My family and I will be going on our summer vacation soon, and a trip to the beach sounds like just the ticket.

I love, love, love taking vacations because it allows me to forget about work, bills, worries and any other stressful moments that come with my everyday life.

But looking back at some of my many vacations over the years, something always seems to happen that makes you wonder if its even worth it all.

Some crazy, wild, unbelievable or hilarious moment has happened to me on every single vacation I can remember from childhood to the one I took last year. It's bad at the time, but you laugh about it later.

Case in point:

Walt Disney World: Its been called the happiest place on earth. And I agree.

I turn into a child all over again when I enter that Magic Kingdom. I am literally counting the days when I can take my own children to the most fabulous place on this planet.

But there is one ride I refuse to ride ever, ever again.

It has been called the most beautiful, peaceful boat ride in the world. It is a ride that reminds you that everyone is somehow the same. With vibrant colors and innocent sounds, it as been known to take you to a simpler time and place.

But not for me.

It's a Small World is where the good Lord will send me if I screw up really bad. I hate, nay, despise that ride. But my mother loves it. She made a beeline for that ride every year that we went to Walt Disney World.

She dragged me to the boat ride about ten years ago. I could already hear the tune...it's a small world after all...playing over and over again. Those creepy puppets, one with a kilt, the other with wooden shoes, dancing all around you.

Momma had her mouth wide open in a smile with no noise, taking pictures of anything that moved.

"Isn't this wonderful," she asked me, elbowing my arm. "It really is a small world."

The flash on her camera almost took a park employee out. Flashing every five seconds, I think the poor blind man almost fell into the water.

Momma didn't care. It was her world now.

"You know, if we wait til closer to closing time, I bet we could run through the line and catch it one more time," Momma said, shaking her head at me.

"Are you serious," I asked, with that typical teenage look.

I was in Hades, an abyss of desperation. I didn’t care that it was small world. I just wanted to be back in my world not this cradle of anguish.
And then I noticed the boat just came to a startling jerk. It stopped completely.
“Oh, I hope its one of those things where they bring an audience member on stage,” Momma said, grabbing her purse and looking for someone to wave her hand at. “Wouldn’t that be too cool?”
No, it wouldn’t be “too cool.” It would be embarrassing and depressing for any 19-year-old.
I prayed God showed me mercy this one time.
Then an announcer came over the system.
“Sorry for the delay folks, but there is a glitch in the system,” it said. “The ride will stop momentarily while we resolve the situation. Thank you for your consideration.”
Momma was devastated but not because the ride stopped.
“Oh, I hope my camera battery lasts,” she said, playing with button on her camera. “I wanted to take a picture of the cute French girls who are dancing, with their little legs kicking up their poofy skirts. Is that not the cutest thing?”
We were stuck on that forsaken ride for almost an hour, with that song playing over and over and over again.
I debated on jumping in the water myself.
By the time we got off that thing, I felt like Christopher Columbus arriving in America.I wanted to fall to my knees and kiss the ground.
“It was so wonderful, I hate for it to end,” Momma said.
I shot ‘the look’ and immediately made my way to the restroom.
I’m can’t remember what happened next. But they say I was found in the fetal position, huddled in the corner.