

A Trip

by Emerson Brundick



For my 14th birthday my grandmother took me on a beautiful, everlasting trip to the Canadian Rockies. There are no other mountains in the world as striking. The mountains are high enough so that thickly layered glaciers form on top and stay there even during summer.

Once we arrived to Banff, our resort, I couldn't believe it. The hotel was a castle. It had over 750 luxurious rooms! The back windows looked out over a golf course perfectly placed in between the Canadian Rockies and the Parcels. When the sun rises in the morning, the mountains glisten with beauty. After one mind blowing day and night we left Banff and headed toward Chateau Lake Louise.

This hotel was smaller, but the scenery was four times better. From our window we looked upon the shining lake and behind it the towering Victorian Glacier. Late at night, when the moon was up high in the sky, the lake was completely flat and looked as if it were frozen. People have actually thought that it was frozen and tried to walk onto its beauty. The next morning started a new adventure—to the Bugaboos.

Along the trip we saw beautiful mountains with waterfalls falling off cliffs for what seemed like an eternity. The helicopter was a Vietnam War-era helicopter with a newer and less war-like paintjob. Our destination was way back into the mountains far away from civilization. "At last" I said, "we have reached the Bugaboos." Soon, a power of joy smacked my face and upon it came a smile of a new beginning. Behind the resort was a strong, thick mountain that stuck out of a powerful glacier. This jaw-dropping sight is called Hounds Tooth.

The next day we set off into the mountains to have the experience of a lifetime. We hiked up and down the perilous mountains and along death-defying cliffs. Along the hike we would see eagles, flowers, and mountain goats.

For three days we hiked those beautiful Canadian mountains and on each day it got better. We never wanted to leave, but sadly we had to. On the 3rd day, after our hike the helicopter took us all back to the abandoned bus. The trip was over. The bus took us to the airport. After that it was nothing but pictures and everlasting memories.

The Weekend

by Danielle Bartnovsky

As I walked through the dark oak front door, I threw my heavy backpack filled with weekend homework on the stairs. I strolled through the kitchen doorway into a brightly lit room. The window looking out into the backyard let millions of sun rays onto the wooden kitchen floor. My mom had put some colorful beach towels on the large kitchen table along with a picnic basket filled with her delicious cooking. I couldn't wait.

"Hi, Mary Beth. How was school today?" My mom always asked this when I got home from school. And I would always answer, "It was okay." Usually on the weekend our family would order in Pizza Hut pepperoni pizza with a thin crust and rent a Blockbuster movie. But this weekend my mom had planned to go to the beach. This never happened. Since we lived two hours from the coast, a trip to the beach was an unusual occurrence. And most days my dad walked through the garage door right as dinner had finished cooking, but today he pulled into the driveway a hour early.

We all piled into the new white suburban. Dad put the car into reverse and drove out of our driveway and we all got a last glance at our two-story brick house for the weekend. My little brother, Rich, stuck his finger in my face saying, "I'm not touching you. I'm not touching you" over and over again. The radio was bursting with songs from the past, which I hated. As my *Now 12* CD spun in my silver Sony CD player, the screen beeped "low battery" and then it slowed to a stop. This would be the worst car ride ever.

Hours later, my dad's hands turned the steering wheel into the long, magnificent driveway of the Hilton. We had finally arrived! I couldn't wait to burst out of the car and cannonball into the cold pool. I could tell this was going to be an unforgettable weekend.

