

“I don’t want to go to granddads! Why can’t I stay home with you, dad? You promised that I could play with you today!” I protested. “I’m sorry, I am too busy today. But I guarantee that I can play with you tomorrow,” Dad replied. That’s what my dad always says but he never keeps his promises. It has always been like this since my mother went back to Puerto Rico to take care of my grandma. I reluctantly grabbed my favourite toy (my furry, plush teddy bear) and climbed into the back seat of the car. I love my toy, since my mother gave it to me for my fifth birthday; it reminds me so much of her. I miss her very much; I only get to speak to her once a week on a Sunday when she calls. I desperately look forward to hearing her voice again, but it’s not the same at home. I can see that my dad really misses her too, which I understand. I long for the smell of her favourite perfume and her succulent dishes. Dad’s definitely not a great cook, but at least what he cooks is edible.

The journey to granddad’s house was long; it was like I was in the car for decades! It was a beautiful day, the sun was shining but I still felt quite lonely inside... As we drove along I gazed at the cars passing by and children playing on the sidewalk with their friends, I wished that was me. Sadly, I had to go to boring granddad’s house. Dad was trying to hold conversation with me in the car but I was too busy sulking and wasn’t in the mood to listen at all.

Eventually, we arrived at grandpa’s house. As we pulled into the driveway, granddad was fixing his old lawnmower. It looked wrecked

and rusty. I think it is time for him to get a new one. In my opinion, the lawn looked completely fine; it didn't need to be cut! Maybe he needs some glasses. My dad opened the door and I plummeted out onto the hard concrete slab. I wished I hurt myself so that I could go to the hospital and I can spend time with my father. As usual, dad's phone rang again. He kissed me on the forehead and left for work. My heart sank! I felt dejected and it was like he didn't even care about me anymore. Granddad stared at me and lifted me up and put me on a cardboard box to sit on whilst he mowed the lawn. What a way to spend an afternoon in a garage looking at four walls!

Suddenly, something caught my eye; it was a picture of granddad and my father! It seemed like it was a long time ago when that picture was taken. I was curious and wanted a closer look so I stacked a couple of cardboard boxes on top of each other and tried to reach it. BANG! I fell to the ground with some objects falling with me too (including the helmet that dad was wearing in the picture). Granddad came running to the rescue. He sighed, "This used to be your father's wagon when he was younger. We always used to play together with it, good times..." Granddad instructed me to put the helmet on and sat me in the wagon along with my teddy bear. "Hands and feet in at all times!" My granddad shouted. As he pulled me along in the wagon, dark figures darted in front of me with crimson eyes. Next, we were catapulted into a jungle with wild animals. Now I knew what those figures were, MONKEYS! We fell, narrowly escaping sharp teeth of savage crocodiles as we plunged into a rushing river. It was freezing cold and made my teeth chatter. The powerful pressure of the water pushed us to the edge of a deep, deep waterfall. I held onto granddad with all my strength, my life was now in his hands. "HOLD ON AND DON'T LET GO!" Granddad screeched. As we approached the edge of the water fall, we were swooped up by a two-seater red metal airplane. I was relieved! We

were soaring through the sky like birds. I felt like I was the king of the world! Well, maybe I was wrong; being with grandpa wasn't after all. I am having a great time with granddad after all! We did a loop-the-loop and I held onto my teddy tightly so that he wouldn't fall down. It was exhilarating! My stomach did somersaults and I thought that I was going to vomit up my breakfast. But it was absolutely exciting! I bet I was having a better time than the other kids playing on the sidewalk.

We landed in the local park. "We had such a nice time. Don't you think?" Granddad asked me. I nodded. He was reminiscing about the adventure, "Monkeys, crocodiles, they are just pests to ALIENS!" All of a sudden, straight after granddad said that, a UFO (unidentified flying object) appeared! I screeched. We got our astronaut gear on and flew off in our rocket. Neon lasers were going off left, right and centre trying to zap us! However, granddad had it covered. He gave me a special device. I didn't know what it was or even how to work it. I was confused. "Pull the trigger! Use it to defend yourself!" He exclaimed. I pulled the trigger and purple lasers flew out of it. I felt like a warrior. We flew through a portal and got transported into another dimension. We whizzed past numerous planets as we fought the aliens. My granddad was bold and brave as we tackled the aliens one by one. These extra-terrestrials were determined to defeat us but we triumphed in the end and won the mighty battle!

After the war, granddad and I rushed home. We were panting like energetic hyenas. When we arrived home we noticed dad coming down the road. "You both are filthy!" Dad called out as he ran over to us. Eventually, he noticed the wagon and remembered the fun

times he had when he was a little boy. "Has grandpa ever told you about when we went to the moon?" Dad questioned. Granddad and my father both smiled at me. "Let's go to the moon!" I screamed happily. Dad jumped up and we were all in a rocket. "Preparing for lift off!" 3, 2, 1! The adventure continues but this time, with my dad.