

**My Memory**

I remember the sunny summer night I went to the NIA with my best friend Emily. We jumped in the car, excited about the night ahead. As everyone around us went about their daily routines, driving around Birmingham, we speedily changed into our clothes, suitable for the show we were about to see. As the car pulled up outside the bustling markets in full view of the classic St Martins church, we climbed out, ready for our night, and started our walk across town to the large, enticing arena. There was a warm breeze as we strode down the packed out streets, there were people with bags of shopping and other chatting noisily on their mobile phones, and then through the awe inspiring Symphony Hall. Getting to the NIA, we were eager to get in, eager to sit down in our seats we had paid so much to be in, so close to all our favourite *Britain's Got Talent* stars. After a gruelling half an hour wait, the whole queue cheered as we started to move towards the doors, where the smell of fast food and snacks hit us with the warmth of the indoors. We had our tickets scanned and with excitement we walked into the main area. I could see the main arena slowly filling with people so we decided to make our way to our seats, ready for the beginning. As we walked down the stairs to the floor seats, we felt important, passing everyone in their back row seats, all the way to the second row. As we sat down, we put on our glowsticks we had bought on the way, clipping our bracelets together wearing our multicoloured necklaces. After about 10 minutes, the lights faded and as the chattering died down, the excitement grew. On the big screen at the back of the stage, we watched a video of the finalists' journeys, and every time our favourites came up, we screamed, along with about 1000 other people. The sound was incredible, and as the host walked onto the stage, the whole room cheered and whistled, a sound louder than I had ever heard before. As each of the acts came onto the stage, this ritual continued, the loudest being by all the screaming girls in the audience (including Emily and I) when that years winner, George Sampson, danced his way onto the stage. All the acts were amazing, and we waved our banners we had made for all the acts and hoped to get noticed, which we did by host Stephen Mulhern, who replied to our banner "We love you Stephen", "I love you too", made our night worthwhile! The lights dazzled and voices echoed, and every noise and light beam made us more excited for the finale. Once all the acts had performed, the lights came back on and it was time to go home after an exhilarating night out, and as we wandered out of the NIA and into the car, we were worn out and our ears were ringing, and we even managed to lose our voices through screaming so much, but it was worth it and we would definitely do it all over again.