

At the funfair

by Luca Paul Anastase

Oh, hi! My name is Jack and I am 14 years old. I have an older brother and a younger sister. We live in a very big house that has four bedrooms and two living rooms.

One day, in the afternoon, David, my brother, asked me:

“Do you want to come with me to the funfair? We can use our bicycles.”

“Of course I do!” I said. “Let me finish my homework. It won’t take long. We are going to have a lot of fun!”

“Let’s hurry, it’s already 5 pm.”

It wasn’t long until we took our bicycles and went to the funfair. On arrival, we saw some of his classmates in the crowd. We were very happy to see them and, together, we decided to try the new rollercoaster, advertised in the newspapers as the biggest attraction of the funfair. We were a bit afraid of heights, but very excited and impatient to have the adventure of our lives. So, without thinking too much, we jumped into the rollercoaster, holding each other’s hands, screaming and laughing at the same time.

We left the funfair just when a big moon rose, as yellow as a quince.