

Buttonville

Beep, beep! A faded yellow and black taxi drove up to the curb. The taxi window rolled down to reveal a brunette woman. She asked what our names were and our destination.

"Robert and Emily Coronado, ma'am, " My dad replied while still holding the frog umbrella. "And we would like to go to Buttonville for a day." After she agreed, my dad folded up the umbrella and we both hopped into the vehicle. The drive from Rainy Avenue (where it rained ALL the time) to Buttonville was about 50 minutes.

We stopped right inside the town to be awaited by our tour guide. He wore a navy blue jerkin with a long white sleeve under, tight black pants, and matching shoes. His name tag said, 'Herbert'.

"Greetings." He said as he opened the door for us. I couldn't help but look around in wonder. It was so different than anything I had seen before. Small buildings, beautiful flowers, and some grandparents smiling as they strolled 'just because'! Back home, there were tall apartment buildings, crowded streets with LOTS of umbrellas, and barely any grass!

"Come along now, we must begin our tour." He urged us. We followed him through the "deserted streets" to the school. It had a humungous playground on a flat roof with a roller coaster in the distance and a big grass field next to it. I also saw a large garden. Herbert explained that most of the vegetables for the students' lunches came from the garden.

Before we left, I noticed there was a little stand with a button.

I couldn't help myself, "What's that?" I questioned.

"It's a remote for the garden and the field. In the winter, if you swipe your hand over the screen, a greenhouse will appear so you can still grow vegetables. The field can turn into a roller skating rink, splash pad, amphitheater for dance parties, or a huge trampoline. We have buttons all over our town to change the landscape for the seasons." He explained.

Next we walked toward the center of town. Along the way we passed a food cart. Herbert said they sold hot chocolate in the winter and ice cream in spring. In the center of town, there was a statue of two men shaking hands and laughing. Around it there was a little stream of water. Herbert explained that the statue meant both peace and fun, the town's motto.

Suddenly, flying hover boards came up beside me, Herbert, and my dad. Herbert instructed us to carefully hop on and they would take us on the rest of our journey. Some of the things we saw were: an outdoor swimming pool for the summer which turned into an indoor one for the winter, a movie theater which showed both indoor and outdoor movies, and a library with moving bookcases.

Before I knew it, the tour was over. We started to head back to the taxi, but I wished we could stay in Buttonville forever.