

# **The Jungle**

## **By Roka, aged 10**

Lana was sleeping on the rocking ship. There were lots of people on it. She could smell the salty water and the musty wood. She could feel the rocking ship and hear people yelling, laughing and whispering. She was on a ferry heading to her home town in Canada. She had blue eyes and blond hair. She was fifteen and stubborn. She had one little sister and a mom and a dad who were up eating breakfast.

Lana felt seasick but she did not tell her parents. When she got off the ship, she walked to the train with her parents. She got on the train. She fell asleep but when she woke up, her family was gone. The driver said she was going to the JUNGLE! She was so surprised. Why did they do this?

Lana hated all animals, except for people. She was so angry at her parents. She felt so sad that she yelled. The driver said her parents had left her on the train so that she would get used to being outside. "But why they jungle?" she thought, but she couldn't do anything.

The jungle was dark and gloomy. It was wet and cold. She could hear the rain falling on the ground. Monkeys were swinging on the trees. Lana just stood there, petrified. She felt so mad. She stood where she was. She was so mad that her parents would leave her there.

She thought she would try to get out of the jungle, somehow.

"I will walk through the jungle to find my way out," she said. "I think it will only take a day."

But she walked for days, then she stopped. "I will not go farther," she said. She felt solemn. She walked back solemnly.

She saw the tracks. "I think I will walk back along the tracks to Canada," she said. But when she walked, she knew how long it had taken the driver and she wasn't even going half as fast as the train. She felt like giving up, so she

turned back sadly, thinking that she was abandoned and lost in the jungle by herself.

There seemed to be no escape! Then slowly, something came into view. Something that looked like a train. It came closer. It was near. She could smell the smoke. It seemed like hours before she could see the train to Canada!

She saw her parents. She felt like killing them but she just gave them a look that was mad. Then she smiled. "I think that helped me to like animals," she laughed. It seemed like a dream - maybe happy, maybe sad. But it was not a dream.

The End

***Ten-year-old Roka loves playing hockey and someday hopes to be an ER Doctor. She enjoys the freedom of writing whatever she wants. Her favourite book is Friend or Foe by Michael Morpurgo.***