

## The Blue Lagoon

Creak! The rusting metal gates to Blue Lagoon Pools swung open with a piercing screech, disturbing the silent night sky. Three shadows appeared slowly like a puff of smoke, out of thin air. Cautiously, they crept like curious grey mice through the open gateway.

Dull leaves scattered the surrounding concrete crunching loudly under the intruders' bare feet, as a strong gust of wind ruffled Freddie's chestnut hair. His eyes gazed longingly at the faint outline of the swimming pool ahead. He could already feel himself plunging into the icy depths of the water, as a sense of adventure engulfed him. Feeling a tiny pull on his jumper, Freddie's eyes suddenly travelled down to his brother's small, shivering body tightly glued beside him.

"It's okay Tommy, you're going to be alright!" comforted Freddie.

"Fred, I want Mummy and Daddy! I'm scared!" Tommy whined.

"I'm sorry Tom, but Mum's busy at work. Besides Dad's no longer with us. He's gone. So we need to be the strong men of the family." Freddie urged with a sigh.

"Hey Fred, are we doing this or not?" exclaimed Charlie, Freddie's partner in crime, impatiently.

"Right." he replied and began taking off his patched clothes.

As a ray of light from the bright crescent-shaped moon passed overhead, it illuminated the boys' swimsuits. Charlie, who was skinny like a twig, was wearing knee length skins that had splatters of every assortment of colours flung across his pants reflecting his vibrant personality. Freddie on the other hand, had miniature penguins that were floating around in the atmosphere placed upon his speedos, and Tommy had a small waterproof nappy with an orange goldfish that appeared to be blowing transparent bubbles.

"CANNONBALL!" yelled Charlie as a bucket full of water crashed onto the concrete.

"Dude, really?" shouted a frustrated Freddie; water dripping from his narrow shoulders.

"Sorry!" yelled Charlie with a chuckle, as he plunged down underneath the murky water.

Freddie however, who was not the most confident in the water, decided to check on Tommy... As he turned to the spot where Tommy had been standing, his stomach dropped. Freddie panicked. He had never had the responsibility of looking after a child before, let alone losing one! What happened if Tommy was hurt or something terrible happened to him? Even worse, what if they could never find Tommy? All these horrible thoughts swirled around inside of Freddie's head like a rainbow spinning top flying across the table. Feeling both scared and brave he pushed down these nasty thoughts

and shouted at the top of his lungs, hoping Charlie would hear. He did, and in a matter of seconds Charlie was beside him panting.

“Is everyone okay? What happened Freddie?”

“Everyone? Everyone?! It’s only me you dingbat! Tommy’s gone!” Freddie shouted furiously and set off in search of Tommy.

As the seconds wore into minutes, and the minutes wore on, they trudged on searching desperately for Tommy. Finally after what seemed like days Charlie called out to Freddie.

“Fred, I think I’ve found something! Come quick!”

Freddie rushed over to where the direction of Charlie’s voice seemed to be coming from. It ended up leading him to the old wooden shed used to store pool equipment. Freddie couldn’t wait to see Tommy’s smiling face emerge from the shack, but as he entered the room, the wonky floorboards creaking under his feet it was still and silent. Not a single living soul was to be seen. As he scanned the room, a pile of multi coloured pool noodles, untidily stacked on top of each other, caught his attention in the far corner of the room. He approached the noodles suspiciously and noticed a pink pool noodle sticking directly into what seemed to be the wall.

Placing his hand against the wall to inspect the pool noodle further, Freddie found that his hand went completely through it! It was like it had disintegrated like candy floss. He quickly pulled his hand out and attempted to climb through the wall, to whatever was on the other side. Once through, he carefully pulled his leg out of the rickety panel; he inspected his clothes. Flakes of sawdust encased them making them look even older than they were. As he went to straighten up a heavy blow caught him on the side and squeezed him tight; Freddie quickly understood. It was Tommy. The two hugged, tears of happiness streaming down Freddie’s cheeks. Letting go of Tommy, his eyes finally fell upon the dimly lit room before him. Adjusting to the sudden darkness he noticed a ghostly figure lingering in the corner of the room.

Freddie cautiously crept over to the silhouette and knelt down beside the mysterious person as it lifted its head. Freddie gazed into the soft tender eyes of the man before him, “Dad is that you? It...it can’t be are you alive?” he whispered quietly so nobody could hear.

The man nodded silently with a returning warm smile. Slowly he placed his dusty fingers upon Freddie’s chest, “I’ll always be in your heart, my boy...Remember me.”

The love from Freddie’s father had left small fingerprints lying lazily upon his chest however it left a permanent mark in Freddie’s heart. Paralysed with shock, Freddie

turned to rejoin Tommy, but fell over backwards hitting his head hard on the heavy stone floor.

When he awoke Charlie and Tommy were standing over him, their breath prominent in the bitter cold air.

“Fred are you okay? We’ve been worried sick about you!” Charlie exclaimed.

“What happened to me? Was it all a dream?” asked Freddie.

“You slipped over mate, just as you were about to do a backflip. I’m sure it would have been awesome, but you bonked your head and here you are. Anyway, what were you saying about this dream?” asked Charlie.

“Nothing it’s fine.” replied Freddie looking down. A dark fading handprint covered his chest.

As he followed the boys toward the pool exit; Freddie smiled to himself.