

By Jack Galbraith

Paradise

Where I live people would think it's a lovely tropical holiday destination. However I think otherwise. Every Single day of the year people are drinking and partying. Then again I can handle that. It's just that we never get any delicious rain or white glorious snow, it's just hot and disgusting twenty four seven. I wish it did rain or snow eventually.

"Righty oh then. That's my notes for the night mum," I muttered yawning at the same time.

Mum was standing against the new repainted wall. She smiled gleefully and came in and politely asked me to get into my comfortable bed. That is probably the only thing I practically enjoy about my minute room. Mum tucked me into my comfortable bed and said goodnight to me.

It was twelve hours later. I woke up expecting *everything to be* normal and ordinary. I sluggishly make my way to my charcoal curtains that kept my cozy room dark in the glorious night. I ripped them open still with my wide blue eyes kept shut tightly by the disgusting sleep on the edges of my eyelids. I turned myself around slowly still half asleep not realizing what was actually happening outside my round, thick glass window. I took my precious time making my way back to the other side of my greatly comfortable bed. I sat on it and bent over to pick up my awesome looking slippers. I picked them up and put them on my aching feet.

I stood up slouching and made my way to the white bathroom that I went to every single morning. I opened the heavy door and continued marching my way into the bathroom of white sparkling tiles. Once in there I moaned still extremely tired. My moan echoed and woke my little, annoying sister from a deep sleep that I was planning to keep her in for as long as possible. Well I guess that didn't work, I thought to myself in my humongous head. I opened the bathroom sink draw which was where my spiky comb laid ready to be used in the correct manner. I used my strong bony arm to pick up the comb and used it to brush my enormous birds nest on my head. At last it was neat and tidy. Then I brushed my yellow disgusting

teeth until they became whiter than the bathroom itself. Then I finally washed my face and got rid of the hard but in some parts gooey sleep, out of my precious eyes. After that I made my way out of the sparkling bathroom and back to my boring old bedroom. I put on my old ripped up clothes but wondering why it is so cold.

"It's never this cold," I mentioned to myself.

I slowly turned my poorly built body around to find out that my thick, rounded, glass window had nothing but frost covered all over it. My thick, bony jaw dropped and my precious, blue eyes popped out of my huge head.

"Well slap me thrice and hand me to my mamma," I expressed shocked. "It's snowing."

I ran into my mother and father's huge, warm bedroom and leaped onto their hard uncomfortable bed. Then I started jumping up and down and as high as possible. I was screaming with joy.

"Come on mum, come on dad it's snowing, it's snowing!" I screamed out, jumping full of relief and glee. "I'm going outside, come on I'll race you dad."

"Wait up. You've got to have your breakfast first," dad commented before I could even get to the wooden bedroom door. I ran out to our kitchen bench that had our favourite cereal box waiting on it. I loved it dearly. I grabbed the milk carton out of the freezing fridge and poured it carefully into the bowl that I poured my cereal into as well. I skulled down my breakfast faster than Usain Bolt can run.

"Hup hup hup," (Sound affects of a hiccup) I belched.

Dad came out yarning louder than an alpha male lion can roar.

"Right," dad spoke still roaring like an angry lion. "What do you want for your breakfast this morning son?" He turned around slowly with his wide green eyes that were that close to being almost completely out of his head. I had gotten myself my own delicious breakfast. Dad knows I never do that. What makes it even worse is that I'm almost six-teen. Dad fainted onto the hard kitchen tiles.

"Wow, I've never seen you do something like that ever before dad," I said waiting for a reply. "Dad. Ah Dad. Daaaaad! Muuum, dad's not moving. Mum raced out

faster than the fastest sports car can move and faster than the quickest cheatah can run. She slid in off the soft and cozy carpet onto the hard and ever so uncomfortable tiles. My little sister Lucy came in through the corner of the other wooden door on the other side of the dark warm and unbelievably hard kitchen. She scampered along the cold hard tiles and eventually fell over face first into the hard surface. Mum and I both looked at her in a funny way as if we saw something weird just occur in front of our eyes. Well technically it just did. Lucy popped her small and extremely fragile head up and looks around the small (but in her case being as small as she is quite large) kitchen to see if anyone had seen what she had done. Mum and I turned our heads towards each other, looked each other straight in the eyes and then quickly turned back to her. She stood up straighter then a ruler and walked off as if nothing happened what so ever.

She came over and flopped on dad as if he were a bean bag that was nice and cozy. But dad wasn't that soft and comfortable and Lucy just found that out the hard way. Mum and I both stared at each other. Then stared at dad. He's not breathing mum muttered to us.

"Nooooo!" I screamed louder than it is physically possible. I woke up in my super comfortable bed and was *sweating like a pig*. I ran as fast as possible to my parent's room. Dad was just lying there snoring louder than an elephant can play it's trumpet. I walked back to my room scratching my forehead wondering what just happened.

"It was just... a dream. Just a dream," I said completely and utterly confused but relieved at the same time. It was five and a half hours later. I woke up after a terrible night's sleep and did my usual routine. Then while I was combing my hair I heard silence. But then I heard mum, dad and Lucy outside laughing and giggling and... having **FUN**. I raced back to my room to have a look out the round thick glass window that lays just above my toy boxes to see what was occurring outside on this...**COLD** day. I tried looking out the window but I couldn't see anything. It was covered in glorious frost.

"Yes," I shouted. "Finally." I skipped down the hallway gleefully but then stopped! "Is this a...a dream or...or is it real?" I sobbed softly. I pinched myself extremely

hard and slapped my beautiful face several times. "Yep. It's real," I muttered cheerfully.

I speed raced down the hallway of our giant house, out the skinny archway of our front gate, onto the street and dived into the glorious snow.

"Your wish came true darling, it came true," Mum sobbed, with a tear of joy coming down her left cheek. Mum hugged me and gave me a kiss on the bony noggin, known as the head.

1 entire week later

One whole week has gone by and still no sign of any glorious delicious rain.

"Rain I want rain!" I screamed *at the top of my lungs*. Next thing you know outside I hear...drip, drop. Then it became pitter, patter. But then all of a sudden it was pouring down with delicious rain. I barged mum out of the way and stormed my way through the door. I was just standing there. I was quieter than a mouse. I was stiller than a tree. I gazed up to the misty sky that was filled with rain drops. Mum came out to me with a huge smile on her smooth face. A face that was filled with joy. Mum came out into the rain with me. I said to her softly...

"Others think that hot sunny days are nice glorious days. They say for them it is their paradise but for me this is paradise. This is *my own sort of paradise*."

"This isn't just your sort of paradise. I think it is the whole towns," she replied with her eyes shut and a humongous smile on her smooth graceful cheerful face.

The End