

The Winter Land Discovery by Elesi

On a scorching hot day in an uncommon country town there lived a brave explorer. He has golden hair that is always combed to the side, he wore an olive and khaki shirt with a tan pair of shorts. He has a long strapped bag always on him to keep his notepad, pen, torch, camera and an old pair of binoculars in case needed. He also wore an olive coloured hat for protection. His name was Peter Grey. Peter lived in a very small house because he didn't spend much time in it at all.

"Shall I go west or east?" exclaimed Peter.

"Whatever direction you wish, my friend," said Elise smoothly. Elise was a good friend of Peter's who was always there when he needed her.

"I will go east!" Peter announced. Peter put his rough hands around her slim body and waved goodbye, then walked off with pride. He walked around the town until he finally got to the edge of his town.

Peter crawled under bushes and vines, then suddenly he saw a cave all dark and scary. Peter was a little bit afraid that something was going to happen to him, but that didn't stop him. He climbed up many rocks, big and small, until he reached the entrance of the black, dark and scary cave. He peered through the cave and all he saw was darkness.

"Hello," he whispered, hoping for a response. "Is there anybody there?"

There was no response. Every word he spoke would echo down the empty tunnels. Peter got his torch out of his handy bag. He always had it on him so he could see where he was going. Peter stared at the two different tunnels both leading to different directions.

"Where should I go?" Peter thought in his head. "Left."

He walked into the left pathway and waited for a while until he saw a small hole.

Brrr," he shivered as the freezing cold air blew on his arms and gave his whole body goose bumps. His hair flew in the air as the ice cold wind blew it up. Peter ran at the speed of light to his home where it was nice and warm. He jumped over dry bushes and roots of dead trees and over grey rocks in the dirt. Finally he was back in his town where he knew where he was and he could see familiar shops and houses. Then, at last he was at his own small house.

Peter shoved on his long shirt, long pants, jacket, beanie, boots and a scarf, that he never wore since it was so hot, even in winter. Then he marched off, back to the cave. His whole

body was covered in sweat since he was in winter clothes. Eventually, he got inside the cave. Peter thought in his mind, "Now, which direction did I go?" He thought in silence for a moment. "I went left!" he eventually remembered. He wandered away through the left tunnel.

BANG! Went a trap that came out of the walls. ROAR! Went another, which he could hear from a few centimetres away. CRASH! Went another trap that was near to his left. Peter gasped as he saw the terrifying traps that almost were so scary that he wanted to go home but still that did not stop him. He found something new and he wanted to explore. As soon as he reached the hole all his sweat disappeared in the blink of an eye. Peter squeezed through the hole and was on the other side.

"AAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!!!!" he screeched as he tumbled down a steep hill of snow. His body was almost covered from head to toe. When he finally got to the bottom he opened his eyes wide to see the most beautiful thing he had ever seen before. It was ice, snow, snowflakes, polar bears and all animals he had never seen before. He walked behind a rock and got his binoculars and camera out of his small bag. Peter knew that some of the animals were dangerous so he didn't dare go anywhere near. He zoomed in on every animal with his binoculars, then took a photo of the animals and the place for proof. Peter then wrote in his notepad about all the new things he discovered. When finally, he was ready to go with all his proof, he walked to exactly where he came from up the giant hill then suddenly, when he was half way up the hill he saw the hole close with his own very eyes. He couldn't believe it, there was no way out. He ran down the hill to see if there was another way out.

"Good evening, and who are you, strange looking animal? Are you lost?" said an unusually low and strange voice.

"Hello and who was that?"

"It is a polar bear. And what type of animal are you?" exclaimed the strange polar bear.

Peter turned his head around, "Ah!" he screamed, nearly falling over. "How are you talking?" Peter demanded, with a scared sound in his voice.

"AHHHH! A human! What? I have never seen one of you before!" said the polar bear.

"So, you are friendly, right?"

"Of course! Nobody here has ever hurt a fly," said the polar bear with a smile.

"Well, it's lovely to meet you, but..."

"Yes?" asked the polar bear.

"...do you know another way out?" he wanted to know.

“Not a single place except up there, right at the very top of the mountain. But it opens once or twice maybe every seven years.”

“Seven years?! That hole is how I got in here!”

“Oh well, it’s closed now. It might open sometime in a few years.”

SWISH! Went the wind that suddenly went by. It blew all his proof out of his hands and went far away.

“Oh no!” Peter cried, “What is there worse? I can’t get out of here and I have lost all my proof!” Peter walked away with his head down. He would have to live on polar bear meat and snow for food.

“Peter! There you are! I am here to save you,” Elise announced happily.

“Elise! How did you get here? The hole is blocked,” Peter wanted to know.

“I was following you the whole way in case and when you were at the hole the first time, I went back to my home to get a good digging tool in case we got lost and couldn’t find the hole or something happened to the hole,” she said with a grin.

“Well I am so glad you are here but I have no proof to show that I got here,” Peter said unhappily.

“Well I do!” Elise showed him all the proof she had.

“Wow, thanks! I don’t know what I could do without you Elise!” he cried gratefully.

When they finally got back to their town, they told everyone about their trip and what they saw. Soon after that, the hole was now a door and a place you could go on holidays for as long as you wish. Not a single human except for Peter Grey knew about the talking animals. The animals were great to play with and the humans gave most of the place to the original owners. (The friendly animals.)

THE END