My father is a workalholic. He spends his days in the hospital, delivering life and witnessing death. I barely see him anymore; sometimes I wonder if he notices how tall I have become, how well I do in school, or how many friends I have made after moving the this foreign country. When he got home yesterday, I expected to see the worn-out slump on his shoulders and a pair of bloodshot eyes. Yet, to my surprise he was glowing in a beam of merriment. cheerfully, he exclaimed, "Let's go on a trip!" I almost thought I was hallucinating, but his radiating happiness proved me wrong. The next thing I knew, we were loading our baggages on the trunk. My
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father hummed as he steered the driving wheel, while my mother giggled at his
flat tunes. The sun was as warm and comforting as an embrace; the sky as
indigo as the gemstone on my mother's finger. Ah, today was going to be amazing!
The car gradually stopped as I snapped out of my imagination of the trip.
Impatient drivers honked their cars, arging others to move. My father turned around . 背面可繼續作答
and gave me a reassuring grin," It's the nolidays, of course it is going a little bit
Jammed." A little bit, he said. We ended up waiting on the car for an hour; not
one inch did we move! Father observed my brewing annoyance, and asked me
about school. A talkative person I am, I gushed until we finally arrived at the as we
destination. However, no muck had been bestowed upon us, the park was packed.
There was no way we could find a spot for our picnic. My parents stood transfixed
for a second, gaping at the mon. But they shared a meek smile, and my mother
turned to me and said, "How about we head home and make a wondroug dinner
together?"
So we home—on the way my father talked about the interesting incidents at work,
spaning us the medical details. Together, we cooked ourselves steak and french fines,
chattering ceaselessly about all the unimportant details of our lives. Then, I
realized we did not need a romantic picnic at a famous tourist spot for a trip.
Catching up with my family was the best trip I could ask for, and there was no place
I would rather be than being beside my family.
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