

Two Places to Call Home

[Redacted]

It was January sixth, twenty nineteen. It was the day I was going to leave Cameroon.

I woke up around 8:00 am. I was so excited for my day to begin! When I left my bedroom and went outside, I could see the clear blue sky. I heard the birds singing. I felt like they were talking to me. I could smell the orange trees and the wet grass from the rain the night before. I could see some of my neighbors playing outside.

I went back to the kitchen and I could smell breakfast. It was eggs and bacon. I heard my stomach growling. So I sat down and started eating right away. When I was done, I went to my grandma's room and greeted her, "*bonjour!*" It means good-morning in French. "You should have been ready by now hurry, hurry!" she said. I took a warm shower and wore my favorite outfit. I put on blue jeans with a gray shirt and a flowery sweater. I slipped into my black and white jordans. My grandma tied my hair up in a long ponytail and put a red bow on it. I was ready to leave.

Now I had to do something really hard. Saying good-bye to my older sister was really hard. I gave her a huge hug. I was hurting inside but I did not cry because I wanted to show my sister that we should stay strong no matter what happens. I went back inside and everyone was ready. We got in the car and my dad started driving. We arrived at the airport in less than five minutes. When we got inside, I could see the bright Christmas lights and decorations. I could also see people all around. The airport was full of people, some coming in, some leaving, some saying good-bye.

We waited for about an hour until we were ready to register our luggage. My dad said "*prend ton sac*" (take your backpack). I looked at him knowing what that meant. I wanted to cry so badly but I did not want to make my grandma cry. I started to think about all of the things we had done together. I knew I would miss her so much. I told myself, "[name redacted], never take your family for granted because a time may come when you will miss them." I couldn't stop myself anymore. I started to cry then everyone else began to cry as well. I kissed my grandma and went up the escalator. We heard our flight number and we boarded the plane. I was sad but also excited. I knew I would see my mom soon. Our plane went to Kenya and then to Takar and finally we arrived in America.

We got out of the plane and my heart started beating so fast and so loud I was surprised that the people around couldn't hear it. I saw my mom and I started to run toward her. I hugged her and we both cried. We left the airport and we headed to our new home. I could see the dark sky and the snow coming down. It was so cold! I was shivering but I was also filled with happiness because now I had two places to call home.