

MY DREAM HOLIDAY – THE BEST TWO WEEKS OF MY LIFE!



This was it! The day I had been waiting for had finally arrived.

I woke up, although I don't know how because I couldn't sleep with excitement! I looked at my alarm clock and it said 5.10 am. 'Oooaahh,' I groaned, 'never mind, the earlier I get up, the longer the day'.

I jumped out of bed and pulled back the curtains. 'Great! It's raining! Dull and miserable. Just the way I like it...'

I pulled on my clothes – I had spent so long picking them yesterday, a pair of new coral pink cut off shorts, a pale pink vest with glittery sequins, and a soft grey hoodie to get me out of this cold, boring country without freezing my fingers and toes off. I slipped into my new Converse trainers – could this be the best day ever?

I washed my face and applied my 'almost there' make up – don't want to be making a sun-proof barrier for my pale and interesting skin ... not long now until I lose the almost blue tinge of my Irish skin. I can't wait. I brushed my teeth and arranged my hair in a 'my hair just sits like this naturally' messy up do and ran downstairs. I nearly broke my neck I was in such a hurry. Nobody else up.

I ran back upstairs and leapt on my sister's bed. She opened one eye and blurrily said something unintelligible and not at all friendly. She is so not a morning person!

'Get up! Get up! We're all going on a summer holiday ...' I sang.

Eventually, I dragged her out of bed and forced her to get dressed. We went downstairs and had our holiday breakfast. I had Frosties followed by 2 slices of toast with peanut butter and raspberry puree.

'Ow, that is disgusting,' my sister groaned, heading for her boring buttered toast with marmalade and a black coffee.

Eventually, after what felt like hours, our parents came down and my mother started to flap about photocopies of this and references for that. My dad couldn't find his shoes, even though he had them last night ...

'Where are the keys?'

'Who could take that milk?'

'Do you have the croissants for the airport?'

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'I nearly forgot my toothbrush ...'

And so it went on until eventually we piled into the car for the two hours long journey to the airport.

I listened to music on my phone the whole way down the road, trying not to notice that we were still 100 km away, 65 km away, 23 km to go. I just couldn't wait to get there.

In the airport, I wanted to shop, for handbags and sunglasses, and those miniature everything's you only get at the airport, but I also wanted to hang close to the gate because I was afraid we would miss our flight.

Finally, we are on the airplane – flying high over the city, over the green fields, and over the sea, up, up and away through the clouds and on our way to Barcelona. I couldn't wait to see the crazy buildings. I have always loved Gaudi's weird and wacky ideas, and the ways his buildings look like something straight out of the crayon-filled sketch book of your average 5 year old. I couldn't wait to see the cathedral and Las Ramblas.

We touched down in Barcelona City airport. Smell the heat. I love that warm breeze that hits as soon as you step out of the airport, don't you?

We got to the apartment – it was full of Spanish charm and books all about Barcelona – I dived in, quickly beginning to make lists and itineraries of the next 5 days, before we moved on to the beach side apartment we were going to chillax in after the hectic heat of Barcelona.

Day 1 we got up and had a delicious breakfast of fresh bread, fresh fruit and Italian coffee ... we are in Spain after all!

We took a walking tour of Gaudi's work, finishing up in the amazing Sagrada Familia – it was awesome. The next day we went back and gained admission to the Dragon House, and Park Guell. After that we went to the beach and took the cable car up to the monastery and of course, took another day to go shopping! It was the coolest.

After that mad schedule, we went to a quiet beach town, with fabulous restaurants and sandy beaches. We relaxed, and got home as brown as berries and as fat as fools! A perfect holiday!