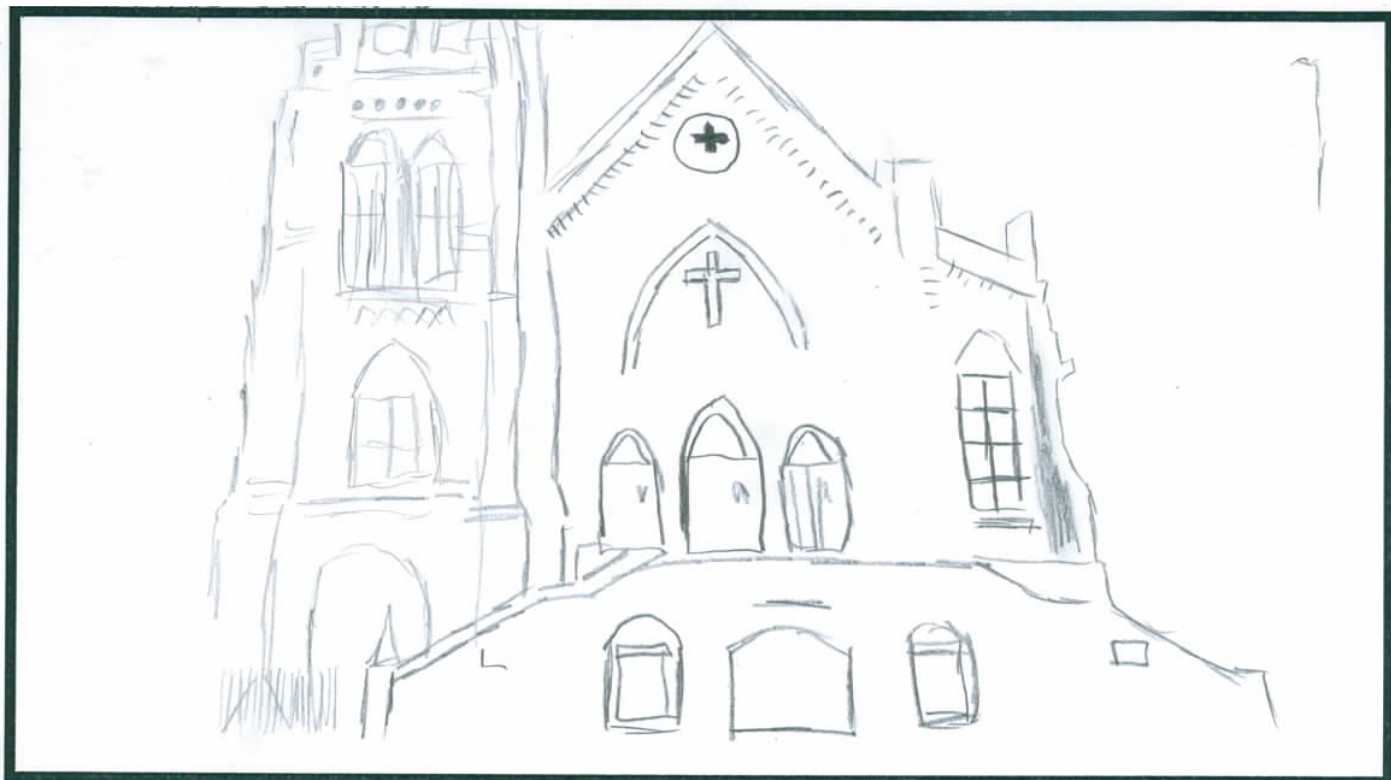


Mapmaking and Memories

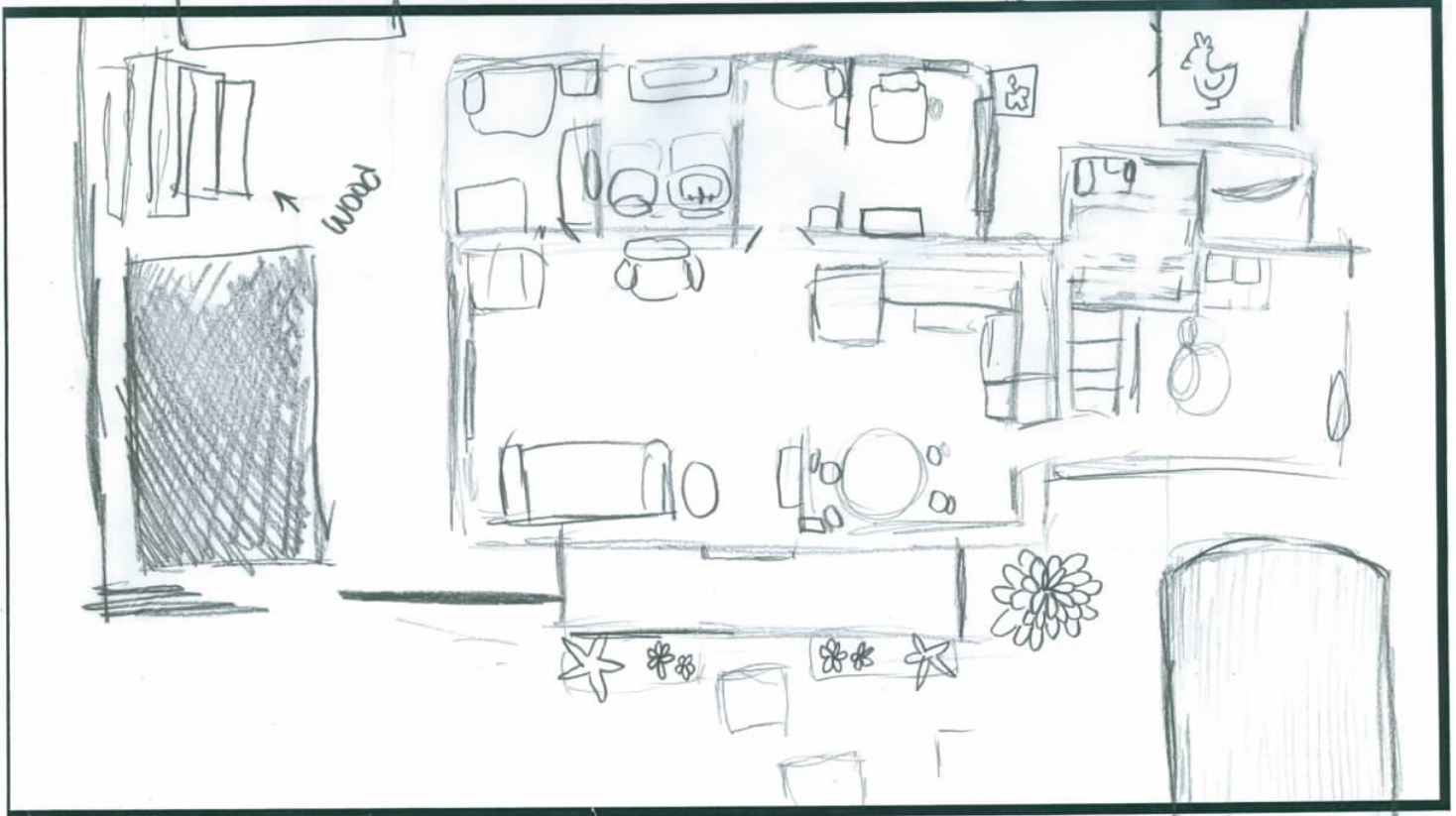


"My Lowcountry"

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This is my church, I drew this because I love my church. My church smells of corn bread and fried chicken. My church is loud, triumph in the midst of darkness. My church sounds like amazing grace and total praise. My church taste like water on a 98 degree day, refreshing. When I touch my church, I get chills, a cold breeze dispersing through my veins.

Mapmaking and Memories



- Kitchen
- smell of food
- pupusas, tacos, + more foods
"My House"

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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.

porch porch porch

Mapmaking and Memories

My Grandmothers house

Hout Gap Middle School



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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 loudered with there arguments. It got harder to play Ben 10 and defent the alien boss for the 100th time when you can hear your mom's crys over the background music of the game. my grandmas house is my pure place. every time I see

Mapmaking and Memories



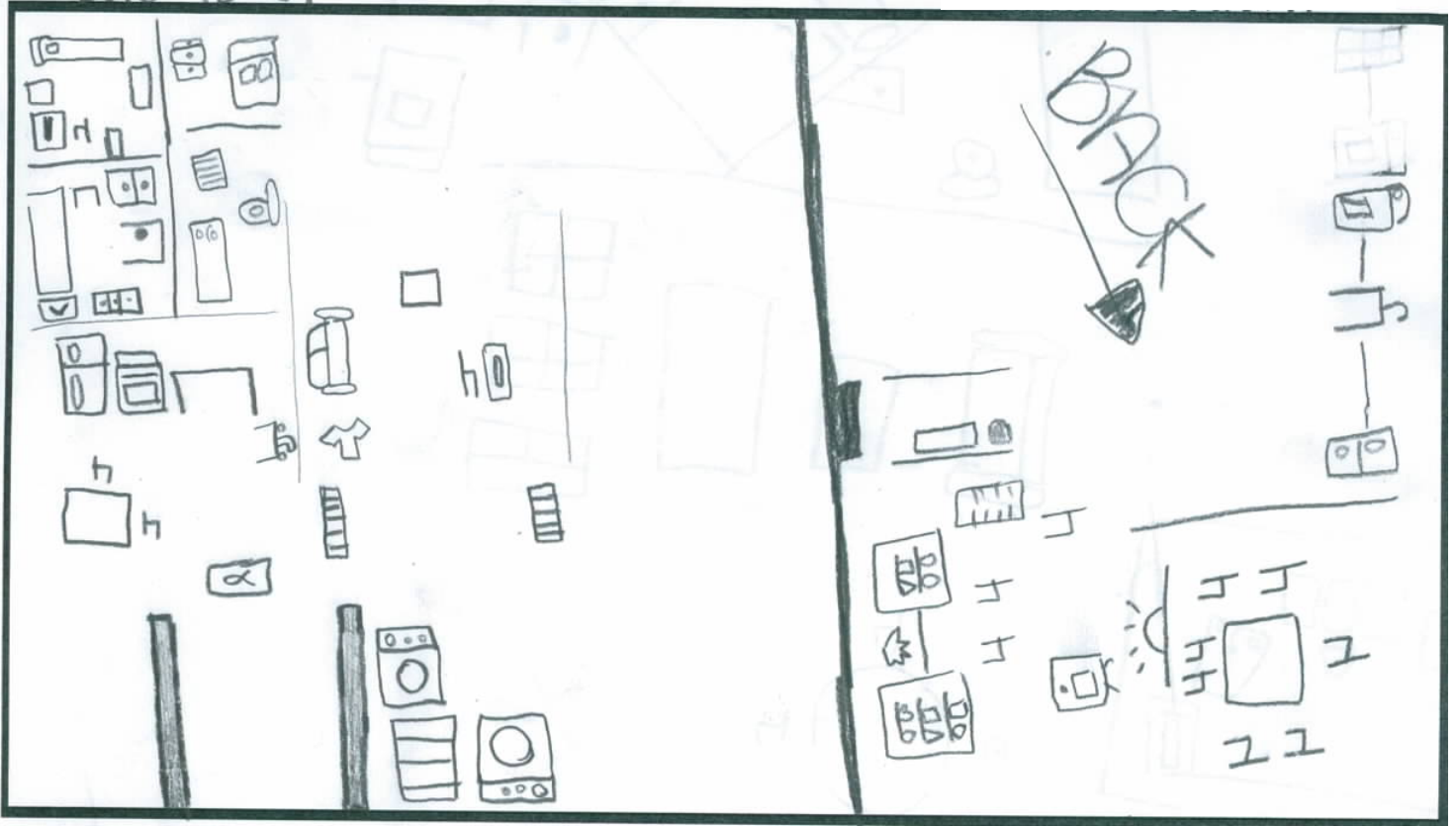
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My family played dominos on the terrace of the second floor at night. Since dominos is a very popular game, my grand parents owned a yellow plastic domino table with little slots to hold the dominos. I remember the cool night breeze blowing hair in my face whenever I tried to drink my sprite (because my grand ma 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 far at house on other hills. My grandma's perfume could be smelled anytime a wind blew in my direction. While the preacher was talking, a guinevera procession went by and cut him off mid speech with loud music.

2018.12.07

Mapmaking and Memories



"My Lowcountry"

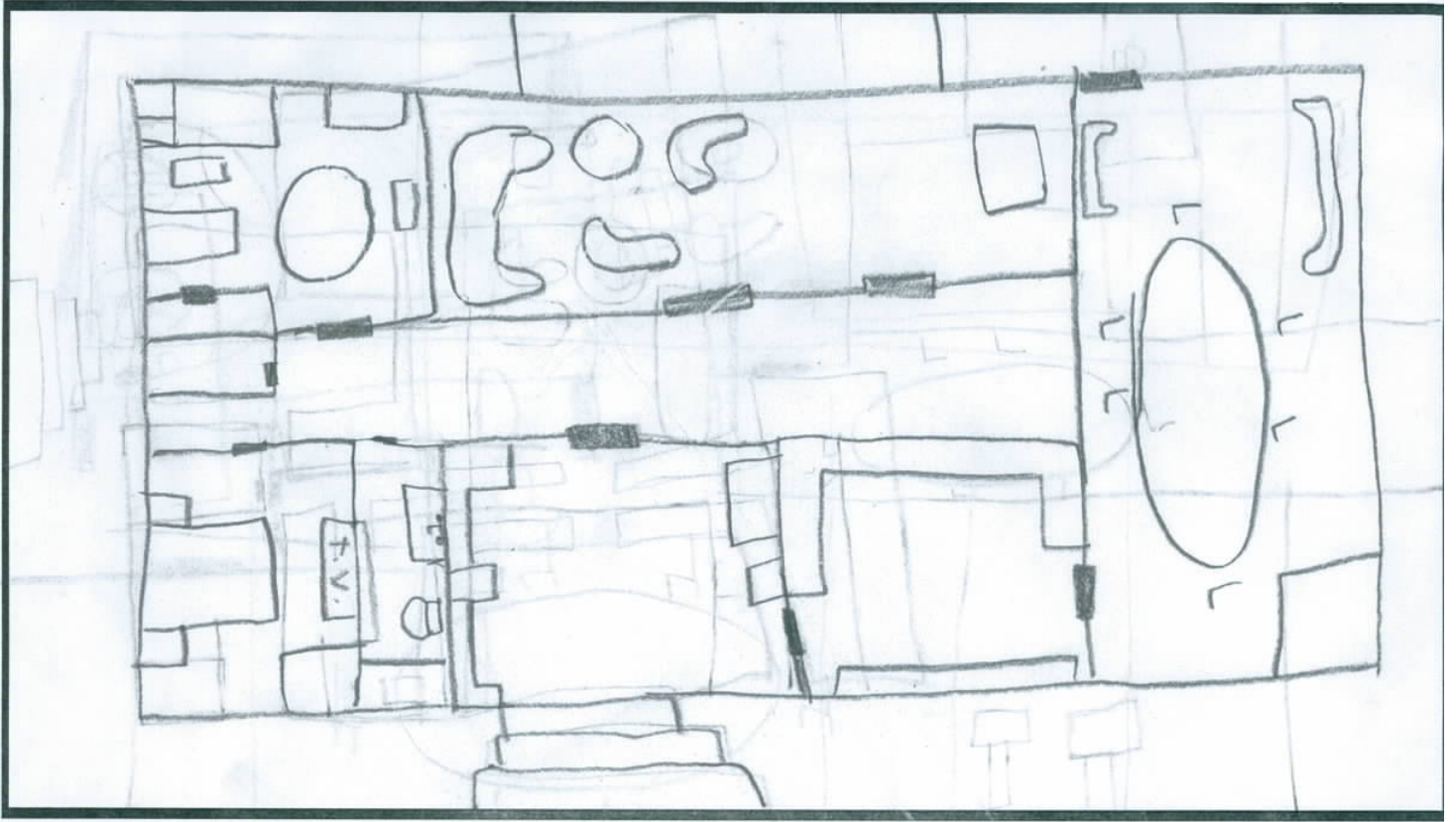


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Dear Grandma,

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 mine's! 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 granddaddy always gets mad about being opened and
♥
♥
To him being able to feel

Mapmaking and Memories

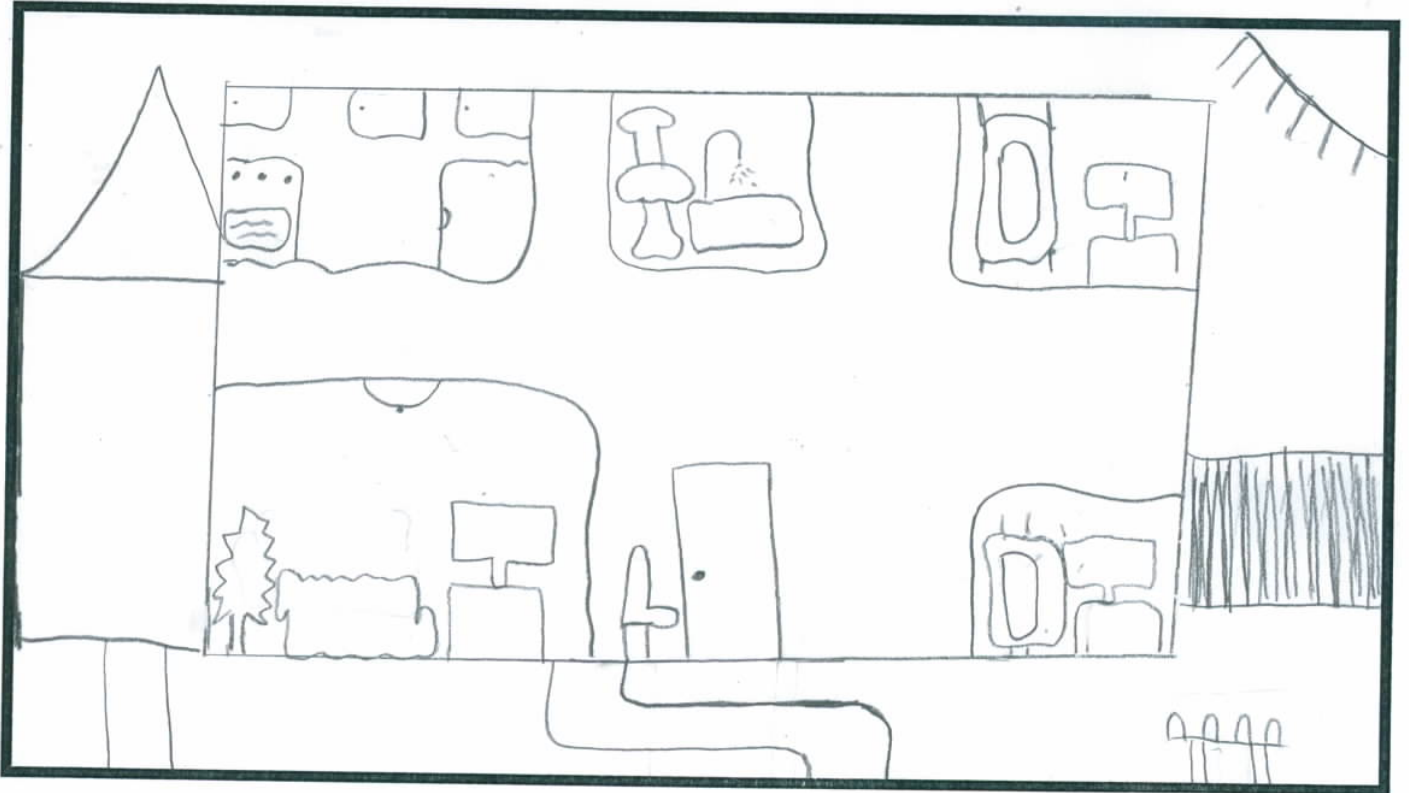


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I love to go to my grandma's house. When I walk in her home it smells of apple cinnamon; her favorite air freshener. I spend a lot of time in her living room playing with her dog champion or champ for short. My favorite time of year is Christmas because 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 grandma's and when we go in my grandma has ice cream ready for us.

Mapmaking and Memories



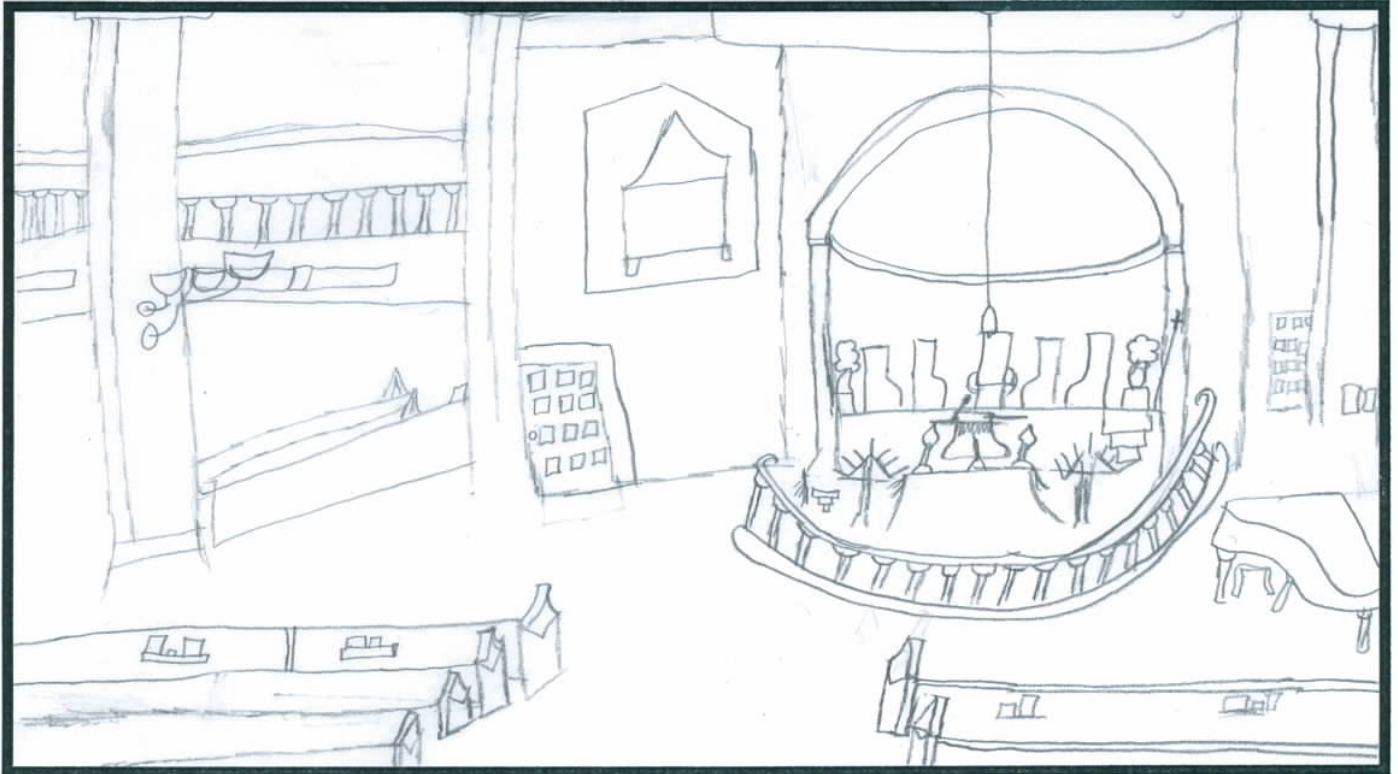
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During Christmas time in my old house when I was 12/13 years old. Our house has a pine scent because of our live Christmas tree. We would sit around in our living room and watch Christmas movies. On Christmas morning we would hear the birds chirping or listen to Christmas music while opening our gifts. On Christmas day we would open the door and watch the firefighters come around with candy canes and a fake Santa on the fire truck.

The End

Mapmaking and Memories

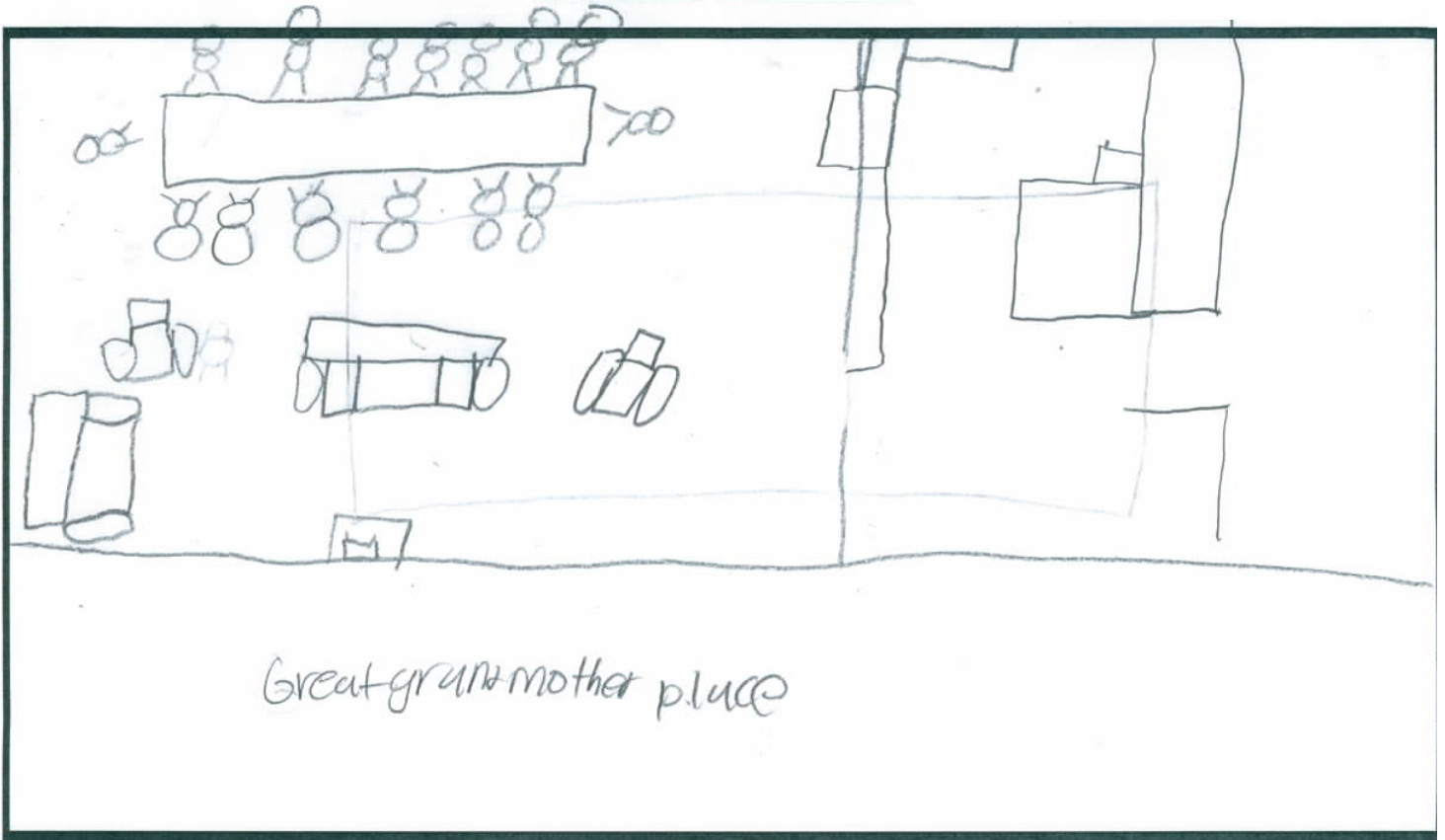


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I was baptized in this church. All my family members were funeralized in this church. At my grandmother's funeral was the first time I ever saw my mother cry. I remember feeling helpless and alone. This was the last place that I would ever see my grandma face to face. It didn't hit me until I saw the casket close. I know 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 to my feelings. Hiding emotions is when of my specialties. She always said, "London no matters"

Mapmaking and Memories



"My Lowcountry"

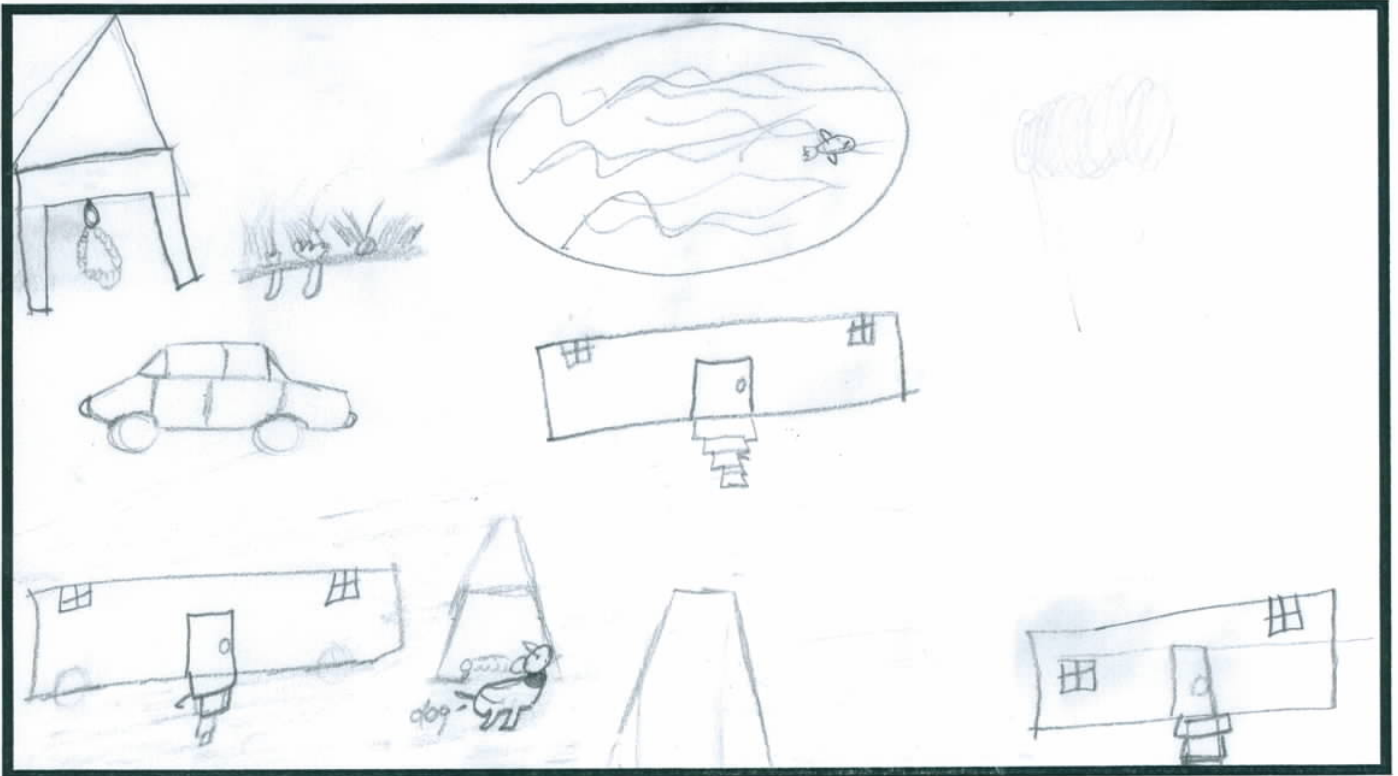
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We pull up to the driveway and I can see the mass of jumbled cars on the front lawn. I walk up and the mud from the recent rains sticks to my black shoes. After I walk in, I am greeted by tons of relatives with happy smiling faces. Then I hug them 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 delight full slice of delicious pound cake. My parents give me a stern look because they know I shouldn't go for desert first.

BURKE

November 29, 2018

Mapmaking and Memories

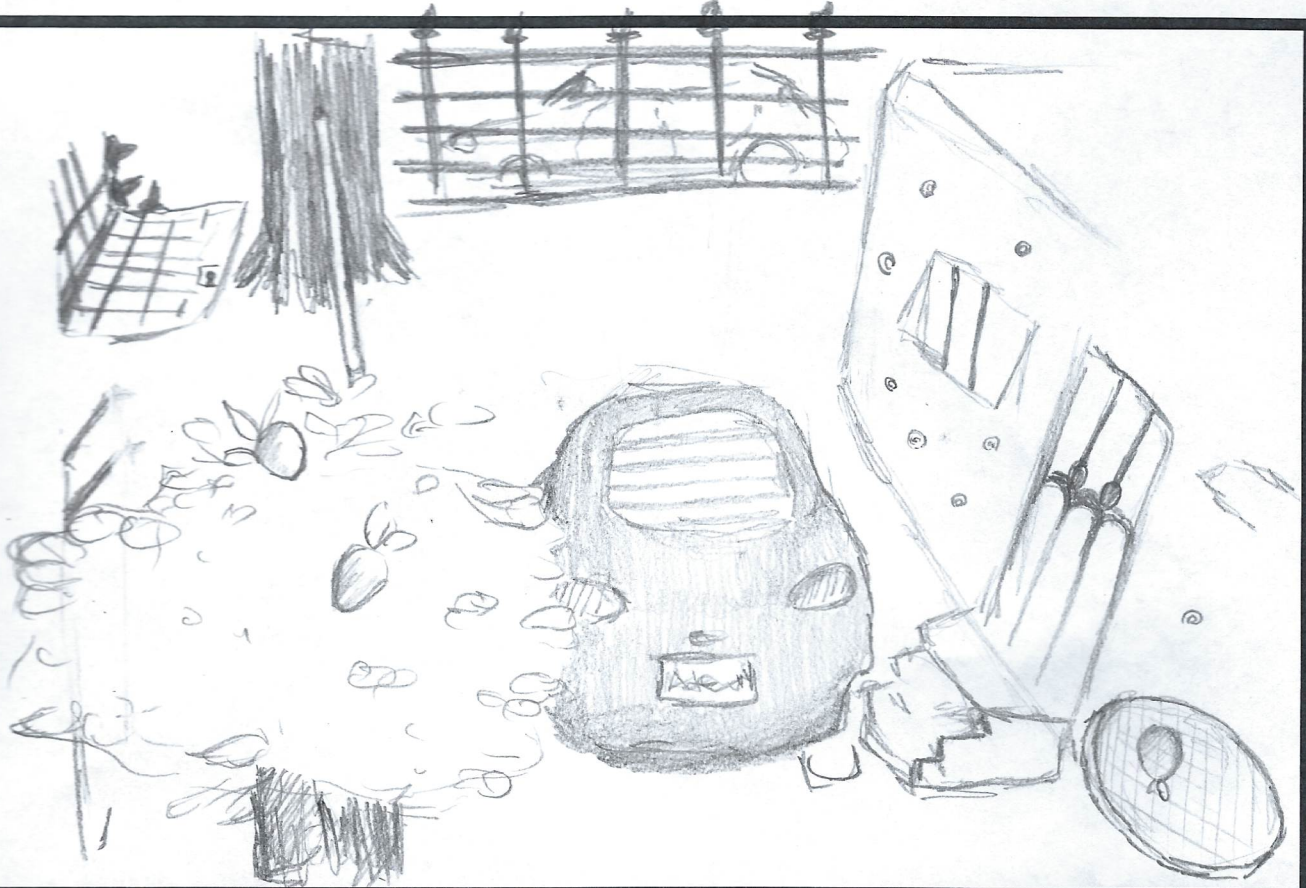


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This picture represents my grandfathers land. We used to come to see him every summer and any other day we got to see him. When we went to see him we would eat watermelons and cucumbers because he had a garden. He also had dogs we used to pet, when we were bored we would hear my cousins playing kickball and we would go play with them. That was before my granddaddy died.

Mapmaking and Memories



"My Lowcountry"

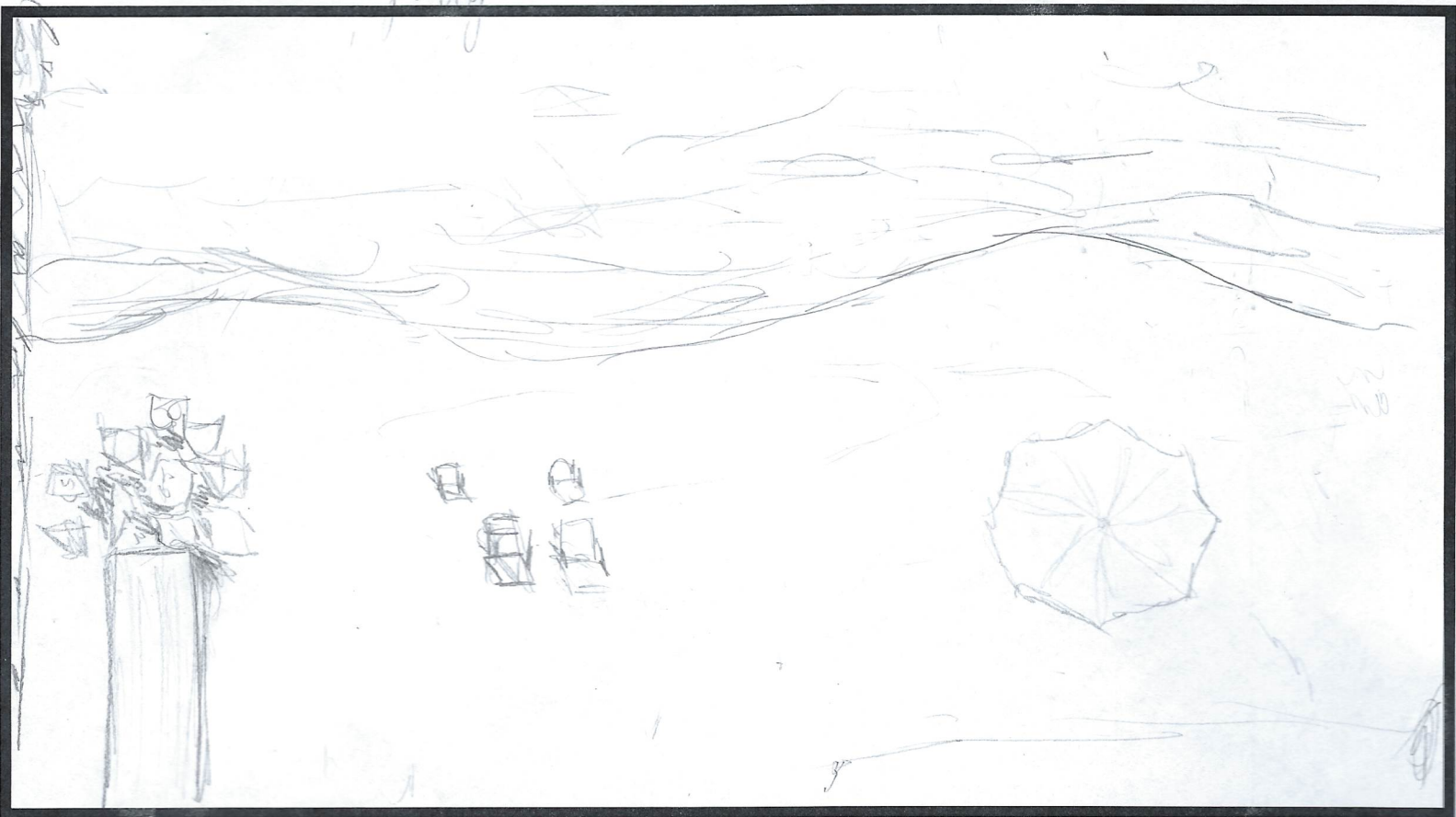
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"Do you need a bag for those snails?" my cousin, Destiny, asked my brother, squatting in her knee length shorts to hold out a bag to my young brother. This is my family, this is my home. The musky smell of my great aunt's house filled my nose as I rocked in a wooden chair w/ a weaved leaved middle. It resembled my small chair sitting at the Base'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 as he recalled memories 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 creaky door. It smelt like mangoes. 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.

Polly

Mapmaking and Memories



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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 & a bike. With my sister next to me, we run into the water for a quick dip before breakfast & sunbasking. After we dive & frolick, 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.

Mapmaking and Memories



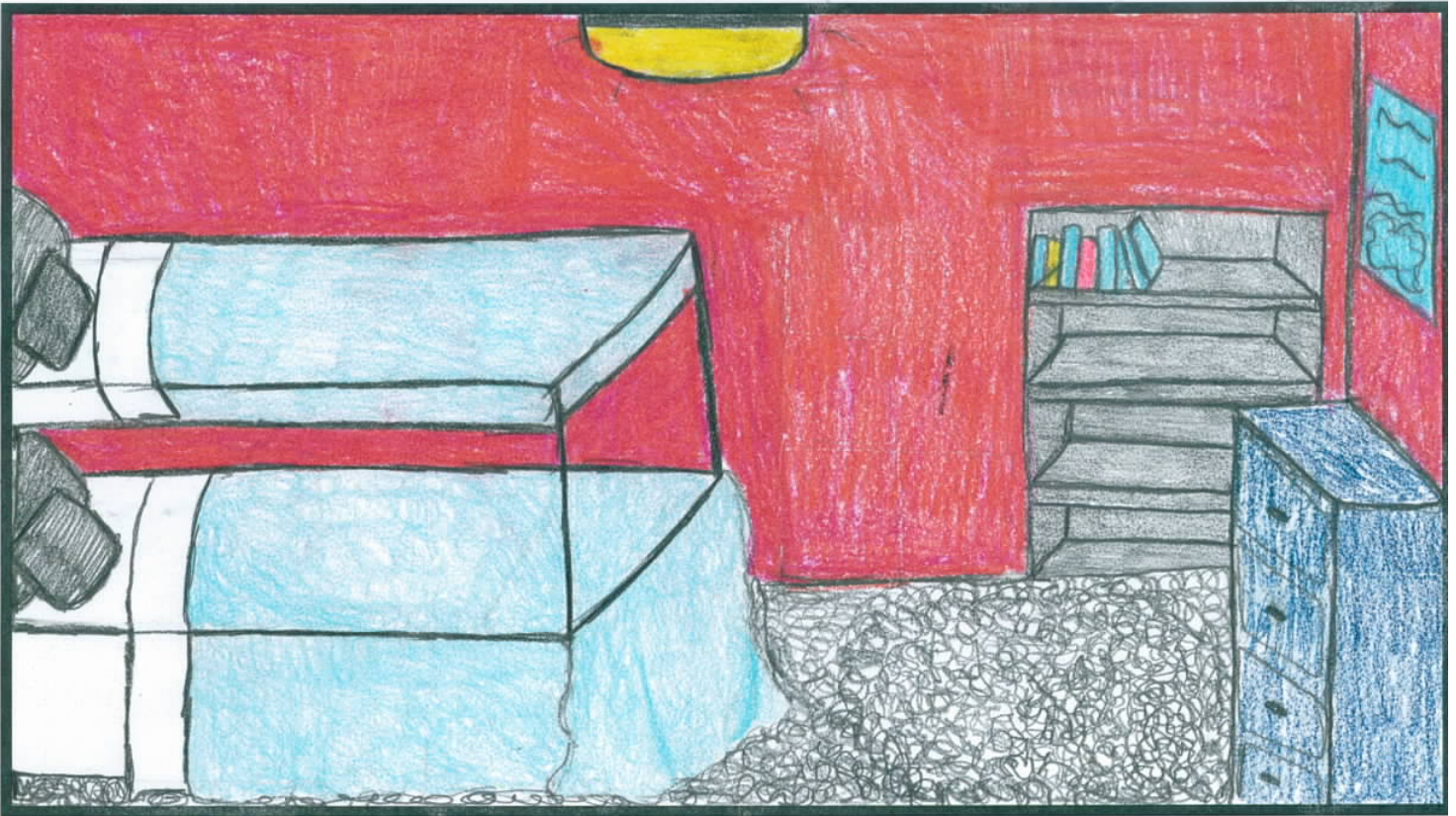
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Walking into my grandmother's house that particular Thursday night was just like every other Thanksgiving dinner. Surrounded by family and laughter, I felt the love I had felt a million times over. Food was laid out on every clean surface my aunt could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

Mapmaking and Memories



"My Lowcountry"

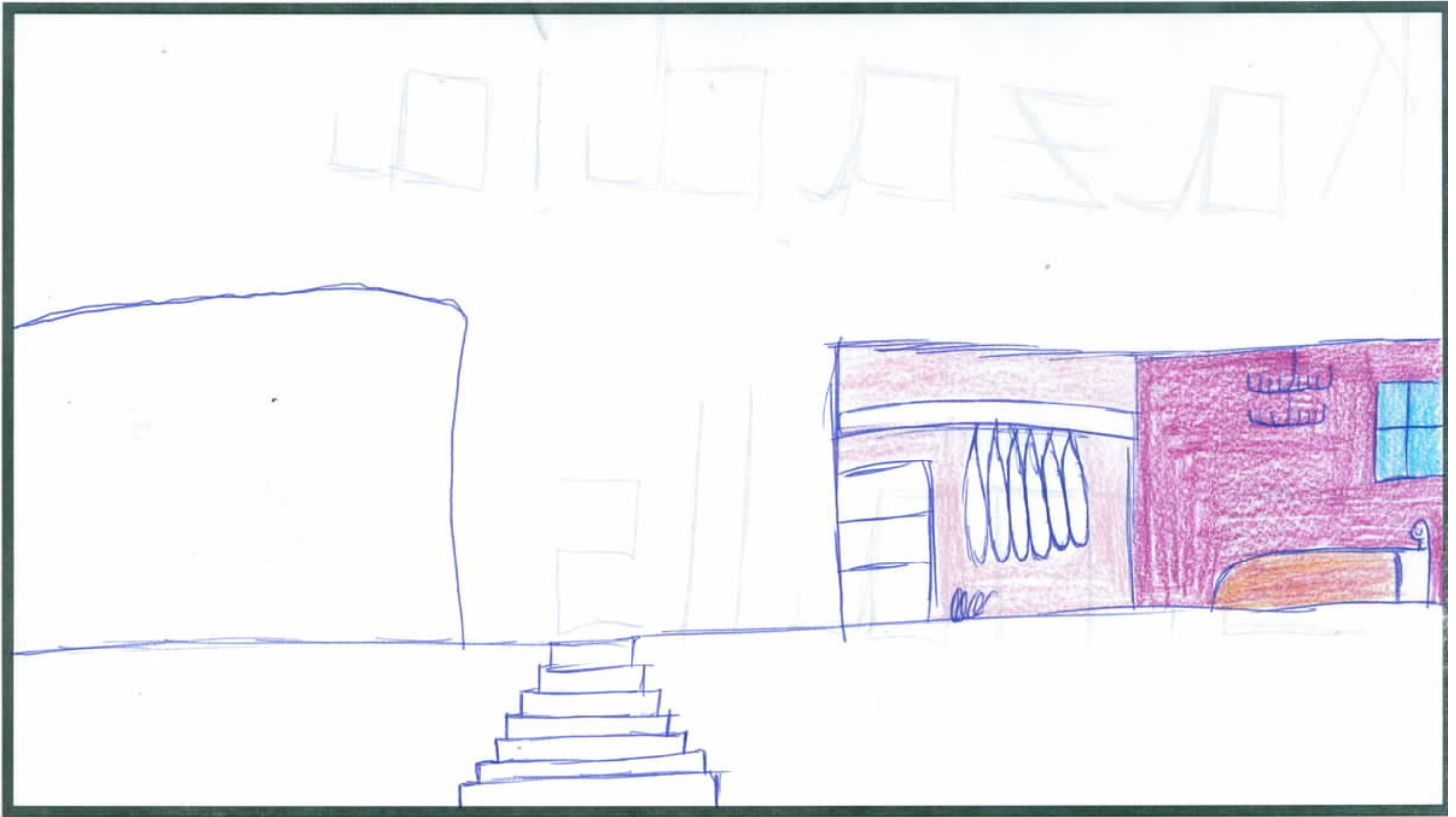
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I spend a lot of my time in my room. It is where I get most of my homework done and read all of my books. When I walk in, the first thing I do is lay in my soft, comfortable bed, but I also make sure I have everything I need like my laptop, phone, chargers, and any books. I am reading at the moment.

Mapmaking and Memories

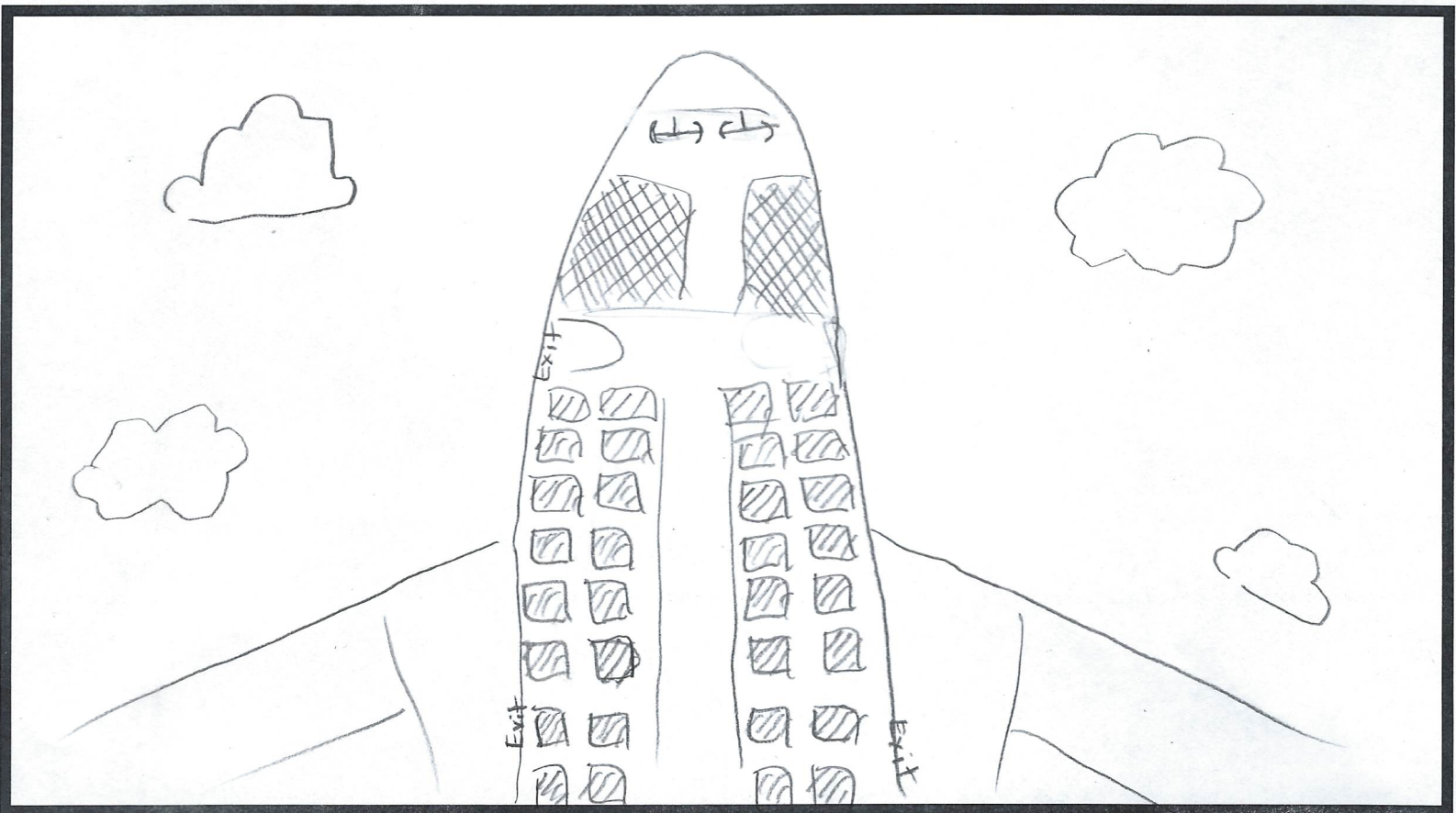


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So many strange unusual things happen in my home my big brother actually died a few feet away from our house. You can hear footsteps when no ones upstairs. I can hear people call my name when nobody is there doors open and shut. The day he died everyone rushed over that night I could smell the pond he drowned in I could feel everyone's 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.

Mapmaking and Memories



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Moving from Europe to America seemed very different to me. The scenery, the feeling, the language. Its 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.

Mapmaking and Memories

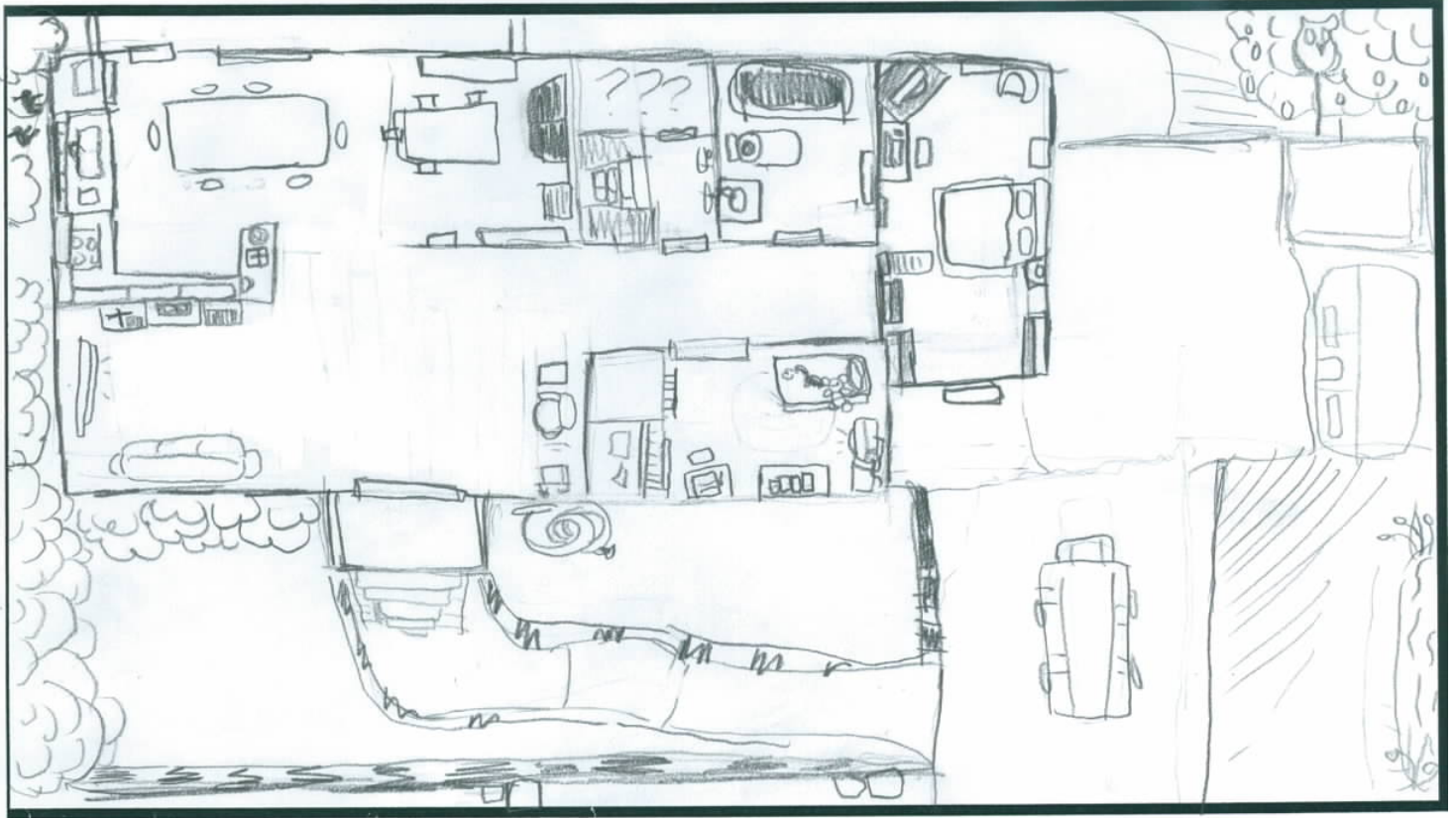


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I don't remember what day or month this experience occurred, but I know it was during summer cause I remember seeing the sun. My family and I were at the beach, my niece and I thought it was a good idea to go to the deepest part that a child should 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 be the clean at the same time.

Mapmaking and Memories



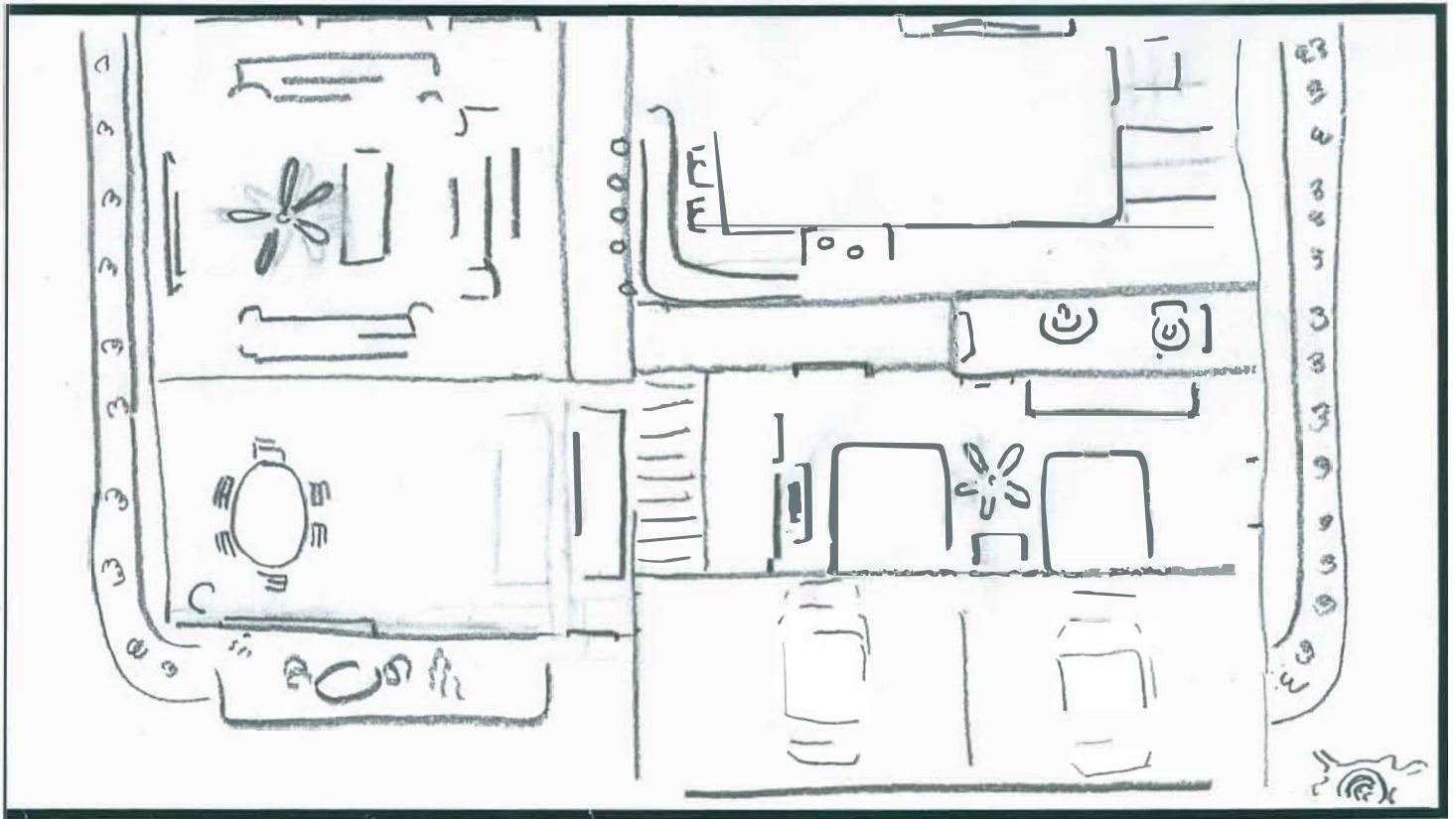
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This house is a house I remember almost more than my own, my grandmothers house! I spent a majority of my life there. I pick the bedroom, living, and kitchen to describe. My grandparents used to make banana pancakes and oatmeal. I remember waking up 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!

Mapmaking and Memories



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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. 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 ponds near my house near my house became 2 one.