The Special Ride

Story by Stephen Harrison

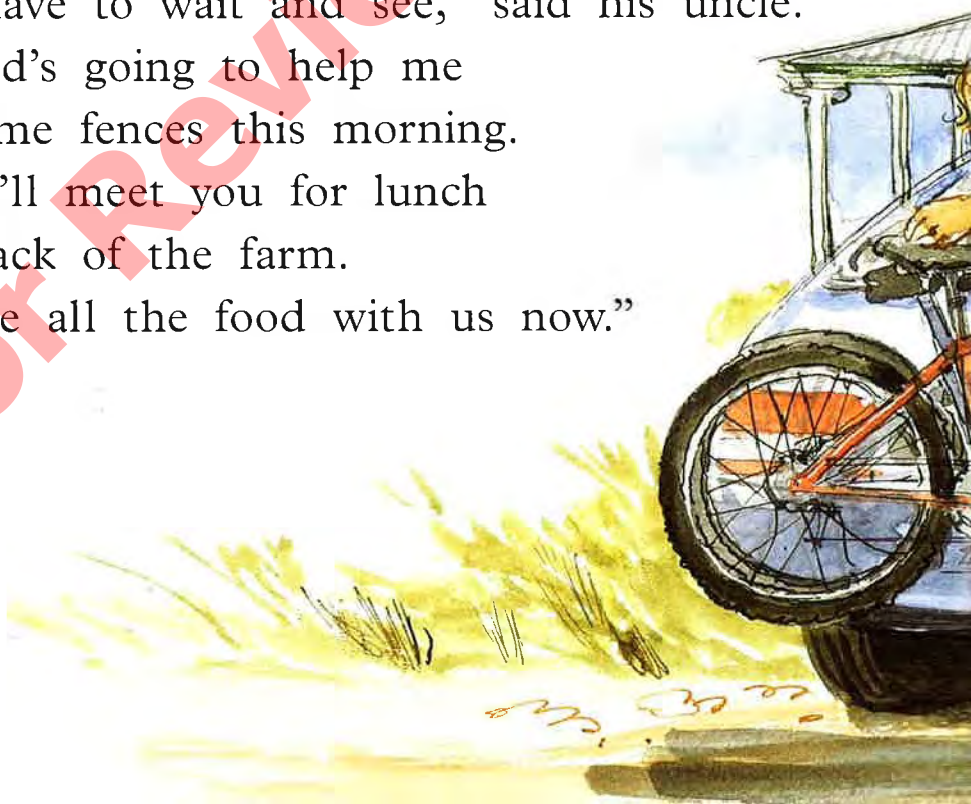
Illustrations by Genevieve Rees



Nick and Abby waved
to their aunt and uncle
as the car stopped at the farmhouse.
"We've brought our bikes, Aunty Kath,"
called Abby.

Nick climbed out of the car.
"Dad told us that you've made a special ride
for us," he said.
"Where are we going, Uncle John?"

"You'll have to wait and see," said his uncle.
"Your dad's going to help me
mend some fences this morning.
Then we'll meet you for lunch
at the back of the farm.
We'll take all the food with us now."



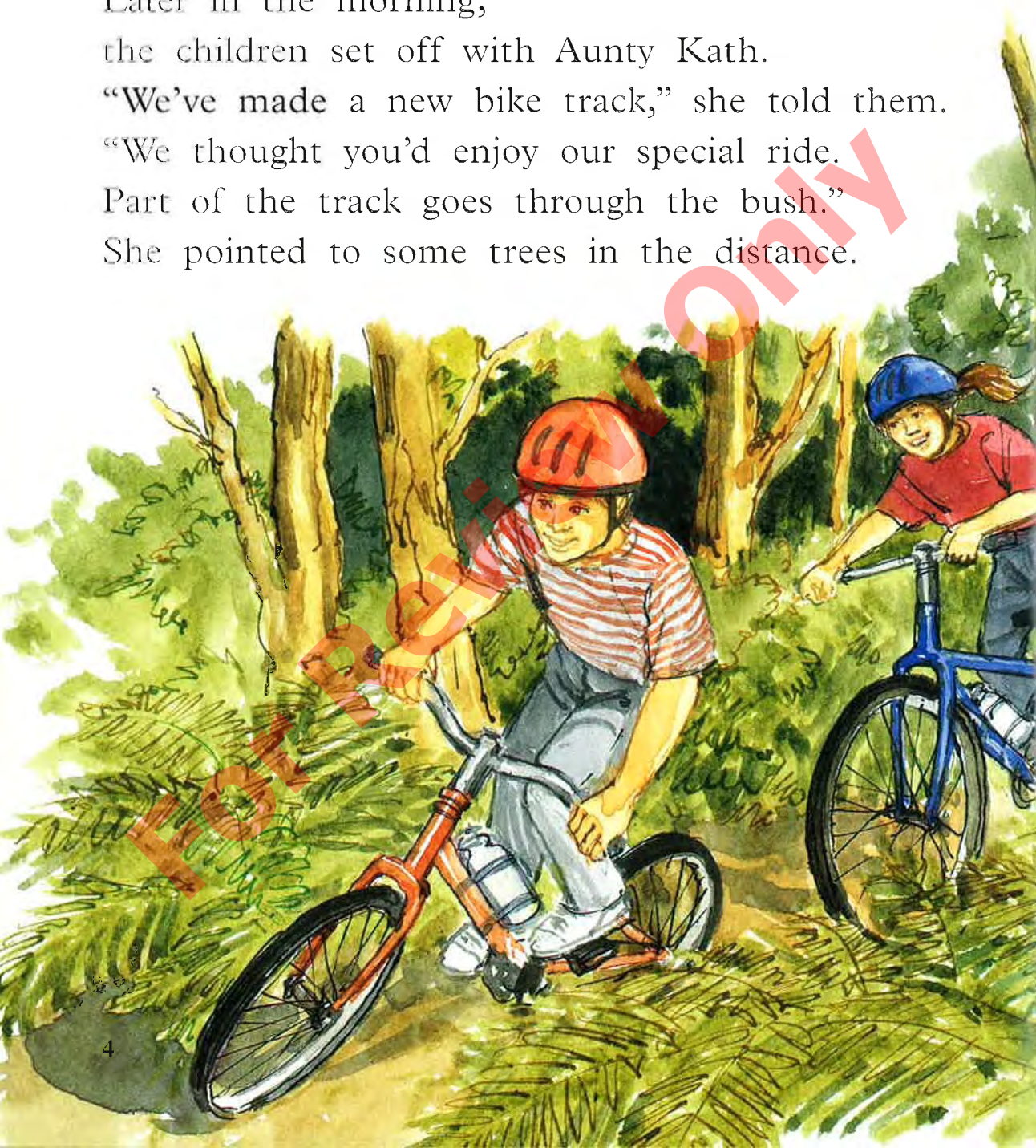
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Aunty Kath smiled at the children. "We're going to ride our bikes to the picnic spot," she said.



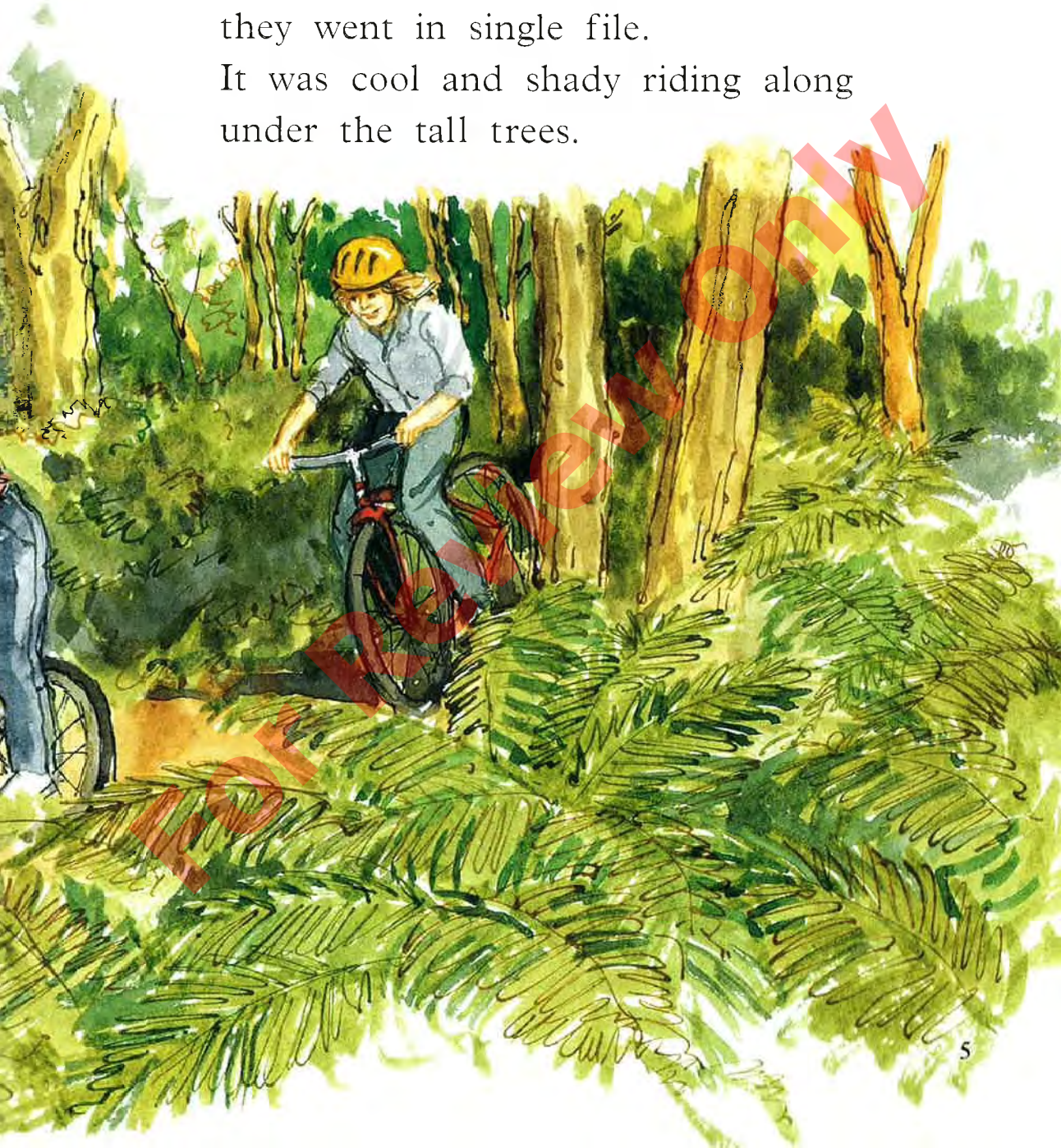
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Later in the morning,
the children set off with Aunty Kath.
"We've made a new bike track," she told them.
"We thought you'd enjoy our special ride.
Part of the track goes through the bush."
She pointed to some trees in the distance.



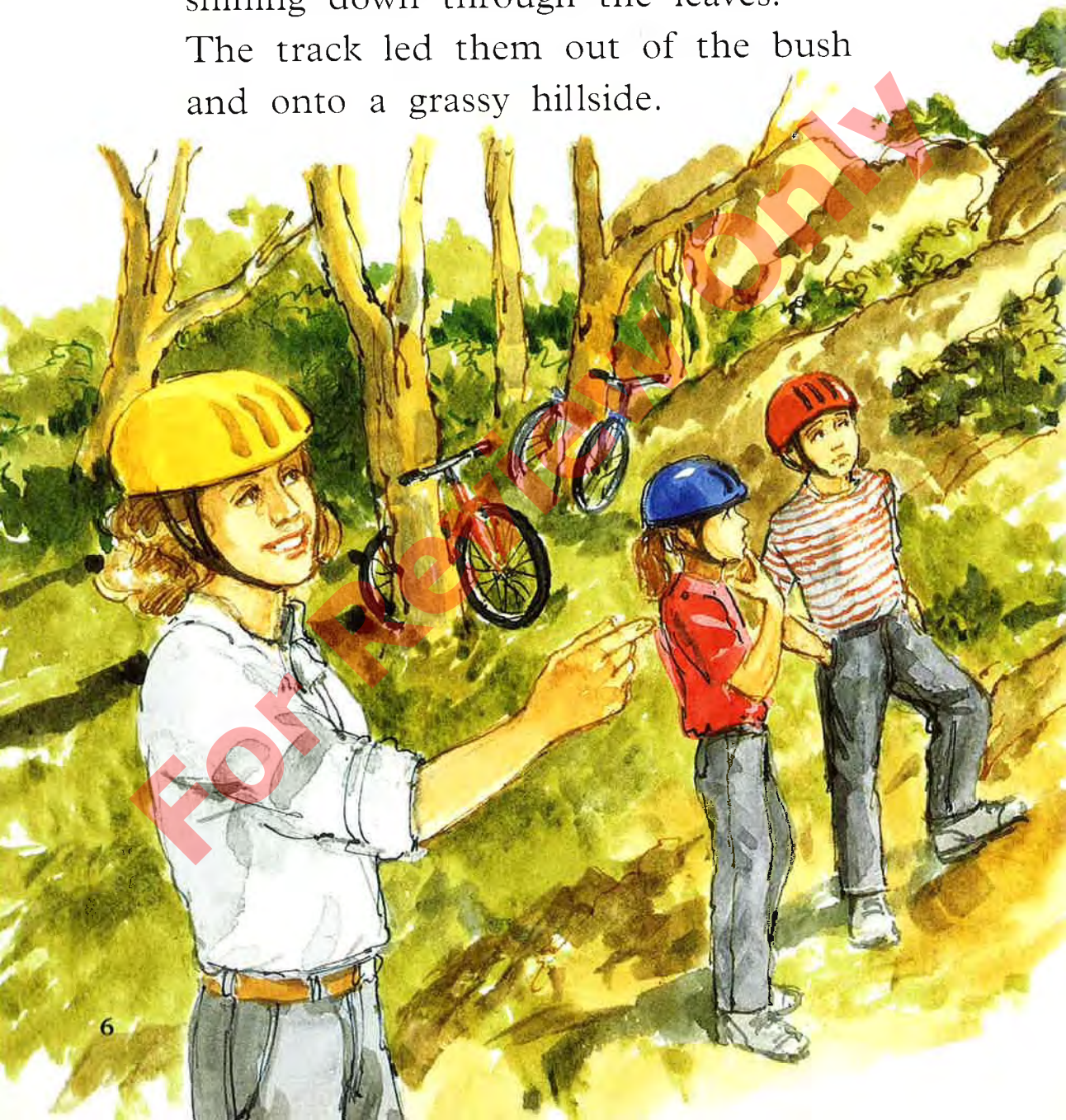
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When they reached the track,
they went in single file.
It was cool and shady riding along
under the tall trees.

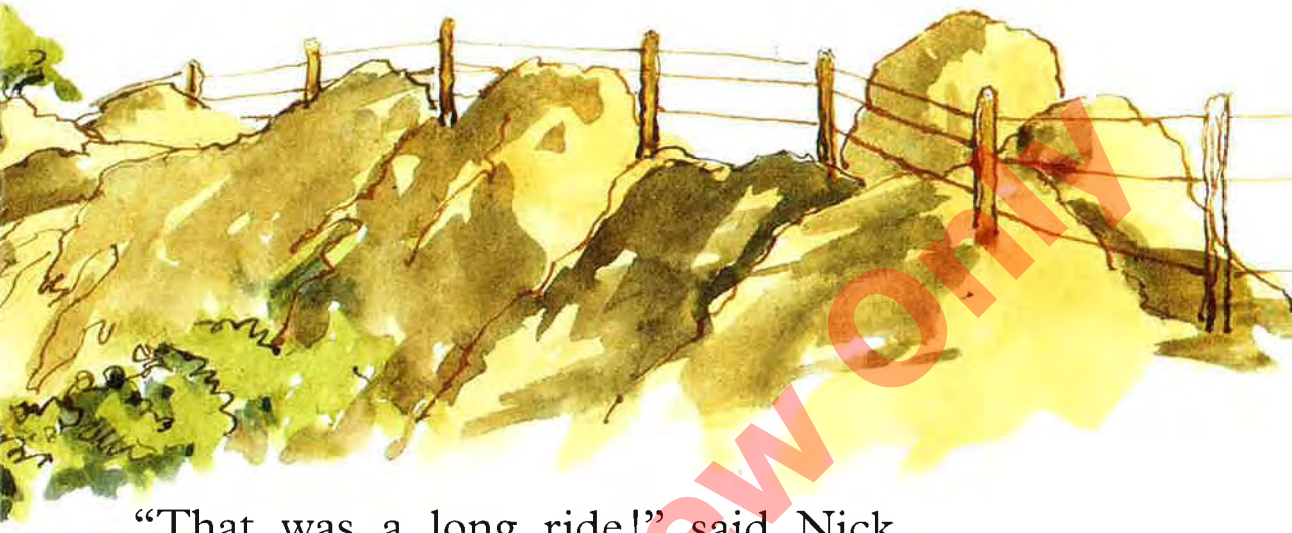


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After a while, they could see sunlight shining down through the leaves. The track led them out of the bush and onto a grassy hillside.



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"That was a long ride!" said Nick.
"I'm hungry!"

"So am I," said Abby.
"Are we having our picnic here?"

"No," said Aunty Kath.
"We've found a better place."

"Oh, I hope it's not too far," groaned Nick.

"Go up to that fence there," said Aunty Kath,
"and look down over the bank."

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