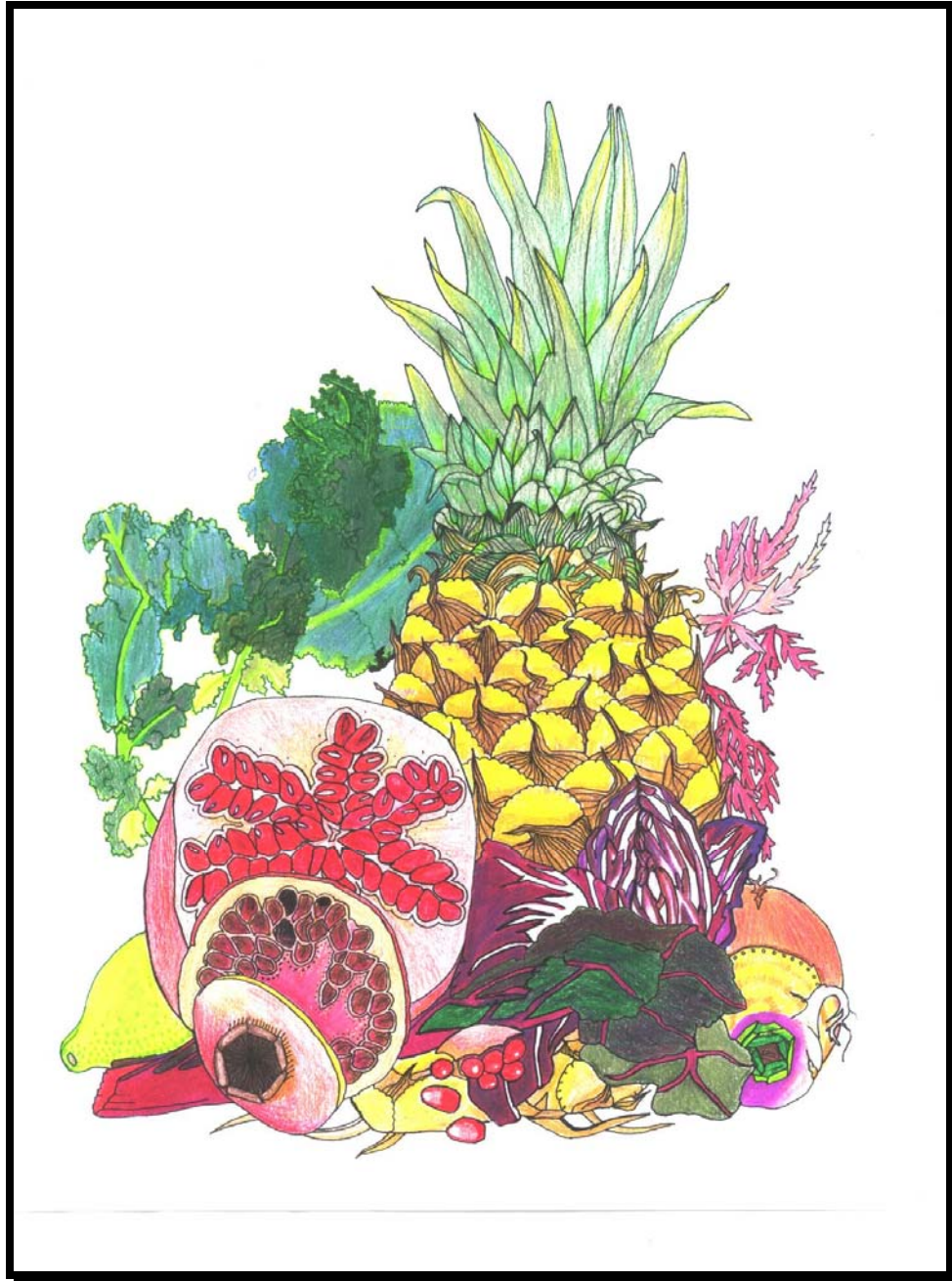


Section Three

Memories

Longer Essays and Articles



Drawing by Mary Giles

Sarah Brink
25 November 2007

Thanksgiving with the Brinks

I've always thought it was fun to compare my Thanksgiving plans with my friends. We all have different traditions and seem to celebrate Thanksgiving in a unique way. My Thanksgiving is always with just a few close family members. My parents are divorced so my sister, Hannah, and I get to have two Thanksgiving dinners. On Thanksgiving morning we drive to my Dad's house where we spend the day helping my Dad's girlfriend, Jackie, put together gift boxes for her church's charity drive and watching old, black-and-white movies. We do our best to stay out of the kitchen. My dad likes to be in total control of his workspace and he takes cooking very seriously. This year, like always, my dad decides to make a dinner that is very un-Thanksgiving. Instead of turkey, mashed potatoes, and pumpkin pie my dad makes prime rib and baked potatoes. It tastes amazing but without the turkey it doesn't quite feel like Thanksgiving.

Hannah and I celebrate our second Thanksgiving on Saturday with my Mom and my Grandma, on my mom's side. Hannah and I consider ourselves Christmas tree experts so put the tree up by ourselves. Hannah always helps Mom make Thanksgiving dinner. I always pretend that I cannot cook so I can get out of helping. Grandma spends hours showing us her old photos and I usually end up doing more Christmas decorating. My mom makes the same thing for Thanksgiving every year: turkey, mashed potatoes, sweet potatoes, cranberries, rolls, stuffing, and pumpkin pie. It's always delicious and I always eat way too much. After dinner we drive Grandma back to her apartment while going out of our way to look at all the houses that have put up Christmas lights. Though my Thanksgivings are not fancy they are always fun and I'm always sad when it's time for me to return to school.

Erin

Amazing Holiday

It's the first time we spend American's traditional Festival--- Thanksgiving Day. I'd heard about others or watched T.V. before I came here, and the books said Thanksgiving Day is a big festival in American, people are busy in preparing foods, such as sweet potato, pumpkin pie and so on. But it's hard to imagine what kind of the situation is, how they celebrate and what are they usually do. After I came here, we had a chance to go to American's house and celebrate the big festival with them by the traditional way.

Last Thursday was Thanksgiving Day, we went to an American friend's home. When we arrived their farm, his parent had already begun to prepare the big meal. There was a big table, and fourteen chairs. On the table, there were two plates, a fork, a knife, a spoon for each people. They put them neatly and cleanly. I was curiosity with those new things. The design of their house has a big difference with China. In China, we usually live in an apartment,

and our design style is modern style. But American's house has many rooms and a big basement. It was the style of casual.

The meal started. They prayed at first, the expressions on their faces were pious. Then they passed dishes one by one, politely and carefully. There were many delicious food: turkey, corn, cornbread, stuffing, gravy, salad, potato, sweet potato and many food that we didn't know their names. It's the first time we ate American traditional food formally. I think it couldn't be bought with money, it's really a special experience.

Then we learned a lot knowledge about Thanksgiving Day, including the culture of Thanksgiving, the religion history, the development of it and other from Bible.

But I think the most valuable thing in this trip is to feel the different culture and feel the warm of an American family, their enthusiasm and their friendly. From this trip, I feel different things deeply that I never felt. It made a deep expression on my mind and I'll never forget this trip and the amazing holiday.

The Special Thanksgiving Dinner

Last Thursday was the North American traditional festival—Thanksgiving Day. Normally, Americans have a big dinner at this day. However, as a Chinese who was in the United States for the first time, I had a fantastic and unusual Thanksgiving dinner with my friends.

One day before Thanksgiving day, Ann's uncle, who is an engineering professor in Kansas State University, had invited us to have dinner at his home. On Thursday morning, we five people arrived at his home at 11 o'clock. Ann, Elsa, Liwei, Sue, and I went there together by car.

Before we came, Ann's uncle—Dr. Cai— had prepared all the materials already. But all of us helped her uncle to clean and cut food. Ann and Sue did cleaning, Elsa and Liwei did cutting, and I separated the food onto plates. Of course, Ann's uncle was the big chef. He cooked the original soup, which is the significant part of the traditional "hot pot." After one hour, we finished preparing, and our big meal had begun.

In this big Thanksgiving dinner, we had a traditional North Chinese hot pot, which included lots of food, such as tofu, cabbages, pieces of fish, shrimp, seaweed and lamb. Everyone ate a lot, and there were also four kinds of alcohol—German beer, whisky, apple beer and grape wine—for the adults. We ate this meal for three hours, and we all appreciated our special celebration of a American festival.

Even we didn't have turkey, cranberry sauce, and apple pie, I still enjoyed my Thanksgiving dinner. I thank Ann's uncle for bringing me an unforgettable memory.

Qinxi Fan

My America Friend: Luke

Thanksgiving Break was both an enjoyable and relaxing time for me. I was able to go home Wednesday afternoon and help get the house ready for the twenty-six family members coming to our house on Thanksgiving. Thursday morning I went pheasant hunting with two of my brothers and sister-in-law. Although not a shot was fired, we enjoyed the time together and worked up an appetite for the Thanksgiving feast.

When we got back to the house, we got ourselves ready for the afternoon and helped make final preparations. Soon the family arrived and the turkey was ready. The afternoon was filled with food, fellowship, and football - on tv and in the yard. As the evening approached, seconds were served and goodbyes were said, another Thanksgiving was complete.

On Friday, I was able to sleep in and do very little. My little brother and I dug a hole for a new hydrant and I helped dad put it in. That evening I was able to play basketball versus my little brother in our high school's first alumni basketball game. Even though we lost pretty hardily, it was fun to play and see old friends.

I slept in again on Saturday and tried to do a little homework, but football got in the way. I did get some homework done, but I also watched a lot of football. Go Missouri!

Sunday morning I was able to do some studying before heading to church with the family. We ate and then watched the Chiefs lose. I used the afternoon to get ready to come back home and left after eating supper. Thanksgiving Break was an enjoyable time with family and friends and also relaxing with plenty of sleep and little homework.

Dear death

There is something makes you cry without tears, There is something makes you go without back, There is something makes you speak without voice, and there is something makes you live without life. Do you know what is it? It is the death. Here my story start.

One day I have had a good friend, his name Alaa. We were born in the same date. We grown, played , fight , live, sleep, and eat together. We almost did every things togothre.until the death came to Alaa.

In one dark day, Alaa went to his job as always. On his way saw an accident , he went to help the people in the car and take them far from the danger. During that, another car came and crashed Alaa. After a few hours the polis called me. I went to the location and I can not belief what happened. I couldn't know my friend Alaa, because he became to many Pieces. I knew him when I saw his head in the other side of the rood.

Now what?! This is the death. He always take the people whom we love. I hit the death because he took from me every thing. I'm not afraid of it, but I'm waiting for him to fight.

Abdulmalik

My Worst Experience in My Childhood

The worst experience in my childhood is what happened on the Children's Day. Every year, June 1st is Children's Day in China. And on that day, children will get together with their parents and enjoy the children's festival. I was six years old. My mama and I went to amusement park together on Children's Day.

It was so crowded, and I was separated from my mama soon. I became very worried and I didn't have money with me. I kept walking and finally found a bus which led to my aunt's shop because every ticket was free on that day only for children. I got on the bus and got off at my aunt's shop. Then I had some food.

Since my mama didn't have a cell phone at that time, we couldn't get in touch with her. So I had to go to my grandma's first. We just waited until she would call my grandma for help in the afternoon. At the time she called, everyone was relaxed. When mama heard that I was all right, she cried. She said that she was afraid that she cannot see me anymore. And I also cried. I couldn't imagine if I was abducted by a bad person or just had some accident. In a word, it was the worst Children's Day I have spent and it was the worst experience in my childhood.

Diana Fan

Thoan Nguyen

Sad story

This story took place 15 years ago, when I was a little girl.

One day, when I was walking near some trees at the edge of a farmer's rice field, I heard some strange noise coming from the grass. The noise sound like a bird, but I could tell that there was something wrong by the kind of noise I heard.

I crept over for a closer to look and I was really surprise, there was a small bird in the grass. I could tell right away that he had been broken wing. I did not know what to do, but decided to take him home to see if I could help it to get better. The bird stayed quiet in my hand all the way home.

When we got home, I gave bird water, and brought its worms to eat. After a few days, the bird seemed to be better. It was so excited and I carried back the bird to where I had found him. I put him down and walked a little distance away to see what would happen.

Suddenly, a cat jumped out and grabbed the bird. I ran follow the cat, and she became so frightened that she dropped the bird. But it was too late! The poor bird was dead! I think that must been the same cat that broke the bird's wing before. Poor bird!

Heff.

Holiday Collection

an unforgettable spoon game.

There is my first time to celebrate a foreign festival in a foreign place. Of course, I was also treated as a foreigner here in Manhattan, Kansas, USA

Thanksgiving Day is the second largest festival in America. Every family member get together, they have turkey, sweet potato and a lot of delicious food. I was also invited by my friend Becca Lund. Her hometown was in the country side, we drove there. There were more than 25 people in her family involved us.

The Great meal began, there was really too much food, I was amazed that I could have a great meal. Although there were not cooked by my mother, I was still very happy.

The "unforgettable spoon game" started after meal. The rule was simple, for example: there were fifteen person on the table so put fourteen spoons on the table. Pass three card of poker, then the host began to pass one by one the rest of card, the winner was someone got three same cards, He or she know the table, then began to catch the spoon. At this time, the other people can also catch the spoon. Someone who do not get the spoon is out of game.

This game's rule seems simple, but very excited. Nobody wants to out of game. Their eyes, hands concentrate on his card and the spoon, once who try to get the spoon, it's a chance, grab it!

The spoon game leave me the first memory of Thanksgiving. I won't forget that crazy afternoon.

A PERSONAL OPINION

By Johanna Laitinen

I think learning foreign languages is very important for anyone who wants to have international experiences. English is probably the most important language around the world to master, because it's so widespread and influential. By learning English you learn to communicate with people from immensely diverse backgrounds and different geographic locations. However, I do think that English is best when used for communication with native English speakers or people whose culture you only want to know superficially. It is an entirely different thing to communicate with a person in their own language than it is to use English: it shows your willingness to get to know the culture from within. Learning a new language requires effort, but the reward is valuable: it is a great achievement to familiarize yourself with a language that was previously unfamiliar to you. In doing that, you also ~~open~~^{create} new possibilities to get to know other cultures and experience their way of thinking.

Sarah Brink
Movie Review

I had some free time over the weekend so I decided to finally sit down and watch the German movie, *Good Bye Lenin*. Kara, a friend of mine majoring in German, has been urging me for weeks to watch this movie. Now that I have seen *Good Bye Lenin*, I wish I had taken Kara's advice sooner. *Good Bye Lenin* was an amazing film! If I were a film critic, I would give it five stars, easily! The film tells a story about a man named Alex who lives in East Berlin during the Cold War. His mother, a staunch supporter of the socialist values and practices seen in East Germany and the rest of the USSR, has a heart attack and goes into a coma. A few days later the Berlin Wall falls and with its collapse, the USSR and everything Alex's mother believes in. Alex's mother wakes up eight months later to a Berlin very different from the one she has always known. The doctors warn Alex that his mother's heart is still weak and any excitement could trigger another heart attack. Thus begins Alex's task of hiding the fact that East Germany is a completely different place. He tries to recreate, for his mother, East Germany while it was under Soviet rule. The movie is very emotional but it also has some very funny parts, especially Alex's antics to keep his mother in the dark. I thought that the actor playing Alex, Daniel Bruhl, was especially talented and I have already asked my friend, Kara, if she knows any of his other movies. *Good Bye Lenin* does a good job of showing the feeling of nostalgia some East Germans felt once Western capitalism came into their lives. I do not think they missed the USSR's strict government or crippled economy. Instead, I think they missed a slower, simpler time when they felt more connected with each other and there was a sense of togetherness that most do not experience living in a fast-paced, capitalistic society. *Good Bye Lenin* is one of those few movies today that really makes you think; not that I do not enjoy chick flicks and action movies but it is nice to watch a clever, thought-provoking movie now and then.