

My river in the valley.

By Finlay

The River Holme, not the River Ribble or the River Colne, the river is unique with its winding turns and rushing waters.

The children paddle in the white foam on the river bank. There is one boy who isn't paddling, a boy who is sad, another boy shouted at him, called him cruel names. Under the thick willow tree, the sad boy sat at the edge of the river, the river felt tickles of tears drop on the surface creating little ripples. The river saw the boy and then jumped onto the river bank and splashed his shoes, just to let him know the river was there for him. The boy's tears stopped and he felt the warm water on his feet, the boy was feeling a presence of life and comfort, he knew he wasn't alone. He pointed at the boy who was mean to him through the drooping willow (a concealed place the mean boy couldn't see). The river saw the mean boy and took up his tide and rushed towards him, leaping out of the water and splashing the boy until his clothes were wet through. The wind had blown the willow tree hangings partially open, so the first person he saw was the sad boy, he shouted,

"Did you splash me?"

The sad boy shook his head in fear and got up off the ground as if he was about to run, but before he could, the water splashed on the mean boy again, this time you could see his face turning a dark shade of crimson. He ran to his mother and decided to go home. The river rushed back to the sad boy, who looked awfully confused and said,

"Hi, I'm Frankie." And with those words, he ran away to his parents and drove away.

Frankie came to the river every day and told the river of all the stories that Frankie was living, he didn't know how, but he knew the river was listening to him, he knew the river heard what he said.

One day, another boy came to the river, the mean boy, he was crying this time. He started thinking out loud and the river listened to him. The boy's parents had just separated and his spirits were low. The river washed over his feet, but then he heard another voice,

"Hello river, guess what I did today..." The boy trailed off in his speaking as he saw the mean

boy.

“What you doing here?” Said the mean boy

“I’m here to talk to the river and I think you should too, he listens and helps me, he is my best friend.” Frankie walked back to his car, so the mean boy and the river could be alone. The river was a listener, and sometimes that’s all we need, someone to listen, so if you pass by the River Holme, not the River Ribble or the River Colne, be careful what you say because you don’t know who might be listening.