



“The sticky holiday”

Last summer my family and I went to the holiday on The Bahamas. This trip was a completely disaster. Before I'll tell you the story that happened to us, I want you to know some facts about me. I've got an older sister and a younger brother. They are awesome. We fight and argue a lot, but we make up quickly too. I love my family. My mum is a flight attendant and this job made her so stressful. Her name is Lila. I'm so sorry I forgot to introduce myself, so I'm Zuzia and I'm 15 years old.

Firstly, it seemed that it will be incredible time. We planned to spend free time on the beautiful beaches, dive on the colourful reef and visit charming towns on the Bahamas islands. Unfortunately, the trip didn't go our way. The first problem was our flight. We had to transfer during the

journey, and we were really late. After we landed it turned out that our hotel wasn't that good as we expected.

We were really disappointed. The hotel in the pictures from the Internet was totally different than in reality. There was very dirty and nothing worked. On the website was written that the swimming pool is included in the price but it turned out that it was really expensive. One hour of swimming cost £20. Luckily, there was a person who helped us and changed everything. It was a woman who calmed us down, she apologized and moved us to another hotel which was much better.

The rooms were clean and cheerful. Furthermore, the outlook from the windows was unearthly! There was the pool with the bar on the roof of the hotel. The whole family was delighted! The next day, we went to explore the area. There were many attractions that caught our attention. My younger brother was especially excited and when we visited the local museum he disappeared. My mum panicked but my dad kept cool and calmed her down. There were crowds everywhere and we didn't know where to look for him. Fortunately, my sister saw a little roller coaster and you'll never guess who was on it. It was my brother! When I saw him, I was relieved, but also angry. We ran there and we yelled at him, but it wasn't a good idea because a moment later he started to cry. Everyone was staring at us and it was uncomfortable. We took him to our mother and everything was fine. We all went back to the hotel and saw the room's door open. We were alarmed but it turned out that there was the cleaning lady. In the evening we rested at peace not knowing what will happen tomorrow.

The next day we got up in the morning and we were in a good mood. After breakfast we went to the beach. I and my brother were sunbathing but our parents and my older sister at the same moment were bathing in the sea. Suddenly I heard a scream and crying mum. I immediately got up

and started running to her. It turned out that a jellyfish bit her. My mother's leg was swollen and looked terrible! We called a taxi and went to the hospital. Unfortunately, it turned out that there were many people, and the next day of our holiday was unsuccessful and scary.

We had to wait for our mum and talk with the doctor. Two hours later the doctor told us that it wasn't anything serious. Our mum took some medicine and stayed in bed for one day. When we got back to the hotel my mum told me that we have to spend time without her. When I was looking after my little brother, I suddenly realised that my sister wasn't there. I was very surprised and scared. She wasn't answering her phone too. My brother wasn't very helpful. He was really noisy. My mum was sleeping very hard and she couldn't hear anything. My sister came back late at night and she told me that she was at the party. It was near the hotel and she texted me but I didn't see the messages. Next day we wanted to go shopping because there was nothing in the fridge. We went to the town centre and we realised that today is Sunday. There was nobody there and all shops have been closed. The only thing that was open was the ice cream shop so we decided to go there. My brother was very noisy because he wanted 3 scoops of ice cream. When we went back to the hotel, my dad decided to take us to the fireworks show. Everyone liked that idea and they thought it will be a good day. In the evening we went to the beach but no one was there. We waited for an hour but still nothing happened. It turned out that the beach where the performance will take place is over 300 km away and my dad got the wrong address. We were really disappointed and we decided to back to the hotel. We checked how our mother is feeling and we told her everything. After that we were able to plan further activities, we changed clothes and hit the road.

We explored the nearby towns, discovered colorful markets and tried delicious local food. We talked with friendly residents who shared interesting stories about their island. One day, we came across a street festival where we danced, enjoyed street snacks and had a great time together. It was a nice experience that brought us a smile. In the beginning we had a lot of trouble, but we learned to enjoy the moments and create our own adventures. While we were coming back home we stopped at the petrol station. Suddenly we saw an old woman who asked us if we would buy some water and then she gave us the four-leaf clover. We didn't believe her that it will bring us luck. Happily, the way back home was safe and enjoyable. Maybe the mysterious woman was right ...

