

My ideal holidays

I will write about my ideal holidays. I am going to write about summer holidays in Spain, because I like summer.

It is a hot day. The holidays I 've been waiting for have come. I packed the luggage yesterday, so now I am waiting for my friends to come. Here they are. We put the luggage into the car and then we go to the airport. We arrived right on time. I can already see our airplane. The airplane is going to fly away in five minutes. I won't see Ljubljana for about one month. We are passing the customs officer now. He wishes us a pleasant flight. The airplane we are going with is one of the best airplanes in Slovenia. It has good seats and food on it and its safety is guaranteed. The airplane takes off softly. The flight takes about two hours and from the airplane we can see Italy, Swiss and France. The plane is landing now and the flight is over. If you don't look through the window, you don't feel anything. And here is Barcelona waiting for us. We have already made a reservation in a hotel by the sea.

On the other side of the airport there is a bus station, where we 'll have to wait for the bus that takes us to our hotel. We are lucky and the bus arrives very quickly. It drives us right in front of the hotel. The hotel gives us an impression of the old hotel standing there since the second world war. We go inside and at the reception desk we get the keys for our rooms. The hotel outside looks very different from the inside - very modern. After we settle everything in the rooms, we have lunch in the dining room. Then we go around the city to look for its specialities. The night comes and we go to bed. The next day we play basketball, look for good shops, entertainment,... We spend most of our days in discos or swimming and playing different sports at the beach. We spend the rest of the time by sleeping or eating. An exception was the day when a tourist guide persuades us to go on an excursion through different cities. Fortunately this year there are no mosquitoes. The days passed away quickly and it is time to pack and go back to Slovenia.

We pack our luggage, arrive to the airport by bus and fly back to our country. It is nice to see the people around us speaking in Slovene. The holidays are over and the school is waiting for us. I will always remember these holidays and after all they should be the ideal ones.