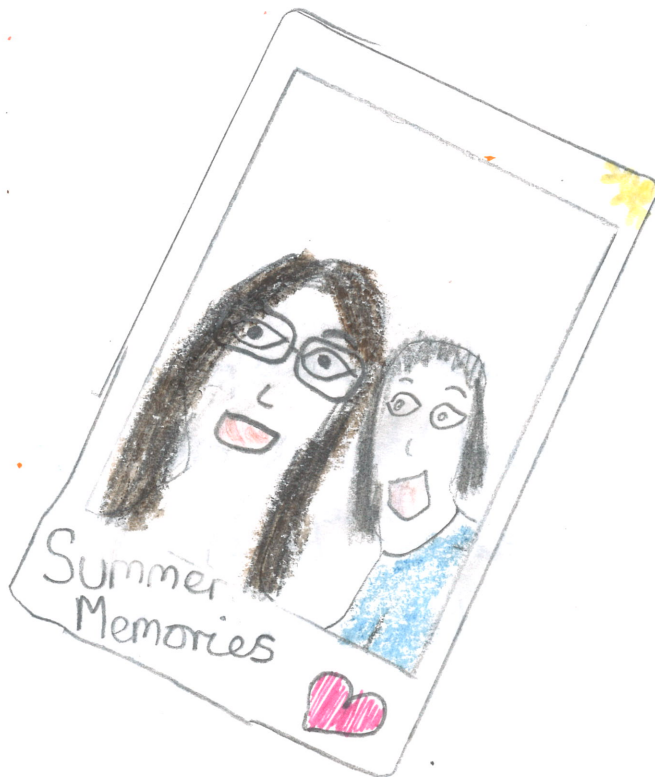


KAMEEA



By Poppy Cowling  
Churchill  
Harry Potter writing competition


I waited and waited, peering down out of the window, on the lookout for Sharon's dad's mini van. At long last, at five past eight, it drove up in front of my house. "Here they are, I'm off," I shouted, while rapidly grabbing my bag, "Let the adventure begin!"



I jumped into the car. Angel and Angela were there too. They're Sharon's sisters. They actually are triplets, however Angel and Angela are very different to Sharon. They look very much alike, they both have long blonde plaits, bright blue eyes matching clothes and they even weigh the same. Whereas Sharon has short black hair, green eyes and is about half the size of them.




"Wait a tick, Sam," suddenly called my mum, running out of the door in her pale pink dressing gown, "I love you sweetie, see you soon," she said giving me a peck on the forehead.


"See you soon, Mum," I called back to her as she turned her back. 


"You okay?" asked Sharon.

"Oh, I'm brilliant! You?" I asked back. Sharon gave me a massive squeeze, "Yes," she answered.

I got my polaroid out of my bag. "Come on say cheese," I smiled. 

Sharon's dad turned on an 80's track. It was cool. I didn't know the lyrics, but I tried to sing along.

Sharon's dad finally told us where we were going. "Brotleys beach! Yay!" I cheered. Brotleys beach is my favourite place to go. It has a beautiful view: the blue sea sparkling magnificently under the sun, the soft yellow sand and the colourful bunches of shells and pebbles. 

We finally arrived at the beach. Sharon's dad let me and Sharon even put the coins in the pay machine for the parking ticket. We both felt really grown up. 

"Okay girls, Angel, Angela and I will be in the cage. Are you okay with that?" Sharon's dad asked. "Yes!" I immediately answered before Sharon even had the chance to speak. "I like to

feel independant, "I told Sharon after her dad's back turned, "Mum and Dad never let me do this."

"Sam listen," Sharon said, talking about a peculiar squeal, "What is it?"

As I looked around I suddenly saw, out of the corner of my eye, a dolphin.



As we ran over we saw that the dolphin was stranded. It was very dry and scaly. We picked up our buckets and filled them up with water. We poured the water onto the dolphin. Its skin then felt very much like velvet. Sharon and I both wanted to spend some time with the dolphin, but there was no time. We needed to call marine rescue as quickly as possible. Sharon ran to the pay phone on the pier while I stayed with the dolphin.

"Hello," Sharon said.

"Hello, marine rescue, what's the problem?" the lady on the phone asked.

"There's a stranded dolphin on the beach."

"Where is your address?"

"Brotleys beach."

"Ahh the famous Brotleys beach, well be there very soon."

When the marine rescue arrived they put the dolphin on a ice ~~cold~~ stretcher and sprayed it lightly with water. We watched in anticipation. "Bye," we shouted, as the van drove away.

A few years later, when Sharon and I were allowed on our own, we would ride our bikes to the marine rescue. They had to keep her as she wouldn't survive in the wild. We found out she was only young when she was stranded, she'll never know how to hunt or keep safe in the wild on her own. We named her Kamea which is hawian for 'the one and only' as she was very special to us.

No one believed what had happened that day at Brotleys beach, but it dosent matter because we know and we can share our memories together.

