

## A Creepy Cruise by Oliver Smith, age 10

Leon lay back admiring the pool as it slished and sloshed. He was glad to finally be on a cruise with his two best friends Taylor and Curtis. Their first port was going to be Reykjavik, Iceland. "Leon, Leon!" Taylor and Curtis were running towards him. Then Taylor slipped and took out the lounge chair that Leon was on sending him plummeting towards the sea. Taylor grabbed Leon by the shorts and pulled him back on deck. "What's the hurry? You nearly sent me flying into the sea!" yelled Leon. "Mum said a volcano is erupting right now!" explained Taylor. "Yes!"

When they arrived in Reykjavik they got on coach 5 Balmoral. While they crossed the lava field the tour guide was talking about trolls and elves that the Icelandic people believed in. The boys didn't believe her.

"Really?" asked Leon.

They parked at a tourist centre, crossing the road to Jurassic feeling hot springs. They walked a bit further down the path and saw geysers erupting in every direction. Their next stop was the Gullfoss waterfall. The 3 boys were ecstatic as they stared out at the breath-taking view of the raging river.

On the way back, the boys looked out over the lava field. It was getting dark and soon night descended on the land like the devil's tablecloth. All of a sudden, a troll stood up, picking up the coach like a toy and firing it down the road. The bus was like a deadly roller-coaster as it spun, tumbled and crashed. Leon, Taylor and Curtis were petrified. The boys tried desperately to get out, but the door was blocked by the ground and even if it wasn't it wouldn't have worked. Thinking fast, the boys tried smashing the windows but they weren't strong enough.

"Mum!" shouted Leon. Quickly Leon's mum sprang into action, smashing the window. The boys dived behind the volcanic rocks, watching helplessly as the troll advanced, picking his nose as he came.

Suddenly, the ground began to shake as thousands of elves ran down from the mountains, firing arrows as they came. They shot thousands of arrows per second each shot with deadly accuracy. Although all of the arrows hit the troll, none did any damage and Leon had watched *The Hobbit* enough times to know why.

"Guys! The only way to defeat the trolls is with daylight. We have to make a break for it!" yelled the ingenious child. "Where to?" screamed Taylor. Leon and Curtis laughed.

"What, just because I'm 13 doesn't mean I can't scream!" informed Taylor.

"So, where are we going, smarty pants?" asked Curtis. Leon was about to answer when something extraordinary happened. A ray of sunlight dashed across the sky, turning the troll to stone. The light had been reflected by the elves from the other side of the mountain.

Meanwhile a blue dome enveloped the coach, mind wiping everyone inside. They travelled back to the ship. The boys hardly believing what they saw.