

## **CREATIVE WRITING**

Los Angeles. A place where trouble occurs? Or a place where angels play?

Visiting an uncle, aunt and cousins, staying in a small area with two play areas, a basketball court, a tennis court and two swimming pools, seemed to me like it would be loads of fun. But, the rest of the city - famous buildings, parks and fields, and theme parks – all that I've ever dreamt to see.

A cousin, the same age as me. We were meant to be playing upstairs, on the balcony or in our room; but instead, we'd found our way to one of the play areas - not to our knowledge, the one furthest away from home. The long swings, the spiralling slides and the field meadow green grass kept us hyper, excited and energised for hours.

Had anyone realised we'd gone?

Were we safe around there?

Are we too young to be around there by ourselves?

Should we have asked before leaving home?

Those questions didn't come to mind!

Searching for us for around an hour, my uncle must have been terrified! But we didn't know why! 'At long last', as he had said when he found us. We played with him for a bit longer. When we got home, we realised we'd been gone for four hours! But we'd done nothing wrong; we were small; we helped to make dinner - we were angels. To our surprise, my uncle took us to the swimming pool - even more fun! Splashing! Spraying! Swimming! But drying off was definitely a chore. It was the perfect end to the perfect day!

So sleepy, so sluggish and so slumberous, without watching any telly or any films, our eyes closed and we were in our own worlds, dreaming....

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