

Monday 10<sup>th</sup> October

LO: I can write autobiographical account about our school trip to Colomendy.

When writing about oneself, it is very important that you're honest and careful. Being honest is more important than being careful so I'm going to tell you about the time I went caving. When I entered the cave it was dark and gloomy, I look back at that moment with pride and excitement!

Group 45, of which I was a member, met our wonderful instructors (Ryan and Tom) on the misty line up yard. Then we quickly set off through the spooky forest to the tree house where we were to find our equipment. We were provided with a helmet and a head torch, the smelt funny! Walking up through the woods I felt confident and ready!

As our group arrived we were excited when we saw the tree house, I even had butterflies in my stomach because I was that excited to go in! When we were about to go in I didn't know what to expect. I was so curious of what was in there. Soon enough we were told to put our torches on and we received a little safety talk and instructions. We were standing outside the entrance to the cave the suspense was too hard to handle!!!

Finally, it was time to go in! We crawled through the small cramped space very curiously it was very creepy! I could see hard solid rocks amongst us. All around me I could hear loud echoes of my friends screaming in horror in the pitch black scary cave. Unexpectedly, I could smell horror in the air, my friends were in shock! As we crept quietly through the dark scary cave I could feel damp spots of water on my face and freezing cold muddy puddles on my hands and knees. It was such a fantastic experience! As I crawled deeper into the mystical cave I began to taste joy! I could see the light shining through the cracks in the cave. It's a moment I will never forget!

By Annie Pownall