**River Story by George Coe (Year 4)**

All rivers have a beginning

The current roaring against the strong wind

Out of nowhere a fish swoops up

Travelling into nightfall, a deer drinks from the cool water

Along the riverbank, a boat is parked

A small shining stream

Travelling with a stick, the water is lacking in speed

The stream is so old, like the legs of a centipede

The river races

Greedily taking rocks

Conquering the dirt

Charging ahead though forests and cities

Stomping all the way there to its goal

Sit on the bridge, gaze down at the water

You can’t see the otters rushing into the rocks

You can’t see the eels hiding in the caves

You can’t see the titanium white trouts flapping their fins

The river moves silently on to the city

It is crowded by buildings, hemmed in by roads

The river is mining stone on the bottom

Weeping its tears beyond the river bank

The river is slowing

Fresh water meets salt water

Rippling through marshes

Jumping into the hands of his old friend

Saying goodbye to the shoreline

Goodbye to the river birds, hello to the sea birds

The journey is over.