

## **James : From Plight to Delight**

“Get up. Get up. I don’t have forever.” shrieked Aunt Poth in her high, nasty and shrill voice, banging vigorously on the door of a storage cupboard. James could have sworn he heard the door *wail* under his aunt’s banging. “Yes Aunt Poth, I’m almost up.”replied James groggily after brushing and sweeping of particles of dust off his messy fair hair.

Examining himself in the mirror, he could see a boy of 12 with an athletic build, fair hair and serious brown eyes. He was James Fury. He shared a home with his horrible, haughty and arrogant Aunt and Uncle.

Aunt Poth and Uncle Parter had a son named Piers, who loved using James as his Karate kick bag. All three of them were horrible people treating James as he was a piece of rotten, moldy cheese. In James opinion the cheese felt like a jubilant free person and he felt like a sombre, dark storm cloud.

James got out of his tiny bedroom (namely the storage cupboard) and felt the sun trying to give him some wishful warmth but in vast vain. “Yes Aunt Poth, I’m out. What are your desires?” he sighed. “Goodness gracious, you little brat! Go and handle the toast.” bellowed Aunt Poth like a smelly, warty witch.

In spite of himself, James sluggardilly slouched down towards the pan, grabbing jam and butter quicky on the way and started preparing some fancy, tasty, mouth-watering French toast for his beastly brother Piers.

“Poth, James will have to come with us while we go beach camping.” informed Uncle Parter with a muted, monstrous face.

“Does he have to ABSOLUTELY come?” wailed Piers in a blechy, low, cry-baby voice.

“WE DECIDED THAT WE WILL LEAVE HIM IN THE SCHOOL.” screeched Aunt Poth.

“Sorry, BUT THE BOY WILL HAVE TO COME.” roared Uncle Parter with unstoppable range.

James could hardly contain his jubilant JOY and longing LUCK. He had begged his Uncle to let him tag along when they went beautiful beach camping.

Calming down a bit, Uncle Parter easily explained to Piers and Aunt Poth, who were both looking livid and murderous, “ I contacted the slimy school but they said it was against there poor policy, so he’ll have to come. Do you think I want him to come? I already contacted everyone but they are busy.”

Then he turned to James and ORDERED, “ You are going to come with us to camp boy. If you do anything wrong, you will stay in your bedroom for a day: no food, no water, no light, no toilet breaks, nothing. Understood?”.

James nodded in awesome agreement. Inside he was bursting in endless EXCITEMENT, trying to keep it all in.

After all that excitement James could hardly wait for the night to end (The night seemed very infinite and endless). He had set his ALARM for 4 in the morning so he could sneakily, convertly sly into the kitchen and silently scoop up the Sony X camera and take it with him (so he could film facilely his experience of camping)

The sun rose above the horizon. It was finally becoming light. Morning had arrived. James awoke. James whooped. James was ready. After James jumped down to the sitting room with his backpack, he jolted down his breakfast (a piece of bread and some cereal). His Uncle entered. Uncle Parter’s jaw dropped open as he gazed upon James in his HUMONGOUS and COLOSSAL camping carry bag.

At last, Piers, Aunt Poth, Uncle Parter and jumpy James queued beside the open boot of the 4x4, off-roading, special edition Mahendra Jeep. This was Uncle Parter’s VIP crazy company car. ‘It was made for this’, thought James in a wishful fantasy that it was his trusty car.

‘ Vrooooooom! Zooooooom! Barrrrrr!’ and off they went. Cruising through noisy motorways, peaceful mountain ranges, busy buildings, tangles of trees. “ When will we reach? When will we reach?” whined Piers every 5 minutes. It was very annoying to be true.

All of this went on for about 2-3 hours. All this waiting was worth it. Clay coloured sand, the bright and blue sea, the waxing and waining waves.

It was the perfect environment for camping. “ Oy. Boy come here. Set up the tent.” barked Uncle Parter in excitement.

James was flabbergasted, at first. He thought ‘ Why do I have to do everything?’. Then he realised that he was lucky to be here and he should not whine over small things.

The tent was up and ready in a flash. Looking at his handiwork, James was pretty proud. “ This is our tent, your tent is there.” informed Uncle Parter.

Gazing to where his Uncle had pointed, James eyes grew wide. There was a patched, fratched, ragged old tent. This was were he was sleeping. Fury materialized in him like molten lava. But he kept it in. ‘ Keep it in!’ he kept on telling himself.

Barbeque set up. Chairs lined up. James ready. “I want foouooooood!” moaned Piers. “Sweetie, the corn is almost ready. We’re just making sure the tropical texture is perfect.” cried Aunt Poth while she shot a menacing look to poor James to hurry up.

James cooked some cottage cheese, corns, and some pineapple on the barbeque grill. And very rare, he also got to eat as much as he wanted.

The audible and rhythmic waves lured James towards the ocean and what he saw was, was he didn’t have the words. There were some blue, to be more specific neon blue glowing things washed up on the sea shore.

With trembling fingertips James took it onto his hands it felt really cold and calming.

“Uncle, Aunt, come here quick!” he exclaimed with might.

His Aunt and Uncle took one look at the mysterious object and took out their phones and scanned it using photo search.

“ It says that it is a form of algae that is called Bio-luminous algae!” read Uncle Panter.

After that exciting discovery everyone was in for some silent sleep.

The waves gently coaxed them to a deep sleep.

“Huuuhhh.” yawned James as he was woken up by his Uncle.

“Time to leave.” declared his Uncle.

And they left in a jiffy, James wondering if he would ever have another experience like this.

This whole adventure made Uncle Parter and Aunt Poth change: now they were kind people, they treated everyone fairly and they gave James the best life ever.



