

The day the balloon popped



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

To them, this situation didn't have a remote effect on their life, but to me, this caused my whole life to change. Even to this day, every time I am punished, I recall this soul destroying incident. But fortunately I have changed.

Sorry for not introducing myself, my name is Joe Levi, I am the eldest out of three children. I am fifteen years old, very tall and sturdy like my father. I am looked up to by all my siblings and in a way, I lead them through their lives. My role model is definitely my father, part of the reason being that I am known as a miniature him. I have a big sense of responsibility in the family as I am always the first child to do or try out something new. Like every other child, I have my fears but I am much too proud to admit them.

Exactly seven years ago, I experienced a day that had great significance to the rest of my life. This is an account on what happened.

It was coming up to the big day. This was going to be the first time I had ever slept away from my parents. I was going to be sleeping at my Grandma's flat in the West End. To me, this was much more exciting than even a holiday. My parents had finally felt that I was responsible enough to stay away from them and be in charge of myself. I was buzzing with excitement. The closer it got, the bigger I felt. I was a balloon being blown up. I felt that I was supreme. Nothing could stand in my way.

Until this incidence, I had been a plant, continuously growing upwards towards the sky. My parent's were always proud of me, academically but more importantly, they loved all my character-traits. My Grandma would be taking me into Central London, and as it was around Christmas time, it would

be livelier than ever. I would be going to the Theatre late at night and afterwards, I would be going to a famous Creperie. Nothing could be more exciting. I had thoughts and feelings rushing through my body. The balloon was expanding, getting bigger and bigger.

It was three days before the occasion and I had one of my closest friends over at my house. Surprisingly, the Sun was shining and it was a very warm day. So, we decided to have some fun with the sun. We got a big antique magnifine-glass out from the dining room cupboard, then stealing a piece of paper from the printer, we went out into the garden. Using the magnifine-glass, we focused the sun's rays onto the corner of the piece of paper. Suddenly, the edge of the paper started glowing red. It was fascinating.

It continued to glow, but soon became a stronger colour and started spreading exuberantly. Suddenly, the first flame appeared. Wow! It was amazing what the Sun could do to a piece of paper, so far away. I found my dark hazel eyes fixed into the fire and didn't notice the whole paper bursting into flames. I screamed, my friend screamed. We poured a bucket of water over the piece of paper and put it in the bin. Before we could even open our mouths to let out a sigh or relief, the whole bin set alight.

My mum came rushing down the stairs and It was as if the whole situation had combusted. I was terrified. I was frightened. I didn't know what to say. I didn't know what to do. I stared at the roaring flames, taking over my life. My mum, who was only ever seen calm, went from blue to red to orange. She went into an explosive mood.

After she put out the conflagration and my friend was sent home, I sat next to my inflaming mother. When I heard the punishment that I had been given, I couldn't believe my ears. The plant stopped growing, the balloon popped. I felt as if I had disintegrated into a pile of ashes. I was as hot as the sun. I still couldn't believe the cruel, deflating punishment that had been chosen. I thought to myself, what was so bad about what I did? All my friends did it. It was unfeasible to think that something I viewed as so minor, was actually so dangerous and life-threatening.

My parents knew how much I was looking forward to staying at my Grandma's. Tears started pouring down my red eyes and onto my rose cheeks. I felt put down. I felt embarrassed. What would happen when my siblings found out? I thought that they may no longer look up to me. My brain was sizzling, my head was frying. I started bellowing at my evil mother but she didn't even look at me.

I lay in my room, staring outside into the garden, watching all my siblings making snowmen with their friends and having funsnowfights. I started imagining what I could of be doing if I wasn't punished. I felt completely terrible. I felt as lowly as a worm. I pictured my grandma taking someone else to the theatre, having fun with another person. Anger started building up inside of me. I could feel it spreading throughout my body. It is amazing that, something which has had such a huge long-term impact on me, had been forgotten about an hour after the incident by my parents. I was as hot as hell; however they were as cool as a cucumber.

To them, this situation didn't have a remote effect on their life, but to me, this caused my whole life to progress. Even to this day, every time I am punished, I recall this soul destroying incident. But fortunately I have changed. I now deflate less and less; I stay strong and carry on growing upwards towards the sky.