

Gremma and me

Someone disembarked from the elevator.

Distraught, we ~~et~~ cramed ourselves into the claustrophobic ~~ex~~ cupboard and waited.

My heart thudded in my chest like a bass drum while my spine shivered. What if he found us? Trembling, the ominous woman struggled to catch air. Her mysterious silhouette glared at me. I thought she was trying to be positive.

Without warning, the lock turned and someone red faced appeared in the fancy doorway. The horrible character, who obviously had a membership at a gym, mumbled under his breath. Confidently, the idiotic character sauntered around the posh hotel room. We heard a grumble then the door shut. Footsteps echoed back down by the elevator. Finally, I wondered how did I get here in the first place

with this strange woman.

Half an hour ago my phone buzzed it was Sally, who was my best friend, texting me. It read, "Hi Loda! The new Marvel film is screened at the movies today.

Ammiee is coming too! We are going out for food first and wondered if you wanted to come." Rapidly, I changed clothes and then like a lightning bolt sprinted out the house. I was heading for the cinema. Out of the corner of my eye, the old Primer Inn gave me a strange feeling. I just wanted to explore. Within thirty seconds, I managed to crash through the rusty gate not affecting any bone in my body. Strangely, I caught a glimpse of a vague figure gesticulating that they were in ~~tr~~ danger.

Gripping the guttering tightly, I climbed to comfort the weird lady. Curiously, I discovered that she was Gemma Collins

a star on The Only Way Is Essex. Grob smacked, I lowered Gemma down onto her hotel room's bed. That's ~~how~~ when we ^{heard} ~~heard~~ it - the lock turn.

Like snakes slithering, we climbed across the slippery roof tiles. Wiping the sweat from our foreheads, the cosy feeling of home met my senses. "Oh god I am shattered!" announced Gemma (she might have said something more inappropriate!) Being home was such a ~~ref~~ relief. "Hi Lola. you annoying little brat! Who is this the monkey from the film," my sister chuckled sarcastically.

Soaring like a falcon, a luxurious private ~~o~~ jet arrived in center position on my front drive. Perching on the edge of their window sills, all of my nosy neighbours stared in disbelief at the flabbergasting sight in front of them. Here I am two years

later watching TOWIE on TV as the main
character - as a hero!