

Gabrielle

Magical Vacations

Who said vacation had to be spent at a resort in Hawaii, or a ski lodge in Vermont, or at your local neighborhood pool?

My favorite resort spots are crammed into one vacation house in Kingston N.Y. Magical vacations happen right next to a white house with red trim surrounded by trees and flowers.

Dandelions, daises, roses, and, cherry blossoms sway like fish in an ocean of green while we picnic and feast on delicious food.

On summer mornings I wake up to a bird drummer playing on my window.

My dad comes in to my room puts me on his shoulders and travels into the kitchen. When my mom sees me she greets me with her usual sunny smile and I hop down to sit at the table for a big, hearty breakfast.

On lazy afternoons I put on my tie dye bathing suit, run down the porch stairs, and dive off the floating dock.

On those lazy afternoons I swim like a fish. Sometimes a motorboat will come along and I'll jump in the inner tube, and swim to the middle of the lake just in time to catch the relaxing waves.

On exciting afternoons in winter the fun begins! My mom and I race up the hill, strap our ski boots on to our skis and race down the hill, the wind whispering in our ears. Later on, after we reach the bottom about 100 times, we lug our tired bodies back into the warm house, so we can read by the warm fire.

Our boring winter hours are spent shoveling twisty paths through the snow so we can sled. It takes us hours, but finally we finish. When we reach the top of the hill with our sled, we slide down the twisty path. Tumbling over from laughter about monsters with big googly eyes.

Chilly winter mornings are the best. We pile into the car and travel to grandma's house. When we get there, grandma always takes me out into the snow to make snow angels. Mine are so tiny compared to hers.

In order to warm our cool bodies we have a tea party. "The tea tastes of cinnamon candy," I state.

Every winter night we sit in front of the fire and she wraps her shawl around my shoulders, and lets me drift off to sleep.

But, what's a vacation without friends? Brian, A. J. and I are adventurers; we climb tree trunks, race through the woods and swim in the deepest part of the creek.

Christina's imagination is always running wild; she turns her house into the Eiffel Tower, the street pavement into big fields and simple bike rides into big country adventures.

Brian is the adventurous type. Some might call him a "dare devil". He's always doing dangerous things, like running through the weeds in shorts.

A. J. and I are similar except his stunts are more dangerous. He tried to jump up the steps on a bike once. The most I've ever jumped is one.

Christina is an imaginer. She always thinks up the greatest games or makes old ones better.

Together we go on adventures, through the woods to see what we can find, and we found a waterfall. Its colors weaved together at the bottom forming a rainbow of water.

All these magical vacations happen at a white house with red trim, and I will never forget these moments.