

## Vacation Blues

By Lily Haupt

“Why do we have to be here?!” I ask.

“Honey, you know why we’re here. To see your grandparents,” Mom tells me.

The little town of Siviara, where we are for winter break, is always warm, unlike my hometown of Summerwell. Summerwell’s a funny name, because it sounds warm and sunny, but it’s actually pretty cold, even in the summer.

We get into a taxi.

“6741 Twinkle Street,” Mom tells the driver.

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“We’re here!” Mom squeals with delight. She grabs her suitcase and quickly walks ahead of me. I know this is a big moment for her since she hasn’t been to her parent’s house in a while, but I would prefer it if she wasn’t being so loud. Gramma and Grampa come over and take our bags and we walk into the house. Gramma leads me to Mom’s old room.

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I wake up the next morning and get my robe from my suitcase. Once I get to the kitchen, I sit down at the table while Gramma makes breakfast.

“For you,” she says as she puts a plate of pancakes and a bottle of syrup in front of me. I drizzle a little syrup on my pancakes and scarf them down. Gramma is able to tell that I’m sad.

“Homesick, huh?” she says to me.

“Yeah. There’s no snow here,” I tell her.

“I think I know a place you might like,” she says with a gleam in her eye.

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“WOO HOO!” I can hear kids yelling.

“Welcome to Siviara Snow Palace,” Gramma says. We enter a big busy room. There is fake snow covering the ground and mounds of the snow that you can go sledding on. The snow falls from the ceiling through a machine and lands on the ground.

We stay for a little while and then drive back to the house.

“Did you like it?” Gramma asks in the car.

“Yeah, it was fun,” I reply, but the truth is I’m still homesick.

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That night we all watch the news.

“There is a big snowstorm in Summerwell this week. Everyone’s snowed in,” the news reporter says.

“Well it’s a good thing we came here for winter break,” my mom says, looking at me.

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While in bed that night, I imagine what it would have been like if we had stayed in Summerwell for winter break, eating what we had in the pantry and entertaining ourselves with only what we had at home. Maybe it’s not so bad that we’re here.

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We go on a drive around Siviara and I can’t help but notice the buildings.

“Wow! These buildings are all different colors! Over there is one that has vibrant pink and yellow stripes on top, swirls of neon green, and bright orange spots speckled throughout! This is so different from back home,” I say. I think I am finally seeing the beauty of Siviara.

A small part of me still doesn’t want to be here, but I think I’ll enjoy it.