

My Magical Husky Ride to the Arctic!

Hesitantly, I stepped on to the sled. I began sliding in the slippery, frozen snow.

I was excited but nervous and my tummy was churning with anxiety.

The wind was howling and the snow was weeping against my cold pale cheeks.

The fluffy huskies footsteps started charging towards the neon Northern Lights. The sheet of black sky had twinkly stars peeking through. The sound of the frozen snow was melting into ice.

Eventually, I could see an orange flickering light burning in the distance. I could hear dry and frozen twigs beneath our sled. The adventure was intoxicating and thrilling. The landscape was something I would remember forever.

I could smell fresh pine trees that smelt like Christmas in my living room. Cautiously, I stepped off of my sled and felt the freezing snow crunching beneath my frozen toes.

No longer anxious, I felt relieved that I had made the journey safely. I felt excited about what was going to happen next. My cheeks were numb from the icy wind. All I wanted was a delicious warm hot chocolate to warm my insides.

