

My holiday adventure

For as long as I can rememeber visiting Disneyland was at the back of my mind. Last July that changed when my parents and I went to Paris. I couldn't express how happy I felt when I stepped past the gate od Disneyland kingdom.

In the afternoon a huge storm appeared and thousands of visitors ran to seek for shelter. Wanting to avoid crowds I hid under a Victorian style bar. Sittnig near a table I saw a retired animator casually scribbling in his leather notebook.

After a while curiously I started a conversation with him. For the whole hour he was telling me about drawing and showing me behind the scenes of creating an old classic cartoon. As the thunders were slowly fading away and so was the rain, he generously drew me a custom-made sketch of Mickey Mouse as a gift to remember this fantastic meeting.

When the last drops dropped onto the pavement the Sleeping Princess Castle brightened out in the dark sky in various colours from fireworks. That view was priceless for my trip. When I came home I made sure never to forget about this wonderful time of my holiday, so I wrote about it all in my diary and pinned the Mickey Mouse sketch next to it to remember that animator. But even if I bought all the tickets in the world I would never feel the same joy or the fascination from meeting such a kind and talented animator, so that was the most awesome holiday of my life.

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