The Trip

Jessica Goller 2020-12-02

I heard the smooth voice of the captain come through the speakers above me, shaking me out of my restless sleep. “This is your captain speaking, we’re beginning our decent,” he said. “In approximately 20 minutes we will land at the McCarran International Airport, in Las Vegas, Nevada.” I looked over at my best friend Sage, she was still sleeping peacefully, her head resting on her bright pink neck pillow. We suddenly broke through the foggy clouds, and I gasped at the lights, glistening like stars below me. My head was spiraling with excitement and my stomach was exploding with butterflies as I took it all in. *We are finally here,* I thought. Getting off the plane, the wind was whistling through my hair, and I could feel the livelihood of the city from miles away. A few hours later when we checked into our hotel, I collapsed on the bed, exhausted from the long flight. My eyes were weights on my head, I barely hit the pillow before I drifted off into sleep.

 The sunshine shone in my eyes brightly through the window, awakening me in the brisk morning. I blinked my eyes open and wiped the mist from them.

“how long was I asleep for?” I asked Sage, as she was brushing through her long black hair.

“its eleven, get up we have a busy day before the show.” *The show,* I thought, *we are going to the show today.* I hopped out of bed, legs feeling like jello, my head feeling heavy on my shoulders. I went into the bathroom, and washed my face with cold water, using a white towel that was folded neatly into an elephant. An hour later, we had eaten breakfast and gotten ready, we were ready to set out on the city.

We shopped until around three o’clock, then went to the pool. We needed to calm our sore arms from carrying heavy bags of clothing, and shoes. The blue water sparkled, the sun shining on it soon before it collapsed behind the buildings. My stomach started to ache, and I realized we had forgotten to eat lunch.

We walked a short distance to an Italian restaurant, down the street from our hotel. It was a beautiful building, with the Italian windows and doors. Each table had a soft white cloth covering it, and the cutlery sparkled, flawlessly. The texture and taste of the pasta melted in my mouth, lingering on my taste buds for hours after. Sage was babbling on and on about our day and the wonderful things we saw, but all I could think about was the show. After paying, we went back into the city; the sky was dark but the town was lit. Las Vegas comes alive at night, the cars, the buildings, the shops, but the lights, the lights are what make the city truly unforgettable. There are lights, every colour, in every corner and section of the city. Some big, some small, some round, some tall, but all are unique, no two are the same. The lights in Las Vegas, make it feel like you are walking through another world, because nothing compares to its distinctive features.

We got to the Bellagio water show just as the lights came on and the crystal-clear water started to shoot up. My mind went blank and I felt myself relax as the music started to play. The lights shot through the water, like magic, and I felt my excitement build up.  *This is what you have been waiting for,* I thought. The Water danced to the beat of the music, the lights, tinting the water many colours. The water shot up in patterns, in every direction, high, low, and in columns and rows. The beautiful hotel behind gave the scene a gorgeous background, it looked like a palace. The white lights were shining brightly, the hotel was sparkling. I felt like I was part of a movie. The show went on for a few more minutes, each pattern more exciting than the last. It was indescribably beautiful. As the final wave of sounds, lights and water performed, I shook out of my blank stare. I looked around, at the people in the crowd, they smiled and laughed, then started to applaud. I turned to see Sage holding up her phone at me, I laughed and grabbed it from her. I scrolled through the video, she had recorded the whole thing, even me staring in awe at what was in front of me.

“Let’s go back, I’m tired. I feel like we’ve been up for days,” Sage explained, as I handed back her phone.

 We started walking back to our hotel, my huge smile was still plastered on my face, I was overjoyed. This had been such a fantastic day, with a perfect ending. When I finally took my shoes off at the edge of my bed, I could almost hear my feet screaming, *maybe I should just wear sneakers tomorrow*. I looked out the window at the moon before my eyes closed, and my body relaxed into the mattress. My final thought was, *this, this is going to be an amazing week.*

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