Mapmaking and Memories

"My Lowcountry"

1. Draw a map, floorplan, or blueprint of your childhood home or neighborhood in the box above.

2. Pick a room in the house or a street in the neighborhood, and write about an event that took place there. Remember to use your five senses: sight, sound, touch, taste, and smell.

This is my church. I drew this because I love my church. My church smells of corn bread and fried chicken. My church is located in the midst of darkness. My church sounds like amazing grace and total praise. My church tastes like water on a 97 degree day; refreshing. When I touch my church I get chills, a cold breeze dispersing through my veins.
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The kitchen/living room is where everything mostly went down. I remember my mom making pupusas and a lot of hispanic foods, so scent plays a big part. And also whenever my family came over we didn't have enough chairs for them to eat in the kitchen so some people ate in the living room and others outside.

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When I was younger my family always moved around. Then I suddenly lived at my grandmas. My parents lived in the hot musky attic while me and my older brother lived in a colorful full of toy cars and worn down Barbie dolls. Even though my grandma would try to make it happy, me and my brother got older, while our parents got louder with their arguments. It got harder to play Ben 10 and defeat the alien boss for the 100th time when you can hear your mons over the background music of the game. My grandmas house is my pure place.
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My family played dominos on the terrace of the second floor at night. Since dominos is a very popular game, my grandparent's owned a yellow plastic domino table with little slots to hold the dominos. I remember the cool night breeze blowing hair in my face whenever I tried to drink my sprite (because my grandmother had a lot of sprite). From the plaza below, traffic noises and the speech of a preacher could be heard. I could see the lights of cars at house on other hills. My grandmother's perfume could be smelled anytime a wind blew in my direction. While the preacher was taking a Gunnera processio, the wind blew and cut him off mid-speech with loud music.
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Dear Grandma,

I love your home. I love it because when I sleep to your house I feel like I'm more at home than my house. Your house has a modern look, love, a warm feeling, also funny arguments. I like that the bed is cozy instead of water. I prefer your house over mines. When I come to your house I can smell the oldness from your age. I always hold the fridge down, it's feel scale. Because grandaddy always gets mad about being opened and...

I love him being able to feel
I love to go to my grandma's house. When I walk in her home it smells of apple cinnamon, her favorite air freshener. I spend a lot of time in her living room playing with her dog, Chomper, or Champ for short. My favorite time of year is Christmas because my brothers, David (12) and Demetrius (15) and playing games on our phones and eat food. My grandma is always watching old Western T.V., she says it reminds her of when she was young. In the summertime my brothers and I play outside at my grand when we go in my grandma has ice cream ready for u
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During Christmas time in my old house when I was 12/13 years old. Our house has a pine scent because of our live Christmas tree. We would sit around in our living room and watch Christmas movies. On Christmas morning we would hear the birds chirping or listen to Christmas music while opening our gifts. On Christmas day we would open the door and watch the fire fighters come around with candy canes and a fake Santa on the fire truck.

The End
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I was baptized in this church. All my family members were funeralized in this church. At my grandmother's funeral was the first time I ever saw my mother cry. I remember feeling helpless and alone. This was the last place that I would ever see my grandma Gie to face. It didn't hit me until I saw the casket close. I knew you can't normally hear it close, but the sound was so loud. It was like someone slammed the door in face. She was the only one who truly understood me. The one I went to when I felt defeated and broken. Seeing all those family members crying made me angry. They never visited her. Never called but had the audacity to cry. I on the other hand couldn't drop a single tear. It was like I was frozen. I had gotten so numb that my feelings, hiding emotions is when of my specialties. She always said, "If you don't matter, you can't be hurt".
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We pull up to the driveway and I can see the mass of jumbled cars on the front lawn. I walk up and the mud from the recent rains sticks to my black shoes. After I walk in, I am greeted by tons of relatives with happy smiling faces. Then I hug them all and snuggle up on the couch. After a bout an hour it is time to eat. I get up and choose to go for a delightful full slice of delectable pound cake. My parents give me a stern look because they knew I shouldn't go for dessert first.
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This picture represents my grandmother's land. We used to come to see him every summer and any other day we got to see him. When we went to see him, we would eat watermelons, apples, cucumbers because he had a garden. He also had dogs. We used to get. When we were bored we would hear my cousins playing kickball and we would go play with them. That was before my grandaddy died.
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"Do you need a bag for those snails?" my cousin, Destiny, asked my brother, squatting in her knee length shorts to hold out a bag to my young brother. This is my family, this is my home.

The musky smell of my Great Aunt’s house filled my nose as I rocked in a wooden chair w/a woven leaved middle. It resembled my small chair sitting at the Raise’s Storage Unit.

I stood up, needing to get a fresh breath of air, needing to get away from the sadness in my dad’s eyes on the walls. Mementos and family from before the military. My little brother, still not comfortable in this house, quickly latched onto my shirt and followed me out of the creepy door. It smelled like manglees. There were two gigantic mango trees on the sides of the house gates, and they were beautiful. I was so distracted that I almost missed my cousin asking my brother if needed a bag for the snails he was picking off the beige house’s walls.

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   I open the foil wrapped package. An egg sandwich smell reaches my nose. It makes my stomach grumble, but I put it down. The water awaits. I run, clothes off, my bathing suit is exposed to the air. The sun is warm, but not hot yet, and there are hardly any people on the beach. Despite that, I have to swerve around a dog and a bikini.
   With my sister next to me, we run into the water for a quick dip before breakfast and sunbathing. After we dive and frolic, it’s time for breakfast. So many days like this, but it always gets better. Family, sitting on towels and beach chairs, eating delicious food.

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Walking into my grandmother’s house that particular Thursday night was just like every other Thanksgiving dinners. Surrounded by family and laughter, I felt the love I had felt a million times ever. Food was laid out on every clean surface my aunt could find. Sweet potato pie, roasted chicken, and honey ham all ring through my nose at the same time. After taking the first bite of warm, cheesy macaroni and cheese, I felt warmth, love, and comfort. I had felt a thousand times, like I was feeling it for the first time.

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I spend a lot of my time in my room. It is where I get most of my homework done and read all of my books. When I walk in, the first thing I do is lay in my soft, comfortable bed, but I also make sure I have everything I need like my laptop, phone, chargers, and any books I am reading at the moment.
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So many strange unusual things happen in my home my big brother actually died a few feet away from our house. You can hear footsteps when no one's upstairs. I can hear people call my name when nobody is there doors open and shut. The day he died everyone rushed over that night I could smell the pond be drained in I could feel everyone sadness and grief. The ones who didn't wanna cry you could see that the hearts of people was truly broken like a shattered mirror.

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Moving from Europe to America seemed very different to me. The scenery, the feeling, the language. It's all different. My school and everybody there had an impact on me. It was fall break right before I left but my last day was when they (school) got back. I had to go back to the school for something and I went to my ELA teacher's room and surprised everybody and confused everybody too. The Netherlands really changed me and growing up over seas. And traveling everywhere was really fun and I miss it so much.
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I don't remember what day or month this experience happened, but I knew it was during summer cause I remember seeing the sun. My family and I were at the beach/my niece and I thought it was a good idea to go to the deepest part that a child should not go. We went and everything felt great, we felt bad, we felt cool. Then all of a sudden this big wave came and I remember tasting salt water. All I felt was panic. What was I thinking? I couldn't swim! At that moment I thought that was the end. Until I felt arms around me pulling me out of the water. Finally air.

I remember taking a gasp of huge wind. When we reached towards the sand I remember the lady saying 'Don't go to far now.' At the moment on I learned to fear and love the ocean at the same time.

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This house is a house I remember almost more than my own, my grandmother's house! I spent a majority of my life there. I pick the bedroom, living, and kitchen to describe. My grandparents used to make banana pancakes and oatmeal. I remember waking up to the smell and hearing the gospel music they would play while they cooked. At the time, I was young so I slept in their giant soft bed when I stayed the night. I wish I knew how to recreate the food because it was the best I had ever had. I remember the beautiful large windows that you could see hummingbirds through. That beautiful place is my favorite memory!
In the fall of 2017, Hurricane Irma hit the coast of South Carolina. I can remember losing power for hours. I remember the smell of a storm, and how quiet it was in my house. My whole family sat in the living room until we heard the sound of a tree fall onto our house and the car that I still drive today. I can remember the darkness in my house while it was 3pm but looked like it was much later. This memory brings me back to wet feet because the ground was flooded and the poras were near my house near my house became 2cm.