The Best Holiday...Ever!

Last week, my family and I embarked upon our three-hour journey to Mooloolaba. We were visiting my Auntie Sue and Uncle Paul, who had just had a baby.

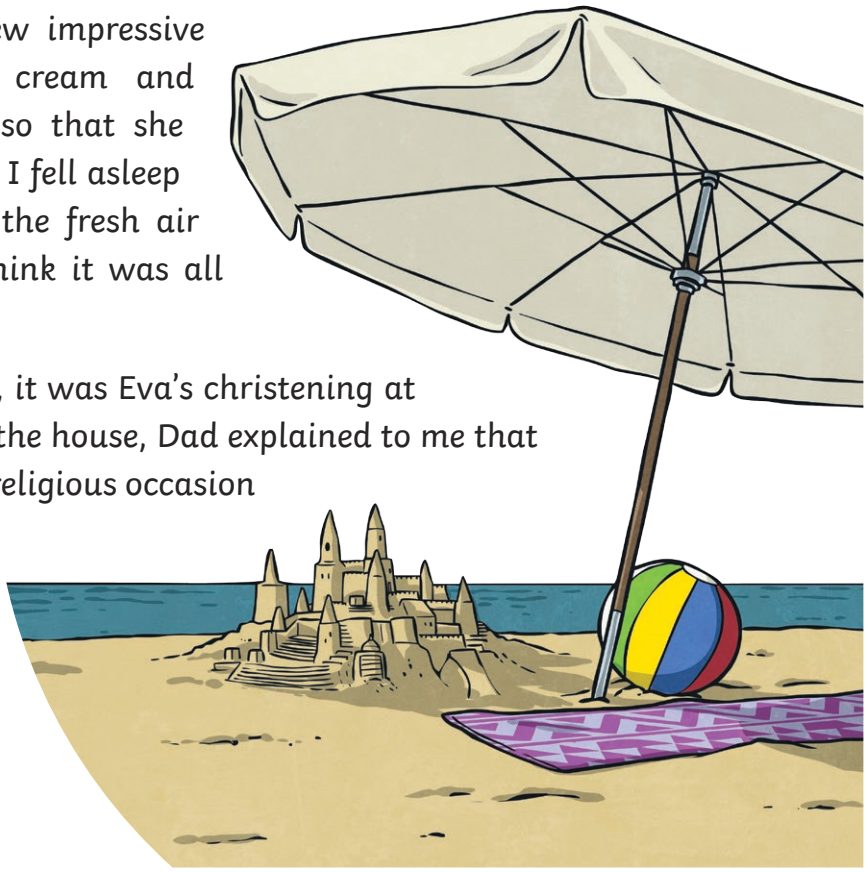
Halfway into the journey, we stopped at the service station. To my surprise, Mum said we could choose whatever we wanted for lunch; I went for sausage roll and chips. The journey was long but I had fun in the back of the car, telling jokes to my brother.

We arrived at the house just before 1pm. As Dad parked up, I felt like I could burst with excitement as I remembered that I was about to meet baby Eva for the first time. I jumped out of the car and rang the doorbell three times (just to make sure that they had heard me). I was the first to have a cuddle with Eva; she felt so tiny and warm. She didn't do much but she was incredibly cute. After meeting Eva, it was time to unpack.

Later on, Uncle Paul told us that he'd booked a table at a new seafood restaurant on the water front. I ordered fish and chips and ate every last morsel as they were the best I'd ever tasted. As we left, the waiter gave me a keyring for cleaning my plate - it had the picture of a smiling shark on it.

Next, we had a stroll along the beach as it was a warm evening. I spotted other children having fun on the sand, I heard jazzy music coming from the amusements and I could smell candy floss.

The following day, Mum and Dad took us to the beach. We paddled in the water, built a few impressive sandcastles, ate chocolate ice cream and buried Mum's legs in the sand so that she couldn't move. Back at the house, I fell asleep watching a DVD. Mum said all the fresh air must have tired me out, but I think it was all the digging.



The day before we returned home, it was Eva's christening at the nearby church. Before we left the house, Dad explained to me that a christening is a very important religious occasion for Christians. The church was very old and music played as we went inside. Eva wore a beautiful white dress as it was her special day. Everyone else dressed up for the

occasion too; Dad even wore a tie! Eva cried really loudly when the vicar poured water over her head but Uncle Paul managed to calm her down. I think I cheered her up by pulling funny faces. After the christening, we went back to Auntie Sue and Uncle Paul's house for a celebration barbecue. I ate three sausages, some tomato salad and a beef burger, finishing off with some of Eva's christening cake. Her cake was white and sitting on top of it were yellow alphabet blocks, which spelled out her name. I was really pleased when I put the first piece of cake in my mouth and realised that it was lemon drizzle flavour. It was a sweltering afternoon, so Auntie Sue filled up the paddling pool. My brother and I had loads of fun getting completely wet through, until one of the godparents tripped up and fell in. I laughed so much that I felt like my sides were going to split!

The next day, it felt hard to say goodbye. As we drove away in the car, I waved to Eva. The beach, the weather, the food, and most of all, being with my family, had made it the best holiday ever.