

Nationalism and sectionalism assignment



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The time I went to America Have you ever been born somewhere else besides the U. S? It's not that often that you would know someone whiff full African and was born in Africa. It's a completely different experience, and today I am going to tell you about the time I came over In America from Africa. I will be talking about how long the trip was, and the challenges we faced. Coming to the U. S was a life changing experience. Riding on a plain was one of the amazing things that happened to me as a little boy.

Seeing the sky outside he plain windows Just badly wanting to be able to let my arms out and touch the clouds as we flew away and maybe forever from my birth state, I knew that there were going to be changes. The trip to America was a long one, It took me 2 plane rides to come here 1 ride to stop and stay to my parents' house friends. I stayed there for about 2 month's because, we only had enough money for 1 plane ride and we chose to stay at my parents friend's house only work and to make enough money for our next plane ride. I remember the plane ride. The food they served, the way we sleeps, and what I had to do to pass the time.

The food they served was one of the best foods I have ever eaten; one of my favorite foods that they served was there white rise. Warm and a little gooey but tasted good when chewed. The nights were strange; trying to fall asleep I couldn't tell if it was day or night. I really couldn't fall asleep only because of the people that would not sleep and would sit there and watch TV all day and all night. And even if they did get some sleep they would snore crazy loud to where everyone had to use their outside voice. We finally landed in America and it didn't look anymore different then Africa. And That's my story about my trip to America.