

The banana bus as I had called it at the time was quite possibly the most miniscule minivan in the world. I had happily piled into it with my mother, sister and a series of strangers who spoke an array of languages that mystified me. We were heading to the coca-cabana beach. Filled with exotic colours of blood orange and the clearest blue I could ever picture and even more exotic people from across the world all on different journeys that now intertwined.

The sweltering heat surrounded me as my little feet tumbled across the, what seemed enormous stone covered beach. I jumped and ran as fast as I could in order to reach the crashing waves whilst racing my clearly faster sister. Engulfed by my large armbands, my mother snapped away as I grinned bobbing up and down revealing my two front missing teeth, unaware of how I would look back on it in embarrassment. I splashed around and appreciated the coolness of the crystal blue water whilst conscious not to be swallowed up by the immense sea around me. I was in complete and utter fear of the tropical fish that my mother and sister were so entranced by. As we returned to the beach I was forced into the shade to avoid the sunstroke I had managed to receive within the first day of the holiday, causing my mother to buy me a rather oversized hat and my face was not to be seen for the rest of the holiday. I gazed as my sister spelt her name out of the stones, I of course would soon follow her and do the same as with everything else she did. As I soon grew tired and bored of the beach as I did most things, with such a short attention span we once again clambered into the fluorescent bus and headed back to the hotel. There greeted me Miguel the coolest partially bald bartender, who gave me an English cocktail stick I have kept to this very day. I had a refreshing shower, as the air never seemed to cool and somehow felt hotter at night, and we left the room. We headed down to dinner and greeted everyone I met a long the way with ciao as I was so happily and easily amused. As we sat down to dinner I was far too young to appreciate the cuisine of Sicily leaving my mother to enjoy both hers and my dinner. She picked up the pepper to sprinkle her calamari, and as she did the smell shot straight up my nose as the entire pot was now on top of her dish.

The next day we went shopping and amongst all the clothing was a pure white summer dress that seemed to float around the hanger rather than depending on it to stay up-right. With perfect pink daisy duck stitching on the pocket, I knew I had to have it. That was then the dress I was to live in for the next week a long with the infamous hat of course. My skin had darkened to a golden brown under the long hours of the blistering sun as I spent most of my time in the roof swimming pool. The breathtaking view stretched for miles as I watched the sunset, completely content with life.

However the most important and momentous part of the holiday was of course the ice cream, after all Sicily was famous for it. There was every single flavour and colour you could imagine and more, it was as if I was in Willy Wonka's factory and I had been let loose. The constant drip-drop as the ice cream melted away dribbling a long my hand eventually landing on the floor; the taste as it met your tongue was like an explosion of flavour, and the colour painted a picture of itself.

I didn't want to leave this enchanting place and the charming people who played board games in the street just like the postcards, but like everything it had to come to an end and it came far too soon.

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