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## **Like a Dandelion**

As I walk through the grass, I see a dandelion. I grab it and I take a closer look at it. I blow as hard as I can, and I see it fall down slowly, landing smooth on the grass. It makes me remember on how my story inspires many people to keep going and never stop dreaming. My name is Brooklyn Paige and i'm 20 years old. My story begins with my younger me. When I was little, I had to move every time because my parents had a hard time finding a job. I went to Chicago, New York, Washington, North Carolina, and Indiana. It was hard for me to get friends because by the time I made a new friend, we had to move again and the worst part is that I couldn't say goodbye to them. I was tired of moving again and again. Until finally, we stayed in California. We lived in a small house with a big backyard. I had a million things in my mind on what to do in my backyard. One of them is sitting under the big tree and continuing writing a book I started while we were traveling to different places. I had always dream to become an author, but my parents wanted me to be something more than just an author. I disagreed with that. We always argued about what I wanted to be when I grow up. When I was 16 years old, I had this huge argument with my father and he slap me in the face. He said, "Brooklyn, wake up! This is real world. You will never succeed if you are just an author who writes books all day. I don't want you to end up like us. Look at us! You want to be like this? I know you don't. Get your head off the clouds and focus on the real world!" When he said that, my heart was filled with anger. I couldn't handle it anymore. I wanted to run away and chase my dream. I didn't want to listen to my father. It took me 1 year to finally agree to run away. Early in the morning, I hear the birds chirping as usual. I wake up and I packed all the necessary things that I need to take. I left a note to let them know that I went to chase my dream. I went outside and I take a last look at my house. I turned around and continue walking. I didn't know where to go, but I still continue walking. I had to find a place where to stay. I decided to go somewhere far away from my house, somewhere where my parents won't find me. It looked like a maze to me. By the time the sun goes down, I sat down under this big tree. I looked identical like the tree in my backyard. That's when I decided to stay there. I felt protected and free. Everyday, I will continue writing my book under the tree without someone telling me stop. I felt relieved after many arguments. 1 year later, I woke up and when I opened my eyes, there was a police in front of me, breathing heavily and said,

"Are you Brooklyn Paige?" I said, "Yes, sir." He stopped for a minute, then continued. "Come with me." I replied, "Yes, sir." I was wondering why there is a police taking me. As they parked the police car. I saw a sign that says Police Station. I thought to myself, "Why would they take me to the Police Station?" As I stepped into the Police Station, the first thing I saw was my mother. I ran as fast as I could and hugged her tightly to not let her go. tears were running down my face. My mother took a look at me and said, "Where were you Brooklyn?" I looked down, then I looked at my mom, "I was under a big tree, far, far away." My mom hugged me tightly again. I hugged her back calmly. We went back to our house and it was dead silent. I said to my mother, "Where is my dad?" she said nothing at all, she didn't even looked at me in the eyes. I said it once again, "Where is dad?" This time she walk closer to me and stopped. She grabbed both of my hands and I looked at her. She looked like she was about to burst of tears. She said it quietly, "Your dad... your dad is... dead." I was shocked. My heart dropped when she said those words. She burst a lot of tears, and I asked her, "How?" She replied, "When he read the note that you run away, he had a heart attack." I started to feel bad about myself. I regretted everything I did. My mom continue talking, "Also, we might lose this house too. We don't have enough money." I knew I had to do something to help. I thought of this idea to work as a hair stylist and I did, but I didn't liked it. It wasn't what I wanted to be. It was not me. After a few months, we only had enough money to buy food, but not the house bills. As I took a seat in the sofa, I saw the book I wrote a few years, sitting on the table. I took a closer look at it, and an idea popped up in my head. I told my mom my idea, and she loved it. I published my book and I got a lot of money of it, and now we have enough money for everything. See, my life was based on a dandelion. When you blow a dandelion, all the little pieces fall on the ground. You can't see them, but you know it's somewhere. It needed time to grow and be a new dandelion.

My life is just like a dandelion.