

My Favorite Memory

By Rommel Wood

My favorite memory is of when I was eight and the summer I spent in Barbados. The time I spent there was unforgettable. I loved swimming with the turtles, seeing all the tropical fruits and animals, and exploring Harrison's Cave. I remember spending the entire day at the beach snorkeling, exploring, and meeting the people there.

The worst part the entire trip was waking up at 4 A.M. to get on the plane. I hated waking up so early and the long flights made it even worse. Even though I was tired I stayed up throughout both flights. The first was from here to Atlanta. The second was from Atlanta to Barbados. We flew over towns, grass fields that looked like someone's checkered blanket, and the sea that was the deepest blue I've ever seen.

When we got to Barbados we stayed in my father's hometown, which is called Bridgetown. We stayed at my grandmother's house. The area we stayed in was on the outskirts of town and was more like its own village. Everyone I met there knew my father and in one way or another was related to him. They'd talk about how they haven't seen him in years and how much I resembled him. That whole experience was one I'll never forget. I'll be going back one day.

