The day started when I woke from a dream with a sudden jolt in my warm, comfy bed. I glanced at the clock; it read Saturday 2nd June 2018, 6.42 AM. “Why can’t I sleep?” I thought to myself, tossing over crossly onto my tummy. As I listened to the birds chirping outside, I realised the rest of the house must be sleeping soundly still. Abruptly, my door burst open on its hinges, the light from the landing flooded my bedroom and a familiar, excited voice shrieked “Wake up! Today is the day!” How could I possibly forget? We were going to the beach!

After a quick breakfast at 7.30 AM (just a coffee for Dad) my sister, Laura, and I dashed enthusiastically around the house, grabbing everything we needed: sunhats, swimming costumes, spades and sandwiches for our lunch. Dad carefully packed our picnic in the large, rectangular cool box whilst Mum programmed the Satnav for Bournemouth Beach. I felt a rush of excitement flow through my body as we got our things ready by the front door. However, in our hurry to get out of the house, nobody noticed that the car keys were left sitting quietly on the kitchen table…

At 9.30 AM, after half an hour of waiting for Grandma to hobble around with a spare key, we finally set off towards Bournemouth Beach. My sister cheered as we pulled away from the drive, and instantly burst into a round of ‘are we nearly there yet?’ (which was a little bit annoying but I didn’t mind). I was eager to get there as quickly as possible, yet I still drifted off into a gentle sleep. The car lurched forwards and woke me from my snooze. It whined loudly then became still. We had broken down!

Over two hours later, we were still stranded at the side of the road. I was getting grumpier by the minute and my stomach started to rumble. Everybody was feeling a bit fed up as we waited for our car to be fixed. Dad had a brilliant idea and suggested we eat our picnic at the side of the road. He rummaged in the boot for the cool box, throwing aside beach balls and towels. Elated, he extracted it from behind a bat and ball set, but the lid was nowhere to be seen. Gingerly, we peered inside the lidless container: crushed, crumbling sandwiches smothered bruised, battered bananas; sweet, strawberry yoghurt was spattered up the sides; and rancid rice pudding dripped off dented doughnuts (my favourites). A bottle of lemonade rolled out from under a towel and landed on the floor besides my sister’s feet. Without thinking, she scooped it up and carelessly undid the lid. A tidal wave of sticky, fizzy fluid spurted out the top and covered me, head to toe. Mum gasped and Laura let out the tiniest giggle. No picnic for us.

Next came the rain. Heavy, thunderous rain from black, stormy clouds above our heads. It hammered down onto us as we stood freezing in our shorts (I was still covered in lemonade at this point). We nearly gave up all hope of rescue when orange, flashing lights appeared in the distance across the murky horizon. After hours of waiting, we eventually piled onto the rescue truck’s seats and headed miserably for home.

Later that evening, we arrived back at our house. Mum slowly turned the key in the lock and we traipsed through the door. To my surprise, there lay a huge pile of glistening doughnuts waiting for us on the kitchen table! Maybe this wasn’t the WORST day after all, even if we never made it to the beach.

Today was definitely one of the most disastrous journeys I’ve ever been on, particularly when I got covered in sticky lemonade. Although, the best part of the day was finding the delicious doughnuts when I got home!