

My River Holme Story – “Duck Race Day” by Richard, Age 6

Today was a special day because I was going to be in a race. I am a colourful toy duck. It was duck race day and I was in it!

I am travelling to the duck race in my owner's car. I am feeling nervous but excited as I have been practising every day. There were 1,583 ducks in the race including me.

When we got there, I was thrown with the other ducks into the digger giant scoop and I was tipped in the Holme River. Weeeee...SPLASH!!

I went kick, kick, kick to turn the right way up and then I started chasing the other ducks. I tucked in behind the biggest duck so it could clear my path until we came to a waterfall.

Me and the big duck got stuck on the rocks, then one of those human people used a stick to push me down the waterfall. I sunk deep, I had to swim, to the surface. I was bruised and battered and I was feeling cold because the water felt icy as if it was December!

I looked back and saw that at least 1,500 ducks were either jammed in the rocks or stuck in the reeds “OH!”

Then I looked and saw a bridge with people cheering on it coming up. Under the bridge there were real ducks and whirlpools.

As I rolled through the whirlpools, the real ducks bit me. “OUCH!” I yelled and I pushed their sharp beaks into the rocks. I sped past the big boulders that split the river; there was a stick on my side so a scaly fish pushed me over it.

Now I could see the finish and the winning duck. Soon I started spinning and spinning. I felt dizzy and determined... I could still win this!

I kept spinning until whomph, I had landed in a plastic bag that was hanging off a fallen tree. Now I was flying because the wind had picked up and lifted me and the bag. I was going faster than the other ducks!

Soon I was in front of all the other ducks and then, AAAAAAARGH!!! I tumbled out of the sky and ricocheted off a colourful hedge deep into the water. I bounced back up over the finish line!! I had won!! HARRAH!!!