

Description of my life on the farm essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Description of My Life on the Farm It was so wonderful living on the rice farm that was handed down through many generations, where early in the morning, I could hear the hungry roosters crowing from my hut window and then I would look and see the beautiful yellow sun rising in the open sky, welcoming me to quickly run to the round, bamboo table and eat a large helping of rice pudding cereal and then run speedily outdoors to greet my family who were waiting for my anticipated appearance.

I took a deep breath of the warm, relaxing summer air, as I inhaled the smell of wet mud and grass. In the distance, as I looked past the rice field, I took in the grand view of the huge mountains that stretched as far as my eyes could see. In the back of my eighty year old hut there was a lovely, little fish pond full of gigantic varieties of pink angelfish and brown catfish, where I fished, anxiously, every Saturday evening, after my assigned chores were completely finished.

I loved to sit by myself and think about my wonderful day, while I easily casted my beloved grandpa's, old, blue fishing rod into the calm water and eagerly pulled out a large, fighting catfish that was just waiting to be fried up in my Mama's large, black cast-iron skillet for our anxiously awaited dinner. After an appetizing dinner of catfish, I waited for the tired sun to at last set in the evening sky as I headed anxiously back outdoors to the little fish pond where I sat for many hours and listened to the complete silence of the dark night, and I heard absolutely nothing except for the green frogs croaking on the large lily pads under the darkened sky. I felt the hot wind of the August night blowing past me and I had to politely pinch the tight

skin of my young arm, to once again remind myself that this glorious life wasn't just some kind of vivid fantasy.

I loved to sleep in my tiny, manmade nipa hut that was so graciously surrounded by tall, tropical coconut trees, close to the open rice field. The vast rice field fed thousands of hungry people who depended on the important staple food for nutritious meals for their entire families. The happy birds were always chirping so carefree, reminding me that they were wonderfully content while they ate the white, rice grains from the tall stalks that were golden yellow in color.

In the big rice field I gazed at the big sun rising and I eagerly smelled the field grass that crosses the north side of the rice field and blew easily, when the wind breezed by. To get to the other side of the vast rice field, where I could see my many friends, both male and female, to eagerly tell them all about my many fabulous events that occurred during the day, I very quickly and happily crossed the little, narrow bridge, hoping I wouldn't stumble and fall from the rickety stretch, made of handpicked, brown bamboo stalks. From the time I left my little nipa hut, while the sun so generously showed its face in the early morning until the time that it sat on the opposite side of the blue sky, I was always so thankful for my many given blessings of living in the tiny hut and being physically able to be with my best friends on the other side of the big rice field.