

Camping in state park

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Every summer my father and I take a short trip to the famous state park campgrounds.

I have seen the enormous entrance sign like a million times before but every time I see it, I get consumed with a sudden gush of excitement knowing that it will be a fun filled week. I quickly roll down the ever screeching car window, and at that instant the brittle smell of the earth fills the air. As if it's my first time, I keenly observe the ever shinny lake, and I can even taste the campfire barbecue. Like little elves busy assembling toys on the eve of Christmas, we quickly set up a tent and unpack our large camping bags marking our little territory. It's like I can hear the motionless lake whispering my name urging me to take a dip.

I make it a routine to swim everyday in the morning and go on a boat ride in the afternoon with my dad as we fish together. The sun creates a beautiful portrait as it sets, and we quickly head back to the shore with the smelly fish on our boat. Without getting tired of fish every day, we roast our fish as the night grows dark. As much as I enjoy roasting the fish, the smoke always ruins the happy moment when it gets into my eye and perfumes my clothes. At times I try to cook marshmallows for dessert but I always end up burning them into a crisp state.

The mildew that gathers overnight in the tent makes the mornings to be a hideous time. When the week comes to a halt, we give our farewell to the beautiful campsite. I find myself unknowingly gazing at those who are arriving as am filled with envy. As much as am saddened by the fact that we

are leaving, the thought of returning next summer leaves me with a broad smile on my face. We pack up our belongings and head back to the city.