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literario

A GOOD ADVENTURE

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This is the story of my adventure. My Adventure started a few years ago. I was with my two best friends Simbad and Thomas the dog, who was also a very good friend. I was in the park with Simbad and Tomas. I threw the ball to Simbad but it went into Mrs. Parkinson's backyard. Mrs. Parkinson was an old woman with a very bad temper. If I was to tell her that the ball was in her tulips and roses, she would get angrier than usual. Then I would never be able to get out of my house, never! But I have to go get the ball. Then I decided to call Mrs. Parkinson, after a few times of calling her name, she finally opened the door and said "Now what?" She told us to go in. Mrs. Parkinson looked at Thomas in a very strange way. He started begging her to allow us to get the ball back, so Mrs. Parkinson told us to keep on walking in her house. When we were inside, we noticed that the house was very strange, just like she was. There were a lot of tulips and roses, a carpet of flowers. In summary her house was a flower with more flowers in it. She told us to sit; the chairs were cocoons of roses.

She told us, "I will give you the dog's ball". "His name is Simbad" I said. "That is not the point" said Mrs. Parkinson. "I will give you the ball if you agree with my deal; you have to help me with a mission." Mrs. Parkinson said. "What? We only want the ball!" said Thomas. "Okay so I am not going to give you back the ball" said Mrs.

Parkinson. "But I think we can do the mission, what do we have to do?" I said. "Ha! In the future the flowers are going to disappear, and you have to save them. You have to go to a garden and touch twenty flowers, and then you will see a pond appear out of nowhere. Go and save the flowers. So tomorrow please go to the garden and here is your ball back, I trust you guys to complete the mission" said Mrs. Parkinson. We went to the garden and touched twenty flowers and a little pond appeared. We went into the pond. Simbad started to bark at a little butterfly that was inside a flower, and at that very instant the flower died. I thought that the butterfly had bit the flower and I was right. Thomas made a net, we caught the butterfly and I put it in a box. We left the place and gave the box to Mrs. Parkinson. "The mission was very easy!" said Thomas. "Yes! I made a present for the two of you" said Mrs. Parkinson. The present was a little rose. Mrs. Parkinson put the butterfly in a big box. After many years went by, I am currently 98 years old and Simbad is 14 years old and I am happy to have had an amazing life adventure.