

My mum had told us not to go near Dino Caves because it was dangerous. She said that if something happened there, no one would ever know. She said that the caves were a maze and it was too easy to get lost or trapped but George said it was safe. He even thought that we might even see real dinosaur bones and teeth! Early one morning, George and I packed our bags to go on an adventure. I was unsure whether we should go but George wanted to investigate the Dino Caves. While walking towards the caves, we chatted about school. Grumpily, George kicked a pile of rocks as he had been in trouble with Mr Loft again!

After ten minutes, we reached the path that led to Dino Caves. Carefully, we approached and looked around. It had rained the night before and the floor was like a swamp. Darkness loomed. George grabbed my arm and tugged me towards the entrance to the cave, next to an enormous oak tree. Branches stretched like old withered arms and hanging from them was an old rope. Although it looked dangerous, George grinned at me.

He took a run up and leaped out. After he grabbed the rope, he swung backwards and forwards over the rocky pathway. Although I was laughing, inside my heart was thudding. I knew that I would have to swing next. George jumped off before handing the rope to me. For a moment, I hesitated. "Are you scared Joe?" asked George staring at me. I didn't want him to think I was a coward so I ran and leapt out over the rock pit. I flew over it like a bird. When I reached the other side, I let go and crashed down in a heap. George laughed at me as he tried to grab the rope.

He meant to swing across to join me but half way over the river the rope snapped. Suddenly George crashed into the hole. I began laughing but then I realised that George had been hurt! Luckily, I saw a safe path down to my friend so I rushed towards him. At first I could not reach him but then I grabbed his hand. Heaving, I dragged him up to his feet. "My arm!" He cried. It looked badly injured - we had to get home! Climbing carefully, I tugged him out of the hole. George winced in pain. Staggering slowly, we made our way back home. What was my Mum going to say? She was bound to be cross!

Twenty minutes later, we were standing in my kitchen. I had to explain what had happened to my mum, who got very angry. Moments later, she was on the phone to George's Mum, who picked him up and took him to hospital. She told me

off and grounded me for a week! After all, she had warned us often enough.
The caves were dangerous. We had been lucky.