

# **A Day in LA**

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I can't believe they are dragging me off to LA on the weekend I'm supposed to read my story at school.

I'm Jamie Shyla and I'm fifteen years old. I am the second oldest of five children. My dad is into starting a company about every 6 months and then deciding it's not really what he wants – so he starts a new one.

I love to write and that is how I got started in the creative writing class at my school – the class I'm supposed to be reading my story to this weekend but instead I have to go to Los Angeles with my family to promote Dad's newest company.

My parents are a little, okay a lot, selfish and caught up in their own lives. My siblings are pretty much taking on that trait – all of them except my older brother, Trevor. Even though he's nineteen, we like hanging out together. We get along great and have so much fun together.

"Kids! Time to go!" Even though I didn't want to, I went to the airport and we were off to LA.

Upon arrival, we checked into our hotel and unpacked our suitcases.

"OK, who wants to go to the pool?" asked my dad. Everyone except me and Trevor said yes.

"Are you sure you don't want to go? We're going to dinner afterwards," Mom said.

"Yeah, I'm ok. I can get something if I get hungry. I really want to work on a new story for the next school function since I didn't get to go to this one," I said, trying to give a hint.

"OK, well have fun. Here, you and your brother can have this credit card to get something to eat later. See you when we get back – I don't know when that will be so –" Mom was cut off as she walked out the door and closed it.

Seeing the look on my face, Trevor tried to help by saying, "It's ok, we can go to that fancy restaurant across the street – get an expensive dinner and use Mom and Dad's money."

We both laughed and wanted to go down to the park before dinner.

I sat down by the fountain, got out my notebook, and started writing. This story was about a girl living with her older brother because her parents were in another country. She had two best friends and they did a web show every Friday night.

Before I knew it, two hours had passed and Trevor and I were getting hungry. We decided to go have dinner.

“How about we eat in instead of taking it back to the hotel? We have nothing else to do. I mean unless a TV producer walks up to us and makes us movie stars,” said Trevor, smiling.

“Sounds good to me,” I replied, laughing.

We got a table and had the best, most expensive, and delicious meal either of us had ever eaten. After we talked for a while, we realized that we should head back to the hotel while it was still fairly light – after all, this was LA.

We got up and went to the hotel. Without realizing it, I had left my notebook at the restaurant. A man with a laptop sat down at that table and found it. Reading my story gave him an idea. He saw my name at the top of the page and was determined to find me.

“Shy-la,” I said, annoyed at the hotel manager. They wouldn’t let us into our room.

“Dude, our parents checked in and they didn’t give us a room key – please just let us in,” Trevor said a bit more nicely than I had been.

The man with the laptop walked into the lobby.

“I am Jamie Shyla and this is my brother Trevor. We need into our room – our parents won’t be back until who knows when!”

“You’re Jamie Shyla?” asked the laptop man.

“Um, yes. Why?”

“I found this notebook at Restaurant 12 across the street,” he said pointing out the door. “I believe it belongs to you.”

“Oh, yeah. I totally forgot I took it. Thank you,” I said, taking the book from him.

“I had to look inside to find out whose it was and couldn’t help but reading your story – I hope you don’t mind.”

“No, I hope you enjoyed it.”

“I did, very much. In fact, I am a TV producer and would like to make your story into a series. Would you be interested?”

Apparently my mouth was wide open in shock, surprise, and speechlessness – is that a word? I don’t know, but I was amazed.

Trevor took over and said, “That would be awesome. She’s here all weekend – maybe we could meet tomorrow morning and discuss the details?”

The producer smiled, giving us a business card and saying, "Perfect. We can meet at Hollywood Studios at nine o' clock. Will your parents be coming? We should probably check with them."

I had somewhat recovered from the great news and was able to say, "I'll talk with them tonight but I think they have plans in the morning. Are you a real TV producer? Because they may ask."

"Yes," he said laughing. "You can even call the studio and check with them if you'd like."

"Thank you, sir. I just have one question. Who will star in the series?"

"Well, we usually get professional actors but if you would like to try, you can – after all, it is your story."

"Oh my gosh, really? I would love to try acting. Thank you, but if I get the part of the main character, Trevor has to be the brother."

Trevor looked surprised and said, "Jamie, it's ok, you don't have to do that."

"I'm only doing it if you are."

The TV producer said, "You guys talk about it and I'll see you in the morning." He shook both of our hands and walked out the door.

Trevor turned to me and smiled. "I told you we were going to become movie stars," he said.

I laughed and hugged him as I said, "You did tell me that – I didn't believe you, but you were right."

"Excuse me, I'm sorry to interrupt but here is your room key. Sorry about the confusion," said the hotel manager. "And congratulations."

Trevor and I said "Thank you" at the same time and then looked at each other and laughed. We walked up to our hotel room, excited about tomorrow, thinking about what just happened.

I never thought anything like this could happen. Maybe that was my problem. I learned how to break free from the limits I put on myself and that is one of the most valuable things I could do for myself. Even though I didn't get to read my story at school, I became a writer and an actress – and I became all that because of a day in LA.