

99 WRITING

David & Daniel

by David & Daniel
826CHI

TYPE
NARRATIVE

Dear David,

Hello, my name is Daniel, but I like to be called Danny. I'm from Chicago, but my family came from Mexico. I have one brother, one younger sister, and one older sister. Do you have any siblings and are you close with them? My favorite sport right now is volleyball, how about you? My favorite food is my mom's. It's the best. Do you have a favorite place to eat? My favorite place to eat is Panda Express because I love Chinese food.

I saw on the survey that you like to play video games. What games do you play on your PS4? I love Call of Duty—how about you? Do you play extended hours?

Do you enjoy school? What is there to enjoy about it? Did you have any struggles in freshman year? You also mentioned you like MLG? What do you watch and what's your favorite competitive team?

Well, I hope you have a good week.

Sincerely,

Danny

~

Dear Danny,

What's up? That's cool that you're from Mexico. I am from Romania. School is actually pretty fun because you have a lot more freedom, but you also have a lot of responsibilities. My freshman year was good, but now I regret not trying my hardest.

I mostly like PC gaming now because I just finished building my PC last week. I used only high-end parts, so I spent a lot of money on it. It took me around two days to finish building it. I mostly play CS:GO and Rainbow Six Siege.

I remember every moment from when I broke my arm. I was four years old. My family and I were getting ready to go to my cousin's house. Me and my brother got dressed quickly, and we went down stairs to blast some music. I kept running across the couches and at the end of the couch, I would jump over a chair and land on some pillows. In one moment, I forgot to jump so I tripped over the chair. On the wall there was a really big coat hanger that I tried to grab onto so I wouldn't fall. I almost held onto it, but my hand slipped! I landed on my elbow and it automatically came out the other side. I started crying because of the pain, so my brother ran upstairs fast to tell my

parents what had happened. My parents rushed downstairs. When my mom saw me she actually fainted. I arrived at the hospital and they rushed me to the surgery room. After that, I remember waking up and seeing my family and my cousin's family, and that made me so happy that I cried. I was in the hospital for a couple of weeks. I played with other kids from the hospital. This was probably the scariest thing that has happened to me.

What are some scary moments you've had? Have you ever been hospitalized? Hope you have a good week.

Sincerely,

David

~

Dear David,

How have you been? Thank you for the letter. I also built a PC in the summer and my dad helped me. I enjoyed building the computer. Did anyone help you build your PC? What are any responsibilities you have at school? Are your responsibilities important to you?

One scary moment I had was when a couple of friends and I walked along the

playground. We were just walking when two teachers called my name, and I didn't know they had called my name! The teachers told me that I had cursed at them from a distance, but I never did. They sent me to go talk to our assistant principal. He told me about the teachers' complaint and that I had denied it. I told him that we were just walking until I was called by the teachers. Mr. Ramirez, our assistant principal, told me that he could tell I was being honest and that I didn't do anything wrong, so he let me go.

Has something ever happened to you like this? Were you confused and scared like I was? I look forward to meeting you in person. Oh, and I hope you have a really good week and enjoy yourself.

Sincerely,

Danny

~

Dear Danny,

Something like that hasn't really happened to me, but once I got blamed for stealing something, which I never did. It got me very mad and scared because they called the cops. They came and they started blaming me, but I kept telling them that I didn't do it. We kept arguing and then I realized there was a security camera, so I told the police

officer to look at the footage. He didn't really want to look at it because he was really mad and frustrated, so I kept getting louder and louder until they put me in the car. The police called my parents. When my parents showed up. they started talking. I told my dad to ask for the camera footage, so they finally took a look at it. After they saw it, they realized that it wasn't me. They apologized and they let me go. This was a pretty scary moment from my life. See you soon!

Sincerely,

David