“Pop, pop, pop” goes the popcorn maker, releasing buttery, salty popcorn.

The cotton candy machine whirs, as the roller coaster goes past in a blur.

The day seems to go on for months,

While the pavement is a volcano.

Icees we drink, with stomachs starting to sink, when our eyes start to blink
with weariness.

As the sun starts to set,

We begin our trek.

Walking near the water, we spot the warm and welcoming hotel.

We're as sleepy as Eeyore

When our bedroom invites us inside.