

## Commended

### Spread Your Wings by Eilidh Will, Ben Wyvis Primary

It is winter. I look into the distance, anticipating the moment when my mum will let me go outside. The snow and ice look so tempting. I can't wait. My first time in it, no moment will be better than this...

It is later now. I am still in my room. My mum hasn't come to say good morning yet. I don't want to go out without her permission. She might get mad, and never let me go out in the snow again! My first time can't be my last. I have to wait. But I'm becoming ravenous. My mum really should have given me breakfast by now. How long should I wait? Is she ok? I'll have to find out sooner or later...

I did it. My mum hadn't come for what seemed like hours. I had to see if she was ok. So I roamed around my house, trying to find her. No one was there. I'm alone. I have to venture out. I have to find food...

I'm in the snow. Well it's actually frost, crunching underneath my feet. It seems like I'm the only one in this place. The eerie silence makes me shiver. I walk down a path filled with trees. It feels like they're staring at me. Toppling over me like I don't belong. The frost makes my feet wet, so every step I have to shake my feet to stop them getting too cold. I look ridiculous. If anyone saw me right now, they would start laughing at me. I'm freezing, cold blasts of air are striking across my face. If I don't find shelter soon, I could be blown away, or even worse. Killed...

I found food. After I did I darted down the same path as I went on before, gnawing on my food as I went. It was just a piece of chicken as well as a portion of fruit. But I felt like I could take on the world...

I'm lost. I must have taken a wrong turning or something as my house is nowhere to be seen. I would usually have my mother to guide me if I got lost, however, she's not here, I'm alone...

I've searched and searched. My house is gone. It's disappeared into thin air. Although, it can't have. Mother always told me not to believe in magicians. They're just strangers pulling white rabbits out of hats, she would say. I wish I could hear her voice now, but like my house, she has disappeared into thin air. I have to do what my kind do best...