



my**custom**essay

The First Time

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The First Time

I remember that journey like it happened yesterday. It was a beautiful summertime period when I went with my parents to the amusement park in Florida. My father had a business trip which he decided to transform into traveling in the pleasurable company of his family. Being a young child at the age of six years old I have not seen the world through my curious eyes at all. There were so many places to see and to visit that I was always trying to predict my future impressions. And that vacation appeared to be a good chance for me to get new experience which I will never forget.

Firstly, we were planning to visit Jacksonville, but in the last hours, we luckily had to go to Orlando. This unexpected change turned everything upside down and created a positive mood for me and my mother. My parents could see the sparks of happiness in my eyes, and I tried to express all my emotions, behaving exactly like a young child in the foretaste of entertainment. A smile on my face was a sign of good mood and just an emotional reaction to the sceneries which were new and contrasting to what I got used to. My father had bought me a red balloon, and I started carrying it around in my right hand, fighting with the heavy wind.

When we finally got to the Orlando amusement park, my parents, being a young and initiative couple, made a common mistake. They left me to wait near the hot dog cart and went for the map of the amusement park to the nearby information desk. I do not know how my mother allowed it to happen because she was a very caring and anxious person who even controlled if I were wearing my knit cap in winter. But the result was that they asked me to stand still, not to go anywhere and disappeared in the blink of an eye. Of course, I had to do an experiment and go for a little walk around the park alone.



I turned around and observed the whole new world under my feet and made a triumphant breath of freedom. There were thousands of people roaming the squares around the roller coasters and carrousel, buying food and chatting with each other. I saw a woman of around sixty years old in a long green skirt and a white T-shirt who looked like a kind magician. For some time, I was following her and her husband who had a long grey-haired beard. After the next high roller coaster where people were riding and screaming with the mix of astonishment and fear, I decided to turn left. The sceneries were gorgeous, but at some point, I understood that I got lost in the crowd and could not find the way back to my parents.

The feeling of despair covered me immediately from my black sneakers to the childish sunglasses which I was wearing on top of my head. It took me about a moment to think that I lost them forever in the place full of crazy tourists and annoyingly laughing children of about my age and younger. The amusement park turned from paradise into the hell's department, and I had no idea what to do with it. I got lost and expected to live forever in that place where no one knew each other, but everyone knew how to show a carefree smile. As a six-year-old, I thought it was the end of my dreams and the start of something new in the unfamiliar city of joy and sorrow.

Suddenly, someone touched my shoulder. That surprising warmth of someone's fingers made me release my red balloon which I was still carrying with me. I just saw how it started slowly flying to the sky. "Here you are, my sweaty," I heard the voice of my mother behind my back. "Don't worry, we will buy you another balloon and something very tasty," added she in a while, looking at my upset face. So, it turned out to be the day when I first tasted ice cream.