

# Vacation disaster

Business



A hot summer day in July, the sound of screaming kids, the buzzing of go-carts, and the racket of roller coasters in the background. Usually the summer weekend trips to Okoboji are all fun and games, but this time, it was an awful weekend. It all began with a Saturday afternoon drive up to Okoboji. When we arrived, we went to our condo and unpacked our belongings. My family and I decided that we would spend the rest of our short afternoon going about our own business. My parents somehow convinced me to go with them to shop around.

As we departed, it began to rain. I told my parents that I didn't want to go out into the rain, but they forced me. My mom and dad dragged me around for the next hour and a half, it is safe to say that I was not happy. After running in and out from the shop to the car repeatedly, my clothes were drenched. My parents finally made the right decision and said that we should go out to dinner. I thought to myself, good, I can change my clothes, nope.

I was looking out the window waiting for us to turn off to go to our condo. I shouted, " You missed our turn!" My dad then responded, " We are going out to eat remember?" I hadn't changed clothes, and I was cold and soaking wet from the rain. We pulled up to the restaurant that my dad insisted we go to. It was packed full and the wait was going to be around 30-40 minutes. So there I was, sitting in the waiting area with my parents, and I was drenched.

After the treacherous wait, our name was finally called. I walked into fairly nice restaurant, wearing athletic shorts and a t-shirt, that were sopping wet. I was receiving stares from all the tables that I passed. I could tell that my face was getting red as I kept walking to our table. When I finally sat down at

the the table, I proceeded to scold my parents for not taking me back the condo to let me change. I tried to forget about the horrible time I was having, and have myself a scrumptious dinner.

I found something on the menu that intrigued my pallet. After an extremely long wait, I received my food. I was astonished by the cold, pink chicken and raw, crunchy noodles. I thought to myself, how can all of this happen to me when all I wanted was a plate of piping hot Chicken Fettuccine. My night was ruined by the wet clothes and poor cuisine.

All I could hope for was a better tomorrow. Sunday morning was a blur, due to the fact that I slept all morning and into the afternoon. I was awoken from my slumber by the gentle sound of my father's voice, " Get up worthless, we're going to Arnold's Park." I scampered out of bed to get dressed. I got in the car and we drove the short trip to Arnold's Park. I had completely disregarded the previous day, and all the bad things that happened, and just wanted to have fun.

At Arnold's Park, we started with a round of mini-golf which was fun. During the round of mini-golf, my father challenged me to a race in the go-carts. I casually accepted his challenge, because I pity the fool. We trekked over the bridge to the go-carts. We paid for our way in and chose our go-carts. I strapped in my go-cart, closed the top, and was ready to roll.

The count down began, and my foot was lightly on the gas peddle ready to accelerate at the command of the workers. The worker waved through the first section, then the second section, and finally my section. I was racing against my dad, when he suddenly took me out, and I went spinning. I was

trying my hardest to make up the time I lost. I wasn't having any recognition for the people around me.

I noticed ahead an older lady with her granddaughter. They were on the top of the turn, and I was coming in the bottom. I figured she would stay up there, so I accelerated through the turn. Suddenly, she flew down from the top to the bottom! I had no time to react, and I t-boned her and her granddaughter. She was furious, as I sat there still dazed from the hit, she began to scream at me. I sped off and tried to keep going.

The final lap was up and we all pulled into the garage where we all sat and waited for the workers to let us out. The command stated was, to sit in your carts until everyone was done being unlocked. This lady apparently was deaf, because she came running over to my cart, and began screaming at me. There I was, still locked into my cart, defenseless, as this lady screamed in my face. She was swearing up a storm and was asked to leave the area, but she wasn't finished with me.

After I was released from my cart, I walked outside the garage and sure enough there she was. She proceeded to yell at me, I wouldn't even make eye contact with her. I wanted to say so many things to her, but I kept my composure and just walked right on by. It was so embarrassing to sit there and be yelled at by some women I had never met in my life. I've never had a weekend turn into such a disaster.

I hope that my next trip to Okoboji isn't a train wreck, and the fun, hot summer days in July continue.