

First Stop, Arizona

“Come on, come on, let’s *go!*” I squeal. Could my parents go any slower? I was *dying* to get out of hot, stuffy New Mexico and into beautiful, lush Idaho! I was ready to *leave*.

“Jasmine, we are going as fast as we *can*.” my dad muttered.

My mom says, “Jasmine, why don’t you go make sure you have everything in your bedroom?” My bedroom was really just a bed on a platform with cabinets and a skinny door, but it was still the only real *bed* in the RV. Meaning we didn’t eat *breakfast* on it.

And my parents decided to give it to me! After all, the rest of my friends were getting ready for a three-day slumber party at my best friend Everly’s house! I was so sad when I found out I couldn’t go, so my parents gave in and let *me* have the room!

“Okay, last suitcase!” I hear my dad call.

“Augh!!!” I scream. I can barely contain my excitement! I followed him out, skipping the last two steps; nearly squashing my sister. “Eeeee!” She screams, running away towards the house.

My mom blocks her path. “Nobody’s going back in there!” She declares. “Everybody into the RV!!!”

I sprint back in, gathering my sketchpad and pencils and immediately begin to sketch. “Yay!!” I shout. “Finally!!”

“Finally time for *lunch*.” my mom corrects, setting down tuna sandwiches, lemonade, and salt and vinegar chips. “Harrison, I’ll bring you a plate.” She offers to my dad. He’s *always* driving. I quickly start piling food onto my plate as chatter fills the RV.

After lunch, I decide to go lay on my bed to see how things are going at the party. After all, they promised to Facetime me!

“Da-da-ding! The sharp ring of my phone snaps me out of my daydream. My face lights up when I see Everly.

“OMG, hi, Jasmine!!” Everly squeals.

“We wish you were here!” Freya pipes up.

“Oh, me too, you guys!” I gush.

“Ooh, you want to see the ice cream sundae bar?” Everly exclaims, turning the phone back to her.

“Yes!!” I declare.

She runs me over to a table of M&Ms, marshmallows, chocolate ice cream, and every other topping under the sun, but soon, her mom comes home with pizza. We say our goodbyes and hang up.

As I stare out the window, I think, “Three more days of this.”

The next morning, sunlight streams onto my face *wayyyy* too early. I etch a grudge against Tuesdays in my mind and reluctantly get up. As I pour my Frosted Flakes, I realize we aren’t on the road anymore. We’re now parked in a quiet RV camp.

First Stop, Arizona

“Ahhhh! Boy, did it feel good to get out of that seat!” my dad exclaims, coming out of the small room.

I giggle.

He reluctantly hops back in the driver’s seat.

He starts up the RV, and I know what’s coming: ARIZONA. “Yuck,” I think, “Arizona’s probably *so* boring.”

He starts driving, and soon all I can see is brush, cacti, and mountains.

“Clunk!”

The noises break me away from my sketching zone. My dad looks pretty worried.

“Oh, no.” he mumbles.

“Hey, dad?” I ask, “Everything okay?”

He doesn’t reply.

My mom and Westlyn trudge out of their...bed-spaces. “Everything alright, honey?” My mom asks my father, looking tired.

He says quietly, “We’ve broken down.”

“But there’s somewhere we can stay, right?” I ask.

Not waiting for them to answer, I storm to my room as my dad sets off on a trek to find help. Soon we decide to go explore. The problem is, the only thing around is an old building reading “Sunkist”. What the heck is that?!

As we approach the building, I spot a woman calling out, “Tours of Arizona’s “Sunkist!”

I look at my mom with big eyes. Really? But my mom is already on her way towards the woman, “Come on girls!” She shouts.

Our tour guide, Olivia, explains everything involved in growing amazing, organic citrus for everyone to enjoy.

I try to hide it, but that tour... was amazing!

Finally Dad returns and I decide to take him over to a museum called the Arizona Museum of Natural History.

“Woah! Look at the dinosaur skeleton, dad!”

I was having the time of my life!

“Ping!” My dad’s phone chimed.

“Oh, Jasmine, mom says the RV is almost done! We can go in a few hours!”

“Oh!” I say. “Um, yay!”

“Okay, y’all! We have plans in... Idaho!” my mom says.

But as I settle into the windowseat, I stare out at Arizona. I *know* I will be back. And soon.

First Stop, Arizona

Citations:

<https://sunkist.com/our-story/>

<https://nellospizzamesa.com/history/>

<https://www.visitmesa.com/things-to-do/arts-culture/museums/arizona-museum-of-natural-history/>