

## My First American Friend

Jin, Sarunna

I was born in China. When I was two months old, I went to live with my grandparents in a place called Inner Mongolia in China. This made it possible for my parents to go to school in a different part of China. They wanted to do this so that we could all have a better life someday. Later, my parents went to America to study at a school called Boston College. It is in the state of Massachusetts. I stayed with my grandparents in China. I was happy there with them and my friends. When I was six years old, my parents asked me if I would like to join them in America. I said, "Okay!" On the morning of my journey to

America, I had to get up at five o' clock. My grandma and I traveled by train to Beijing, the capital of China. There we met my aunt, who took us to the airport. Even though I was so young, I was flying to America all by myself. The trip was a real adventure. I flew from China to Japan and from Japan to San Francisco in America. From there I flew to New York, where my mom and dad were waiting. We had a happy reunion with hugs and kisses.

Soon after I got to America, I started first grade. I didn't know any English. That made it difficult for me to do everything. I tried to talk with the other children, but we could not understand each other. No one played with me. Oh, how sad and lonely I was for my friends that I had left behind. I felt especially sad when my

mom read a letter from my grandmother. It said that one of my friends in China had knocked on my grandmother's door and asked, "Is Sarunna back yet?" That made me sadder. Then something happened to make me feel better. I was sitting at my desk during playtime when a girl named Ali came over to play with me. Ali had blue eyes, a pretty smile, and beautiful blonde hair. I had never seen such pretty hair before. Even though I could only speak a little bit of English, Ali and I had lots of fun together. She let me touch her pretty hair. From that day on, we always played together at school. Sometimes we played on the swings. Sometimes we played on the slide. In the classroom, we built blocks and painted together. Ali and I became best friends and were very happy! At the end of the year, Ali told me that

she was moving to another school. I was sad again because my very best friend was leaving. On the last day of school, we hugged and said good-bye.

In second grade, my English improved a lot. I still had some problems with the language, but I made many new friends. This year, I am in third grade, and my English is perfect! I have many friends now, and I'm very happy. But I'll always remember Ali, my first American friend.