

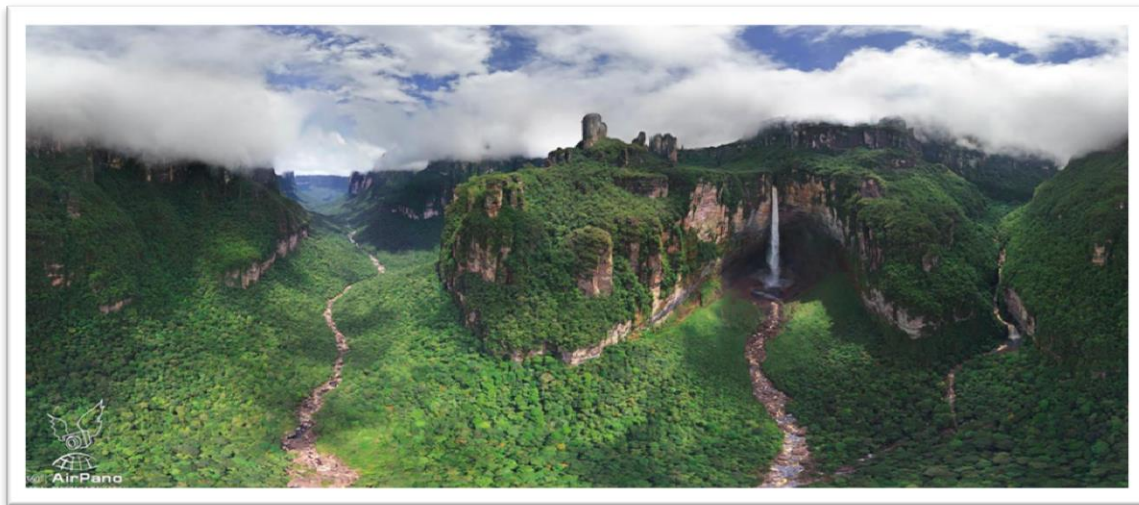
Imagination



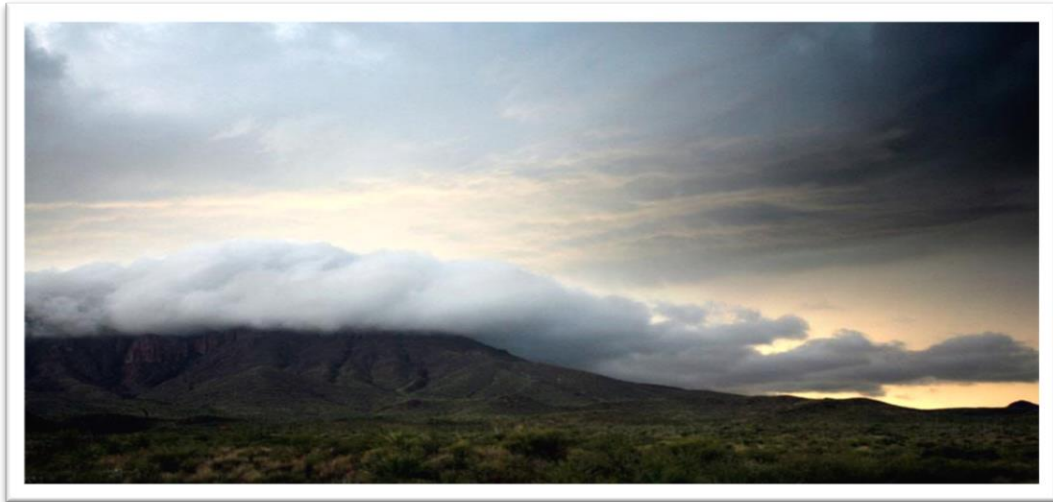
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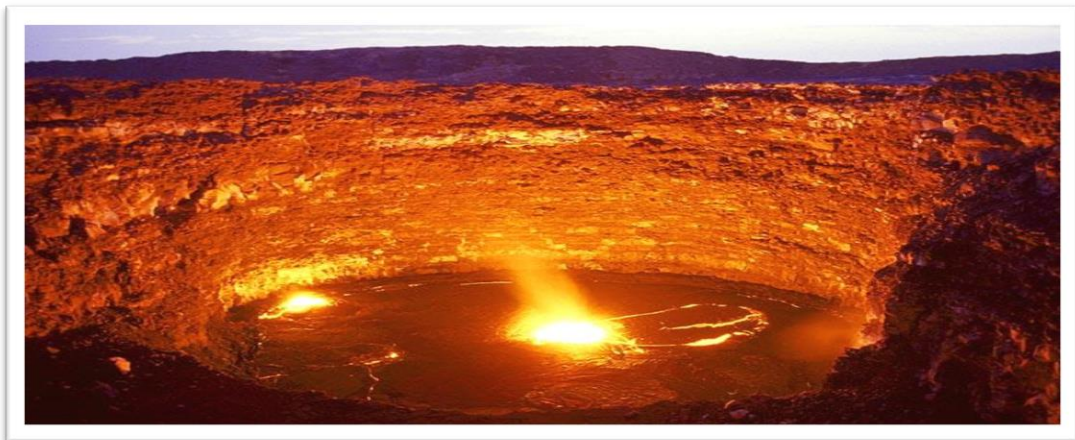
I glance at the next obstacle, a feeling of excitement and adrenaline flow through me as I anticipate my next move. I must be one thousand meters above the ground, no, one thousand million meters. There is seemingly no way across this vast unending valley. My only option is the vines above me, I must swing across the valley like a monkey or an acrobat or Tarzan, yes just like Tarzan. I tighten my grip on the vine above me, my fists clench tight as a bead of sweat falls down my face. I look down into the unending darkness, gather my courage, and swing into action.



I frantically grab vine after vine one at a time flinging my body attempting to gain every ounce of momentum I can. My hands begin to sweat and I can feel the skin on my hands begin to fold in on itself as I slowly lose my grip. With one final swing I propel my body onto the mountainside leaving the valley behind me.



My journey is not over yet though, this journey will not stop until I reach the top of stormy mountain. I trek onward through the unending wilderness onto a narrow plateau. In front of me lays a million billion year old rope bridge daintily strung over a red hot pit of fiery lava. Nothing will stop me though I must move onward. I go over every option in my head but in the end there is only one. I decide to run across as fast as I can, risking a slip, but preventing a full bridge collapse. I approach the bridge with furry, scraping away at the plateau below my feet leaving a trail of dust in my wake.



The bridge creaks and bellows as I rush to make it to the end. There's no turning back. The boards below my feet begin break one after the other each step I take another board snaps in half revealing the horrible red hot pit below. With a final leap I spring my body onto the ledge grasping a hold of the narrow cliff face with my legs dangling below. I can feel the heat of the magma creep up the side of my leg. With every inch of strength I grapple myself upward clawing at the ground like a stray cat. I leaned against the cliff face startled, but motivated to move on.

This was the final push to victory, the last stretch, the final interval, I enter the mountainside. As I rush through the winding cavern I begin to sense another presence among me. I stop and assess my surroundings. Fear fills my body as I spot two glowing eyes staring back at me. They begin to get larger as the beast tramples toward me. The sound of horse's hooves gets louder as the beast approaches. With the blink of an eye I draw my laser gun and vaporise the beast leaving nothing but a pile of steaming dust behind.



I'm so close now, I can see the light at the end of the tunnel. I begin to sprint frantically toward the end, the treasure will soon be mine. The end of the cave reveals the tip of the treasure cove, the top of the mountain. On the top glistening in the sun is the

ancient alien ruins, the language written on the side resembles no language I've ever seen before. A dusty handle lays untouched on the backside of the safe. I grab the handle and turn it waiting for the great treasure to be revealed but *click* a boogie-trap triggers sending me spiraling downward around and around.

The bottom gets closer and closer a pit of spikes lay blood splattered at the end of the slide I close my eyes and wait for the pending doom to ensue.

riiiiiinnnnnnnnngggggg

The dang recess bell. I pick myself up off the playground, dust off my cloths and head for the school doors. I always hate how short recess is I never get a chance to finish my adventures.

