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Grade 7
Writing Wild
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The Net

I crawl, slowly, feeling the bumps and dips that have been weathered into the rock, etching across the rough surface. My limbs pulse gently, but powerfully as I succumb to the nurturing sunlight. The radiating warmth is magnified, envelops my body. I absorb the warmth and it absorbs me. My toes stretch, muscles rippling, a silent strength as life dances around me. I press on.

A sudden rush of wind shatters the peace and the warmth as the net snaps down. I flea and spring forward as my reflexes react, scrambling away, away, away. The net crashes down again, narrowly missing my tail. Below me, the rock rumbles and the resounding boom is still ringing in my ears. I tense, coiling my muscles – my strong and heroic figure – and jump into the air, roaring and relishing the cool rush of wind that seems to carry me until I am swallowed up by the brush and embraced by shadows as I scurry away, still with a lingering presence of shattered peace.