

PASCAL'S CORNER

Like any summer spent with my aunt and two cousins, my last summer was phenomenal. It was filled with many uneventful days that seemed so sweet because it was time to relax.



It all started when I visited my family in Chicago. I flew out a week later headed towards Oregon. I was met by three wide grinned people who I instantly knew belonged to my Aunt Janie, my cousin Emily, and my youngest cousin Ryan. We headed up to Amity towards our farmhouse. Over the course of the entire summer, I spent much of my time in our winery, which was conveniently placed at walking distance or ATV distance from our farmhouse. We had a fun time just staying at the farmhouse for a good



month when my second cousins came for a week. We had so much fun and we were all anticipating the annual trip to San Diego. We left a week after they arrived and we headed to our beach house meeting up with my uncle David, and my second cousins' parents. Days flew by and soon we realized we would leave the next day. I wanted to make it all last so I swam and boogie boarded in the ocean for eight hours. I had second-degree burns from my waist up. It hurt so much just to walk.



We headed out on the plane back to Oregon and soon it was back to hot weather. Being away from my home in Pittsburgh I didn't know much about the local news. So one day my friend Phil texted me and told me that he had been hit by a car. I was shocked but it turns out that his bike took most of the force and he only suffered a sprained ankle and a couple of bruises, thankfully.

My two weeks left in Oregon turned to a close and we soon headed out to my aunt's house in Pebble Beach, California. The cloudy semi-cold weather was a welcoming feeling to me. We spent much of our time exploring or just hanging around. The last day I spent was with some close friends and my family just having a nice relaxing party on the beach.



The next day came and I was all packed up and ready to go. I had not seen my mom in over two months and I was really anticipating the moment where I would see her. We made our goodbyes and I boarded the plane.

big hug in the middle of the terminal while people walked by. My mom, my luggage, my grandparents and I all crammed into my car and began the nine-hour trip from Chicago to Pittsburgh. After that, nothing much happened. I met up with friends, football and school started for me and my grandparents left after staying at my house for two weeks.

I landed in Chicago six hours later and finally met up with my mom. It was slightly awkward her giving me a really

Thank you for reading and for being part of Brooks!

Pascal F. Brooks

