

Favorite vacation spot essay

[Environment](#), [Water](#)



I spent the last two weeks of my summer vacation last year with my family in Mombasa. Mombasa is a coastal town in Kenya, East Africa. When we arrived at the Moi International Airport in the town, we were hit by a blast of hot, humid air and I prepared myself mentally for the tropical coastal weather conditions I heard could make your skin feel leathery. We were all excited, not only we were set to enjoy the majestic Indian Ocean; it was also our first time in Africa. On our way to the hotel room, we all stared out of the window, trying to take in as much as we could.

Mombasa was a relatively small town, it certainly did not have the tall and grandiose buildings I was accustomed to. Its architectural style was Arabic and we were informed by the taxi driver that Mombasa was historically an important town in the Arab trade along the Indian Ocean coast. The Arabic influence was evident everywhere: the buildings; style of dress; the cuisine; and the language. We were informed that the main language spoken was Swahili, which was a Bantu language with heavy Arabic influence.

We had an amazing meal for dinner at the hotel. We were treated to the local coastal cuisine. We had some ‘pilau’ which was basically rice cooked in a rich array of spices like cloves, cinnamon, cardamom, cumin seeds and black pepper. There was also a beef stew which was cooked steeped in coconut milk. Indeed, I ate up all my food and asked for more. The cuisine was once again a testament to the town’s Arabic roots and orientation.

The following morning we left the hotel with our tour guide ready for a big day in the town. Our first step was definitely the beach. The feel of the white sand beneath my feet was soft and heavenly while the tall palm trees

appeared magical. I felt almost ten years old, as if I had stepped into the fantasy world of Alice in Wonderland. The Indian Ocean was serene and its waters were the loveliest shade of aquamarine I had seen. I ran towards the waters and began to splash in them. It was almost as if the ocean had been calling out to me, beckoning me to enjoy the pleasures she had to offer.

The coastal people were also warm and inviting, we made friends with a few local people we met at the beach. My parents made friends with a certain couple, Mr. and Mrs. Ali who invited us to their home for dinner. We were treated to tales about the coastal myths and also about the history of Kenya as a whole. We also learned a few basic Swahili words. Swahili is a local dialect at the Coast and is in fact the national language. The Alis informed us that there were approximately fifty two tribes in Kenya, with up to one hundred different dialects!

We also visited the underground marine parks which were populated by different types of sea creatures. They were interesting, especially because some had the brightest colors and strangest shapes. We also visited some national parks and it was awesome to watch the animals in their natural habitats. There was a pride of lions playing in a tall tuft of grass and we were just in time to watch one of the lionesses hunt down a gazelle for her cubs. We were also ‘robbed’ by a group of ‘friendly’ chimpanzees who jumped into our van and took our food and water.

Our trip was spent exploring the Kenyan coast and learning the customs of the locals. I acquired several local outfits and artifacts which I absolutely loved. We were all very sad when our trip came to an end. Mombasa had

been a wonderful destination, not only for the lovely scenarios and exciting excursions, but also for the cultural education we acquired.

Works Cited

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