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Memoir Essay

En1010

Aug 31, 2015

Excuse me for being so formal but I feel justified in my doing so. For if I tell you something meaningful to me, which I am about to, then I would like the benefit of being close to my audience. So whether you relate to me or not, you can be sure that that I’m sharing is an honest representation of me.

Every summer I like to visit my cousins, Teya and Sadie, in Idaho. I fear this past summer that I went might, be one of the last. That is what happens when you grow up. Sadie is a year older than me, but she’s in the same grade as me. We’d play pretend and many times she had us on the ground laughing so hard that we couldn’t get up. We were lucky if we made it to that bathroom. She has had to learn how to deal with kids since she is the babysitter of her four younger siblings. Teya is a year younger than me and the best drawer I know. She’s been perfecting her skill since, well forever. She draws anime type characters, putting them into little comics she writes between her friends. My favorite of one that she did was of a young boy looking out a window. On the other side of the window there were groups of other kids playing in the field, their reflection is seen on the window as the boy’s sad face is seen. He is alone watching what he wished he had. I love it!

My cousins often take me to go do the traditional country outings. We have gone swimming in the stifling cold neighborhood canal, running after midnight with glow sticks, paying in sand pits, we went hiking up a hot mountain, and they’ve taken me to a water park and an amusement park, and a walk on an abandoned railroad. We always take a walk around the nearby cemetery, which is where I got my love for cemeteries. My first time driving was with my Aunt Rachel. It was before I even got my permit and I felt like I was going to die when a car passed me. I once got the chance to go to school with Sadie and so I went, curious about what a small school was like.

We started out by going to pottery. Sure people were well enough curious about me but that was the extent of their friendship. I remember thinking one of the guys at our table was kind of cute. The teacher gave a little PowerPoint lesson about pottery in China and the huge fire kennels they use, it was miles long! Then we got to work, my first time in pottery. I knew I wouldn’t be there to finish any big project so I made a small little coil cup and put it in the kiln. Sadie said she’s glaze it for me. I still have it today.

I remember going to seminary. Sadie was super excited for me to meet her seminary teacher, Brother Johnson, also known as Bro J. The atmosphere was different there. My presence as a visitor was a little awkward but exciting.

In science nobody really talked to me. Sadie and I shared a book. Funny thing is, I remember learning something. But I don’t remember what I learned.

Lunch came next. Sadie said that usually she would eat in her Math teacher’s room but her teacher was absent so we ate our home lunch out in the hall.

In English class, which was right across the hall from where we ate lunch, a friend of Sadie’s came in and thought that I was her. I guess I look like Sadie because apparently a lot of people thought that. It was funny because they thought Sadie had died her hair red.

It was either a theatre class or club that we went to. I’m a big theatre kid so this was different. There was maybe ten people in the class. We got in a circle and played a game. Laughs were shared.

Math was the last class we had. I found it boring. Sadie was working on a homework and talking with friends and I had nothing to do. Bored.

After school I waited on the bleachers for Sadie to be done in track. I wanted to contract my aunt Rachel but I wasn’t sure how. I wasn’t even sure if I would be able to find Sadie after track was over. Well everything worked out and I found her.

Unlike my school, Sadie knew just about everyone at the school. And if she didn’t know them she knew of them. Her school was a lot smaller. She has a lot less fun classes and opportunities than I do.