The Evil Yeti

By: Gwen Wild

One cold winter morning, my dad and I were going to look at some snowy Mountains up high in the sky. I couldn't wait to see them. "Dad! Dad! How much farther? I want to see the mountains!" I yelled from the back seat. I could already kind of see them in the distance so I really wondered.

" We still have about 45 minutes." My dad replied.

Just then, I saw something in the distance.

"What is that?" I thought.

It looked furry, white, and strangely mad! I felt so scared!

"Did you see that? It looks like a monster!" I said as I shivered.

My dad replied, " I'm sorry. I can't really look right now. I have to focus on driving. But I will take a peek."

He quickly looked over. He saw a big monster with red eyes, sharp teeth, and giant feet!

" Oh no!" He yelled. My dad stepped on the pedal and sped off. The yeti was chasing us!

I quickly looked back and the yeti had disappeared! Bet, soon enough, the yeti appeared in front of us! "DAD! HIT THE BREAKS!" I screamed. We opened and slammed the car door and sprinted away. We watched the evil yeti smash our van into pieces. We were hiding behind a bush in the forest silently. The yeti was searching all over for us. My heart was beating so fast! We decided to move to a different hiding spot but when we were moving, I stepped on a stick! Crunch!

"Run for your life!"I yelled. After a while I started to get a side ache! I was so slow that the yeti caught up to me and stuck his leg out! I tripped and fell into the freezing cold snow. I had bent my leg the wrong way! I was gasping in pain! But the yeti was going for my dad! The yeti was going so fast and got very close to my dad. And that "close" was too close for my comfort. Even though my leg was shocking me with pain, I ran toward my dad the fastest I ever ran.

"I'm coming dad!!" I screamed.

I had to stop the yeti and save my dad! I had pushed through the roaring pain in my leg and made it all the way to my dad. It looked as if the yeti had a booster on its back and that it

was going to be hard to stop. I quickly lunged forward, grabbed my dad's arm and pulled him into the forest. The yeti went zooming past and could not stop.

"Thanks!" My dad whispered.

Then, I looked down at my leg and remembered what had happened. My leg hurt worse than ever! I was just glad that my dad was safe.

But then I yelled, "It saw us!"

We ran as fast as we could but the yeti was too!

"Dad! Dad! Do something!"

Then, he grabbed his back pack off his back. I was surprised he still had it.

My dad stuffed the bag in my hands "Grab the hiking stuff! Also, get out the rope, hook, and the vests!"

I quickly did exactly what he told me to do. But that moment I read my dad's mind. I hooked the clamp on the mountain. We both put vests on. We jumped down the mountain.

"AAAHH!" I screamed. "We are going to die! We are going to die!" I told myself.

"Hold on to the rope!" My dad yelled.

The hook was attached to the mountain and the rope was attached to the hook. Our vests were hooked to the ropes. We suddenly dropped to the ground with a thump. My dad pulled the hook down from the mountain.

Luckily, the yeti had gotten stuck and could not get us. My dad called my mom and she arrived in an hour. Right away we drove toward home. It was such a scary experience and I never wanted to go to the mountains in the winter ever again.