

Paintballing Party

By

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Many people love paint-balling. Imagine it! Inviting a load of friends out to splatter each other to death with balls of multi-coloured paint. It sounds strangely appealing, in a way, but also weird and unappetising. That's how Lola felt, when she received the invitation to Violet's paint-balling birthday party. The strange thing was that Lola barely even knew Violet. In fact, Violet and Lola were different in every way possible.

Violet was popular in a sweet, pretty little way. She was a pink and sparkly sort of girl and was massively into boy bands, hair styles and glitter. However, Lola was also popular, in a loud and daring sort of way. She was into karate, rock climbing and adventures.

Another thing that baffled Lola was that Violet wouldn't go outside if there were too many birds in fear of getting pooped on. So why on earth would she want to go PAINT-BALLING for goodness sake?

Naturally, Lola accepted the invitation and arranged to go the party the following Saturday. Her mother had seen the invite and thought that it would be brilliant for Lola to go and hang out with some different people in her class. "You see, Lola, honey bun," She had said. "It's all very well you spending time with your existing group of friends. But, Violet's mummy is an actual author; in fact I do believe she is quite famous!"

A few days later, Lola was standing in a large building holding a small paint shooting gun. Violet and a group of her friends were standing next to her. Lola felt pretty confused as she noticed that Violet was actually avoiding her. I mean, who invites someone to their party and then doesn't even acknowledge their existence?

Suddenly, the lights dimmed and Lola stared as Violet and her friends rushed round a corner and into the gloom. What on earth was going on? Why had they just deserted her like that? WHY WHY WHY? Endless questions rushed through Lola's mind. Slowly, everything clicked into place. It was so obvious! How could she have been so stupid? They had set her up as a target. Soon they would come bursting out of the shadows and begin to spray Lola to death with paint.

Sure enough, a few seconds later Lola noticed the other girls bursting out of the trees preparing their guns to fire. She braced herself knowing that there was nothing she could do to spot them. This was it. She would be laughed at for years because of it.

Suddenly they stopped. Violet began to scream. A shrill scream of terror. Lola felt smoke in her eyes. She turned and wished she hadn't. Flames were rising out from the corridor. Crackling and spitting sparks into the air. Lola screamed...

1. Lola runs out of the building deserting Violet and her friends.
2. Lola teams up with violet to try and put out the fire together.
3. Lola attempts to put out the fire on her own.