**The Caravan**

“Now Mitch, don’t go playing up by the pylon,” his Mum had warned him often enough. “It’s dangerous. You’ll get yourself electrocuted.” Did Mitch listen? Of course not. His Mum worried too much. The pylon she was talking about stood at the end of Muggie Moss Road. Red and brown rust fluttered from its lean body and it made odd creaking sounds when the wind blew. It was there they found the caravan. Inside, it was far from luxury: damp, full of dead spiders and dust, and the windows were smeared with green grime. However, for Mitch and his best friend, Connor, it was a special place.

That afternoon, a storm raged. The trees were like crazed zombies thrashing wildly. Rain drummed on the metal roof. Inside the caravan, it felt safe, almost cosy really. Outside, dusk shadowed the bushes. The pair were arguing over whether the last goal in the Liverpool game was the best yet when they heard it: a clap of thunder that sounded like an explosion. Connor peered out the window anxiously. At that moment, there was another tremendous crack. Lightning had struck the pylon. As if in slow motion, it crashed down towards the caravan roof.

Instantly, there was an enormous crash and the caravan roof crumpled. For a moment, the boys were certain that they were about to be fried alive. “Come on,” Connor, with his eyes wide open, hissed. They slithered like snakes across the floor.

Luckily, the door had flown open when the pylon had struck. They slipped out onto the muddy ground with the thunder grumbling above. Then, Connor started to laugh. He curled up into a ball and laughed so much that Mitch thought he was crying. The next thing Mitch knew; he was laughing too. They were laughing crazily but on the inside, all they felt was relief. Then, they dashed through the brambles and out onto Muggie Moss Road.

Mitch’s Mum was furious. “I’m not made of money,” she shrieked, eyeing the state of his school clothes. She glared suspiciously. “So, a tree nearly hit you?” Mitch nodded, avoiding her icy stare. “You could have been killed,” she exclaimed. Shamefaced, Mitch nodded. She’d been right from the start.