One week in Mexico

By Genesis Castro

Have you ever had your plane tickets sold? My family did. We were going to Mazatlán, Mexico, to see my mom’s family. There was a slight delay, before we knew it the airport had sold our tickets to other people. They told us that we wouldn’t be able to get our tickets back.

My mom explained to the people at the airport that we had planned this trip months in advance and she had to see her family. They still didn’t do anything to get them back. They said they can get us to Mazatlán but we would have to go on separate planes, we said,’’yes’’! Finally, we got on the plane and met up with the rest of my family in the airport.

My aunt came to pick us up from the airport and she was going to drop us off at our hotel. While we were driving the scenery was beautiful. There, the sun was resting on the waves, with the waves calmly moving towards the shore. The suns reflection bounced off the clouds and splattered red, orange, and pink paint all over the sky. After we put all our luggage in our room, we walked around the city and went down to the beach.

 On the sidewalk they had carts full of delicious smelling food, fresh fruit like coconut and guava, shaved ice with chocolate, and corn on the cob. I wished I had lived here! My dad wanted everything. He looked like a little kid in a candy store. He told my mom, “I can see why you loved this place when you were a kid.”

 While we were eating, risky divers would jump off a nearby rock and land in the ocean. The rock was pretty tall. Everybody would gasp loudly when they would jump. The sunset was beautiful, even though it was hot, the breeze felt so good.

My uncle told us that there was a pool at the hotel where he worked. My uncle asked his boss if his family could be there, he said yes! When we went over there, we didn’t expect it to be so clean! They had the beach right in front of the hotel! After we ate nobody wanted to swim anymore, so we went down to the beach, and played volleyball.

Two of my cousins went back to get something. They went too close to the water and got stung by a jellyfish! My sister, Melody, and I were walking on the beach, when we heard them yelling at us to get away from the water. We ran back, but to get back to the pool you had to cross a lot of rocks scattered on the beach. When the waves went back out Melody and I had to run across the rocks, that was painful. It felt like needles on the end of our feet. But the rest of the day was great.

The next day, we went to the airport. All of my mom’s family went to say goodbye to us. I was sad to say goodbye, but I was happy to go back to Alaska. The trip to Mexico was wonderful. I hope to visit my family again in the future.