The Venice Beach

Boardwalk Bonanza

Zack’s skateboard clattered to the ground as he stared in disbelief at the glossy billboard. ‘Coming Soon: Sunset Plaza- Luxury Shopping, Dining, and Entertainment,’ it proclaimed, showing no trace of the colourful Venice Beach
Boardwalk he called home.

Zack trudged through the bustling boardwalk, past the stained tables of old juice bars and the velvet chairs of pubs, the sweet scent of whiskey still hanging over them. In his head, his mind raced like a ford, contemplating the situation. How could they just replace this joyful mayhem with another dull, lifeless mall? He stared at the sun, not even dazed by the vibrant rays of sunlight hitting the crystal waters of the Pacific Ocean, and to the boardwalk that he called home, he swore a solemn oath, promising to protect it, no matter what.

He hurried to the small restaurant on the end of the boardwalk, the one he had made so many memories with, and he jumped on his phone, typing furiously for his friends. In a few minutes, they had arrived, the same fire burning in their eyes.

“Well, I have thousands of followers who do art with me,” said Rosa, “We can cover this boardwalk revolutionary murals.”

“And maybe I can get the lifeguards on our side,” said Kai, reaching for his shining badge of Venice Beach.

Zach grinned, a courage and determination glowing within him. “This,” he said, “Might just work.”

But from the corner of his eye, he saw a growling dark figure, his Mercedes Benz barked erratically, his eyes peeking out of his golden rimmed sunglasses giving them a suspicious look. Zach gulped a mixture of worriedness and dread. They were up against the full finance and power of not just the local council but the tourism industry.

But in the next few weeks, they prepared for the day where they would swarm the boardwalk and show everyone that they would fight for the boardwalk.

The day came. The radios were buzzing as reporters gabbled their rushed messages into their microphones. Things were unfolding in the boardwalk. A crowd of artists and activists rushed through, painting the world into a kaleidoscopic masterpiece. All around, people yelled with anger about the boardwalk while tourists stood there in stunned silence gaping. Zach looked around him, memorised by the vibrant protest. And he knew that hard times were ahead, but no matter how much of a struggle was coming, the spirit of the boardwalk was with them, and they would win in the end.