"AAAAHHHHH! KABULL!! KABULL!! DAD WHERE IS KABULL???? AAH!! IT'S RUNNING STRAIGHT FOR THE BUGGY!!"

Not another family holiday. Mum said that "We're going to South Africa!" I already know that it's going to be disastrous, the last holiday we went on we all ended up in different states. We are that disorganised that instead of calling me Sophie Wiphogit people call me Sophie We-forget. In my family I've got my Dad Bill, my Mum Mavis, my two older brothers Nick and Bob, and my older sister Chloe.

Mum says that this holiday is going to be different and makes us pack three weeks earlier and weigh our luggage thirty five times. I just wish we could be like a normal family and go on a holiday without ending up in jail. We're getting ready to go to the airport and putting our bags in the car and the boys are already fighting about who gets to sit where. It's going to be a long trip!

We are at the airport and Mum is making us get healthy snacks before we board the plane, just in case we don't like the food on the plane, but I hope the food on the plane is better than the snacks I got. Mum thinks we're early so she and Chloe stop at a couple of shops for a look but by the time we get to the boarding gate it says that flight 271 just CLOSED! OH NO! That's our flight! Mum and Dad run over to a cranky man frantically trying to talk him into letting us get on the plane. Fortunately he lets us go on our holiday. We sprint as fast as we can screaming STOP! STOP! WAIT FOR US!!
The plane is just about to take off, but luckily a hostess can see us (and hear us) so she goes up to the cockpit and gets the pilot to stop the plane. We are hustled onto the plane and find our seats. Everyone is looking at us but of course to make things even worse Nick has just let rip and enormous stinky fart!! It stunk out the ENTIRE plane and worst of all I was sitting next to him. The plane trip took fourteen long weary hours of crying babies and farting brothers. The second we walk off the plane it feels like a big heat bomb just exploded on top of me. I hate to admit it, but Mum chose pretty well. South Africa is a truly beautiful place, this holiday wouldn’t be so bad if we actually had a normal family.

We get to the drop off and pick up zone when Mum and Dad see a sign that says Wipogite and I try to tell them that isn’t for us but they don’t seem to hear me. The Wipogites get into their courtesy car while Mum and Dad are yelling and screaming at them. Nick, Bob, Chloe and I just cover our faces and pretend that we don’t know them. By the time we have been embarrassed to death Mum and Dad come back and all they say is “It’s not our car” and walk to the car that says “Wiphogit”.

We check in at “The Pletternberg” get to our rooms and have a little sleep for the first time in 72 hours. It feels fantastic! In the morning we get dressed and go down to the buffet. The food here is divine and the boys devour everything in sight. The place we are staying at is clearly a 5 star resort and it’s super nice. The first place we go is the South African zoo, it is so cool here I actually can’t wait to see everything. We go over to the elephants and a sign says “DO NOT FEED THE ANIMALS” so of course Nick gets a bit of bread and gives it to the elephant. The elephant proceeds to vomit it up over everyone much to the elephant keepers’ disgust. So that was the end of the zoo trip as we were escorted to the gate. Tomorrow is African safari, OH NO!

I get woken up at 6:30am because the monkeys are screeching. I get my breakfast and wake up the others so we are not late for the safari, even though we will end up being late anyway. When we get to African Safari we meet our tour guide Kabull, before we know it we’re in the buggy and on our way. We see some hungry lions and Bob is forced to surrender his breaky burger hidden in his shorts, and when we see the monkeys Chloe’s banana is no longer hers either. After about thirty minutes we stop for a little break. All of
a sudden I hear a thumping noise coming towards us. OHH NOOOO, IT'S AN ELEPHANT charging straight for us! "AAAH!! Kabull!! Kabull!! Dad where is Kabull???? It's running straight for the buggy!!!!" I desperately screamed. "Shhh, Kabull is getting our coffee, we need to be super quiet" whispered Dad. The elephant is only centimetres away now but it just stands there, puts his trunk in the buggy and takes Dad's coffee cup out of Kabull's hand and walks away from us!! Phew, that was close!

The next day is just a day for relaxation around the resort, a day by the pool if you wish. Bob decides that he wants to go parasailing and Nick has to go along to supervise. Nick thinks it would be funny if he puts a slit in Bob's rope so it will snap when he is in the air. It turns out that those ropes are super expensive, so when they retrieve Bob from the middle of the ocean that was $300 gone out of Nicks bank account. Dad sets up a nice romantic dinner with candles for Mum that burns down the ENTIRE restaurant so that was $300,000 out of Dads bank account. Meanwhile Chloe was having a HUGE spa bath. She falls asleep and leaves the taps running and floods our not only our apartment but the 4 below us. By the end of the day we were kicked out of The Plettenberg and are never welcome there again.

The next morning, after sleeping in the airport lounge, we are boarding flight 211 to be informed we have been upgraded to FIRST CLASS (so they can keep an eye on us)!!

I've got a crazy family we've had a crazy holiday but it wasn't that bad after all!!

I love my crazy family!!