

My personal spring break experience

Life



Spring Break, Ft. Meyers Style

It was in the afternoon on March 31st when we determined to depart, for the moment both of us had been waiting for; Spring Break, 2002, in Ft. Meyers, Florida. My friend Ryan and I were about to live this one week out to the fullest. Its not often that I got this opportunity to go someplace without any parents. We had been gathering things for this trip since the beginning of the school year. Now the day had finally come. (If I could explain the look on both of our faces, it was like little kids in a toy store.) I wasnt really looking forward to was the two daylong trip by car down there. But my friends figured it would probably be more fun driving down there rather than traveling by plane.

The road trip was going all good until we figured out that the air conditioning was not working in the car. Though, we came along some other problems on the way down there. About forty-five minutes into the trip, we figured out that we were going in the wrong direction. There was large trees all around us that covered the road like a canopy; I figured we were going the right way, but I guess not. At the same time I was not really paying attention to the road signs. Somehow we were heading towards Chicago.

Ryan figured that the best thing to do would be to pull into the next gas station. When we pulled up the place was so deserted, as if no one had been there in years. Dust covered the gas pumps and the windows of the gas station. At that time, we knew that this place wasnt going to be much help.

Ryans sister and cousin were already down in Fort Meyers. Oh man! I could not wait to get there. The beaches, girls, cars, palm trees, and Florida in

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general. I knew it was going to be the best time of my life. I had never been to Florida before, so I was extra excited.

We finally reached our destination. It was ninety-five degrees when I stepped out of the car and I started to sweat in less than five minutes. The heat was crazy, I wasn't sure if I could handle it. As soon as I saw the condo we were staying in, I ran up to our room as fast as I could, not realizing that it was four stories up. I contemplated walking up the stairs in ninety-five degree weather, and quickly decided to just find the elevator. We unpacked all of our things, and soon enough, realized that both of us had left our money, ATM cards, and credit cards back home. Now I could say that we were literally screwed.

The Next day we decided to call our parents and see if they would wire us money. I couldn't believe my ears when I heard them say no. They us that we should just try to get cash paying job for the 2 weeks. Without any money, we could not do one activity down there. I wondered what was the point of staying down here if we didn't have any money. Neither of us wanted to stay and work the whole trip. But that was the only good idea left, so we went out and filled out some applications.

Two days had gone by since we got there. We had not seen any sights, and we were running out of patience. Ryans sister told us about Ft. Meyers Island that was a little down the way. So we decided to depart there the next day. She told us there were Beachs, stores along the beach, and fishing near the bridge that crossed over to the island. We could look for jobs there, but in the meantime we borrowed money from Ryans sister.

We packed and got ready to head down to the Island. The drive there should have been about forty minutes, but with my driving we made it there in thirty minutes. Passing over the bridge was amazing seeing all the boats, parts of the beaches, and the huge hotels that lined the beach.

The last day came sooner than I thought. I was packed and ready to go back home, but a part of me still wanted to stay in Ft. Meyers. This place was beyond doubt a wonderful sight. Its something I will never stop thinking about. (Beaches, girls, sweet cars, and the fact there is always something to do.) I do not get this back in Michigan. Every person should go to Ft. Meyers. I cant wait to go back.