My Autobiography (By Joseph Hammond-Hallam)

A Scary Day

BANG! BANG! My heart hammered in my chest at breakneck speed. The evening’s harsh sun blinded me with its deadly rays.

I was sitting in the passenger seat of my mum’s car, throat throbbing, on the way to the doctors’ surgery, when the only crime that I have ever witnessed happened.

We had been waiting patiently at the junction to move into the non-stop traffic. My heart skipped another beat as the banging started up again. Lightning fast, my mum locked the car.

Scanning my surroundings, I suddenly found where the banging was coming from - a dishevelled lady was thumping on the car window.

Over all the panic and confusion controlling my mind, I could hear her screaming, “James, James! Is that you?”

The lady had seen what my mum had done and tried even harder to break into the car by almost ripping the door handles off their hinges.

“Who is this woman? What is she doing?” I asked myself.

My mum laughed nervously - I think she was trying to keep me calm.

But it didn’t work. I felt a wave of fear flooding over me. The hairs on my arms stood up like scouts at alert on parade.

Mum rang the police on her mobile. Her voice was calm and soothing like a pond on a still day.

At that moment, there was a split in the traffic; we took our chance and sped away from her grasp. We heard distant police sirens behind us as we turned into the doctors.

Sometime later, we found out that she was only a homeless and harmless old lady who had lost her husband. It made me feel kind of sad, I suppose.

By far, that was the scariest (and kind of coolest) day of my life.