

Author bio

Brooklyn was born in Lethbridge, Ab, on Sept 1st, 2007. She loves slime, stuffies and her instamax polaroid camera t take pictures of her friends. She is predictable when ordering at a restaurant...chicken, chicken strips and more chicken! Her nickname is Sweet Pea, and she is a loving and kind big sister.



LAS VEGAS

By: Brooklyn

HOTEL: Grand View

I could hardly wait to put on my bathing suit and get outside. We had just arrived in Vegas and the day was hot and sunny, perfect for a day of swimming by the pool. But the Grand View didn't have only one pool; it had four.

"Not so fast Brooklyn, you have to put on some sunscreen, and not once but several times while you are out in the hot sun." My mother said blocking my way from the patio doors that led to the swimming pools.

“O.K, O.K. but hurry, I want to be the first one in the pool,” I said, hoping to make the application of the cocoanut sunscreen short and sweet. The only thing I liked about it, was the smell.

After grabbing my towel, sunglasses, and sandals I was out the door to explore this new world of blue water, huge water-slides, hot-tubs and unusual smelling vegetation.

The first pool was for little kids and their parents. It had a gigantic mushroom you could walk under, and water from a tube falls on you. The water was warm, and the toddlers could walk or crawl in the water, it was only a few inches deep. They also had another kiddie pool at the other end of the swimming area. There were a lot of mothers and toddlers. This was the pool my baby cousin would play in.

The second pool was as big, but deeper. More for kids around six to eight. This was still not going to be my destination; I was much too old for the second pool.

It was the third pool that got me excited. It was massive and at some points in the pool at least twelve feet deep. It had a diving board, and they allowed tubes in the pool as long as you didn't bump into the other swimmers.

I found a spot around the pool with a lounge where I could put my towel and other things I would need while at the pool. I ran to the deepest end and jumped. I had taken a shower at one of the outdoor water taps, so the water didn't seem too cold, and after a few minutes it was perfect, and I was perfecting my breast-stroke.

Soon I began to feel hungry and decided to find my parents and the rest of the gang. We decided to walk down to the Garden Buffet just down the Vegas Blvd. It had everything. Burgers, steaks, Chinese food, salads of every kind and deserts that would make your mouth water. The Garden Buffet was no place for a diet; there were way too many choices.

Our rooms were on the sixteenth floor, and the view from our room on our balcony was not only breath-taking, but the smells that floated up were from heaven. After living in Alberta all of my life it was a joy to see, smell and feel the Vegas vegetation and the palm trees would sway in the wind, making you feel as if they were saying a personal 'hello.'

The shopping was supposed to be great in Vegas, and they had a lot of discount stores. Don't get me wrong, I love shopping, but give me a swimming pool, and I could stay all day. Other than eating I was perfectly content to stay at the Grand View.

One night we all went down to the pool in our pajamas, something that we would never do at home, but here at this outdoor heaven, everything seemed O.K.

“Grama, could you give me my towel, I think I feel a little chilly,” I said to my grandmother, who often liked to do unique things with me.

As she drew closer, I could see 'that smile' cross her face, and I knew it meant she was about to do something naughty. As soon as she was close enough to touch me, she gave me a light shove, making me fall into the pool with my P.J's. As I came up, I couldn't help screaming, and I swallowed half the pool. Soon everyone was jumping in the pool in their pajamas, and it turned out to be one of the best nights ever.

When I went back to my room later, my two-year-old cousin's door to their room was open. I went in to say hello to my aunt when suddenly my baby cousin put her arms around me and then began to cry. I was wet and cold, and she must have been surprised and a little scared. She stopped crying once I told her I had been pushed into the pool by grama.

"Bad grandma." She said in her baby voice. She was soo cute.

Having cousins join us on our trip made it so much more fun. Bronson would sneak up behind me and try to drag me under the water. Sometimes I would pretend not to see Bronson so he could think he had gotten away with tricking me. It was a lot of fun having so many people I cared for helping to make memories that would last a lifetime.

The other place we decided to eat at most nights was the South Point Casino. It had the best buffet in Vegas. My dad was sad he could not eat all of the food, it was so good, however, for the sake of his waistline mom suggested he try to use a little willpower. I think my dad's willpower switch was on off, because sometimes at night he would complain he had eaten too much.

One night my uncle made a thousand dollars. It was a good thing because if you wanted to shop, the strip had so many cool gadgets, and there was little they didn't have to sell anyone with enough money.

On the second last day, I found someone in my room. Without thinking, I called out to my mother.

"It's pointless; your whole family is tied up so I would save your breath, now come with me."The stranger said.

No!" I said as firmly as I could hoping he would leave.

"Come with me, I don't want to have to hurt you, but if you don't come with me, I will have to." He said, his face looking sinister.

He pulled me onto the elevator to the main floor. Keeping a gun to my back, he went over to a shark tank where several large sharks were swimming around.

"OH NO!" I thought, " he is going to push me in with the sharks, and they will eat me. My family will never know what happened."

After pulling me up on the viewing platform, he lifted me up and pushed me over the edge, into the water where several sharks swam towards me. The stranger left as soon as I made a splash. I saw uncle Mark passing just as one of the sharks bumped me, testing to see if I was something new on the menu.

“Uncle Mark, help me.”

It took less than a few seconds, and a pair of pants were tossed in front of me, I grabbed a hold, and he pulled me as fast as he could. Several more sharks heard the commotion and began to swim towards me. “Please hurry!” I cried, thinking that any second I would be fish bait.

“I’ve got you, don’t worry.” He said as I crawled over the edge of the shark pool.

“Thank you; you saved my life,” I said as I hugged him as hard as I could.

Soon the hotel security was rushing towards us, a look of terror on their faces. We found out later that the man who pushed me into the water with the sharks was an escaped prisoner from a mental institution. He would be locked up for life.

It was time for the vacation to end and my family and I would return home, to Sherwood Park. When I returned to Pine Street School at the end of our holiday, I would have one heck of a story to tell, and I even had something to prove it. When my Uncle checked his wet pants after rescuing me, he found a shark tooth stuck in the cuff and before we left my mom and dad had the tooth made into a necklace. Now I would have proof, and the pictures were taken by other vacationers would be proof of my narrow escape. It’s a good thing I didn’t watch ‘Jaws’ till after I got home.