

Perfect vacation essay sample

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The perfect vacation spot is Hawaii during the Christmas season at the Waikiki Hilton Hotel and Resort. Located on the main island of Hawaii, the exquisite monument sits right on the beach surrounded by beautiful golden colored sand. Miles of sandy beach can be seen coiling around the island as gigantic waves come crashing down on to shore. The most breathtaking view of the Pacific Ocean is the back-drop for this paradise. Although, tucked away on this Hawaiian island, this luxurious resort is a guaranteed stop for Santa Claus on his busiest day of the year. As you enter the lobby, there is a huge fountain with a trickling waterfall to accent its beauty. Along the crystal clear stream a variety of exotic birds sit perched in their cages. In the center of this magnificent pool of water, sits a ten foot palm tree decorated like a Christmas tree. The leaves are sprinkled with shimmery plastic snowflakes and a variety of colorful bulbs for accent.

The trunk is wound with brilliant, flashing lights to the very top giving off a vibrant reflection off of the skylight window as Christmas music echoes through this exquisite building. The front desk of the hotel sets off a warm inviting atmosphere. Several bushy, green leaves made to resemble evergreen trim are lined from top to bottom around the counter. Icicle lights are loosely incorporated into it. Sweet smelling tropical flowers made to imitate holly, are strategically placed together with the greenery and lights to make a lasting impression on anyone. Behind the counter a large salt water aquarium is built into the wall. A miniature paradise of odd shaped fish swims sluggishly back and forth for your viewing pleasure. Tightly hanging around the glass are Christmas stockings for every employee working at the hotel. Their names boldly displayed across the top of each one. The faint

smell of peppermint caught my senses as I approached the counter to check in.

That's where I noticed the small dish of candy canes awaiting me to devour them while I waited for my room key. Among all of the Holiday décor to set the mood of Christmas time, my room overlooking the beach was the best part of my vacation. Red and white lounge chairs align the shore with huge ivory umbrellas that seem to grow out of the ground. The cocktail tables sit between the chairs, holding drinks made of pineapples that have had the tops cut off of them, and long red straws with tiny colorful umbrellas inside them. The view of the surfer boys in the water with their shiny muscles glowing in the hot sun, and the little Speedos tightly displaying their masculine physique called out to me that I must find my new bathing suit. As I rummage through my suitcase in search of my bikini, I decide the next time I visit this glorious paradise during Christmas I will be wearing it upon arrival.