

C2

A memorable journey - Knocking on Hell's door

When a perfectly planned trip goes wrong, who's to blame, travel agency, wrong road map, or yourself, because you trusted the wrong person? After reading my story you might have a change of heart and choose a less rebellious path to follow.

After I'd graduated from High School, I decided to have a trip on my own. I decided to travel by car, but, since I didn't have a driving license, I called my childhood friend Helen.

I woke up at six, packed my rucksack and went to the local pub where we were supposed to meet. Having waited for half an hour, I went inside and ordered a cup of tea. Surprisingly, I found Helen sleeping on the bench in the corner. In the car she explained that she'd fallen asleep while waiting for me, but I was almost certain that she had gone there to sober up from the previous night. As we were passing through small villages, with old and abandoned houses, I didn't say a single word.

The campsite where we stopped to spend the night wasn't at all what I had imagined. At the entrance I saw a dilapidated house with yellow paint peeling off the doors and windows. A glass door had been broken and they used a piece of rusty, old metal to replace it. When she came out of the house, Helen told me that the camp was full and we had to sleep in the car.

I took a sleeping pill because I was afraid I wouldn't be able to sleep. The sound of rain drops was like a lullaby to me and I slept like a baby, but not for long. Suddenly, a hand pulled me out of the car, the handcuffs were put on me and soon I was in prison charged with the possession of illegal substances. I spent three long and sleepless nights in prison with little food and almost no water.

Therefore, if you decide to spend time with your childhood friend, try not to pick one with a criminal record.

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