

Tobias
2nd Place
4th Grade, Covington School

After driving cliffside curves and windy roads, I tried to decipher what building was covering the moon. As I approached the towering hotel, I heard the wind's "whoosh." Even though I was in Yosemite, I felt I was in Antarctica. My brother approached me. He was yawning with his eyes half shut. I shared his exhaustion and tried to use my little remaining energy to prevent another tiring yawn. My family took lunging steps towards the building. My mom checked in while my dad, tired after the four hour drive, almost made a pillow from the tile floor. Finally we made it to the hotel room and fell asleep right after a game of Yahtzee.

As I opened my eyes with a huge beam of light in my face, I quickly hopped out of bed and threw some clothes on. I was very excited because in the evening my family (other than my dad and my grandpa) was going to paint with each other. As I waited for hours the time finally arrived. As I strolled along the hotel with my family members, we approached the stained art room. I could see baby blue paint dripping. And prickly brushes all over. After we learned instructions we started painting. My grandma had a lot of experience, however I was vaguely familiar with stencil art. I loved that I was with my family having a great time with one another. I finally felt happiness.

My trip to Yosemite was a great adventure. However, all the fun things weren't why I loved it so much. It was because I got to spend time with my family. All those memories are what really fill my heart. We had each other and that's all anyone will ever need. To make me feel better I always look at the painting I drew and bring back those memories.