

My favorite childhood place essay sample

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I was separated from my family at a young age. When I was 7 my family and I moved to Vallejo because of my father's job. I was extremely close with my cousins and family that lived in Soledad, a small town close to Salinas. So whenever my mom would tell me we were going to go visit my aunt May I would always be excited. My cousins and I were and still are very close even though we don't see each other as often as I'd like we are still a family and we protect each other and keep one another out of trouble, because that's what families are supposed to do.

On the day I got to my aunt May's house it was a cold windy night and there was a loud party going on inside her house, it was her husband's birthday. As I got out of the car tired from the 2 hour car ride I noticed my cousins sitting on the front porch waiting for me. They were all waiting for me, Alex, Rafa and Che I said "wassup" to them I was 11 at the time so we did the usual "cool" handshake any kids would do, shortly after we were on our way to our favorite store, Pachecos. It was a small family owned butcher shop but we weren't there for the meat our favorite thing to get was the smoke bombs they sold. Small packets of 6 smoke bombs each in a variety of colors for just a dollar a packet, we all got 1 packet and started walking back home.

The way we usually used the smoke bombs would be to light about three at a time and throw them onto oncoming cars on the street but that night we were feeling a little more troublesome than usual. Brainstorming ideas for our criminal acts. My cousin Che the oldest of us and the leader of our little group was walking in front of us on our way back home and pointed to the backyard of a house down the street from our aunt Mays house. We all knew what we were going to do and exactly what Che was thinking, all with

menacing grins on our faces and muffled laughs we sprinted to the tall white fence surrounding the houses backyard. We were all huddled up near the fence slightly hunched over. Che had a soda bottle in his hand, the large green sprite bottle I had wondered why he picked that up on our way over to the fence. He told us the plan. Put 3 smoke bombs each into the bottle light the fuses and throw it over the fence into the unsuspecting crowd of people in the backyard. A brilliant plan or so we thought. We each handed him three smoke bombs each and he tied the fuses together, tied them all together and stuck them into a slit he had made on the side of the bottle.

He took out a lighter, looked at all of us and grinned before lighting the fuses. We all stood up as he threw the bottle over the fence and heard the loud thunk as the bottle hit the floor we waited for about three seconds until we heard the loud screams of a women and then another man who yelled. None of us ran, we were all standing there panting nervously as the same bottle we threw over abruptly fell directly in front of us spewing dark smoke everywhere coughing and slightly startled I grabbed the bottle and threw it back while my cousins laughed as we ran the fastest I've ever ran in my life.

As we all got back to my aunt's house sweating from the run back we all barged in through the front door and stood as my aunt and my cousins parents all stared at us " hi" we said as we laughed and ran into my cousin's room, locked the door and sat on his bed. We sat there patiently waiting. Soledad is a small town everyone knows each other, we were waiting to see if we would get in trouble or get away with our mischievous act. A couple minutes later we hear the sirens of a fire truck at this point our facial expressions changed from slightly excited and nervous to complete fear.

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None of us had thought it would be that serious. I turned around staring at the golden handle on the big white door waiting for someone to barge in and yell at us. Sure enough my Aunt May barged in, eyes red I could almost feel how mad she was. She scolded us without even asking who did it. None of us told her, none of us talked we were all sitting there staring at her like soldiers awaiting orders from their commander. She looked at us one last time before barging out and slamming the door behind her.

In the end we were never caught. No one ever found out it was us. No one told on each other no one gave one another out. Because we are family, although not the best way to depict how family protects family it is certainly a way of showing that family is there for you no matter what and that some of your most memorable experiences are going to be with your family. A lot of my childhood revolved around my aunt mays house from mischievous acts to some of the most memorable family reunions I can remember. I will always be close with my family because no matter what family is there for you and chances are the most fun and memorable moments of your life will be with your family.