

Years 11 & 12

2nd Place: Elizabeth Campbell

Year 11, Dale Christian School

Really, On the Face!

Have you ever felt your heart rocket through your chest straight to your head, and then felt such relief, like a breeze so cool you can literally feel it pass through you? I feel like no kid should ever experience such drastic palpitations of the heart, especially since kids are still young and growing. Poor me then, having to experience that at 8 years old. To be honest, the cause for those drastic changes in my heart was more pitiful than the actual danger my little ol' heart was put in. Almost sitting on a random stranger. On the face. While they were sleeping. Weird? Yes, yes I know. But let me explain myself here, okay?!

At my wit's end. That's what I was. I was grumpy and tired, the worst combination for a whiny 8-year-old. I was allowed to be okay! It was 3 am, pitch black outside and I was itchy all over, from the heat as well as the mosquitoes. Imagine, you're on holiday in Bali, and you've had a blast throughout the day. Keywords. THE DAY. It was night, and I was supposed to be sleeping peacefully, after a full day of tourist activities and childish shenanigans. Not standing outside in the humid, attracting mosquitoes like a free lollipop in a candy store swarming with children.

Our holiday came to an end, so we were booking out of the hotel where we were spending our time in Bali. For some reason, like all the other typical traveller-Dads, my Dad seemed to love the idea of booking the flights at an obscure hour, forcing us to get up like 5 hours before, only to wait at the airport just sitting around at the gate, for such a long time! I'm sure you all know how it feels when you're waiting for something really exciting, and then time just decides to become a massive tease, taking so. Damn. Long.

So I was practically blind, and half-aware, because I got woken up and ushered out of my warm and oh-so-cosy bed, to stand outside under a Bali gazebo, which was the reception for some odd reason. Now, do you think that I, a privileged 8-year-old (who is the youngest sibling . . . which explains a lot) was going to stand for this?? Correct. Absolutely not. So, without a glance around or a second thought, I began my search to find the closest thing I could sleep on. Originally I thought about just slumping on my parent's shoulders, but I second-guessed myself. They were busy with checking out and finances, I didn't want a slap to wake me up even further.

Searching around with half-open eyes, I found a couch, half concealed by the shadows of the dimly lit hut. I thought for a brief second about throwing a tantrum on my way to the couch, but then I realised that would only result in my embarrassment, by me getting whopped in front of a bunch of strangers, who were the hotel staff. So I settled with stomping my way there. Reaching the very seductive-looking couch, I swirled around, my skirt billowed as I was about to trust-fall into the couch, and be enveloped into its softness. Now usually, one would fall asleep straight away, but I didn't even get to the good part, which was the actual fall. Bummer right? Well, that's because you usually don't have a weird shadowy shape on the couch before you sit on it.

I almost screamed, though I'm glad I didn't because that would mean a whole hotel of grumpy people like I was. Firstly, a lumpy shadow isn't something that'll calm someone. It was freaky! Just imagine a body outlined in the dark strewn across a couch, and almost touching it! What's worse was the guy was dead asleep, like I so desperately wanted to be, to hide from my embarrassment. I'm so glad I didn't end up sitting on his face, can you imagine? I feel sorry for the guy, he doesn't even know a little girl almost squashed his face when he was nodding off at work. There was no way I could've fallen asleep after that scarring embarrassment was dissed out to me, so I ended up playing it off real smooth. Like any child does after something mildly embarrassing, or when they try to cover up something naughty they've done. To be honest, I don't think I even ended up telling my family because I knew I wouldn't hear the end of it. Ever. But that's really weird because it makes me wonder why I would share it with my classmates and teacher. The one thing I think people can take away from this is to always check where you place your bum, and trust me. Take it from a girl who almost sat on a stranger's face.