

My Most Rewarding Moment

My most rewarding moment started out on August 7th.

"Wake up!" deplored Mom at 6 a.m. "You should get ready to go!" So I woke up and got dressed.

"Time to get on the bus!" impeached Dad. We were off - that is, off to Oregon. My softball team was traveling to the National Tournament in Salem. We were riding on a massive bus that would drive two days straight. Michelle brought a movie and we all scanned it with pleasure.

"How fortunate we are!" I disputed.

"Hey, Lisa, do you have any idea what this place is going to be like?"

"Yeh, I wish I did. Then I wouldn't be so jittery!"

Hey, I'm hungry! When are we stopping to eat?"

"We'll be stopping in five minutes," lamented the driver of the bus.

"I'm getting very fatigued siting in these consolidated seats!" replied Amy.

"Did anyone bring any propitious music tapes?"

"I did." indicated Lisa. "Here's one with a lot of desirable songs on it. Let's play it."

Later, there we were, stopping to eat at McDonald's. We weren't even out of Colorado yet.

"Look!" said Lisa. "You can see the mountain covered with brushy fir trees and below I can see a brine blue river."

Two hours later, our bus impelled into a nice looking hotel.

"We're here!" beseached Amy.

The next morning, my coach replied to me that he wanted me to hold the flag for our state flag. That was my most rewarding moment.