

I Am From...

by Willa

I am from never seeing my grandparents from my mom's side of the family because they died before I was born.

I am from Hanna, my sweet little Yorkie puppy, licking my face when I get back from wherever I've been, which makes me feel like running around like Hanna, and my mom says that she runs around like a little Tazmanian devil.

I am from being the big sister and sometimes feeling responsible for watching Jay, my younger brother and Hanna, my sweet little Yorkie puppy.

I am from the Easter egg hunts my family and I do every year, one at the park and one at our house, which make me feel like being the Easter Bunny myself one year.

I am from living at the end of a gravel road with blackberry bushes across the road from my house and a yard surrounded by woods.

I am from living right next door to neighbors who have two huge, terrifying, Mastiffs.

I am from being terrified of the swingy monkey bars because my arms are too short and they are so scary, but trying them anyway.

I am from watching shows that my mom and dad watched in their childhood, like the Pink Panther.

I am from writing a series of books called Life with a Yorkie books 1-3 so far.

I am from hating celery, oysters, olives, eggs, and jicama.

I am from my mom being 100% Hungarian.

I am from my dad's dad's ancestry going back to England.

I am from my dad's mom's ancestry going back to one of the 13 original colonies of the USA.

I am from making new friends every year and keeping the old friends I have made in the past.

I am from knowing I was cat-crazy before we got a sweet, adorable Yorkie puppy.

I am from my brother yelling at me and sometimes me yelling back at him.

I am from getting the honor to be the first third-grader to win the school spelling bee at TCE.

I am from making cards for my mom and dad every year for their birthdays.

I am from being a young, inspired inventor.