

Life here in America, along Lake Michigan, is interesting. I wake up in the morning and see the beautiful landscaping out my window, and hear robins chirping in the trees. In the summer, it can get really hot and toasty. I eat breakfast, brush my teeth, and comb my hair. Then, I complete my list of things to do before I can use electronics, which includes practicing the piano, reading, writing for 20 minutes, etc. Sometimes, we go to the beach, too. Picture yourself walking along the hot sand, rushing to get to the wetter part where it's cooler. There are no shells, just rocks scattered along the shoreline. You dip your feet into the lake, which is so unbearably cold, you don't know how you're going to get into the water. You go as far as your ankles, then your shins, then your knees, and finally, your thighs. You don't want to dip your stomach in, because you know you will freeze. But you quickly do it anyway, and then sink even deeper until you reach your shoulders. You want to get your whole body dunked, so you dip your neck in, too. Finally, you're just a head, bobbing around the water. But then, you close your eyes, hold your breath, and feel the cool liquid swirl around your whole body. You get up and keep moving around in the water to stay warm. You dunk yourself in various times to get used to it, and you then feel very cold and dry yourself off. That's what it's like at my beach. Water so cold that your feet sometimes turn white. I sometimes wish the the water could be warmer, because then I'd enjoy it more. For example, when I go to the beach in Florida, the water is so warm there, and I'm envious. The beach in Florida is different. There are many more fish there, stingrays, clams, and crabs, because it is salt water. I always get scared when I'm in that water, because I'm afraid a stingray or a shark will hurt me. So that's why I'm always careful there. The water looks so inviting during the sunset: no animals inside, clear water, and calm waves. But when you get inside, it's like it was a trap: to lure you in and have stingrays that pop out of nowhere go after you. On the bright side, there's no need to worry about that back at home.

Fall time is a very nice time. But the bad thing is, no we get more homework to do for school. When it's still the beginning of school, we don't get that much homework, but when the middle of the year comes, then it starts picking up. My morning routine for getting ready for school is wake up, get dressed, eat breakfast, brush my teeth, comb my hair, and make sure that my stuff is all ready. This year, my two siblings and I all go to three different schools. I could imagine what the morning would be like then. 5 times more of "go get ready fast come on, you're going to be late! Faster!" It will be happening all so fast this year: with three kids running around trying to gather everything. But the stress is all on my mother, really. She has to get up really early to make lunches and make breakfast for three children. And rushing to drive us all to school on time. (I've never been marked tardy before.) As fall break approaches, that's when teachers try to cram some things in. The quizzes, homework, and projects are all trying to fit in before fall break. When it's break, that's usually when my birthday is. I get presents and birthday cake and get to be the star of the whole entire day. Sometimes, it falls on Thanksgiving. I eat

turkey and mashed potatoes and all sorts of food that will make me feel as stuffed as the turkey itself. Thanksgiving is a day that brings my whole family together, around the table. Just like how it should always be.

When winter arrives, that's when I really get excited. A whole two week break off of school is just what I need. In the winter, now since you're more used to the teacher's rules and they expect of you, then they scold you for not bringing this or not doing that for homework the night before. Again, all the teachers try to cram things in before break begins. It can be a struggle sometimes to get everything done. I almost always go to sleep late because of homework. I usually never have time for anything fun to do when I'm finished with my homework. When break comes, it's a very fun and relaxing time for my family and me. We get ready for Christmas, by buying presents for our family members. On Christmas Eve, my family sets up food and drinks for Santa Claus' reindeer, and for Santa himself. It's a tradition that my family created that we sleep downstairs by the chimney, which would probably make Santa take off his shoes and walk around us. The next morning, I wake up with a stocking full of gifts, and a whole space underneath the Christmas tree filled with presents. We start off by opening our stocking presents, then we head over to my grandmother's house, which is one of the best parts of the day. We meet up with my father's side of my family there. We eat some food that's on the table, and then we go around in a big circle opening one gift at a time. That way, we can all see what each of us got, instead of opening everything all at once. Sometimes I get the impatient feeling of "when is it going to be my turn?" and just want to find out what's inside that giant box. We are all supposed to say thank you to the person who gave us the gift, like they just got you five golden rings or something. But we all really do appreciate the gift. When we leave, I head over to my cousin's house, where we eat and then play together for a while. When the time that everybody's been waiting for has come, we all get together, take pictures, and open presents all at the same time after my aunt has said the word we all wait to here, "GO!" That's when in just a split second, there is wrapping paper all over the floor. Finally, we come home and we open our presents from under the tree. It's a very exciting time, the part that my whole family's been waiting for since the morning. For days after that, we play with everything that we got, and celebrate New Year's Day with each other. Watching the T.V., counting down from 10, and all of us screaming the three words, "Happy New Year!" It instantly goes loud and the horns are honking, the screams of joy piercing everybody's ears. We settle back into the dining room where we play a card game called 31, as we do every year. As our final days of winter break slip away, we all are disappointed that we'll have to start waking up early again. When we come back to school, we start up with the homework again, and the no free time situation again. Winter is usually the time that everyone can't wait until summer starts up again.

Spring time is the most beautiful time of the year. Tulips and daffodils sprout up, and lilies bloom everywhere. I really love how you walk by and see the bright burst of colors on the flowers everywhere. And then that's when you have to take a flower to your teachers at school. Every teacher always says thank you like you just gave them a free ticket to a week long cruise. But still, you want to look good towards your teacher. Another thing about Spring here is that the homework begins to die down ever so slowly. Everybody starts talking about where they're going to go for the summer, and teachers are beginning to take down some posters from their classrooms. The ABC countdown starts, which is when you have to wear or do something for every day. For example, the first day of ABC countdown will start with A, which could be something like "America day" so you wear something representing America, like the colors red, white, and blue. When the last day of school arrives, we get our yearbooks and sign each other's. Every time we say we won't miss school, we always deep down do miss it just a little bit. We say goodbye to everyone and get soon into the summer spirit.