

Magic

Two girls stood anxiously between their young parents, under a stone arch with wide, doe-like matching gazes. They were waiting in line to meet a red-headed woman, eager hearts practically bursting from their small bodies, like in the Saturday morning cartoons. The taller girl squeezed her younger sister's hand soothingly while waiting in line, long golden locks pulled back with a polka dot bow. The younger girl's chestnut ringlets were untamable, much like her fiery personality, and pulled back to the best of their mother's ability. Florida's sweltering heat and beating sun did not help the family's impatience, but the parents' daughters had been waiting for this moment their entire lives.

A mixture of sunscreen that was overapplied by dad, and twirling sugary lollipops clutched in mom's hand, surrounded the young family as the park's grotto music enveloped them in an under-sea world. As the line thinned out before the two girls, butterflies wreaked havoc on their tummies, colliding with a feast from their resort's lunch. Everything about the family's adventure was other worldly, rocketing their hopes through fluffy white clouds in glittery fireworks. Just as the girls thought their trip could not get any more enchanted, there was a large rock in front of their sneakers. A mermaid's tail as eye-catching and beautiful as the ocean itself flopped to face them. Smiles tickled at the parent's lips, and they looked at each other before peeking down to their princesses, who were approaching the red-head like a pair of hesitant fawns.

Giggling, the woman extended both arms invitingly. In a sing-song voice, she welcomed the sisters, "My name is Ariel, who are you?"