Begrudgingly, Tony strapped himself into the back seat of the car. He was disappointed- Dad had promised him an afternoon together to visit the local museum and travel there via the subway system transportation, which fascinated him.

He stared out of the window grumpily, counting the lampposts they passed until they arrived. It wasn’t that he didn’t like Grandpa Nono, he just found him fairly dull, except for his impressive collection of treasures in the garage.

“Tony, I’m sorry but Daddies don’t always get to have fun. Maybe Grandpa Nono will take you to the park, he knows how to have fun too…well he used to,” mumbled Dad, half-distracted by his phone. Tony hugged his teddy bear tighter.

“Nono only knows how to do grown up stuff,” replied Tony with a sigh. The car came to a halt as they pulled up on Grandpa’s driveway. Tony could see him tinkering with his lawn mower inside the dusty garage.

“Hey Dad!” shouted Tony’s father cheerfully. Standing up and stretching his back, Grandpa walked towards them both.

“How are you doing, son?” he asked.

“Thanks for watching Tony on such short notice,” Dad said gratefully.

Grandpa beamed down at him, “Well you know I’m always happy to spend time with my Grandson.”

 As Grandpa meticulously mowed the lawn into parallel lines, Tony glanced up at the crowded shelves- row upon row of boxes and memories, stacked precariously on top of each other. Then he noticed a photograph at the top. He used an old wagon underneath a sheet to climb on to reach it, but misjudged the distance and fell to the ground with a crash…

“Ouch!” yelped Tony, rubbing his bum. Grandpa rushed into the dark garage, his hand clenched against his heart.

“Thank goodness you’re ok Tony! What were you thinking?” Grandpa gasped. Tony was quiet. Grandpa saw the small, red wagon and the aged photo in Tony’s hand and smiled.

“That used to be your dad’s, let’s take it for a spin, “he joyfully cried.

Sometime later, Tony was fleeing the dangerous, zoo monkeys as they chased him through the dark trees. They swung through shadowy trees, getting closer to Tony and his steadfast Grandpa. Their screeching carried across the jungle, until the roar of the waterfall drowned them out.

Positively trembling with excitement, they landed in a river riddled with carnivorous crocodiles.

“Keep your arms in Tony!” Grandad cried.

“And Teddy’s!” replied Tony. Hugging Teddy close to his chest.

Deftly, they evaded the hungry crocodiles, swiftly moving past ancient temples and ruins. The jungle smelt strongly of sweet flowers and the rivers roar was deafening. Their wooden boat happily bobbed along, until the river disappeared before the horizon.

“Oh no!” shouted Tony. The boat balanced riskily on the edge of a huge waterfall. Everything seemed to stop for a moment. Grandpa and Tony held their breaths. They tipped over with a whoosh! The cold spray of the river splashed their faces and clung to their eyelashes like dew drops. Their stomachs felt like they were going to come out of their throats, as they saw the sharp, jagged rocks below.

“Pull the shoot, the parachute,” Grandpa cried, his voice lost to the wind.

Desperately, Tony pulled with all his might on the handle. The parachute opened above his head like a great red and white sail. He drifted gently to the ground, Teddy clasped safely in his arms. Home safe. Covered in mud.

“What have you two been up to?” a voice called out from behind bright lights. The lights shone of the red, wagon. Tony’s dad smiled, “Maybe we can stay and play a little longer.”

The sound of laughter filled the once quiet and darkening street. The sun slowly slipped away.