



# HONEYCOMB

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## Honeycomb

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## Fabulous, Fantastic Dance Competition

Leora S.  
Third Grade  
Ms. Dent



One early Saturday morning, I fumbled and stumbled out of bed and then quickly looked up and started screaming. It was the day of my first solo, ever, at dance competition. I was so astonished that it was finally the day of my first dance competition. It was time to start getting ready!

I sprinted downstairs and my mom was in gray silk shorts and t-shirt pajama with her darkish hair clipped up in a gorgeous bunette. For breakfast, she was making me eggs and toast. She put cheese in the eggs and avocado on the toast with an eensy sprinkle of salt and pepper. I took a seat with a loud HUMPH! I was so exhausted because it was literally the crack of dawn. It was still dark outside!

My mom set down my food in front of me and said, "Here you go, honey."

It took about five seconds for me to gobble down the whole thing. Then it was time to start getting ready for the big day.

*(Continued on page 4)*

### The Editors' Corner

## Teachers Write, Too

This month we are publishing a piece by fifth grade teacher Carolyn Derby, that she wrote as a model for her students. Enjoy!

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### The Last Day

Goodbye, sandy beaches. Goodbye, tidal pool where I learned to swim. Goodbye, old house that my great grandfather built in 1926.

July 1, 2005, was the last day I would ever spend in my family's cottage at Crystal Cove in Laguna Beach, California. Our beach house was named Bonnie Blink, which means "beautiful view" in Scottish. When my grandparents came to California from Scotland, they built a house at Crystal Cove so that all the relatives could spend time together by the breezy ocean, away from the hot San Marino summers. It was a place to get reacquainted with family, a place to relax, dream, and restore one's mind. And four generations loved that house, learned to swim in the tide pools, enjoyed chasing the grunion as they lay eggs

*(Continued on page 12)*

# The Legend of the Edwards Family

Luke E.

Fourth Grade

Mr. Ngo



There is a lot I can learn from my oral history. One story I heard was how my great grandfather became a minor league baseball player. He originally came from Wales. My great grandfather's name is Lamar Edwards. His trip to America and becoming a minor league baseball player was amazing! At the age of twelve, he convinced his parents to move to America. It took a year of persuading, but it finally happened. The family didn't have enough money to pay for a whole trip from Wales to America, so they drove half the way. This was a long drive! The rest of the trip, they flew and got their car shipped to America.

When Lamar got to America, he tried out for a high school baseball team. The first practice wasn't so good and the coaches gave him another month to see his skills. The first week, Lamar was learning about what the baseball team does and how they play ball. At the end of the month, the coaches accepted him by giving him a role on the field! During the first couple games, he did okay.

After that, Lamar got used to the team's play and after a year, he was a star player. He played in the infield and was as sharp as an eagle! Lamar was a team player and did anything to help the team win games. During high school, he got a letter sitting at his door. The letter read, "You have been given an offer to go to Colorado for a scholarship to play baseball." My great grandpa was so happy he accidentally knocked over his shelf.

While in college, Lamar got to play some serious ball! At college, they gave him a nice welcome and placed him in the dorm with the star player, Bobby Matthews. My great grandpa wasn't very good in his first year of college because he didn't know what to do. The guys weren't helping him, so he had to talk with the coach to help him improve. The coach now encouraged the team to help out the newer people and show them some pointers. In a month, Lamar finally learned how to be a better baseball player. He played great his senior year and he went on to play ball in the minors. He continued looking for an opportunity to go on to majors. Sadly, it never happened and he retired.

I am very proud of my great grandpa! One day I hope that I will inherit some of his genetic skills and be able to play a professional sport. My family legend is really neat. I encourage you all to talk to your families about your past.



# Thanksgiving

Kendall A.

First Grade  
Mrs. Bohannon

Thanksgiving will be here soon and Soosy the turkey was getting nervous. Soosy did not want to be eaten for Thanksgiving dinner.

When Farmer Jackson opened the turkey fence, Soosy the



turkey was gone. She ran and ran until she got to the flower garden. She put on petals that are yellow and green leaves.

She stuck her face in the flower pollen to smell like a flower. And then she went back to the farm and the farmer did not

recognize Soosy. Then Soosy hid in the bushes and looked like a flower. The farmer watered the flowers and did not recognize Soosy. The farmer did not have a turkey for Thanksgiving. It was the best turkey Thanksgiving ever!





# Soccer

Govind K.

Second Grade

Mrs. Gramata and Mrs. Pursley/Mrs. Thomas



Why would you want to get tackled in football when you can play soccer? In my opinion, soccer is the best sport! To begin with, you get to kick the ball the hardest you can. It feels good when you score a goal. In fact, you get people cheering for you when you do. Another reason is you do fun games at practice and learn new skills. There's lots of different games that are fun, like "King of the Ring". One last reason is that you get medals after the season sometimes, and it reminds you of the whole season. As you can see, the best sport is soccer!



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## Fabulous, Fantastic Dance Competition

*(Continued from page 1)*

I went upstairs to the shower with the big glass doors and silver handle. It felt too good to be true to get all the gross greenish brownish stuff out of my eyes. I put in shampoo, conditioner and body wash liquid. I got into my warm fuzzy, cozy, dry towel and put on some comfy clothes. My pink shirt was comfy short sleeves and the pants were just plain black.

I went to my mom's bathroom and she started doing my Princess Leah buns and my heavy dark stage make-up. The make-up is a little bit uncomfortable, but I got used to it. I made sure I had everything and then hopped into the car. I put a blanket on me and we started driving.

We finally got to the venue. It was at the Disneyland Center. I put on my pink and white sequined costume in the girls' dressing room, but then, *uh-oh*, I couldn't find my shoes! I rummaged through my bag, but my shoes were still missing.

I said to my mom, "I can't find my dance shoes! What am I going to do?!"

So, my mom started rummaging through my dance bag to find the shoes, and luckily, she did. They were dug up from the bottom of my bag.

My mom took me to the warm-up area so I could practice my first solo and stretch. I ran through my dance with my teacher, Mrs. Heather. She has dark chocolate brown hair and is very sweet and kind. Then, she told me it was time to go backstage. My stomach started to shake and I got very nervous.

She led me backstage. There were so many dancers! They announced my name, so I put on a smile and walked onto the stage. I finished the dance and walked off. My mom came running up to me and gave me a big, huge, colossal hug. "You did so well for your first solo! I am so proud of you!" she said.

That was my amazing, fantastic experience which I will never forget!





## The Cast

Noah J.

Sixth Grade

Mr. Dodge

Sssss-sssss-sssss-sssss! My Ribstik went. I was riding my two-wheeled skateboard in a weird, contorted way: both my feet on the ends of the skateboard, while moving my legs in a side to side motion to propel the skateboard forward. I took a lap around the gym with my friends, all riding the same company brand skateboard, Ribstik. I was finishing my lap when I spotted a small gap, a gap so small that a group of people couldn't go through, but small enough that a person could go through and nobody could follow. I went towards that gap, and I was just about to get through the gap when one of the people

surrounding the gap backed up just a little, and that little step was enough to knock me off of the Ribstik and fall. But I fell in a way in which you weren't supposed to: I had stuck out my hand to stop my fall! I fell on the heel of the hand, the part where it was connected directly to the wrist. My wrist angled and broke, and a second later I heard it break.

CRAAACK!

Another moment later I felt the pain, the pain where your vision tunnels and nothing else matters except your injury. Then the pain lessened just a bit, but not a lot, and I could see my surroundings. The adult who was with me helped me stand up, because the pain was immobilizing, paralyzing me. I can remember it: a stinging, sharp pain like a thousand needles were sinking, pressing into my wrist, while a great, throbbing pain lay underneath all of that, stabbing into my head. The adult, Teacher Sunny, led me to my parents, and luckily, a doctor was right beside them. He told my parents to go to the nearest children's hospital, CHOC Hospital. My parents bundled me into a car and sat me down. Then we drove towards the hospital.

The next 10 to 20 minutes were probably the most painful moments of my life. Every curve, every dip, every bump felt like I was re-breaking my arm all over again. My hot, salty tears and the cold sweat poured off of me in great waterfalls. By the time I got to the hospital, I had bitten my lip, positively drenched and covered in sweat, and was trembling in pain.

We got to the hospital lobby, and I was checked into the ER room. They stuck an IV into my arm and put some pain killer in the IV. I waited there for about an hour while the nurses took an X-ray of my arm. Then, they took my mom outside and conversed with my mom for a few minutes. Then they came back inside and told me the devastating news. Both of the bones in my wrist had broken and disjointed out of alignment!

My doctor, the orthopedist, was luckily there at that time, and she looked at my arm and brought in a queer-looking machine. It had wheels, there was a clip-like thing on the top of the machine, and the body of the machine was metal. Then she attached the ends of my fingers of the broken arm upright onto the machine. She then put an ice bag onto the crook of my elbow, which was supposed to relax my clenched muscles and straighten out my bones. After a few minutes, the nurses and she took the machine off and put something in my nose, something like a gas mask, but smaller. They ejected a gas into the mask and soon, I was unconscious.

When I woke up, there was a soft temporary cast around my wrist and elbow, then I was put into a wheelchair, because the effects of the sleeping gas were still lasting. I went into the car and drove home. When I got home, my dad returned the wheelchair to the hospital, then for the next few days, I stayed at home, and only home. I didn't go to school, or any other extra curricular activities.


*(Continued on page 6)*

# Morning Report

Parker D.  
Kindergarten  
Mrs. Piesik

Name: **Parker** Date: **12-1-15**

Snow, Snow, Snow!



Words that I can use!

go	can
my	slide
to	throw
the	snow
in	sled
hill	

The snowman has a  
scarf. The scarf is red.  
The snowman has a carrot  
nose.



## The Cast

(Continued from page 5)

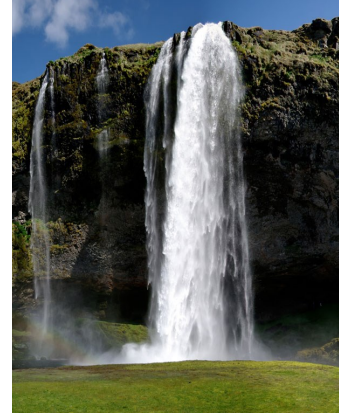
After that incident, kids were not allowed to play alone with only one adult watching over them. The other adults made a club-sort of thing for kids when the kids were all alone.

I had the temporary cast on for two weeks with a sling, and then it was taken off and a new, hard cast was put on. They wrapped a type of cloth which was dunked in a special mixture of chemicals, around my arm, then it became hard and then it was virtually unbreakable. I chose the color dark blue for the cast color. I had that on for four weeks, and lots of friends signed my cast with a marker. After those long, smelly, hard-to-take-a-shower four weeks, I took it off and had to put on another cast-like brace for six weeks! But unlike the previous two, I could take it on and off on a whim. After the tiring six weeks, I finally took it off. In all, it had been three months since I had broken my wrist on 9/11. But when I finally took the brace off for good, my arm was all hairy like a gorilla! But in time, the hair fell out, and I still have the hard cast and the brace to this day. (Though I trashed the soft cast because it was so smelly and gross.)



# The Mystery Door

Ryan N.  
Fifth Grade  
Miss Walsh



Whoosh! The wind blew as I was walking home from school with my friends. The birds and crows were flying around like crazy making my friends wonder what was happening. I felt a cold breeze again and I started to shiver. I reached my house and instead I saw a green, wooden door covered by shiny leaves and branches. I stared at the door in complete terror. I couldn't figure out what was going on.

Slowly I opened the door and I stopped. I felt like I was in tropical heaven! There was a gigantic shiny turquoise waterfall that went to a huge, flowing river. All I could think of was diving into this refreshing water. Then, all of a sudden I dropped my key ..... BOOM! The door slammed and I was stuck!

I started walking towards the tropical oasis. Suddenly, I heard a howling sound. I ran up a tree and prayed that I would be safe. Below me, I spotted a pack of wolves. They looked like they wanted to bite me with their sharp pointy teeth. My heart was beating nonstop. I wanted to dive in the river but I couldn't. The spooky howling of the wolves continued and I quickly noticed that one of the wolves was biting the trunk of the tree. It jumped up super high and bit the branch. The branch cracked and I was hanging on as tight as I could, but my palms were so sweaty they felt like melted butter.

I felt like I saw my life flash before me. Just as I was ready to give up, I spotted a vine and decided to swing on the branch to grab the vine. I jumped off and felt the soft, golden sand. I ran as fast as I could as the wolves chased me towards the top of the waterfall. They trapped me and the only escape was to jump down the waterfall. Right when I was about to jump into the waterfall, the wolf grabbed my leg. I could feel his sharp canines bite in my flesh. It felt like a sharp knife was cutting me up. I knew I was dying! Then, there were five more wolves biting me.

Someone was shaking me. My mom screamed, "Wake up, Ryan! You are having a bad dream!" I opened my eyes and realized it was a dream all along.

My mom asked me what happened and I said, "You don't want to really know." I was so happy to be lying in my bed away from the wolves.



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## Javier's

Rhett H.  
Second Grade  
Mrs. Hinkle



In my opinion, Javier's is the best restaurant. To begin with, they have the best food. For example, they have steak tacos with rice. Second, they have soda. For instance, Sprite is my favorite. Lastly, the service is great. In fact, the people are very nice. In conclusion, Javier's is the best restaurant.







## First Day of School

Grace M.

Fourth Grade

Miss Porter

It all started out weird. When I just stepped in, I started to shiver. I slowly sat down and took a deep breath. I could smell the scent of 4<sup>th</sup> grade. I looked around the classroom noticing all the new students. I saw many posters and read one that said, “You never fail until you stop trying.” I really enjoyed it.

I tried putting a smile on my face, but I was just too shy. I stared at my new teacher, scanned her whole body. My teacher started giving us a little tour around our class. Then, Miss Porter told us where all our supplies were--for example, glue-sticks, whiteboard, and other tools we use in our class. She also showed us the class library that was full of many good books and taught us a little bit about the rules on the school grounds.

“Ding! Ding! Ding!” the recess bell rang as all the students raced out of the classroom, ready to go play. When recess was over, I started to feel more comfortable. I started talking more loudly and participating more. Sadly, the day was over, but there’s always a tomorrow and I can’t wait!



## A Special and Unique Christmas

Mareya L.

Third Grade

Mrs. Oehlman

It was a warm, Saturday morning when my older sister, Kaira, plopped down on my bed and woke me up. “It’s Christmas!” she shouted enthusiastically. I immediately woke up and squealed with excitement. I was extremely happy when I realized it was Christmas!

Quickly, I ran to the edge of the staircase and glanced down below at the presents underneath the sparkly Christmas tree. Then, I went downstairs and waited for our guests, Cara and Mendy, to come over for a Christmas brunch. This Christmas was different because we usually didn’t have guests over for brunch.

Suddenly, the doorbell rang, “Ding-dong.” We greeted Cara and Mendy with smiles full of Christmas spirit and they joined us at the dinner table filled with delicious food to eat. My sister and I finished eating early because we were so eager to open the presents. We sat down near the tree and waited for everyone else to join us. After five minutes, which felt like forever, they finally finished eating and joined us.

First, my mom opened her presents and then it was my turn! I got a pink and white robot dog, a doll from *Our Generation* that I really wanted, and a Frozen bathrobe that my sister got me. I decided to name my doll Parker and the pink and white robot Candie. I was so happy with my presents that I felt like a volcano about to explode! This was a very special and unique Christmas with my family.





## Ducks Game

Jared M.

Sixth Grade

Mrs. Pipp and Mrs. Cassaro



"Good news!" my dad cried, as he stepped through the door, returning from work. "My boss gave me free front-row tickets for an Anaheim Ducks game!"

Automatically, I was super excited. This isn't the first time our family has gotten free tickets to see the Ducks. Every once in a while, my dad's boss gives out free front-row tickets. We've gotten it several times. Once, we even stayed in a suite! I didn't enjoy it as much, but there was a cookie on the table, so...

"I don't want to go, though," my sister cried.

"Then I can invite my friends," I rapidly suggested.

We decided that I'd go with two of my friends from church. I couldn't wait, but there was still a week to come. During school that week, I daydreamed about my old visits to the Honda Center. I had never gone with friends before. Usually I go with just my family. This time, we were even going to buy expensive food there, since my dad's boss gave him 100 dollars to spend on food.

Finally, the day came. It was time! First, we arrived at David's little sister's birthday party at their house. Everything was bright pink and shiny. Balloons were floating everywhere, so I enjoyed kicking them around. I looked at the presents and everything was Barbie dolls and stuff like that. Once we picked them up, we drove to the Honda Center.

When we arrived, we quickly ran into line. It was a short wait. We finally entered the building. As soon as we sat down at our front-row seats, the game had already started. This was it. The moment we've all been waiting for- Anaheim Ducks vs. San Jose Sharks. In reality, the Sharks would win, because they would just eat the Ducks, but in this case, the Ducks ate the Sharks.

A few minutes into the game, a few players bumped into the fiber glass wall after being knocked over. We all shouted in excitement, as we heard the loud "thud". The noise of thousands of people cheering was deafening, but in some ways, I felt at home.

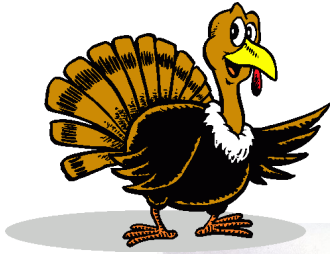
Suddenly, I heard constant booing. The Sharks were the first to score. The Ducks rapidly caught up, leading four to one. We all cheered as the Ducks scored their fourth goal. At one of the breaks, a kind employee gave me a used hockey puck he found near the rink. It was the game puck! The kid behind me also gave my friend, Jonathan, a puck that the same employee gave him. Now David was left out.

The break was over. Would the Sharks catch up? Suddenly, before I knew it, the Ducks scored their fifth goal!

"GOOOOAAAL!" the spectators yelled, as the Ducks scored their fifth goal.

Before I knew it, the game was over. The Ducks won! Like I stated earlier, David felt left out, so he bought a puck, and we took a picture with all of the pucks we got. Overall, that was a great game and the Ducks won. I was happy to enjoy an exciting ice hockey game with my friends.





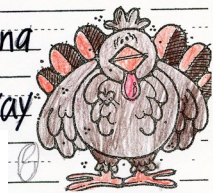
# Tina the Turkey

Isabella D.

First Grade  
Miss Nguyen

Thanksgiving will be here soon and Tina the turkey was getting nervous. Tina was at the pet store when she saw pet store owner Milissa. Milissa wanted to eat Tina for Thanksgiving! Tina decided to run away.

Then she saw a trash can. Tina climbed the trash can and she found candy wrappers just her size! She hid in a trick-or-treat bag that was empty so she looked like candy! Milissa couldn't find Tina turkey so Milissa ate pumpkin pie. It was the best turkey Thanksgiving ever!



# My First Bike Ride

Sophia L.

Third Grade  
Mrs. Singery



The first bike ride I had without training wheels was extremely difficult. My dad came to me with my bicycle. The moment I saw him, I wished I hadn't been on the driveway. I saw that my bicycle had no training wheels! I hadn't been able to ride my bicycle without training wheels!

My dad said, "Do you want to try riding your bike?"

My answer was, "No way!"

My dad said, "Well I am going to make you do it anyway!" I eventually gave in because my dad had insisted it would be fun. I got on my bike, my stomach slowly twisting into a knot of fear. I started riding with my dad holding onto my seat. Unfortunately, every single time he let go, BAM! I toppled over.

Next, I kept practicing all the time. I found it enjoyable. I gradually became better after a few months.

One night, my dad asked me, "Do you mind if I call Anna and your mom?"

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# Our Unique Pumpkins

Elizabeth G.

Kindergarten

Mrs. Watson/Mrs. Jacobson

**OUR UNIQUE PUMPKINS**

Today we read about Spookley, the square pumpkin.

This is my unique pumpkin:

We can make text to self connections! Spookley is unique because he is a square pumpkin. I can write about what makes me unique on the lines below.

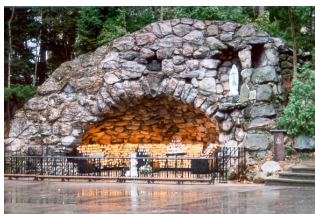
I am unique because **I KAH**  
**RIDA HRS.**

Use adjectives to write about your unique pumpkin on the lines below.

My pumpkin **IS SMART AND**  
**it is GREEN. it**  
**SAVE LIVES.**

Draw a picture to show what makes you unique!

**HONEY**



## A Special Place

Edy M.

Fifth Grade

Mrs. Derby

There is a special place at the University of Notre Dame that was built to resemble the cave grotto in Lourdes, France, where Mary appeared to young Bernadette. I love to go there to light a candle and pray.

When my brother graduated from Notre Dame, I got to visit my favorite place. I ran down to the Grotto as quick as I could. The steps were smooth and the night was pitch black. As I turned the bend, I was blinded by pure white light. Hundreds of candles flickered like twinkling stars to light the rocky cave. *It always looks the same*, I thought. I stepped over to a large box and pulled out a long match stick. I walked silently over to light a candle, taking fire from a burning candle, and lighting another candle.

As I slipped off my shoes, I felt the cold, hard concrete. My feet carried me to a kneeling place where I fell to my knees. I immediately felt my knees sinking into a soft, fluffy, red, velvet cushion. My eyes wandered around until I found the place where the Virgin Mary was peacefully smiling down at me. I smiled back at her and looked at the cave where I had stood a few, quick seconds ago. Shadows were dancing on the walls and playing as if they were waiting to receive my

(Continued on page 12)



## My First Bike Ride

*(Continued from page 10)*

I immediately replied, “No.”

So my mom and sister came to watch me practice. My mom and sister watched me as I rode up and down the hill. I made it without falling!

I learned that even if the thing you are working on is difficult, you can always keep persevering and you will prevail. One example of this is persevering and trying to ride a bike. Even though you think you will never prevail, you can always keep trying. Ever since that time, I overcome something hard by persevering.



## A Special Place

*(Continued from page 11)*

prayer.

I nodded and shut my eyes. I fell into deep prayer. When I opened my eyes I turned around and saw fireflies dancing and glimmering, playing, and smiling--and just enjoying the lighthearted night.

I knew my family would be waiting for me. I stood up clumsily, said goodbye to the Virgin Mary, hurried up the stairs, and ran to the other side of campus. I looked back happily and saw the fireflies following me.

When I am at the Grotto, I always feel amazed at the beauty, and I feel Mary's presence, just like Bernadette felt when Mary appeared to her at Lourdes.



## Teachers Write, Too

*(Continued from page 1)*

in the middle of the night by the shore, and had an infinite number of bonfires on the sand, roasting hot dogs and setting marshmallows on fire.

This house was the center of much of my family's history. When my mother was a child, the house had blackout curtains so that enemy submarines during WWII couldn't see the lights along the shores of California. There was a sunset curfew at this time, and the Coast Guard with black Labrador Retrievers patrolled the beaches at night, protecting our nation from possible enemy intruders.

When I was a child, the beach house was a refuge from city life. There were no telephones, no televisions, and no newspapers. But there were books, and board games and cards, and radio shows to keep us entertained during the nights. And there was our imagination to keep us entertained during the day.

During the day we made sandcastles with moats and decorated them with nasturtium flowers from my grandfather's garden. The castle was protected by a magical dragon to keep my pesky brothers and sisters from destroying it.

On other days, we played cowboys and Indians, hiding in Fort Bonnie (the basement underneath the beach house) or behind the colossal tidal rocks along the shore. Ropes of kelp became our Indian headdresses, twigs tossed aside by the waves became rifles for the cowboys.

Another day, we would become sea animals playing in the water. We were dolphins on our rafts, with sharks swimming underneath and trying to tip us over without being seen.

I will miss the beach house itself. I will miss the beautiful ocean scenery. But most of all, I will miss being with my relatives and the imaginative games that filled our summer days at the beach house.

- Carolyn Derby





# Family Picture Day

Morgan T.

Sixth Grade

Miss Reeser



Heat: I felt it against my skin. I was awake, so I felt everything in reality. "Wake up!" my mom said in Vietnamese. While I was still trying to wake up from my dream, back to my life, I suddenly remembered that today was my family picture day. I jumped out of my rock hard bed, and ran up through the spiraling stairs of my cousins' house and walked into the kitchen. My cousins' maid had created a delicious aroma of porridge. After gobbling down my burning hot porridge and drinking my French vanilla milk, I ran down through the headache-creating stairs to my room in order to get ready. When I had finished getting ready, I went downstairs to get in the car.

"Wow, Morgan!" said my cousin, Anh Bao. He was wearing a smooth black tuxedo. He had never seen me wear anything as fancy as what I was wearing. He was busy trying to zip up his bag for our trip.

"So pretty!" complimented my aunt, as I twirled around in my blue, white, and red dress. My dress had a giant bow in the center, a white top, and the plaid part with all the colors was the skirt and the bow. It looked like the American flag without the patterns.

"Khong," I objected, the word meant "no" in Vietnamese. My aunt's dress was more beautiful than mine. It was a traditional Vietnamese dress. Her dress was green-blue, and she wore a flowy white pair of pants.

"Your dress is prettier," I complimented back to her. My aunt and I laughed.

When we got to the church where the pictures were going to be taken, we got out of their pearl car. We were some of the first people there. I ran over to my cousins that were already there. Running in my cousin's gold and white wedge shoes didn't hurt because they had comfort cushions. My oldest cousin, Anh Halley, picked me up so that I could sit on his lap. My cousins and I caught up with each other with stories in English until the entire family came, since we were all fluent English except for 4 of my cousins. The first picture was only the individual families together (mom, dad, and the children).

After doing a bunch of formal separate pictures, we did a couple of pictures with the entire family. There was a soft wind. The hair of the girls looked like it was going to be carried away to a faraway land. My older female cousins looked like models with their soft shiny ebony hair that was lightly being carried by the wind, their beautiful dresses sparkled like the stars, and their flawless skin that was either snow-white or caramel-tan.

After doing one family picture, I went to go change into a dress that my aunt brought me. It was a blue, white, and gold dress. It had a blue velvet top, and a frilly white with gold dotted skirt that had a golden chain around the waist. It also had a clip that was on the top that was gold and had sparkling fake diamonds in the shape of flowers.

After doing a couple more pictures with the entire family, my cousins and I walked away to have some fun, since we felt as if we were going to sleep at any moment.

We took a couple of selfies. Most of us couldn't fit in the screen. I also took a selfie with my best friends, who were also my cousins, Chi Minh Anh and Hoan Giang, or Melody and Jolie in English. Melody's dress was a simple white, gray, and black plaid dress, and Jolie's dress was similar to mine except she didn't have a chain but a ribbon, and her dress was red and white. Her skirt had stripes that were red, white, and black.

We decided that all of the guy cousins should take a picture together. All of them wore a tuxedo except for my brother and my cousin, Anh Phuc. My brother wore a pearl gray suit that he borrowed from one of our uncles, and my cousin wore a shirt that was usually worn under a suit, and a pair of tuxedo pants.

"Stop it!" I screamed. My cousin, Anh Binh, or Jason in English, suddenly picked me up, and his brother, Anh Hoa, or Jordan, and started tickling me. They were both wearing shiny and well-tailored

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# Cats!

Mary M.

Fourth Grade  
Ms. Kayashima

Cats are amazing!!! If you think about it, you will understand. Cats are usually soft, fluffy, and calm. If you pet a cat it's like your hands are sinking into a soft pillow. Cats can be really funny. They usually are friendly, and they also comfort you in any situation. They are also great for adults because most adults like peaceful and quiet pets. If you ever feel mad or sad they come in and calm you down. It's like magic!

Here are some fun facts. Did you know most cats are afraid of cucumbers? That is a fact that might give you an excuse for not eating veggies. Another cool fact is that some Siamese cats are cross-eyed because the nerves from the right eye goes to the left eye and the nerves from the left eye go to the right eye. This may cause double vision, so they try to fix this by crossing their eyes. Also another fact that is really cool is that most cat owners THINK that cats can read their minds. I also know that if a cat rubs on you that means it is marking you as their territory! Finally, cats are the most popular pets in North America.

The thing about cats that most people love about them is they don't whine or bark. (Another fact that MOST adults love about cats.) That earsplitting noise you might hear every morning or the loud barks that keep you up all night will finally be gone. That noise will be exchanged with soft purrs and silent nights. If you ever want to get a pet cat, that would be a great choice!!! It's TRUE!



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## Family Picture Day

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tuxedos. Jason's hair had so much gel in it that it looked like his hair was made of wax in the sun. Jason has always reminded me of a girl sometimes. He always cared so much about his hair, and his skin is so white, it looked as if he painted his skin white.

After the adults finished taking pictures, we took one more picture of the entire family in front of the church. The sun that lit up Vietnam was facing behind us, and we all looked at the camera. With the sun heating up my skin, I felt more tired, I felt as if I was being fried like a piece of bacon. I looked at the river that was behind the camera crew. I felt so relaxed being with the entire family. I felt so light that I felt as if the wind would just carry me away. My fantasy ended when I saw the blinding light of the camera. The sea of colors from our clothing parted away when we had to leave to get ready for our trip. My cousin, Anh Ba, was going to be staying for only 2 days in Vietnam before going back to Australia. In order to make memories with the entire family, we decided to go on a trip to Vung Tao. We went to the beach and an amusement park there.

