**Week 8 Writing Homework**

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**Writing Prompt:** Should urban areas convert more roads into car-free zones, prioritising pedestrians and cyclists?

Long-time past in the city of Sunnyvale, where clouds-kissing skyscrapers and stars-filled gardens bloomed with flowers of every colour, lived a ten-year-old boy named Felix Sun. With his uncontrollable black hair that bounced like uncultivated grass in the wind and starry blue eyes that shone like stars, Felix possessed two things that made him well-liked: his limitless amazement at what was happening about him and his big dreams.

Felix loved cycling on his bike along Sunnyvale's hilly roads. He felt the breeze rushing past him as he cycled faster than a cheetah on super duper fast roller skates! But there was one thing that always made him frown—a swarm of loud screaming cars whizzing by, honking angrily like mad geese fighting for something. The roads had grumpy drivers who barely even noticed him going by.

One afternoon, as careening around the neighbourhood park filled with the scent of freshly cut grass and daisies in bloom, Felix skidded to a stop on the corner of Maple Avenue. He sighed as he watched cars inching along like snails through molasses. "Why can't we have more space for us types?" he grumbled aloud. These cars are so carless and boring.

And then, springing out from behind a tree, came an unsuspecting form—a wise old tortoise named San Mr. Tortoiseworth! He was wearing spectacles on his nose and a bowtie made of leaves and generally looked very spiffy.

"Hello there, young dreamer!" exclaimed Mr. Tortoiseworth, slowly smiling as if to indicate that he knew all sorts of things up his shell about life. "What troubles your heart?"

Felix explained what it would be like to pedestrianize and cyclize Sunnyvale—have crowded streets shut down to cars so families can stroll freely without worry and children can play freely without scanning around nervously every two seconds.

Mr. Tortoiseworth nodded sagely. "A marvellous notion! Imagine streets filled with laughter instead of revving engines! Why not have a party? With your friends you can turn this dream into reality!"

Felix thought for a while. Then smiling, Felix pedalled off on his bright blue bike again—gears in his brain whirring as fast as his wheels!

After dinner that evening—when spaghetti wrapped itself around forks like snakes performing waltz steps—Felix broke out his master plan to Mom and Dad.

"Seriously, can we do it?" Mom asked skeptically as Dad raised an eyebrow over his plate.

"Let's give it a go!" Felix exclaimed. "If we show everyone how wonderful it would be to walk or cycle somewhere instead of driving everywhere!"

And with that, he had a mission: Operation Car-Free Dream Task!

The next day in school, over lunch beneath rustling leafy oak trees, Felix gathered all sorts of friends—Lila with rosy pigtails who loved to paint rainbows; Sam whose tricks on his skateboard appeared to bounce off the laws of gravity; Leo who had an amazing knack for editing forts out of whatever they could find; even shy Kimberly came along clutching her sketchbook of pretty nature scenes unmarred by concrete jungles.

With crayons flying above paper in shining sun (and crumbs of sandwiches scattered around!), they produced colorful posters declaring their vision: "Sunnyvale Should Be For Everyone!" They drew pictures filled with smiling kids playing hopscotch on sidewalk-lined with flowers instead of parked cars blocking their way—and bicycles riding smoothly down sunny streets.

Next came the greatest challenge of them all—Great Presentation Day! They were to give their pitches at City Hall in front of Mayor Thompson himself—a man whose beard looked amazingly like puffy cotton candy!

And as they nervously stood before adults with stern faces (and neckties that looked thinner than drumheads), Lila spoke first. She spoke of joy blooming when humans walked together rather than being trapped in metal coffins known as automobiles.

Then Sam practising skateboard tricks and Leo building an imaginary fort right on stage out of cardboard boxes they had brought with them—all as Kimberly painted around them scenes of happy families on bikes cycling through sunny green parks with not a worry!

Finally it was Felix's turn to speak. His heart starting pounding at the speed of light. He bit his nails in fear. Then he spoke…

Imagine," he cried in his impassioned voice as he waved out into the sunlight-bathed Maple Avenue above them all… "Imagine that we surrendered our streets to playfields where laughter fills the air instead of engines roar."

Then, after what had seemed to be an eternity but had actually only taken a couple of short moments later—they breathed.

Mayor Thompson cleared his throat slowly before speaking again—the room was quiet enough you could hear crickets chirping outside in the midst of murmurs agitating softly within hearts.

"A wonderful idea!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" exclaimed Mayor Thompson smiling widely now! "Let us create pilot car-free zones everywhere throughout Sunnyvale this summer!"

Clapping resounded throughout City Hall ringing joyfully along corridors embracing change newly just out of reach!

With summer coming round with the heat & sunshines galore—the roads became magical cities that sprinkled everywhere with colourful works of art created by members of society in celebration of freedom found in common—it then became evident just how much every voice truly mattered when all working toward common goals shining all the brighter with fellowship ties strengthened powerfuller again.

From there on every sun day became super adventures that existed just beyond doorsteps beckoning everyone forth to venture forth new roads to explore in waiting to be discovered continued.

And so little Felix came to learn not only how powerful dreams are but how important it is to freely share those dreams—and to discover friends willing to stick with each other and create worlds worth living within together too.

For sometimes it's just believing hard enough—and pedalling forward boldly regardless of what danger or setback lies ahead!