

## CREATIVE WRITING COMPETITION 2016/17

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### The Road Trip

As you know road trips always end in a disaster, movies explain it all but that won't stop my dad from planning one. You see the old man always loved to drive cars, he would watch Top Gear to see other people talk about cars and visit car exhibitions. Every summer, my family and I religiously go back to England to visit my relatives. We stay in my grandma's farm house, so during the middle of the holiday my dad plans a trip to have a break from grandma, because that is the time period where she starts to get on our nerves. "Sleep early so that we can set off at four a.m.!" ordered my dad. I thought that it was ridiculously early, but there was no way I was going to gainsay with my father. My mum was sound with my dad's decision because she bought into his propaganda, "we will miss the traffic if we go early." I knew that it was misleading because at the rate my dad would drive, we may as well drive later in the traffic.

At the crack of dawn I awoke from my slumber from the movement of my dad trying to shake me I rubbed my eyes, changed then dragged my feet to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Creeping out of the house the sky was pitch black but I could still see the old man waiting in the driver's seat already ready to go at this unearthly hour. As soon as I fasten my seat belt I rested my face on the cold window pane and drifted to sleep.

It must have been four hours before I woke to see we had stopped at a motorway station. Fleeing the car I dashed for the toilet but there was a line! It must have been the longest three minutes in my life because each second felt like an eternity, just as I couldn't hold it anymore I arrived at a urinal and I have got to say that I was pretty relieved. Breakfast was eaten at some restaurant, the food wasn't particularly great but I still devoured it.

Back on the road cars whizzed past, as our car moved lethargically along, god my dad was a slow driver. "Better to be safe than sorry" was his motto. This was going to be a monotonous journey. But of course I was wrong because road trips never go as planned. About six hours we reached the border between Scotland and England, and the hills started to rise, sheep would start to dot the hills around. To the right was a vast U-shaped valley, it was totally surreal like something from a movie. It seemed the further into Scotland we went the bigger the mountains became and the more breath taking the scenery would look. Stutter stutter, choke choke was the rental car's last words as it stuttered to a halt; the car had chosen to die in the best place possible in the middle of nowhere at nine p.m.! My dad called the AA service but they couldn't reach us for at least one hour, looks like we were on our own. Pitter patter the rain was coming so I dived into the car.

Venturing back outside the coldness nipped at any bare skin and gusts of wind slapped my face with ice cold rain drops, but that wouldn't stop me. Besides the road was a field that seemed to stretch out to where the

black mountains and sky meet and above there were countless numbers of diamonds sparkling in the dark purple sky. During the time I thought it would have been a good idea to venture into the field. Starting to pick up the pace I ran as if I was never going to stop until I stepped into a huge pile of cow manure. “Aw crap” I yelled frustrated with the turnout of events. I trudged back through the muddy grass until I reached the car. “What smells George” my father smirked gleefully.

At around twelve thirty the AA services arrived, then it was another thirty minutes of waiting for the car to be fixed. As soon as I got on the car seat I fell straight asleep. I awoke up to see that we had finally reached our destination a small bed and breakfast in Montrose. We had made it and the sense of relief in surviving such a long journey was something was truly wonderful. But at the end of the week we still had to go back all the way back to my grandma’s farmhouse! We would have to face the same or worse ordeals as the trip up to Montrose. But that story is for another day.