



## AT THE REC

It was in the rec, or as the council people called it the Recreation Ground, where Rhys had his accident. He was with Giddy, his best friend ever, one Saturday morning and they had been climbing trees. This strictly wasn't allowed, not only by their parents but by the park keeper, who had told them that climbing trees was dangerous. He told them they would disturb the birds that nested in them and even destroy the tree itself. His mother had cautioned him again and again that he might have an accident. As usual, when the boys were together they always invented an adventure, which more often than not, meant they ignored grown-ups' advice and often got into trouble.

'Pirates,' suggested Rhys, 'let's play pirates.' Their teacher had been reading *Treasure Island* to them the day before.

They found sticks and had a sword fight, which didn't last long as both sticks were dry and snapped after a few rounds of furious clashing. The boys took it in turns to close their eyes and walk the plank, that is to say, they walked along the seesaw, savouring the moment when they got to the middle and the bench tipped them forward, causing them to totter to the other end or to fall off. Giddy scraped his knee, the skin peeled a little and tiny amounts of blood oozed out where the gravel had punctured him. 'Look at that,' he said proudly. 'I bet my mam will plaster

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