

Creative Writing

I was trapped, fiercely outnumbered, a whole row of them, black and yellow, swarming and buzzing around the newly potted line of lavender. I dared not move; surely I would get stung. Mum always said to stay still. But what if I didn't move and they came towards me? Laura said you'd die in 28 seconds if you got stung. And Laura's always right.

I called meekly for help, my eyes never straying past the barrier of wasps I had been taught to fear. My tiny voice reached nobody. The house was so far away, and I was all on my own, trapped at the bottom of my garden. Surely I had been there for hours; surely I would be there for hours more. When do wasps sleep anyway? Four years old, and paralyzed by fear I began to cry.

Then my daddy came through the gate, running towards his weeping daughter, straight through the army of wasps, emerging unscathed. Kneeling down to my height, he held onto my tear stained face. I stammered around my sniffles and tears that I was stuck, that the wasps were going to get me, that I didn't want to die in 28 seconds. Much to my dismay and utter confusion my heroic, valiant daddy did not throw me over his shoulder and shield me as he carried me to safety. Instead he laughed, "they're just hoverflies, darling, they can't hurt you".

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