

The Blue Stack Mountains



It was cold and windy, that day. My family had just come back from the momentous occasion of a christening. We stepped into a small but cosy cabin which was perched amongst the mountains as if it were hiding. We entered the shelter with strong wooden walls, which shielded the comforting toll of a grandfather clock. Overhead, log beams hung low, as if trying to grab me! Tartan armchairs sat waiting by the warming fire, with a large deer head hung above it, staring into my soul. Across the room, the never-ending sound of “Drip... Drip... Drip” echoed throughout my ears. I started to shake as the pipes above me began to rattle. The floorboards creaked as I stepped towards the window whilst outside, the wind was whistling violently, and snowflakes were fluttering onto the ground. Thinking nothing of it, I stepped back from the window to explore the rest of the cabin. 15 minutes later, the cabin was a foot deep in snow and the air was so tense with fear that you could carve it with a knife. My two grannies dashed around frantically trying to locate a shovel. Outside, the snow was spinning and swirling – each flake an elegant dancer. The clouds watched us ominously whilst wind lashed our shelter. Beyond our cabin’s doors, the tempest raged with anarchic fury while inside anxiety was brewing. Within the safety of those wooden walls my family and I huddled together, close to the flickering fire with the wind howling around us, we thought that the chaos would never stop! Then, it did. The once thrashing wind was reduced to a whistle. I stepped carefully towards the window to watch the outside world once more. As each delicate snowflake tumbled down, each one different from the last, I realised that among the chaos there was peace.

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Aged 10
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