

The Redwoods

Last year, we went on a vacation and we had a wonderful time.

The weather was sunny and warm and there were lots to do, so we were never bored.

My parents visited friends and took pictures for their friends back home. My brother and I swam and also hiked in the woods.

When we got tired of that, we just ate and had a wonderful time.

It was exciting and fun to be together as a family and to do things I will remember for a long time. I hope we will go back again next year for more fun and an even better time than we had this year.

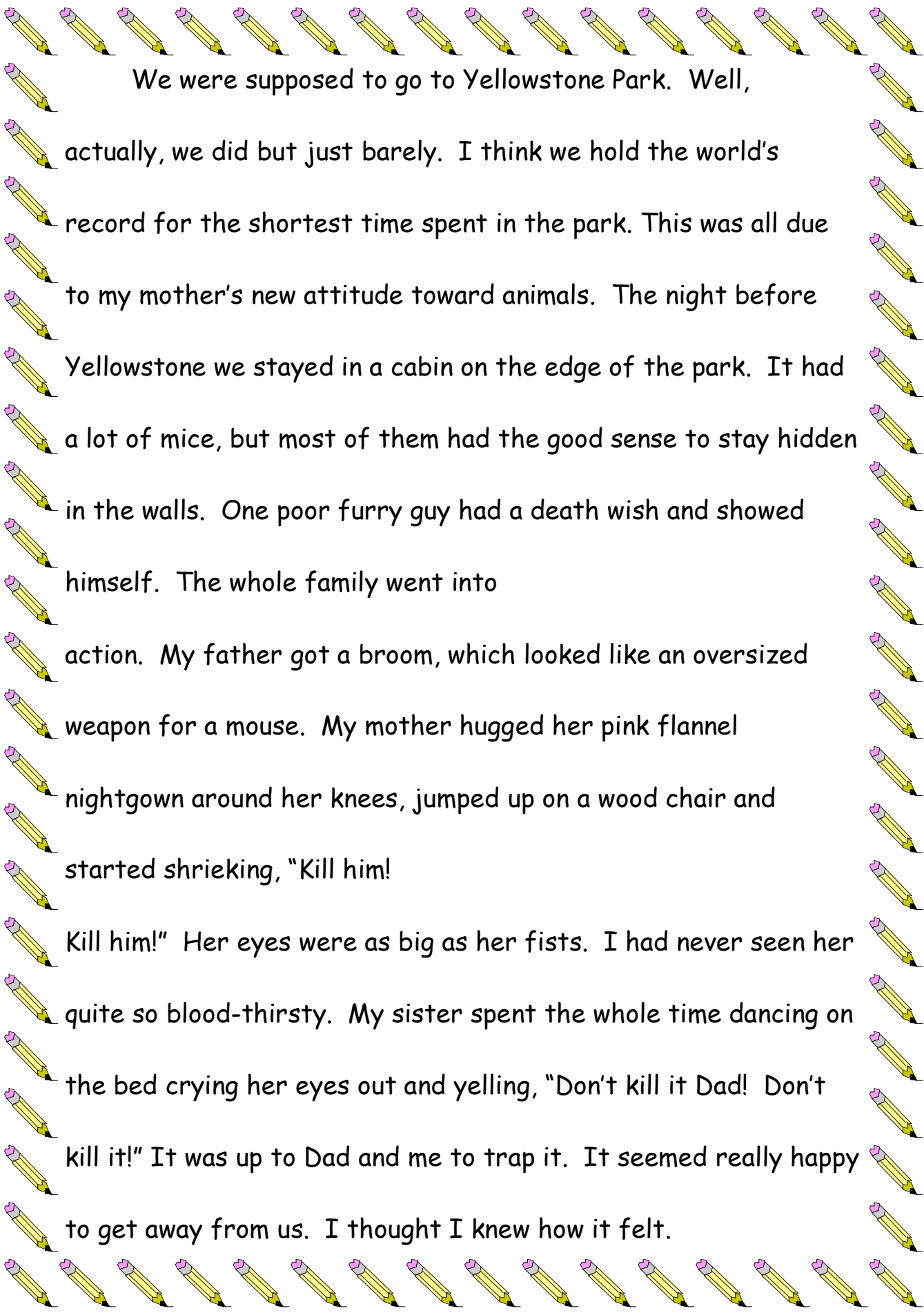


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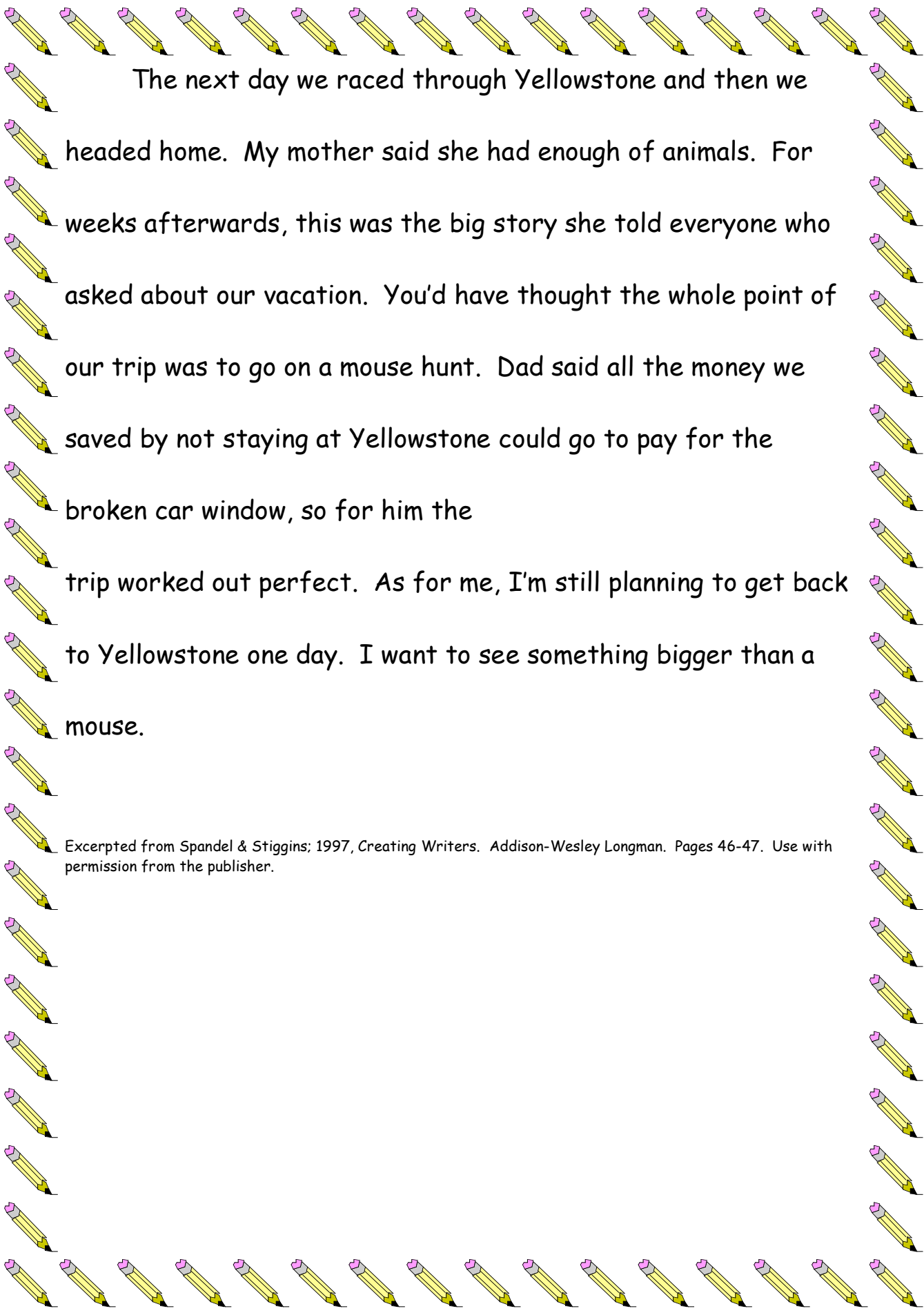


Mouse Alert

As soon as school was out, we left on vacation. Nothing went the way it was supposed to. Dad backed into a tree on the way out of the driveway, pushing the bike rack through the rear window and nearly scaring my sister to death. She was cranky the rest of the trip. We had to take our other car, which is smaller and you can't hook the bike rack up to it. Now my sister and me were crowded together so much she kept complaining about me breathing on her and taking up all her air and foot room. Plus now Dad knew a big bill would be waiting for him when we got home. It put everyone in a lovely trip starting mood.



We were supposed to go to Yellowstone Park. Well, actually, we did but just barely. I think we hold the world's record for the shortest time spent in the park. This was all due to my mother's new attitude toward animals. The night before Yellowstone we stayed in a cabin on the edge of the park. It had a lot of mice, but most of them had the good sense to stay hidden in the walls. One poor furry guy had a death wish and showed himself. The whole family went into action. My father got a broom, which looked like an oversized weapon for a mouse. My mother hugged her pink flannel nightgown around her knees, jumped up on a wood chair and started shrieking, "Kill him! Kill him!" Her eyes were as big as her fists. I had never seen her quite so blood-thirsty. My sister spent the whole time dancing on the bed crying her eyes out and yelling, "Don't kill it Dad! Don't kill it!" It was up to Dad and me to trap it. It seemed really happy to get away from us. I thought I knew how it felt.



The next day we raced through Yellowstone and then we headed home. My mother said she had enough of animals. For weeks afterwards, this was the big story she told everyone who asked about our vacation. You'd have thought the whole point of our trip was to go on a mouse hunt. Dad said all the money we saved by not staying at Yellowstone could go to pay for the broken car window, so for him the trip worked out perfect. As for me, I'm still planning to get back to Yellowstone one day. I want to see something bigger than a mouse.

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