

## Writing competition

Book an adventure and whisk us away to new lands and unforgettable characters.

Write a short story about an amazing and unforgettable adventure.

The Cloud walkers of Whispering Ridge

It all started with a dare.

We were on school camp at Whispering Ridge, where the fog hangs low and the trees whisper like they're keeping secrets. My best friend Grace said, "Bet you won't go past the rope fence." I should have said no. I didn't.

That night, while everyone was asleep, I crept out of my tent with my torch and jacket. I climbed past the fence, into the mist. That's when I saw it - a glowing tunnel in the air, swirling like a storm made of light.

I stepped in.

I didn't fall. I floated.

The air smelled like rain and stars. When I landed, I was somewhere else. The sky was green.

Rivers floated above the ground like ribbons. Trees had silver leaves, and creatures with wings and antlers watched me from behind glowing bushes.

Then I met Solari

She was tall, with silver hair and eyes like moonlight. "You've crossed into the high lands," she said. "This is where the Cloud Walkers live."

I didn't know what that meant, but I followed her.

Solari showed me their world. There were sky orchards with fruit that glowed, a library where books whispered secrets, and a floating island where memories were written on crystals and released into the clouds.

She said, "You came here because you're ready to remember."

I didn't understand—until she gave me a crystal and said, "Write one truth."

So I did.

"I pretend I'm brave. But sometimes I'm not."

She smiled. "That's brave enough."

The next morning, I woke up in my tent. Grace was poking me, saying, "You snuck off, didn't you?"

I just smiled.

Everything looked normal. But I felt different. Like I'd been somewhere that wasn't on any map. I checked my jacket pockets. The crystal was still there. Still glowing.

Now, when I feel unsure or small, I hold it and remember Solari's words.

Some adventures change you forever - even if no one else believes they happened.