

# Espana – creative writing

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**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

It was the first time I had seen a large wound, well the first I had remembered, and the first I would never forget. We were on holiday, the perfect holiday from my point of view. There were about twenty of us, varying in age, some from Birmingham, a couple from America but the majority from London. We were going on a road trip, ultimately to Spain but stopping on the way in Dijon, France. As incredible this holiday was starting to sound, the finest part to me was probably the fact that my parents were not here.

I had come with my hyperactive 18 year old brother, my cousin who was a medical student, my two aunts, one of whom had brought her grandson along, my beloved nephew. I don't think I can remember a single moment where I wasn't laughing, smiling or simply enjoying the company of my family and the many friends we had made. The journey was astounding; it became one of those trips that could never be able to forget. Stopping in Dijon for a couple of days was amazing. It was the little things that made it unique, for instance my cousin, brother and I would take my nephew, Prem for walks in a stunning rose garden that was simply tranquil.

He would want to be with us everywhere, reminding us of ourselves when we were younger and innocent, just he seemed to have five times as much energy as we did. Spain was an experience of wonder. From the people, the night life, foods, activities and that feeling I felt throughout the trip of sheer freedom. It seemed to be absolutely perfect, from the swimming pools to the beach nearby and the balconies that overlooked the entire city that just lit up at night. Being in such a magnificent place, it automatically made me get to know the people I had come with to a great extent.

Having this great bond between us all, certainly made us experience Spain just that bit more. In fact, they had made an intense itinerary of things to do for the upcoming week; cram packed with everything you could possibly do in Spain. They had arranged places of great interest that sounded exceedingly pleasurable, but something else had caught my fascination and made me completely obsessed for the next week. It was the swimming pool, including the attached slides, diving facilities, an island with a connecting bridge and a general contemporary look that made it seem as if it was a pool from the next century.

Addicted, is the only word that could describe me and my new passion for simply swimming for hours on end, feeding this new obsession of mine. It was here where I learnt how to do my first back flip dive, here where I found out that my swimming shorts could actually drop off if I was not careful, and here where I met my new friend Sarah. She had come to Spain every year for the past 6 years and being Flemish, communication was quite a task but it seemed worth it. We had become inseparable, giving me some of my most treasured memories, one of which was our incessant trips to the swings.

I had a new blissful life full of ecstasy, one I would not want to ever give up. I still remember every day and moment of the idyllic time I had there. I can distinctively recall upon one day in particular. One I rather forget. It was the three days before I had to leave the resort and that morning, we got up and went straight into the swimming pool. Living life to the greatest, we were enjoying everything we possibly could. Doing our usual routine; Prem, Sarah and I were just taking pleasure in messing about in the pool.

Sarah seemed to have gone swimming so much from her various holidays; she had learnt a few tricks. They were astonishing and she tried teaching them to me. Of course I wasn't the best at water gymnastics, but I tried hard and managed to learn some fragments! Soon enough I had got a decent trick of diving into the pool doing a half summersault. Ecstatic about my new accomplishment I forgot about Prem. He was at the back of my mind but to me he would just be playing around, kicking water while staying afloat from armbands.

The next thing I remember was when I saw him, climb out of the pool, with some difficulty and strike a pose the way I did when I was just about to do my new diving trick. He shouted right across the pool to where I was and screamed, 'Hey, Shradha look at me! '. That's when I froze. He definitely was not going to be able to make it and the edge of the pool was lined in a fashionable but extremely unpractical layer of sharp broken stones and sand merged together. In a matter of seconds I watched him jump, watched him scrape his shin deep as he twisted and watched him land in the water.

At that point I swam as fast as I possibly could to him and jumped out of the pool, pulling him up as well. At this moment it hit me how no one we knew was here but had taken a trip to the beach, how I was left in charge of him and how I had been so irresponsible. As I examined his wound, I saw the deep gash in his leg between his knee and foot, and saw the blood trickling out. That was when a colossal wave of both guilt and worry hit me at once. Along with panic, it was a terrible combination. I was a mess of emotions that clouded my thinking and just made me confused, panicked and flustered.

I was trying to comfort Prem and luckily Sarah ran into the hotel and called for help, which came quite fast. She had been the much more practical one, thinking ahead and trying to help the situation. I felt that I could not have been any more negligent and inattentive and that I was to blame for every tear that rushed down his face. The hotel staff came and got him in a relatively stable position but said that Prem should go get it cleaned up and bandaged properly. The hotel managed to contact my aunts and I didn't even know, as I was too wrapped up in other problems.

In a matter of what felt like two minutes, my aunts came and saw Prem's leg. Being a doctor, my aunt inspected his leg and succeeded to rustle up a variety of things from the Hotel Staff and Manager. By now I had handed Prem over, and watched as he was being dealt with. I was simply amazed at his courage and bravery. He had stopped crying completely. Even when he was with me, I had not heard a complaint, moan or any sign of making things a hundred things worse than it was. I was learning so much from him, in such a short space of time.

The whole incident seemed to have gone in a matter of minutes, but I had felt so many emotions flow through me. It was one of those days I would never forget, and from that day forward I understood so much more about my nephew. How he faced that day made me look at him from another light. For the next day, he complained about wanting to go swimming again. Also, when we got back to France, my cousin, brother and I would once again take my nephew, for walks in stunning rose and lilly gardens because he begged us to take him and never once did we refuse him.