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Creative Writing

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*My Trip to Jamaica*

From my warm, comfy bed to the cold Monday morning October breeze. I curiously wondered why I was waking up two hour earlier than usual and not going to school having to bring my heavy backpack with me. As I walked down the stairs, I rub eyes and see my families portraits and begin to smile. Once I made it to the kitchen, I seen my family including my great grandma (whom I never remember coming over) and we head out to enter this strangely lavish Lincoln truck while a well-dressed man (who I thought was our chauffeur) put our suitcases in the trunk.

I didn't know why I was doing all of this. Of course, I was excited at this moment, but I also couldn't get through my mind why in the world my parents woke me up so early. At this point I would have rather woken up a few hours and went to school. Instead of doing what I was doing right now. I was just exhausted and I couldn't bring myself to think about the positive.

As I climb into the car the only thought that's on my mind is where in the world are we going. My eyes were as heavy as a bag full of bricks. After however many minutes the car makes a definite stop. I wake up and rub my eyes and what I see is even more mind boggling. WE WERE AT THE AIRPORT! I had no idea why we were there but all I know was that I was excited.

When we enter the airport I look around to try and figure out where we were going but all

I seen was a line that look like it continued forever. As we slowly moved to the front of that line I questioned my parents asking them where we were going and how long we were going to be there but all I ended up getting was a, “Stop asking me all those questions”. When we got to the front of the line the assistant checked in our luggage and asked for our passports. As that happened I wonder what in world I don’t have a passport. BOOM my mom whips out four passports that I’ve never seen before in my life. After she checked all of our passports she said with a smile enjoy your trip to Jamaica.

After a plane ride that seemed to last forever we finally arrived in Montego Bay, Jamaica. Once we arrived we went through and they stamped our passports. We then spotted our driver because he was holding a sign that had “Thompson” plastered across the front. As we entered the van we were met with other tourist. On the tour we explored Montego Bay and got a chance to sightsee the beautiful city. After the tour we were dropped off at a hotel called Sunset Bay. There we walked along the beach, got temporary tattoos, and went swimming. Those were the three best days of my life and I wasn’t ready for it to end then on the fourth day my parents told us we had to pack up and leave. Heartbroken I slowly packed to get ready to leave. Once outside we caught a cab and the driver asked where we were headed to and my dad said “The Grand Palladium”.

When we arrived to The Grand Palladium (a huge white castle, mansion looking hotel) I spotted my grandparents and aunt. As I ran over to greet them I could feel my cheek bones hurting from the gigantic smile that was plastered across my face. Once I was finally in front of them they all gave me a hug and I could just feel the love and happiness radiating around us.

That day we all spent time on the beach together. Everyone was just sitting around laughing and smiling. The next day after we went to breakfast my parents told my brother and I to pack our swimsuits so we could climb the waterfall. Of course I was confused about what we were doing but that didn't stop me from going. We got onto a bus again with more tourist and went to "The Dunes Waterfall". There we did exactly what my dad said we actually climbed a waterfall. After that we went ziplining through the forest line. The view of the greenery was spectacular, all I seen were beautiful birds and gorgeous shades of green.

As we head back my dad makes the announcement that were leaving the next day and going make to Michigan. Although the news was kind of a let down, I was determined to make the best of my last hours in Jamaica. We had great quality family time the rest of that night. As I looked at my family's faces and saw their bright smiles I knew there was no where else I would rather be. As the night came to an end ,we all went our ways to the hotel rooms.

All I could think that night was how important my family was too me and how much I appreciated. They supplied me with an abundance of love. Even love that I didn't necessarily want all the time but I love that. I love knowing that I'll also have a group of people that will stand by me no matter of the circumstances.

As we exited the plane and drove back home to greet a regular day of school in the morning. All I constantly thought about was how grateful I was to have my family supporting me and guiding me through life. The next day when I arrived home for school I saw a new picture of my family on the wall. In the picture all of us looked genuinely happy and grateful to have each other. I knew that I wouldn't trade them for the world.