

# The Crash

Lawrence was injured, afraid, lost and completely alone. He had been thrown viciously from the aircraft after the flock of birds had attacked the propellers. As he laid there, listening to his racing heart, he wondered what would happen to him. How would he make it out alive?



*Now continue the story below (minimum 150 words)*

How would he make it out alive with only a box, with a sandwich and a juice carton in it? He looked around and he saw a giant boulder. He climbed up the giant boulder to have a look around. Suddenly, when the sun went out of his eyes, he saw a town.

“Yey!” he yelled. “There! I can see where I can go for help!” But when he climbed down he saw a raging river in front of him.

“No, no, now how am I going to get to the town?” he said, looking at the river.

“Oh, there’s a log! I will use that to get across.” he shouted with happiness.

“Hey! I am not a log! I am a crocodile,” called a deep voice from the river, “and I know how to get you across!”

“How? How? Tell me please!” begged Lawrence.

“Okay, get on my back”

“What?”

“You heard me! Get on my back”

“I am soooooo nervous, but I need to get across to the town, so I will do it!” he thought to himself. So he stepped onto the crocodile’s back and the green, scaly crocodile started to swim.

“You have hurt your arm!” said the crocodile thoughtfully.

“Just a little bit, but, but I’m fine thanks” he replied nervously. The crocodile cruised along the river with ease to the other bank on the river.

“We’re here!!” the crocodile sang while licking his lips. Seeing this, Lawrence jumped off the crocodile’s back and had to think quickly, so he offered his sandwich to the crocodile, who snapped it up greedily. Lawrence then headed towards the town to get help, remembering to drink his healthy juice on the way.

The End

*A great effort Sasha - I really like your idea. It feels very much like a traditional tale with a moral (I was expecting the crocodile to eat him at any second)!*

*Mr L*