

Dream Holiday

It was the Summer Holidays 2007. We were going to Heathrow airport on our way to another boring old plane journey (so we thought) to Barbados. We arrived at Heathrow and we were travelling on FIRST! Class (so it wasn't a boring plane journey after all).

Finally we arrived at Barbados having had an 8 hour and 50 minute journey. We drove to our hotel (Sandy Lane) and arrived completely dumbstruck, it was AMAZING! It was a world of heaven. I then realised I would never see anything like it again and that I'd better make the most of it before time turned against us and we had to leave.

Twelve hours later I woke up to discover I had already wasted 12 hours of my day. I decided to explore the hotel. (When I researched the hotel later I wasn't surprised to find that it had more rooms than the Palace of Westminster.) Not surprising as it has 2 miles of swimming pool and 30 acres of beach.

After getting changed, I went to breakfast at one of the many restaurants. Bubbling away in the swimming pool and an hour or two later with my sister, I realised that this had changed our lives, telling us that anything was possible.

Next morning we went on a boat trip to the local village

and had a picnic on the white sandy beach. Flying fish appeared in the air by the side of the boat. Later we took a helicopter round the island. It was so different from home to see palm trees and sugar cane growing. Part of the island was even called Scotland. Next day was a bit boring as there was not much I could do because our parents were at the spa so I just sat there all day, just reading.

We had a great day out visiting the local wildlife reserve with the Treehouse club. We saw monkeys, lots of exotic bird and 215 turtles. The next day we swam with huge turtles that came round the boat. They must have been very old, judging by their size. There were lots of colourful fish and coral which we were able to see as we snorkelled over a wreck.

The next day was packing day. It felt like we were in our room all day packing, packing, packing (obviously we had a lot of stuff including plenty of souvenirs). We went out to supper that night and celebrated my sister's and my birthday with a meal on the beach and the most incredibly sticky chocolate cake. We chased little white crabs into the dark sea.

We woke up next morning knowing that the day had come. We had to leave.

It was a long boring journey back to the airport. We got

there at about 2 o'clock at terminal 2. Finally through security we set off on our journey home. We were enjoying the comforts of first class again, when the news came through that it was six in the morning. "That's funny", I thought. We had set off at 5pm so it shouldn't be that long but then I realise that I must have fallen asleep on the flight. So finally from Heathrow we got home and started unpacking. It was certainly a holiday that changed my life.