

3 DAY ADVENTURE

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My birthday is in July. I was getting ready to be a teenager. My birthday that year would be on a Friday.

Mom asked, “What would you like for your birthday, Little Miss Teenager?”

“I would love to go to Silver Dollar City in Gatlinburg,” I said.

“Well, since your birthday is on a Friday, I think we could go after your dad and I get home from work on Friday. We can spend the night and go to Silver Dollar City on Saturday. Then we can do some shopping, play putt-putt, and spend the night before we drive back on Sunday,” Mom said.

“Oh, that would be wonderful,” I answered, jumping up and down with delight.

“You need to check with your friend down the street to see if she will take care of Cocoa while we are gone,” Mom said.

“Okay. I will go now and ask her,” I answered.

When I got back to the house, I told her everything was all arranged. She would come twice a day to feed, water, and walk Cocoa. Cocoa was my Bassett Hound. She was a fabulous dog so I wanted to be sure she was well taken care of while we were gone. I gave my friend the key to her outside pen and house where the food was kept.

I could hardly wait for Friday to arrive. It finally did and we packed our bags and headed to Gatlinburg. We got to the hotel, took our bags in to the room, and decided to go eat supper.

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After supper, we went back to the hotel to rest a while. Mom got really sick. We thought it might be food poisoning (even though Dad and I were okay) so we went to the local ER. The doctor said it was a virus and would run its course within 24 hours. We went back to the hotel, packed our bags back into the car, and headed back home to Damascus.

“I am so sorry I ruined your birthday,” Mom said.

“It’s okay,” I said although I was disappointed. “I just want you to feel better.”

We got home about ten p.m. Friday evening. I went to get the key from my friend so I could take care of Cocoa.

“I think I am over the virus. I feel fine now. If you want to go back to Gatlinburg, we could get up early and head out in the morning,” Mom said.

“Are you sure you feel like it,” I asked.

“I do. We can be sure in the morning but I feel much better now,” Mom answered.

I went back to my friend’s house to take the key and let her know what was going on. She was still fine with taking care of Cocoa while we were gone.

Saturday morning came and Mom was still feeling fine. We got in the car to head back to Gatlinburg again.

We got to Gatlinburg at ten a.m. and saw that Silver Dollar City didn’t open until 12 p.m. so we decided to play a game of putt-putt and have lunch before we went back.

During putt-putt, Dad got the same virus Mom had.

Mom had to drive us home.

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I went to my friend's house to get the key to take care of Cocoa. She couldn't believe it had happened again.

That evening after supper, Dad was feeling much better.

"How would you like to go back to Gatlinburg tomorrow to see Silver Dollar City," he asked.

"Are you sure," I asked.

"Yeah. I want you to get your birthday present," he said.

So, I took the key back to my friend's house one more time.

We headed out on Sunday morning. We decided to get there by eleven a.m. and have lunch before we got to Silver Dollar City.

Well, you probably guessed already. I got the virus during lunch. We headed back home.

Mom had to go pick up the key this time since I was so sick.

Any time anyone mentioned Gatlinburg for a while, the three of us broke down in hysterical laughter.

I finally made it to Silver Dollar City later that summer. For some reason, it wasn't nearly as exciting as our 3 day adventure.