

The Ridge



The wind rushed against my face. The water reflected in the sunlight. I looked at the mountains in front of me and took a deep breath-I knew it was going to be tiring. I got off my boat and took my bike. My cycling adventure had begun. I started to pedal, increasing my speed every time I find myself near a slope. With my power and determination, I reached the top. I could feel my muscles tensing and my hands gripped tight on the handlebars. My heart was thumping inside my chest, awaiting more adrenaline. I shouted “Yeeeeesssssssss” and continued my heart’s will for thrill.

I couldn’t believe my eyes. I knew that everything would be fine but all I could

think about was me, finally reaching the top. I couldn’t concentrate on my way down but I took deep breaths and finally realized that it wasn’t a dream- I actually reached the top.

My journey down was completely different from the way up because I had to cycle down a knife- edged ridge. As I came down, I thought about all the things that I have achieved today. A sense of relief spread over me as I made my way across the grassy fields of Scotland. I noticed that there was a metal fence in front of me and flipped.

I slowed down and came to a stop. I thought “ my gosh” I did it. I listened to the sound of the waves. I listened to the sound of the wind.