

Creative Writing

One-Shot-Sammlung

Von Juju

Kapitel 3: Home

It was one of those summer days when life seems to be perfect. The summer holidays had just begun and even the nights were so warm that one wanted to sleep outside where one could watch the stars and listen to the crickets' chirr.

Our house stood in a row of one family houses with beautiful backyards at a small street which was only travelled on by the residents. Everyone knew everyone. If someone had to sneeze some houses away in the backyard, it happened that someone from another land yelled "Bless you!" Then, my parents giggled and said "Typical of a village".

That one summer day I spent again with my two best friends Fiona and Ophelia. We had already met in the forenoon to bathe in the lake. Well, actually, it was rather a pond than a real lake and people were not allowed to bathe there but everyone from our village went there to bathe anyway. My friends and I always went there by bike. The wannabe swimming lake was in the middle of the forest and on our way there we had to pass trees and meadows and hope that no car crossed our way because the street was really narrow. Additionally, we had to cycle uphill nearly all the time so that we always groaned like mad. The more pleasant the cool water was when we finally arrived at the lake. The return fare was in exchange very refreshing because we hardly had to pedal and could enjoy the contrary wind. Thereby, we talked and laughed the whole way.

At home, I spent my time washing off the sand and eating something. After that I set off to Fiona where we wanted to meet. Therefore, I had to walk along our little street and turn left and there was her house. It only took me five minutes.

I passed the door of the white fence and walked around the house to the backyard. Ophelia was already there. She and Fiona sat in front of the little tent in the grass and drank coke.

I went over to them and dropped into the grass, too. Immediately, we continued our talk from the afternoon and chatted and laughed far into the night. What we were talking about? Everything. The school, boys, the holidays, our families, everything. Eventually, we had to crawl into the tent because our bottoms got wet from the grass and the darkness gave us the creeps although there was absolutely nothing to be afraid of. There were only the house of Fiona's family where the lights still burned, the big cherry trees in the backyard, the ripple of the fountain, the chirr of the crickets, and the flickering light of our torch lights. We even did not know what we were afraid of.

In the tent, we sprawled on our sleeping bags and breathed in the typical smell of old tents. Our talks had just fallen silent and we were falling asleep when I felt a prickle on my arm. I grabbed my torch light, switched it on and saw a huge spider with long legs which crawled cosily along my forearm. I screamed my head off and Fiona and Ophelia screamed, too. I fell out of the tent whereupon I nearly broke it down and shook off the spider. When my friends realized why I screamed they just laughed. After all, there was nothing to be afraid of in our perfect little village.