The Venice Beach Crisis

 Zack drifted his way through the bustling crowds of Venice Beach boardwalk on his faithful skateboard that had served him for nearly 10 years. He passed by the orange stand, labelled with the quirky cursive font ‘Venice Beach Orange Juice’, standing proud of its past. The mouthwatering scent of naturally squeezed juice wafted through the air, suffocating it with a sublime sensation of Cara Cara Oranges, picked fresh from the Venice Beach’s crowded fresh market. As Zack skated further, he saw the ancient duplex of the timber made souvenir shop, with its bizarre, ancient structure, the building itself seemed to be a labyrinth of time-old souvenirs back from the days of the California Gold Rush. Connected to the souvenir shop was the milk shop of Venice Beach, proud of having a rich history of plenty important people such as Richard Nixon to have enjoyed the soothing taste of coke floats, beer taps and scrumptious servings of food. Zack halted in trepidation at the billboard. ‘New Development for Venice Beach, Convenient Commercial, and Malls.’ As Zack palpitated, he thought, ‘Will this soulless mall cover my hometown into a heartless graveyard of stone?

 As he stepped inside the Venice Beach Gym, his singlet showcasing an array of hard-earned abs, he pounded his fist together as he eyed his friends. ‘Okay, lets do this team!’ Rosa, who was wearing a onesie, had leftover paint and spray paint on her denim onesies explained her idea for graffiti and murals for sparking a campaign for an original Venice Beach. Kai presented his red and yellow lifeguard whistle proudly, ‘Well, I figured we could gather the support of lifeguards.’ Zack smiled, dopamine flowing though his veins, nearly rupturing them. However, just as they were about to get to action. A sleek, multi-coloured Rolls Royce revved up by the gym, a pot-bellied developer glared at the trio. His jaundiced teeth froze them, as he released an odorous stench into the air as he smiled. ‘If I were you, I would give up on this ridiculous project o’ yours.’ Zack frowned, they were up to match against some real power and money.

 First up was the arts prodigy Rosa, she created countless murals that all resembled the importance of heritage. Many tourists were amazed of the talents of Venice Beach. Kai, who was also starting a controversy with his fellow lifeguards were secretly planning a beach campaign. Finally, Zack gathered up 100 eager Venice Beach skateboarders to skate in synchronisation. But just as their plan was at its peak. The mayor exclaimed on the radio. ‘Kids, your plan will not work!’ Zack gritted his teeth, he would get it back no matter what.

 Zack and his friends campaigned for weeks postponing and delaying the construction as much as possible. They knew that they couldn’t let the old Venice Beach be taken away. They broadcasted and gave speeches in the town hall, and finally on a Sunday of March, 2 months of campaigns, the government and interfered with the subjects and approved the construction of the mall to be eradicated. Zack had shown incredible endurance throughout the entire campaign, and even to this day, when he is troubled, he reminds himself of the hardship he had in that year, and how practice leads to perfect.