

A Journey To The Secret Forest

(by Luk Choi Ying F.6A)

In the morning hush, when the dawn had not yet broken, my family members were still wrapped in their sweet dreams but I woke up in this silent atmosphere as I would have another great adventure today. I would explore the forest near my home with my friends Chris and Mary. I couldn't let my parents know about my adventure because they had warned me not to go into the forest since I was a kid. They said this forest was full of dangerous creatures as well as horrible witches who ate children and it was dimly lit inside.

“Peter, don't go to the forest! Once you go into it, you can't come back home again!” I still remembered how my mum warned and scolded me when I was a three-year-old kid who wanted to go to the forest.

However, I was not a foolish kid anymore and I wouldn't believe this kind of silly myth anymore. So, I would explore the forest with my friends for the world! I packed some refreshment quietly and cautiously put a bottle of water into my backpack, tiptoed to the front door of the house, opened and closed it very slowly. Every movement was silent. Even the sound of a fly flapping its wings could be heard.

Luckily, dad and mum were still wrapped in their dreams and didn't notice my movements. After gathering with Mary and Chris, we started our journey. This forest was lined with numerous tall and broad trees. Never had I passed through it. Only a little gap was left between two trees. We spent every atom of our energy to pass through these giant trees. After passing them, we found that the area inside was a lot wider than we had expected. The environment was green, lush and bright. This was totally beyond our expectation as we thought the forest was scary, dark and some horrible

witches would come out to eat us suddenly.

As we continued to walk to the inner part of the forest, we discovered an immensely clear lake surrounded by a ground of grass where we could see an azure sky with no trees covering it above.

“Haha! I see some cute ducklings swimming in the lake! Wait guys, look over there, what is that?” Mary enquired as she suddenly discovered something over the other side of the lake.

“Um... I think it is a house. Let's find out what it really is,” Chris suggested with a twinkle in his eyes. I could see how excited he was.

After a while, we reached the destination. The house was quite tiny with beautiful decorations and designs.

“Knock, knock...” Chris was knocking on the door and asked, “Is anybody inside?”

“You... you really have to do this? What ... what if the one coming out is a scary witch who eats teens?” I stammered with my shivering body.

“Haha! Come on, Peter! Don't trust those silly stories! There's no witch in the world,” Chris giggled.

All of a sudden, the door opened. Luckily, the one coming out was not a witch or a wolf but an old man with a white beard and a pair of vintage glasses.

“Hello kid! Welcome to my house! Do you want to see my magic power?” the old man said with enthusiasm.

“Sure! Show us the magic please!” Chris showed his excitement again.

Then, we got ourselves inside the house. To our surprise, something strange happened! The whole house was levitating in the air above the ground!

“Oh my dear! What’s going on? I can’t believe my eyes! Can you slap on my face to check if I’m still in a dream or not?” I doubted whether all these things were real.

“No, you are not dreaming. All these are real. We are floating with my house above the ground!” said the old man.

All these were real. We floated higher than all the tall trees in the forest. I could see birds flying near me.

“Haha! Did I trick you? This is not magic. My house is made of plastic, like a huge balloon. And my house is powered by steam, providing energy to float,” the old man explained, bursting into laughter.

All of us were tricked by the old man. The house was just a hot-air balloon which was very light and powered by steam to float in the sky.

“Oh! It’s time for us to go back home. Otherwise, my mum will be angry at me!” I noticed it was already late.

We left the guide of the old man. We decided to visit him next time and continued our journey of exploring the mysterious forest.