Camping   
  
  
Every year my Family and I take a trip to the state park campgrounds. As soon as you see the entrance sign, a sudden tingling feeling bubbles through your body knowing a week of relaxing bliss is about to be engaged in. I roll down the screeching window, and I can almost smell the crisp earth, see the glassy lake, and taste the campfire cooked s’mores and hotdogs.   
  
We'd set up our campsite as fast as elves making toys on Christmas Eve. I can hear the fresh, cool lake calling my name. Days on end we would swim carelessly in the glimmering water. I learned how to catch fish and clean their raw, scaly bodies. I will never forget the sharp, rancid scent. But as the sun sets, the lake would slowly grow cold. The sky filled with bright, twinkling stars. It almost looked as if someone spilled a container of glitter in the sky. The campfire would blaze, warming the cool summer air. I could feel the heat touching my face and the campfire smoke almost perfumed your clothes. We would cook hot dogs hamburgers, fish, corn, s’mores; you name it.   
  
My favorite part was cooking marshmallows. I'd hold it over the fire hoping for it not to catch on fire. But most of the time I'd pull it out with it drenched in flames, dripping sticky marshmallow and burnt to a crisp. Yet, there was always something about campfire-cooked food that I loved. Waking up in the morning with slimy, mildewed tents was probably the only downfall in the experience.   
  
At the end of the week we waved good-bye to the campgrounds. Keeping the memories of the dazzling lake, crisp earth, twinkling stars, and sweet smells of campfire food. Having a ripping feeling of sadness, I'd leave with a smile on my face, knowing I'd be back next year.