

## Deepening Understanding

### YR4 Fiction Text

### 'Brilliant Balloon Ride Experience' by Vicky Birch



The day had finally come! I had been waiting for this day for almost two months now since I tore open the card on my birthday. I was pleasantly surprised when I opened the envelope, as I'd expected there to be nothing more than another 'Happy 12th Birthday' card inside, perhaps with a £10 note dropping out of it if I were lucky. But it was even better - inside was an invitation to an experience day...a Brilliant Balloon Ride!

Mum, Dad, Sonny and I were all invited and we woke up early that morning to make sure we departed on time. As soon as we arrived at the airfield, I flung myself out of the car and rushed towards the rickety little cabin which was situated at the front of the car park. "Davies," I gushed excitedly. "The Davies family, here for the 'Brilliant Balloon Ride Experience Day'," I continued, as I hysterically waved the envelope with our booking details at the gentleman behind the screen.

"Come right this way," he smiled, beckoning us to meet him outside the cabin's exit.

Following a dreary safety talk - which seemed to last for hours - we were led towards our own private basket, with the hefty balloon

hovering beside it as it was being prepared to launch. It was almost time to set off, but much to my annoyance, Sonny was asked to climb in first and sit behind the safety railing. As soon as he did, he immediately clutched on for dear life - which I thought was ludicrous as the basket hadn't even lifted off the ground yet! Once we were all securely inside, Steven (our guide) pulled a lever which blasted a powerful gust of fire up into the balloon above us, gradually allowing the mighty balloon to inflate and rise up, beginning its journey into the sky.

It was better than I ever could have imagined! Cautiously, I gazed over the railing of the basket and scrutinised my surroundings. It was a wondrous sight. An eternity of blue sky surrounded us and within it, only around half a dozen cottony, fluffy clouds. We drifted for roughly half an hour, and I even began to find the repetitive drone of the fire being blown up inside the balloon's interior soothing. "Have you ever seen anything like it?" Mum whispered as she gazed in admiration at the scenery. The sun was beginning to rise and orange rays stretched out across the horizon, forming a hazy cloud which shimmered in the light. Dad lowered his sunglasses, squinting as he peered over their rim.

"It's quite something," he responded calmly whilst shaking his head, absorbing the ambiance that the tranquil sun had created whilst we drifted through the air.

But all too soon, the flight began to draw to a close. Our once-in-a-lifetime experience terminated almost as quickly as it had begun. As the balloon gracefully began to lower, I felt despondent knowing that in only a matter of minutes we would no longer be suspended below this magnificent envelope, and any future journey through the sky would only ever be witnessed through a dingy airplane window. The balloon carefully glided to the ground, where - with a slight bump - the basket drew to a stop.

As I climbed out of the basket onto the dewy grass, my legs wobbling slightly. I felt speechless as I marvelled at the incredible views I had just witnessed. I had seen sights many would not be lucky enough to see in a lifetime. How fortunate I was for my Brilliant Balloon Ride Experience.

