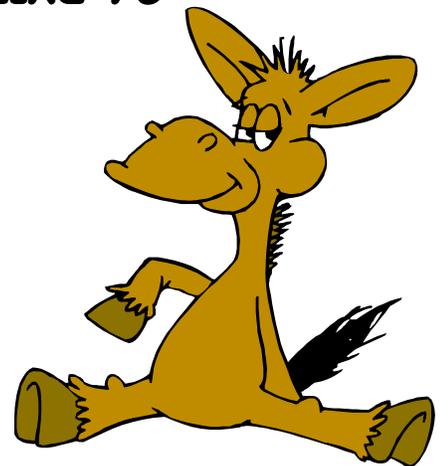


## *"Donkey (eh-awk!)"*

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*I was in Mexico with my grandma, Salome, in her green and black house. We were eating fruit with chile on it and arguing for a big piece of watermelon while watching a movie of my mom's Quinceñera.*

*"Mema, I am bored!" I told my sweet grandmother. I wanted to learn something new today. "What do you want me to?" she asked. I know, I answered myself. "Can you teach me how to ride a donkey?" I questioned. "Please, please, please, pretty, pretty, pretty, please?!" I begged my grandma for like 10 years.*



*Finally she answered and mentioned the word "yes!". She was going to teach me how to ride a donkey. I felt scared and excited at the same time while getting on a donkey. When I got the donkey, my grandma told me to hit it, but I thought it would have been easier to pull the tail. I ended up falling with my legs open, sitting down on the hay. After one fall, I tried my best because I was about to hit a big rock with my head. I felt a few more times, but I finally got it.*

*Then we had to go take food to my uncle. He was working with his friends in the crops and it was her turn to take the food. We went and I got to go up the hill very well. But, when it was time to go back home my grandma had to help me get down the hill. So I asked if*

*we could stay until I learned how to get down.*

*We did and I tried lots and lots of times until*

*I finally got to get down the hill alone.*

*Even though it was my first time,  
I did pretty well in my opinion. I also learned  
fast. I had some problems, but I learned. I  
felt so proud of myself that I could get down  
the hill and kiss my Mema thousands of  
times. I was proud also because I got down  
without falling or the donkey tripping on the  
ground.*