

The nightmares of New York

I went over the last four countries I'd been in this year. India, Switzerland, America and Norway.

"Alice! Family meeting! Arranging our next flight." Dad called from the dining room, mum in the background banging her delicate fist on the table.

"Alright. Coming." I muttered, packing up my travel diary. Both my parents are airline pilots, travelling twice a week to five countries. I go to about two of them each week. The other times I stay with my babbling aunty, always on the phone complaining.

I dragged myself down the corridor, my eyelids half closed from lack of sleep the past night in America. I down with a wide yawn.

"Ok Alice. Our next departure is on Tuesday, we're going to New York City." Dad informed me. I hadn't been there before.

"We're staying there," Mum added, "for ten months." Something heavy in my stomach dropped. Usually it was for two days! My head was already full, ready to sleep. I hadn't noticed the gushing tears flowing out of me.

"Alice, stop dawdling. I'm not buying sunglasses!" Mum yelled from the stairs leading to the plane. I was stalling as much time as possible so we could miss the flight and stay here. It wasn't working because not just mum was shouting, but the whole flight crew. Dad marched over to me, made me drop the sunglasses and dragged me to mum. Goodbye Australia, hello New York.

We walked into the apartment that I thought would be so much... more. A three roomed house with the living room and kitchen as one, then two bedrooms with a bathroom attaching them. Ugh, sharing a bathroom with my parents. This was going to be a long ten months.

Not much happened in Australia. I went to the park for a think.

As I sat down, I realised New York was... pretty, birds tweeting, the air blowing old leaves around.

On the way home, I imagined living here forever. Suddenly, I heard glass shattering, a loud alarm sounded. I panicked not knowing what to do. I saw a shape running. I went to call the police, 000. Nothing happened. Wait, America! 911. The last thing I remember was a figure moving towards me.

I opened my eyes. What a strange place. My parent's heads were there.

"Honey, can you see us?" my dad whispered, worried. I opened my eyes wider.

"Yeah, I'm fine." I sat up. A throbbing pain stabbed my head. "Ow."

“Relax. A man saw you calling the police, he attacked you. Got your head.” said mum, stroking my face. Suddenly, living here was a nightmare.

“But it’s ok,” added dad, “you got him in jail. You don’t remember, but you broke his arm. Then he cut you.” Suddenly my perspective changed. This place was amazing.

“Can we stay here?” I asked. My parents stared, stunned.

“You must have hit you head hard.” said dad. They smiled.

“Of course we can stay here.” They laughed.