

Oscar McDuff

Oscar McDuff was walking through Drumheeden Wood. Drumheeden was in the middle of a valley with a river running beside it that leads into Drumheeden Lake. It is hidden behind three mountains and extremely misty. The forest is very peaceful, gentle and lush in the summer, but in the winter, the trees looked like they had been attacked by an army of axes, knarled and knotted. The animals that live in the wood are raw, harsh, tough, and perhaps a little misunderstood.

I love this place in the summer, in fact, I love this place all year round, Oscar thought to himself. The only down side are some of the people. They are just so... cocky, and impudent but I'm not going to let that or them spoil my day. Anyway, no-one knows about my special place up by the proud sycamore trees.

Oscar liked to be alone and being an only child didn't help the matter. When he arrived at the sycamores, he sat down in his usual spot behind the ancient sycamore. He dug his hands in the dirt around him and pulled out a worm. It wriggled and tickled in his hand. 'Hello, Mr Worm, how are you today on this glorious morning?' As soon as Oscar saw the worm in discomfort, he carefully put it back down into the earth.

There was a rustle in the bushes. 'Who's there?' shouted Oscar, and as soon as he said it, he saw a silver streak run through the forest. 'A wolf!' exclaimed Oscar. The very thought of it sent cold shivers down his back. But why didn't it attack me, thought Oscar. I need to do some research.

The next morning at six am, Oscar packed ham sandwiches, ginger beer and a pack of bacon in his back pack and began the walk to the proud sycamores. They were proud because they were very old and respected by the rest of the trees in the wood. They stood very tall and could see the rest of the wood, right down to the lake.

'Here Wolfie Wolfie Wolfie.' No sign of him. Oscar sat down and leant against the tree. Soon he was busy dreaming about the wolf. He looked so gentle, so fluid and so beautiful. Whilst Oscar was day dreaming, his bag moved and fell over revealing the same wolf he saw yesterday. He didn't know how he could tell, he just had a gut feeling it was the same one. The wolf dragged the bag and ran off into the distance.

Over the next couple of weeks, Oscar sat behind the tree every day and waited for the wolf. It never came back. Maybe he knew Oscar didn't have any more bacon and that humans cannot be trusted. So, I guess we can never really be friends with wild animals because we're too absent minded to the world and her needs.

By Duncan Sandilands aged eleven.