

99 WRITING

Seeing Snow

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

The December day that I came to the United States, I took a plane ride that lasted one day. When the plane was going up, my ears were popping, my stomach was hurting, and my little brother was crying to move his seatbelt off. The food was gross. When the plane landed, we got out, went on a scary escalator, and were checked at security.

I saw my dad and ran toward him. My head was dizzy and the airport food smelled gross, but I was happy. I was excited to see him.

Gambia is small and the United States is big. There, we walk in the sand and it is hot, and it is cold and rainy in November. But it does not snow. I first saw snow when I came here.

My uncle drove the car, and we were going to our new home. When we got there, the snow was falling. I put my tongue out. The next day I woke up, and I went outside and the snow was everywhere. It was very cold and nobody was around. I played outside

with my family.

Even though it is different, I am happy to be with my family in the United States. I have some family still in Gambia. Sometimes I wish I could go back and visit them.