

**UNIVERSIDAD DEL SURESTE**

**Asignatura: Ingles II**

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**Licenciatura: Derecho**

**Cuatrimestre: 2°**

**Actividad:**

A family trip, a great memory.

When I was 12 years old, my parents told us on Saturday night that the next day: Sunday, we would go for a walk, I still remember experiencing this emotion, so much so that you could not sleep and it was not necessary to put alarm or wait for mom to wake us. Knowing that we would leave home and be running and playing, filled me with excitement.

I woke up very early that Sunday, looking for my favorite shorts and shirt, could not miss the soccer ball and all the things necessary to have fun and entertain us, we had to help my mom to take all the things to the car, Something that was too funny for me was that we were only going for a day and my mom brought food for three days and clothes changes for me and my sisters as if we were 6 children. Having everything ready to go, it was time for Dad to check that the car was in good condition to travel safely, we were all preparing for a trip of many days when it was a super short trip 30 minutes from Comitan.

Everything was ready, we started the journey, I could not spend 5 minutes that my sisters and I were in the car without fighting but I think it was part of the training of the road, at last we reached the river, before going out running and getting into the water, Mom gave us the mission to go down and accommodate all things, we did everything fast and ran to get into the water, we spent all day in the water until our skin became like a raisin. Leaving home for a while, filled us with joy and excitement, we enjoyed the ride so much that when we returned home the dream took hold of us and we arrived super tired to our house. Those family trips are now very nice memories.