

The Road Trip

I have my nose pressed against the window as my eyes gaze out at all the beautiful flowers on the side of the road. In the afternoon everything seems way brighter than usual. My siblings are rattling the car while the movie on the little TV is ringing in my ears. We are in the “bus”, as I like to call it.

“Look at this, Sophia!” my sister, Natalie shouts in my face. She is eating a bag of flaming hot Cheetos without water. I mean seriously, anyone can do that.

By, the way we are on our annual 20 hour road trip to my Grandparents’ house. Our car is packed full with things we might need: extra pillows and blankets, nightlights, sunglasses, you name it.

I just hate it when we have to go on road trips. There’s still one question I really need the answer to: *why can’t we just take a plane?*

As night falls my eyes shut tightly and I start to lightly snore. Right before I fall asleep, I grab a blanket and snuggle in. I also swipe a quick glance at the time. It is 9:39 p.m.

The next thing I know I’m waking up to the sounds of my three year old brother. I take a quick glance at the clock and I now see that the time is 7:57 a.m. *Wow, I think, We have seven more hours in the car.*

Pretty much all I did was stare out the window, wondering when we’re gonna be there. My tiny backpack only has a few things, so no one could have been more bored than me. Mom gave me a little amount of food, so that’s what I had to live on. My stomach is rumbling like a volcano about to erupt.

When we’re about two hours away from our destination, a strike of lightning crashes and down comes a very heavy rain shower. It feels like there was an earthquake right next to us. My heart is beating so fast, I think it might explode!

Because of the severe storm, most of the roads are blocked off, so we stop at a nearby hotel. We find it packed with people all looking for rooms. After a long wait, our family finally gets called up to get a room. I find out it is cold in the hotel, so I grab my other tie-dye blanket.

I put on my pajamas, turn off the lights, climb into bed, and close my eyes. It has been a tiring day, so I want to be well rested tomorrow.

I wake in my dreamy hotel bed to the sound of my brother, Zachary slurping the last bit of cereal in his bowl. He is wearing his super cute elf clothes and suddenly I realize what day it is. I run around the hotel room until I find all my Christmas presents piled on top of each other. “You didn’t think we’d forget Christmas, did you?” my parents asked me.

My parents decided to continue driving to my grandparents’ house, so we loaded the car and drove away.

After what seemed like 2 minutes, we arrived at their house. It was bigger than I remembered. We step inside to see a big red couch right by the door. I relax on the sofa just as I hear a little dog with golden fur barking right at my feet. I am really close to hugging her when I remember I’m allergic to dogs. I run out of the room.

Three days later, I run down the stairs for Grandma’s delicious breakfast. I’m not looking ahead, and I trip into grandma’s most valuable painting! It takes a second for me to notice what just happened. I blink to maybe clear my vision, but it’s all still there. I feel like crying because of what I just did. I get my book and rush to the couch, lay down, and read, pretending nothing happened. My breath is so fast, I can’t keep up with it.

My grandma comes in with a look on her face I've never seen before. Her cheeks are the color of bright pink cotton candy. Her jacket is all messed up and I can tell she was running at full speed. I look her straight in the eye and say something really stupid, "Why do you look like you're about to blow up?"

Grandma shouts at me with a tone in her voice I never want to hear again. "What did you do to my one-of-a-kind painting!", she explodes, "I go into the hallway and see it splattered everywhere!"

I run to my room and lock the door. I pack all my things into my tiny backpack, tears staining my face. I go back to the couch, where Grandma is sitting. I want apologize to her, so I speak up, "I'm really sorry, Grandma. I was running and all of a sudden the painting just fell off of its spot".

She looks at me with pity in her eyes. "It's okay, Sophia, accidents happen. And by the way, your mom said you're going back home."

"Well I better get packing". I turn to Grandma and hug her, "Well, I will miss you".

I go up to my room and grab my bag. I turn to the door and take one last good look at the room. It smells like a fresh batch of pumpkin pie, made just for Christmas.

I slowly walk to the car without talking to anyone. Deep down I'm really sorry for knocking that painting down. I hop into the car and close my eyes.

The next thing I know, my sister is shaking me awake. We are inside the garage. I go to my room thinking about that awesome trip. I hope to remember the experience forever and ever.

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