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### Moving to the United States

I was in sixth grade when I got the news that we were going to move. I was doing my homework on the dining room table. When suddenly the door opened with a slam, and I see my mom and dad walk into the room with a string of suitcases. I had no idea what was going on, I stopped what I was doing and asked my parents why they brought those suitcases. That's when they told me that we were moving to the United States. I was excited, because it was our first family trip and it was my first time on a plane. The very next day after school I started thinking about what I was going to pack.

My mother did most of the packing because according to her I was still a child, and I would not know what to pack. Of course I did not agree with her and still packed some things when she was not looking. I was not the only one that my mother packed for, she did that for my brother too. My family is made up of five people, me, my sister and brother, and of course mom and dad. Altogether we had a lot of stuff to pack. I am not kidding when I say we had one separate suitcase just for our shoes. My whole family helped us pack. Although I was only eleven years old I could see the sadness in their eyes. I did not know why they were sad at the time because I was too busy being happy. But I know now that the sadness I saw was because we were leaving for a long time.

The days were going by fast and the day we were leaving was getting closer and closer. And slowly the reality of the what was going to happen started to set in. I went from being excited to sad, sad that I was not going to see all of my friends and family anymore. My last

night with my family was probably the worst day of my life. I cried more than I have ever cried in my life. I am very emotional, I get that from my mom. I think she cried more than I did that night, and she was not the only one. Other than me, every other female in my family cried as well. The men in my family were too manly to cry although I know some of them wanted to. The next day we had to wake up early because our flight was at 7:00 a.m.

I was not finished crying. I cried the whole ride to the airport. My grandfather drove us to the airport. When we got to the airport, we said a final goodbye to my grandfather and left. I was still crying but not as much anymore. I was so anxious to see the plane, but I could see that there were a few things we needed to do before we go on the plane. I do not remember what we had to go through, but I remember that we had to put our stuff through a scanner so that the people at the airport would make sure we did not have something we were not supposed to have. Finally we were entering the plane, and as we entered a flight attendant was welcoming us one by one and showing us our seats. There were five of us and one window seat. So naturally me and brother fought over who was going to get the window seat, but I won of course. As the plane took flight my eyes never left the window, I kept on staring at the view. It was beautiful.

After spending hours in the air, we finally made it to the United States of America. Waiting for us at the airport was my aunt, uncle and little cousin. It was the very first time we have seen them. My uncle moved to the United States long before we did and I was little so I did not really remember him well. After the hugs and kisses, we got our luggage and headed to our new home.

The airport was two hours away from my uncles house, so it was a long drive. At first glance there house seemed small. It was good for them, but I thought that there would not be enough room for all of us. But looks can be deceiving, because on the inside the house was

bigger. It was a two story house with a big back yard. We were staying upstairs, there was only three bedrooms so me and my sister shared one, my brother was in one and mom and dad in the other. Our bed was quite big and when I saw it all I wanted to do was sleep.

Despite my exhaustion, I woke early the next morning. Anyways, I was , not the only one up, when I went downstairs my uncle was already up watching cartoons with my little cousin. I watched TV with them for a while, but then I had to help my sister unpack.

I might have been only eleven but I still had to unpack my own suitcase. Thank goodness it was the lightest one out of all of them. I opened it up and started unpacking. I took everything out piece by piece and put it in the closet. I was halfway through my suitcase when my cousin came crawling into my room to see what I was doing. It was winter time so I had a lot of sweaters. As I was taking one out, it felt heavy so I was unfolding it to see what was inside, my cousin crawled under my arms and out falls a car, which was a present for him, and falls on his back. I did not know my mother had packed things other than my clothes in my suitcase. A few seconds later my cousin started to cry and everyone rushed into the room to see what had happened. I froze, I did not know what to do, I thought my cousin was going to die, but thankfully he was ok. My mom told me to get ready because we were leaving and that she would finish unpacking my suitcase.

It was our first day in America, I was excited to go explore it. One of the first places we went to was pier 39. It was a long drive and all the way there I was looking out the window. What I saw most of the time were trees, and flowers along side the road. When we arrived, we went to the aquarium first. I thought it was amazing. There were fish swimming above me and all kinds of other sea creatures that I have never seen before. Afterwards we saw the seals and took some pictures of them. It was the first time I have ever seen seals. We also saw the golden

gate bridge. Up until then I had only seen the bridge in photos, so it was pretty cool that I was able to see it in person. Our last stop was Santa Cruz. It was too cold to swim obviously, but it was the first time I saw an amusement park on the beach. Overall it was the best day of my life.

I have been in the United States for almost seven years, and I am proud to say that I am an American citizen. I have been in school for 6 years and most people today can not even tell that I am Lebanese because I am fluent in English now. Although I miss my family a lot, I do not regret at all coming to the USA.