

Short Story

It's final. Completely planned.

I'm going to Sarah's, Sarah is at ▲my's, ▲my is at Jenna's and Jenna is at mine.

We'll never get caught, never.

We are going out, not just out, I mean o ➤ tonight.

▲And, as far as my mum is concerned, I'm at a cosy little sleepover with my friends at Sarah's house. She knows her parents, so they'll be no questions.

I walk out of the door.

'Bye Mum,' I say, very innocently.

'Bye love, have a great time.'

The door shuts.

'I sure will mum,' I whisper quietly under my breath.

I check my watch, 7:00, exactly on time.

▲As I walk down the path, I turn to wave to my little sister who is at the window. She isn't feeling very well at the moment, she has one of those stomach-aches that little kids get all the time. She had just started throwing up as I left though; thank God I'm out of there.

I hold tightly on to my bag of clothes, trying to remember if I had packed everything and if I need to run back for anything. I have my clothes at least, one for tonight and one for tomorrow. I had left home in some plain jeans and a jumper, this way mum wouldn't get suspicious. I couldn't imagine her face if she saw what I was wearing tonight.

▲After a few more minutes of brisk walking, I am at Jenna's. My mum doesn't like Jenna, whenever I mention her; she raises her eyebrows and gives me a weird look.

Jenna answers the door as everyone else walks down the path. We timed it so we all would arrive at the same time, I must have been walking quickly.

We have all come to Jenna's to get ready. Her Parents are away and so her sister is looking after her. Her sister's boyfriend is coming over tonight though, so she says we can all stay over if we keep quiet about her boyfriend and we keep out of the way. This means sleeping in a tent in the garden, but we don't mind.

We all change and try to look as old as possible with make up, the shortest skirts you've ever seen, and the highest heels.

▲As we walk out of the door, Jenna bangs on the living room door. Her sister and boyfriend haven't come out of there all night. They won't come out now.

'What?'

'We are just going out to ▲Amy's for a bit, then we'll go straight to the tent, we won't disturb you again.'

'Okay, bye'

'Bye' we all say together, walking out of the door.

▲As we get to the end of the road, the taxi was already waiting. We clamber in.

'Where to ladies? Having a night out are we?' the driver says with a sarcastic tone in his voice.

'Town please' states Jenna.

'We're already in town love, can you be a little more specific?' the taxi driver is taking us for a joke now.

'The town centre then please'

We drive off; our voices fill the taxi with conversation of hopes, expectations and gossip.

▲As we walk round the town, we look for young people, the type dressed similar to us. We spot some within seconds and follow them. They head for a club called republic, it has signs saying 'Gatecrasher Event' all over it, in every space that they could put one.

We join the queue, not being able to see the queue from our place, we don't know the length of the line and so we wait. ▲And wait. ▲And wait.

It seems like we have been standing here for a lifetime, waiting to see if our expectations will be fulfilled.

We eventually reach the entrance, guarded by bouncers that look like guard dogs.

Mum would kill me if she could see me now. I would be grounded for life.

Our hopes are extinguished as the bouncers look us up and down and jokingly ask for some I.D. We have none.

Embarrassed and devastated, we turn away, the whole queue it feels is staring and laughing at us, I try not to look.

We try many more clubs and are turned down at each one of them.

As we are ready to turn back, we spot some other girls, about our age. They look very confident and know where they are going. We head their way.

We follow them to a dark looking club with no bouncers at the front. 'There must be some inside' I think. There were none.

We victoriously stride through the club, finally having made an entrance.

The music hits us as we walk in. It is smoky, dull, and has a funny smell, not what I had imagined or hoped for, but we had got in, so it will do.

Firstly, we nervously dance on the dance floor, copying the strange moves of those around us. Then it was the best part, we went for some drinks.

'Vodka and coke please' I said, knowing exactly what I want.

'It cheap tonight' the overweight, spotty barman informed me, 'Want a double?'

'Sure.'

I thought I might as well, as it was cheap.

Tired after dancing, we sat down at the only empty table in a corner, very close to some quiet, pale boys.

'WOW, look at her!' exclaims Sarah as a girl on the dance floor looked a little too excited, exaggerating all her moves and dancing so fast, like it was her last chance ever. We watch her for a few minutes, before turning back to our drinks. We finish them and head back towards the dance floor.

I am feeling very active and so I dance like there was no tomorrow, but soon felt thirsty. I order a large water and gulp it down and another two with it. My head started to hurt a bit, getting worse by the minute.

I check my phone for messages.

I had one.

From Mum!

Taking Alex to
Hospital.
Appendicitis.
Ring you ASAP.

My phone buzzes. I feel dizzy.
I answer my phone.
'Mum'

'I JUST RANG SARAH'S!'

I black out.

'WHERE ARE YO...'

I fall unconscious on to the floor.