



The Walk by Lottie Mirfin

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The Spring sun was just rising over the vast Cumbrian landscape as Humphery set off for his long day of adventuring. With all his belongings on his back and his heart filled with hope, he knew this would be a slow journey but worth all the hard work.

As he scrambled carefully up the big mountains, he was met with a problem. A dangerous wolf-like creature was slowly approaching him. Humphery, being sensible, quickly retreated down the rocky hillside away from the beast. His heart was beating loudly like a drum and his whole body was shaking like an earthquake had just hit. This was not what he'd been expecting to experience on his fellside escapade.

Once the danger had passed, Humphery continued on his great journey. After a little while, he gazed upon a delightful view. A cascading, dancing waterfall falling into a glossy, rippling pool sat before his very eyes. Was this the famous Aira Force that he'd read about in his Cumbrian guidebook? Another question crossed his mind – was it time for lunch yet? Checking the position of the sun in the sky, he realised that it probably was a bit early, but he could still stop for a snack! Refreshed, he continued on his way, following the twisting stream.

Soon after his enjoyable snack, he reached a considerable expanse of clear, blue water. After a short stroll along the lakeside, he came across a leaf-green canoe. Humphery had a lifelong dream to sail across one of the famous lakes. So, with no hesitation, he hopped into the glamorous canoe and glided across the dazzling lake. When Humphery reached the opposite side of the lake, he realised that he could not leave the beach because he noticed that the surrounding area was a complete mess of a quagmire. The ground was so boggy and damp, that not even a snail could cross. Humphery was trapped! He watched with depression as his leaf-like canoe bobbed away, out of reach.

He figured it out! He knew how to get himself out of this mess! He slowly climbed over a small log and over to the other side of the marshy bog was a meadow of overgrown grass and giant daisies. He knew something bad was going to happen and at that moment, it did. A great cawing black crow swooped upon poor Humphery and crunched him and his small shell. For you see, Humphery was not a small person but a snail and 'Aira Force' was not Aira Force but a small leaking pipe and 'Lake Ullswater' was not Lake Ullswater but a pond and his canoe was not a canoe but simply a curled-up leaf. So, all was explained and Humphery lived as a ghost for many un-happy years.