

It was the worst family holiday ever!

Everything had gone wrong. Well, almost everything...

Let me tell you how Edmund Fox and his family had the worst holiday ever.

"Edmund Fox! Get down here NOW!!!" Edmund's mother screamed.

Edmund (or Eddie), his brother Micky, his twin sisters Polly and Molly and his mum and dad were heading on a road trip down south to Raglan to go camping.

"I'll be down in a minute" Edmund shouted out his window. As he was struggling to zip his bag up he looked down to see all his family waiting in the car. His mum honked the horn, Eddie jumped back and as he did that he was able to pull the zip far enough so none of his luggage would fall out. He raced down the stairs and got into the car. "What a bad start to a summer holiday," he mumbled.

They were now out of town but they still had a long way to go. Edmund was in the back seat sitting in between his twin sisters. They were both playing with dolls on his lap. The baby (Micky) was sleeping in his car seat in the front in between mum and dad. Dad started talking about sports, nobody was listening to him apart from Edmund. Eddie liked any sport to do with batting something. As he was listening to dad talking about how to win a game of basketball Molly was poking him in the gut. At that moment he decided to grab Molly's doll and hit her in the face with it. He had an aim like a marksman, he hit her right in the nose.

Now he was sitting in the back with Micky and Polly. Molly was in the front with mum and dad trying their best to cheer her up.

"Since you hit her you will be changing Micky's nappies for the rest of the holiday" Mum said.

"Are you kidding me?" Edmund asked. But Mum and Dad didn't answer. Edmund already knew the answer to that question, it was going to be a smelly holiday.

They were about halfway there when the car suddenly stopped. Dad went out and checked under the bonnet.

"Uh oh..." Dad said.

"That doesn't sound good" Mum said.

"What's happened this time?" Eddie asked.

"What is it?!" The girls said at the same time. "Gup gup gurgle dee goop" Micky said in his own baby language.

"I forgot to check the oil and water before we left and now the motor's seized!" Dad said.

So Mum ended up walking to the nearest store to get food to eat while they waited for the tow truck.

The baby got car sick and puked all over Polly's doll and Eddies lap and that made Polly cry.

"This is the worst holiday ever," Edmund said as he wiped the puke off his lap.

When Mum came back she looked as happy as Molly and Polly when we got a kitten. I asked her where we were going to next and this was how the conversation went:

"Italy, Africa, America, where ever you want" Mum said.

"Ha ha very funny," Dad said.

This is the part that everyone did NOT expect:

"After I got the food and drinks I remembered I had forgot to check my lotto ticket..." Mum said. Everyone's jaws dropped.

"How much?" was the first thing Eddie asked.

"We didn't get the BIG prize but what we did get was eighty five thousand dollars!" They were all so excited and they started planning what they would do for their holiday.

They had a great holiday and went to many places and saw/did many fun things. I know all this because I am sitting on a beach in France writing my summer holiday story. It shows how even in the worst of times everything can tun out amazing. Hold on... Polly and Molly want me to come down and swim with them. See you later, or as you say it here: au revoir!

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