

My River in the Valley

When I walk along the river today I see children jumping in having fun, the old fisherman desperate to catch a fish and families enjoying themselves watching the river go by. However when I was a boy it was different. The river was our livelihood.

We played, ate and ~~was~~ lived alongside the river. During the war, we would mimick famous battles on horseback thundering through the valley, generally causing trouble to our neighbours while the river ~~is~~ crashed by alongside us cheering us on. The river was our livelihood, our relief to the war. One day it all changed.

Towards the very end of May too there was a terrible storm. My mother kept us in the house and we all crouched round the blazing fireplace as the ~~two~~ tumults of rain pattered on the roof and the wind howled violently against the windows making them clatter against their frames. I tried to sleep but gave up because of the horrendous noise.

When dawn came it was like a different world. It was bright and the sun smiled over the valley and birds chirped happily as the ~~swept~~^{swept} through the ~~the~~ clear blue sky. My ~~I~~ I rushed to the centre of the village, where all my friends were sat recalling their vivid experiences. We decided to see the damage the storm had produced for the river and we were not surprised to see a raging battle waging on. The ~~the~~ banks of the ~~river~~ river was making a valiant attempt not to

be submerged by the ~~the~~ charging river." Our trusty rope swing was dangling dangerously over the river was looking sorry for ~~it~~ itself like a dog left out in the rain. One of the ~~the~~ daring members of the group risked a jump on the swing which jerked violently under his weight and we all cheered merrily when he came back down.

After ~~I saw~~ ~~we saw~~ we saw our friend ~~see success~~ success we all wanted a taste of his glory and there was a ~~scram~~ ~~f~~ scrum for a turn. ~~This~~ ~~the~~ The tree creaked ominously and the river crashed around but there was a deep rumbling ~~and~~ unexplainable rumbling ~~to~~. While ~~I~~ around the corner, ~~I~~ I stared because fear was enclosing me just like the waves. I screamed ~~for~~ a ~~o~~ cry of warning ~~to~~ my friends as the rippling rushing mass of water chased us down. We dived for the trees as it passed and stomped ~~down~~ ~~down~~ through ~~the~~ down the valley. As the last drops of the wave ~~trickled~~ trickled slowly downwards we jumped out the trees and stood there in a shocked silence. We felt betrayed. The river had crept up on us when we were least cautious and stabbed us in the back. As we headed down the valley it was half submerged in water and I will never forget the shouts of ~~a~~ people from there upstairs window. This was the day that I realised the beauty of nature. Nature is better beautiful because it's so unpredictable.