tranquil stream and created smooth ripples across the surface.

Further up the stream was an adorable family of ducks and ducklings - the young made a high-pitched squeak like tiny mice. On the path by the river came some people.

Meanwhile, the stern heron had found the most perfect, appetising-looking trout. *Mmmmm...that looks tasty*, the heron thought to himself. The immense, grey bird flew towards his prey and swooped down with his large beak prepared to bite. As soon as he was about to capture his soon-to-be prized possession, a young boy threw a thick, brown stick which very nearly hit the heron. "WOOF", barked the boy's dog. *Why?!*, he wondered to himself. *I just wanted some dinner*. Angrily, he flapped his wings and off he went. "Mummy! Daddy! Look at the cute ducklings!", cried the boy in adoration. They all watched the fluffy birds waddle around and disappear into the bush. Spotting some tadpoles, the child went closer to take a look. The young frogs' tails wiggled at the speed of light.

Later that night, a great, black, grey and white badger, along with her two cubs, appeared from their cosy sett; beginning to hunt for insects and bugs (but mostly earthworms). Pitch-black bats soared through the crisp air, under the moonlit sky. Large groups of microscopic midges hovered above the chilly river.

Early the next morning, a slightly irritating wood pigeon made a soft coo noise from the treetops. The only other sounds that could be heard were the rumbles of few vehicles' engines (as it was only 4am) and the pleasant, faint trickle of the glassy, flowing stream in the distance.

A long while later, two sisters were strolling along the riverside until they suddenly stopped to see something extraordinarily incredible. "Can we keep it?", asked the younger sister. "We can't. It needs to stay in its natural habitat." explained the other sibling. There, stood motionless in front of them was the most magnificent and glamorous red-orange fox cub.

By Amber

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