

Where Has Summer Gone?

Piper Cole

8-10 year olds

It was only ninety degrees outside, though it felt like a million. My mom, brother, and I were visiting San Diego, California for the summer, just like we had been every year since I was 3. My mom's best friend Shea lived there with her twins, Olivia and Jackson. They were my age, 17, and going into their senior year of high school. Every June through August we would fly the three-and-a-half hours from Minnesota to come visit them. It was something I looked forward to all year. With all the change going on around me, this was something I knew would last forever. Like a promise that could never be broken.

Me and Olivia sat on the edge of the pool with our feet dangling in the water watching as Jackson and my brother Cameron splashed around playing water polo. Jackson was the captain of his school team and wanted to go to the Olympics. The cool water felt amazing under the hot sun. Shea and my mom walked out carrying four peach lemonades and handed Olivia and I each one. I finished half of mine in one big drink, while the others sipped on theirs slowly.

"Slow down or you'll get a brain freeze Riley!" Shea said, chuckling.

"In this molten lava? I think I'm more likely to turn into a unicorn!"

Everyone laughed.

"Exactly! And I think right now a brain freeze would feel great!" Said Olivia.

"Yeah," Jackson added. "Can I get a brain freeze with a side of fries?"

"That'll be 'I wish and 27 cents' at the next window!" Cameron replied.

We all burst with laughter.

This is why I love summer so much. The people, the places- even the extremely hot weather. We don't get all this back in Minnesota, so it's nice to have it every once in a while. To me summer is like the last piece to a huge jigsaw puzzle. Like without it, life wouldn't be complete.

It's now a week and a half before school starts, and we have to go home. As I am packing my bag I realize this is the last summer we will all be here. Next year the twins and I will be going into college, and Cameron, who will be a junior, will be going on college tours. This realization hits like a wrecking ball and I find myself asking, *Where has summer gone?* It seems as though the 14 summers I've spent here with the twins and Shea were a dream. As though the 42 months I sat here by the pool was only 42 seconds. As I go downstairs to say my goodbyes I feel tears rolling down my face that I didn't even realize were in my eyes. It's like, by losing summers in California, I'm losing a part of myself. And while I have the twins' phone numbers, it's not the same as throwing water balloons at each other, and laughing at jokes that were so stupid that they were funny. I can't believe summer's gone.

"Where has summer gone?"

The End