

Night Drive

My Grandma's a really good driver - she doesn't hang about, but mind you, she's very careful. That's why I'm not scared, well, not really scared. We set off about an hour ago but it seems longer than that. As soon as it got dark it started snowing and now it's coming down so heavily that the wipers aren't doing very well clearing the screen. It's pretty obvious even to me that the car's starting to slide around a bit and we're only half way home. Here we are, just the two of us, miles from anywhere. Grandma keeps telling me not to worry and everything will be OK, but to be honest, the more she tells me not to worry, the more scared I feel like I'm going to get seriously hurt. I just want to get out of this nightmare, it was real. I asked if Grandma could stop but she didn't say a word. Another hour later, the car halted in the thick, deep snow. Grandma really pushed the throttle. All the fumes came in through the radiator. We dozed off in the car.

A few hours had gone by and a body came through the mist. A big, gloomy man knocked on the window but Grandma and I were still asleep. He got a stone and threw it at the glass. It smashed into a million pieces. Smash! Because of the open window, the air swished through the window. It took awhile for Grandma and me to recover from our doze.

We woke up in the car on the seats. We were surprised that we were awake. The gloomy body had disappeared into the fog. We got home and went straight to sleep. The next day, all the snow had cleared. Everyone was outside enjoying the sunshine. Grandma spent an hour fixing the car. The wipers weren't working, the glass was broken and the tyres were stiff. After that she enjoyed the beautiful day.

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