

My area – earls court a very weird and different area

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Earls Court a very weird and different area. But that is not the opinion of the people living there that's just my opinion. Earls Court is a different area; I like to think of it as a little town not just some area in the heart of Kensington.

The streets are always covered in old crisp packets and used condoms and there always seems to be puddles of water or some liquid that never seem to dry up. Behind my house is a private garden which, on a cold winter's morning is as misty as the peak of Mount Everest and the Scottish Highlands put together.

This garden is run by a Garden Committee which is headed up by a woman who changes her hair colour every single week, for example last week the woman's hair was black and this week it is about as red as Manchester United's football shirt. In this garden there is a tennis court which is set up during the summer and the rest of the year the poles on which the nets hang are used by myself and about ten other mates as football posts. However the woman with the ever changing hair colour always seems to see us and come out and confiscate the ball even though her house is about from the school to Shepherds Bush tube station.

The rules for this garden are extremely, I can't think of the word, hang on, ah yes, STUPID. You are not allowed to play football, playmusic, play and instrument, ride your bikes or any type of game that can damage the plants. It might as well be an outdoor prison. About 2 minutes walk from my house is a giant Tesco superstore; it claims to sell everything but the trouble is you can never find everything because they keep changing where everything is so I'll probably never know if they do sell everything.

I remember about a month ago now, me and my mate Gav were in Tesco's and I had to use the toilet so I told him to wait downstairs. As I came back down the stairs my hat fell off down to the ground floor below; I ran down the stairs only to find my hat had disappeared and Gav standing where it had landed with an evil little grin on his face. Then a Jamaican security guard came up to us and said, " What are you doing", and I because I didn't want to get in trouble said in a very angry and serious voice, " Gav man, where the hell did you put my hat? ", the security guard told Gav to get my hat from where he had hidden it; amongst the boxes of wine.

He gave it to me and we were just about to get away without getting into too much trouble when Gav, being the stupid idiot that he is, made the mistake of bursting into a fit of laughter when the guard had just turned away; not when he was out of earshot but when he had just turned his back so the guard heard, turned around, called his colleague and literally and I emphasise the literally, threw us out of the store onto the pavement; where Gav and I proceeded to laugh our heads off.

But perhaps the most prominent building in my area is the office complex; just around the corner from my house; down a side road; which runs past a Gospel church. In this complex there is about 6 or 7 cameras 2 of which overlook the gate going in. On a dark and quiet Saturday night if there is nothing else to do; what me and my mates like doing is trying to get into the complex without being spotted by the 20 or so security guards just inside the main entrance. One time I dared a boy called Adam to run in and touch the sign that is about 10 metres in front of the front door.

There were about five of us including Adam; he ran past the gate, past the cameras, touched the sign, and ran back. By this time all of the guards were up out of their seats and sprinting out of the door; I was the last one to notice; Adam sprints by me screaming like a little girl and everyone is running, I hadn't noticed what was happening and when I turned around from my hiding place about 15 metres from the gate; about four of the guards were coming through the gate, I stood up and started sprinting like a cheetah chasing a zebra.

When I came to the fork I went right whilst everyone else had gone left down to Adam's house, I heard one of guards say, " You lot go left while we go right, we're going to get these kids", I thought, Christ their going to catch me; I wouldn't have been so worried if they weren't carrying holsters around which could have contained a gun. I ran between and over the parked cars and over a wall about a metre or two high and hid. I waited until they had given up and then I emerged from the shadow of the crucifix, triumphant in the fact that I had given trained security guards the slip.

As I mentioned before there is Gospel church near my house which has a bright green spire and on a Sunday morning and Wednesday evening it is absolutely bursting with music and singing. But the bad thing about this is that all of the cars of the church goers block up the parking lot; the only place that we are allowed to play football. But there are other more interesting things about my area like the fact that a woman fell of the roof of my house into my garden and I still don't know how she got up there. Also

about three weeks ago a complete nutter of a man was on the roof of an estate brandishing and firing a rifle.

All of the surrounding roads were closed off and armed police and for some reason there was riot police there as well. Nobody was hurt except the guy firing the gun who shot himself in the leg before being arrested. Once I was riding my bike to my mate's house and a tiny, little homosexual man stood in the way on purpose even though he had about a 10 second delay before I was near enough to hurt him; he stepped out and then said in a squeaky little voice " Watch where your going you stupid little s**t", I yelled back at him some obscenities that I cannot mention here.

Around my area there is a lot of refugees who go around asking people formoney. Once I was walking to school when about five of them came up to me and asked me to give them i?? 10; I just looked at them and said, " You got to be joking", the leader looked at me really seriously and said, " I am being seriously perfect", and that just made me laugh. I think he meant to say, " I am being perfectly serious", but got confused. The leader then grabbed me and said, " give me i?? 10 now", he was only about as tall as me so I kneed him in his groin and the rest just backed off because a security guard had come out to see what was going on.

The guard 'escorted' the leader off the premises and by that I mean threw onto one of the islands in the middle of the road. There is a tall, red brick building just around the corner from my house which used to be where the local police force lived for free until it was turned into a council flat. There is

a woman called Louise who is about 40 years old and has a problem with kids. She is as thin as rake and is about medium height. Her nose is crooked and she has a terribly squeaky voice like a rusty bike chain. She has a balcony coming out of the back of her house which she likes to use for taking pictures of people passing especially kids.

When we make noise she comes out and starts going on about how we are making too much noise, and then we confront her about taking pictures of us she just goes quiet and slithers off quietly like the snake that she is. Just last Sunday she came out and starting having a go at us; but when we started confronting her about taking pictures of us she said she'd even take videos of us; we just said but that's illegal, she said so is noise disturbance; then I said " but which one do you think is more serious", at which she just walked off and I called after her " I thought so! ".

She wears quite trampy clothes and she probably only has one piece of clean clothing in her whole life. Around my area there are a lot of kids who wander around looking for kids to mug, but I know them so they don't try to mug me. However when I was in first year there was some kids that I didn't know trying to mug people, and once I was on my way home from school and I must have looked like a right idiot with my catholic schoolboy uniform all neat and tidy. They were walking on the other side of the road and I saw them look at me then cross the road towards me; so I crossed the road to where they had been.

They were then behind me and had turned around and started walking quite quickly towards me; now you have to remember that I was a little first year so I couldn't fight off two 16+ year olds, so I started jogging, they started jogging, I picked up the pace, so did they, I was coming up to Tesco's now so I sprinted through the back way through the car park into the store up to the first floor and out through the first floor exit. As I went down the stairs I could see them through the 12ft high windows searching for me jogging through the aisles so I started jogging across the large 6 lane road to my house.

As I rounded the corner I saw them come out the main entrance, point towards me and start sprinting, so I just sprinted to my house and got through the front door in record time. I opened two doors in about 6 seconds. As I said earlier I consider Earls Court like a little town; a little town with its own high street with every shop its own cinema and even its own arena and park. But with little towns there comes problems. On Thursday mornings there are piles of black bin bags waiting for the bin men to come and take them away; it smells about as bad as rotten fish and eggs put together.

You trip over the bags that are strewn all over the pavement. As I go down to school I go past a bright, mustard yellow estate which all the dump trucks come out of and so that stinks even more and there are kids on the estate that spit down on people going past. All in all I think my area has some good points like the fact that most of my friends live there but there are some bad points like all the crime and rubbish on the streets. But it is my area, I've lived there all my life and I love it.