



One afternoon, we were at home. Just then the gate alarm went. Adin slithered in. he looked totally different. He had gnashing jaws with a snake's tail. He had bat wings and terrible claws. Adin had changed a lot. "I'll show you around the house," I said. "I'd rather go outside and fly," protested Adin. So he went out to fly. It was a windy day, so Adin went up to fly. Sadly, Adin heavily fell to the ground. BANG! His wings were battered. He had made a hole where he landed. He tried again. Keegan was there too. Once again he fell to the ground right in front of Keegan. "Ahhhhhhh!" cried Keegan. Keegan was alright but Adin wasn't. The garden was in smithereens. Adin went to hospital. One year later... Adin survived but he never tried that idea again. Anyway, Adin went home all bandaged up. He sent photos of him playing rugby and beating uncle Shaun in a bike race to the Four Square shop and back with a photo of all his Lego with a letter and this is what it said:
Dear Harlan, I hope you like the photos I sent to you. Write back soon. From Adin.
And I did that.

By Harlan, Year 3