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Creative Writing

## Different countries and playgrounds

**Vacation:** a period of suspension of work, study, or other activity, usually used for rest

Since we want vacation to actually be vacation and a rest from work, you have to follow some directions to actually have a relaxing time. And here comes why:

-> **Rule number 1:** I associate having a relaxing time with sun and warm weather. So I assume that you should probably go somewhere with sun and ocean. Best place for vacation: Southern countries!



Since I was born, until I was 11 or 12 years old, my parents and me have gone on vacation to Antalya, Turkey. It's a wonderful, big resort and has everything you can ever wish for: a lot of big swimming pools, plenty of different hotels, a huge variety of restaurants, an open auditorium for everyone with a show every night and you just walk a couple minutes and you're at the beach and the Mediterranean Sea. The two weeks we've spent there every summer always felt like my little summer dream. Every year I was so excited to go there!!

Now I can barely remember these for little Toni unforgettable and magical summer nights. But I can still remember how I spent most of my days there with other kids in the mini club and fun adults who always knew what to do. We had the kids night every night before the big show in the auditorium with music and dancing and once a week we got kids certificates for the "competitions" we've won the week before.



These competitions were stuff like who built the prettiest and biggest sand castle, who painted their dad's body the most colorful and creative and who can hit the most people with water balloons.

To be safe from getting hit by water balloons my Dad always got up early in the morning, even he usually does that, to save us the best sunbeds at the pool. We always were lying at a pool, where not too many people were and so we've never had to worry about getting hit by water balloons.

-> **Rule number 2:** Let him get up in the morning to put some towels on the best sunbeds at the pool or beach to reserve them. You don't have to worry about stressing with your kids in the morning to get a good spot or getting in danger of these kids games.

Now, all that's left are around 30 of these certificates that are slowly getting dusty in the bottom of my shelf, where nobody's ever cleaning. I haven't looked at them in a couple years and I wish I could look at them right now to let the memories to these summers fly up in my head. As I faintly remember those certificates through the foggy memories now, I can see some of these sand castles. I made friends every year we went there and that year I met a girl from Germany, a little older than me. And just now I can exactly see the most beautiful sandcastle me and that girl ever built in Turkey. I was five to that time but the sandcastle was big and wonderful and had the prettiest flowers we could've found all over it. All this felt like a dream until she left Turkey to go back to Germany and I had to face that, once again, I was without company - without anyone to play with. Now my parents had to be my entertainment again, because it was always just the three of us.

-> **Rule number 3:** Never ever forget to put on sunscreen!! Otherwise the sun will cause you and the kids even a worse pain!

I was playing a lot with my dad at the beach the following days, but one day he got a really bad sunburn since he forgot to put on sunscreen and the next day he couldn't stay that long at the beach, because of the hot sun and left early to go to the hotel. Since my mum decided to stay a little longer with me, I got bored really soon and had to think of a new way of entertaining myself.

And then, that day, it happened:

We packed our things and were on the way back to the hotel. On our way we passed tennis courts and a soccer field, we walked over a bridge, so we were safe crossing the road the bridge went through, and the last thing we were supposed to pass before being back at the swimming pools was a playground, but that day we've never made it this far together. The reason for that was little Toni's stubborn will to have some fun and so little me ran, a head of my mum, to the playground that was about to be the next place we'd pass and I was hiding somewhere on the playground waiting for my mum. I was hiding so I was able to scare her, just how every other kid would've done it too. And so I sat there, waiting and waiting and waiting. I was waiting for a long time and slowly I realized that something was wrong. My mum would've already passed the playground.

It couldn't take her that long to walk the way from the bridge to the playground I was running before. So I decided to come out of my hideout and I started looking for my mum. First I just looked in the playground area, because she had to be here somewhere. I was yelling her name "Mama?" I waited a couple seconds "Mama??". But nothing. I couldn't find her. Just how I thought there was a monster in my closet one night and I couldn't do anything than lying stark and stiff in my bed, without moving a muscle and refusing to sleep, because I was so scared.



Red line: way beach to resort and back

Purple point: playground; turquoise point: mean woman

by losing my parents, I was five years old, and that was definitely not the answer I wanted to hear in that moment. Actually I expected something like help? But no, the best advice I got in that situation was that I should go back to my hotel and watch TV. A five year old lost girl.

I can't remember if I started crying, I might have. I thought, I would never find my parents again. I was so alone. A five year old lost girl.

I ran back to the playground and once again I was without company, looking for my mum, and once again I couldn't find her. I don't know for how long I was just sitting there and waiting for anything to happen. It probably not only for me felt like forever until my dad ran by the playground on his way to the beach to look for me again and then finally found me. I think it was one of the happiest days in his life. Maybe it felt for both of them, my mum and dad, almost like the day I was born, because basically it was the same thing. Honestly I think my parents were not sure if they would've ever found me again. I can't describe how I felt in this moment when I was finally back with them. It might felt like Christmas, Thanksgiving, eastern, my birthday and spring break all at once. But that was like 3% of my happiness. I knew I would never ever run away from mum and dad and it was the first time me realizing how thankful I am for them! It was an experience for me, that I will never forget and now, 12 years later, I can still remember every little thing and how everything happened on this adventure. It's something I definitely learned from and I sure never ever ran to any playgrounds in an unexperienced area out of my parents view.

Since they almost lost me - no, since I almost lost them in a completely different country and they probably didn't know if they would actually find me, I hope the family vacation survival tips

That's how I felt in just that moment. As I was slowly waking up from my daydream - no, day nightmare- and I started feeling my muscles again, I decided to walk all the way back to the beach in hope of finding my mum there.

But all I found were other tourists, lying in the sun. One woman was heading my way and to my luckiness she spoke my language as I asked her: "Have you seen my mum?"

"No, but just go back to your hotel and watch TV." It was the first time I was ever confronted

in from of rules in between the text can help a little bit to have a good and unforgettable (positive) time!

So last rule:

-> **Rule number 4:** Never let your kids out of your sight. You always have to worry about your kids, no matter how old they are. Maybe there's something like a childcare you can take your kids some days, but other days **NEVER** leave them alone somewhere or lose track of them. Otherwise they might hide on a playground and this time you won't find them.