

The Road Trip

by Ava M.

It was a warm summer night; I was just dozing off when suddenly there was a "Thump!" I heard a loud "Purrrrr" and felt something soft and warm brush up against my face. It was my cat, Harley, who was finally ready for bed. As he snuggled up next to me, we closed our eyes, and fell into a deep sleep.

The next morning, I slowly opened my eyes against the sunlight streaming in through the windows. The sweet smell of mom's gooey pancakes filled the air. Harley was sitting in the window meowing at the birds, who seemed to be dancing to their own merry little tune. I rolled out of bed, slid on my house shoes and ran down the hall to the kitchen.

My mom was sitting at the table sipping her coffee and looking at a map of some sort. She looked up at me and a smile spread across her face. "Good morning, Beautiful." she said sweetly.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"Oh, just looking for the best route for our tri...er I mean..."

"Mom. I know that we are going on a road trip, Sam already told me."

"And Hey! Speaking of Sam, when is she coming?" I exclaimed.

"At ten." Mom replied.

Suddenly, there was a knock at the door. I glanced at the clock, it was 10:00!

I ran to the door and opened it.

My sister, Sam, was standing there with three large bags.

She had brought a tone of clothes, make-up, her phone charger and like a million hair ties.

Just then, my Dad walked in from our shop, he took one look at Sam and her bags and said, "Holy cow, Pumpkin! We're gonna need to buy a whole new car just for your stuff!"

I tried to hold back my laughter but it still came out and I sounded like a horse.

I gave Sam a huge hug and went to pack.

I walked into my room or "pig sty" as Mom calls it, grabbed my Paris suitcase out of the closet and opened my chest of drawers.

I didn't know where we were going so I just figured I'd throw some clothes in a bag.

I grabbed some t-shirts, jeans, leggings, shorts and sweaters and placed them in my suitcase.

Then I poured my collection of necklaces, chokers and hair ties into the front pocket.

I set some colored pencils and a sketch pad on top on my folded t shirts, closed the suitcase and rolled it to the front entry way.

Then I found Sam and said, "Come here." as I took her hand and led her into the dining room where Mom was still sitting. Sam gave Mom a warm hug and we all sat down together.

Finally, I asked, "Sooooo, where are we going?"

Dad smiled at Mom then announced, "Well, this year we decided to go to the Melton Family Reunion."

"You mean Kansas! YAAAAAY!!!" I yelled.

"Omg, I'm so excited!" Sam said.

"Yay!" we all yelled together.

Sam and I grabbed our bags, hurried out the front door then raced to the truck.

Dad followed behind us carrying another suitcase and an ice chest with snacks.

We loaded everything into the truck while Mom carefully carried the cage that held Harley, who wasn't so excited about the trip.

I looked at Mom and said, "I thought we'd had to leave him behind."

"Well, we didn't want to leave him all alone. He is family after all."

She handed me the cage and I leaned back, smiling at my scaredy cat.

The trip to Kansas felt like it took forever to me.

Sam and I had to stop for bathroom breaks a lot and we always got snacks at the gas stations.

Harley kept meowing and very seldom went to sleep.

Mom and Dad chatted while Sam and I napped or were entertained by our cell phones.

When we finally got to Cedar Vale, Kansas, we were happily greeted by Dad's relatives.

There was Great grandpa Buck and Great grandma Jewel, Uncle Pinky with his invisible pet flea, and all of our aunts, uncles and cousins.

We spent the weekend at the family cabins on Timber Hill Lake.

When we finally got settled, Dad took Sam and I on a jet ski for a ride around the lake.

It was kind of scary but a lot of fun too. Later, we played on the playground, visited with the family and listened to all the same old stories.

Uncle Pinky even let me take care of his invisible pet flea for the day.

Harley had calmed down and enjoyed all of the attention and extra treats.

That night we set off fireworks along the edge of the lake to celebrate the Fourth of July.

Both the sky and water lit up with big, bright colors.

We all had a great time and made happy new memories.

It was a beautiful place and very special to our family.

The weekend was over way too fast but that was okay with me because I have my family and friends. And my best friend, Harley.