

I remember when I decided to run away from home for about an hour and when I came back my mum didn't even realise I'd gone missing.

I was bored. Running away seemed like a big adventure at the time. I grabbed a rucksack and filled it with everything I could possibly need for a hike away from home. Chocolate spread sandwiches. Hairbrush. Water bottle. Toothbrush. My head was buzzing with excitement.

The moment was finally here. Mum was cooking unsuspectingly in the kitchen, nattering on the phone to one of her friends about her horrible new boss at work. It was time to make my move. I glided swiftly through the kitchen muttering something about going to play in the garden, cautiously hiding my rucksack behind my back. The mouth-watering waft of the pasta cooking was almost enough to make me stay but I determinedly skipped towards the door. Within seconds I was free.

I ran to the gate and rolled under it in the mud, Lara Croft style. The wet grass filled my mouth with its disgusting taste. Once I was through I began my trek down the long and winding road in front of me. It felt as though I was walking for ages: across the busy roads with cars roaring down at top speed. The roads were a blur of colour, but I was a brave superhero in the big wide world, I could handle anything.

Time passed by quickly and my legs were becoming sore from my long trek. My mind flickered back to my mum, cooking my dinner absent-mindedly at home. Home. Maybe they would have noticed I was missing by now. Perhaps they would have a search party out to look for me. They must be worried. These thoughts wavered unsteadily in my mind. What if? How come? Maybe?

My tummy rumbled with hunger for the delicious pasta and sauce that awaited me in the kitchen: the succulent tomato sauce, bubbling away in the pan. The delicate twirls of pasta softening in the boiling water. Suddenly my superhero act faded to nothing and I was drained of all my bravery. I was left as just a little girl, far from home and alone.

I began to make my way back home, tracing my footsteps back to my mum. The little world that I was so engrossed in became just another fantasy. I was scared, afraid, home-sick. I sprinted home as fast as I could with tears beginning to trickle down my hot cheeks.

I rolled back under the gate, but this time, the Lara Croft pretence had vanished.

I entered the house, preparing myself for a harsh scolding from worried faces. But there was nothing. Everything was just as it was when I left. The scent of scrumptious pasta filled my nose; the juicy tomato was still steaming in the kitchen. My mum was still chattering excitedly on the phone and it was as if nothing had ever happened.

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