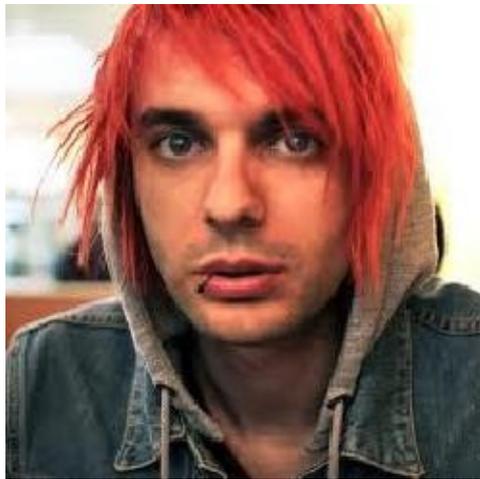


Getting Home

By : shaz77

Benjamin Cook (Becoming Youtube) is going home but he has forgetting something. I own no one ok don't say I do cause I don't



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Getting Home

I walked along the pavement to get back home. The snow was falling heavily onto the road beside me. I could see others running and clinging onto their coats. I wondered if I looked that stupid. I hurried quicker along the outside streets of London clutching onto my shopping bags but I couldn't go that fast as my boots would not let me and I didn't want to fall on the ice. I rushed up the street my hood above my head with my red hair flinging out. I could feel my nose and hands getting colder. I was that stupid not to wear gloves. Not only was I cold I also was forced to walk back as there was no taxis around. I was honestly not surprised by that because taxi service is bloody awful in London. The snow was now falling much heavier now so heavy that my boots when I walked were getting sunk into the snow and I couldn't see them for that second. I was getting harder to walk and to top it off I couldn't see two feet in front of me it was that bad. I was nearing the street that I live. Trust me I could just tell. It wasn't so long until I was home sitting on my own once again. I heard something behind me and a light came up. I stooped ankle deep in the snow and looked at the car passing. A taxi, a bloody taxi. Well it was too late now I was going to walk home, even if my coat wasn't actually waterproof, even if I had to carry ten bags of food, even if my boots were wrecked cause of how much they were soaked, even if I ended up in bed with a cold for three days, I was going to walk home. I mean it was only a mile right. I trundled along the pavement, my coat had now soaked through and my shoes squelched when I walked. But I was nearly there. I was at my road now and I could see my house. I felt like running but my feet were ice. The bags were starting to kill my hands. Talking about my hands, they were raw red. So I walked slowly towards my house hoping and praying that I don't slip. As I got closer I saw a light on. I must have left it on by mistake. I finally reached the front step.

I opened the door and let myself in. The door slammed shut behind me. I cursed under my breath. I dumped the bags on the floor and took off my soaked coat and jumper off and lay them on the heater. I sat on the floor and wrestled with my own feet until my wrecked boots came off. I then took off my socks and lay them on the heater with the coat and jumper. I have always hated wet socks especially on wet feet. I stood up and walked through into the living room where the light was on. As I walked in I saw lights over the room and a camera set up on a tripod. Shit! I forgot. They were here all of them. Alex and Carrie, Jack and Dean, Dan and Phil, Charlie and Tom, Hazel and Rebecca. I forgot what I was supposed to be doing. They all looked round at me and laughed. I walked in and joined them. I had finally made it I was one of them. I was Becoming YouTube.

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