

I Am From

By Kellan

I am from being the grandson of a grandpa who died of cancer when he was eighty- two. I am from my mom and I having a phone that belongs to my grampa and talking to him every night but still no response. I am from my mom and I still imagining him to this very day.

I am from riding my bike every afternoon when the sun is shining. I am from hearing the mossy, gravel terrain and birds singing every day. I am from feeling happy when the birds sing to me.

I am from feeling the soft, wind brushing against me every morning when I wake up. I am from smelling Myrtle, and Blue Cypress at night with the wind blowing rapidly.

I am from playing basketball every afternoon with my neighbor. I am from hearing the swish of the basketball hoop, mostly, every time I make a shot.

I am from: Me

