

Thursday 9th February

The Surprise

Drip, drop, drip, drop I woke up with. There was a bang which scared me. On the other side was my annoying alarm which I threw with excitement. The day finally came. I jumped out of bed and screamed at my sister nicely to wake up. She's a deep sleeper. I looked at the time in horror. I screamed, "4:00am, it's 4:00am!" I have never seen my sister jump out of bed that fast. I never knew if she'll even wake up but she did. There was no time to think. I quickly rushed downstairs with my luggage and I waited 5 minutes for my annoying sister. She took her time, literally. Finally she came, taking selfies, I snatched her phone and yelled at her. I think she properly woke up now. We dashed out the house and the bright pink taxi was waiting for us. Could this day get any better? I sneaked in the bright pink taxi as the driver drove, as fast as he could, in the terrible rain, to the airport.

Finally, we arrived, late. Not on schedule. We quickly checked in even though the queues were massive. We got lucky. Just on time. My tummy was rumbling so much the people next to me started staring at me, gave me the evil. I gave it them back while my poor hungry stomach was rumbling. I can't believe it. I had to wait 3 whole hours just before I can eat but luckily my one and only sister, the best sister in the world, brought a sandwich for me. I finished the sandwich in 45 seconds, seriously. I think I broke the world record for eating the fastest sandwich in the world. 3 whole hours later we finally arrived at our destination. Turkey. It was raining cats and dogs so we ran inside to stay nice and warm. The taxi came but this time not a pink one a black one. Not ashamed I entered and in half an hour

we were there.

Smiling, we started jumping and crying. We could finally have a good meal and a good night sleep. Astonished, shocked, jolly - are we actually going to stay there! As we checked in we realised my stupid sister, worst and only sister forgot to book. I fainted in shock. My sister froze in shock. Terrified, anxious, drained - where would we sleep, where would we eat? If the worst sister in the world booked it, if she didn't have dementia, if she listened to me, I wouldn't be hungry and I would be having a quiet, restful night.

As we left the hotel in despair, a funny looking figure popped up. As we looked in the distance we found it is a nice polite woman which approached us. After minutes of talking she asked us, "where you sleeping?" ashamed, we answered, "on the streets." Kindly she offered us if we wanted to sleep in one of her spare rooms. Without thinking, we said, "yes." She took us on a long walk through a forest which was scary, very scary. Then, she arrived at a beautiful house. It was large, it was a beautiful palace, so grand, so beautiful, so welcoming. After she asked us if we were hungry ^{and without thinking she said yes so} we made a delicious warm soup. Just for us. Out of nowhere, sitting next to the fire place, my eyes closed.

The next day, after thanking the nice woman (Miss Johnson) we went back to the hotel and booked a room. This time successful. Imagine going on holiday, ~~imagine~~ imagine forgetting to book your hotel, imagine staying at some random stranger's house. That was our holiday.