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## Greece: A Trip I Would Rather Not Remember by Martha

Note: Contrary to the following text, I did not actually hate the Greece trip. I actually really enjoyed it. Most of the following text is either exaggerated or false. This is just for comedic purposes.

What do you think of, when you think of summer? Beaches? Swimming pools? Lemonade? I think of the heat. The scorching, flaming, sweltering heat. The heat is the only reason I hate summer. I never understood why people would go to typically hot countries, such as Spain or Malta, for the summer. England is already hot enough! Why would you want to put yourself through even more pain? Which is why I cannot even begin to describe my fuming anger when I found out that my parents were sending me on the music tour to Greece! For the summer!

Every morning we had to wake up early at 7:00, which does not sound that early, but we were in a different time zone. Then we had to go to breakfast, which actually had amazing food, but we barely had enough time to eat any of it! Then we had to rehearse our pieces because we performed every evening. The unbearable heat made our strings go flat! Nothing is ever good flat. Apart from shoes. flat shoes are always good. You cannot go for long walks in stilettos. We went for a lot of walks in Greece, which would normally be good, but not when it feels like 90 degrees Celsius outside! And no matter how much sun cream I put on, I always ended up looking like a tomato. I hate tomatoes. The Greeks seem to love putting tomatoes on their food. Apart from the tomatoes, Greek food is actually very flavoursome; however, none of that mattered because we had to wait an eternity for it to arrive. If we ordered lunch, it would be dinner by the time our food arrives. Most of the time we just had to have our food on the go, however that never works because we are always either trekking a thousand steps or climbing hills that would give Mount Everest a run for its money. Hills are another thing that is better off flat.

The majority of the trip was just sightseeing. I have never seen the appeal of sight-seeing. If I wanted to see any sights, I would just google them. It was also a waste of time because I could not possibly “absorb any of the beauty” because the only thing I was focusing on was not fainting from the insufferable heat!

In the evenings we performed. The evenings were lovely; the gentle cool breeze, the night sky illuminated with thousands of glistening stars painting a picture of Vincent van Gogh’s “Starry Night”. However, all of that was ruined by the tiniest satanic demon on the planet: mosquitoes. Whoever claimed that vampires do not

exist has clearly never seen a mosquito. These blood-sucking spawns-of-Dracula terrorise every quiet, perfect night. When you are finally at peace with your heinous holiday, you hear Satan's tell-tale buzzing battle cry as one of his minions lands on you and sucks the life from you as well as any hope of happiness on this traumatic trip. I mercilessly murdered a mosquito when I was five. I regret nothing. However, the little brat's family clearly came back for revenge because there were mosquitoes flying towards me from every direction. Apparently, our performance appeared on Greek television, but that does not even matter to me because all you would see was me battling every mosquito with my bow, annihilating them in Kung-fu Panda style. Only, I was failing miserably; every time I thought I killed one of those flying beasts, another one would appear in its place like Hydra! At least now I know where the Greeks got the idea for that infuriating snake from.

Now imagine everything I just told you, being repeated over, and over, and over again. Every single day. For one whole week. I had to experience the insufferable heat, the repetitive, monotonous sight-seeing, the slow food and the mosquitos every single day for a week. I felt like I was in a cheap knock-off Greek version of "Groundhog Day". Unlike the actors who starred in that hit film, I was not getting paid. In fact, I had to pay thousands of pounds for this trip. Thousands of pounds for the insufferable sun, the exhausting exhibitions, the malicious, maddening, mosquitos, and the phenomenal food that I never even got to eat, taunting me as I realise that I am waiting in vain, like the deserts wait for rain.

I cannot even begin to describe the wave of relief that flooded my senses when I swore I could see God, in the form of a return coach, coming to rescue us from this humid hell. The journey back ran pretty smoothly and I could feel the cold breeze and the rainclouds of England beckoning me back home, taking my hand and holding me close, whispering with its ice cold breath, "It's all over now. Don't worry, the heat can't hurt you anymore. You're home now."

Home sweet home.