

3.

## The dream

As Maya went to sleep - her limbs cold, like her ancient-looking, rough, stone walls enclosing her trembling body - she rapidly (with swift graceful movements like the wind) clambered underneath the desired blanket of comfort, enveloping her in warmth. As she made contact with her bed, which had a molded indent of her frequent positions, in which she gradually drifts into her other worlds, the warmth (provided by the heavy, floral-detailed fabrics that laid on top of her aching, frail body) rushed through her body, presenting Maya with the thing that made her content: that lovely feeling!

Immediately, Maya's exhausted, thin body collapsed and transformed her previous rigid form into a limp one: She had transported her clutter of her brain into a deep, tranquil sleep. Maya then gradually commenced a series of disturbed rotations: eventually, she tumbled out of bed like the swirling, autumn leaves outside that resembled a mini, multicornered tornado. THUD! What had she been dreaming of? Was she still consumed in this dream and these thoughts? Then, abruptly, a black smoke arose like a sinister cloud, wrapping her in ebony, like a hole leading to havoc...

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