This summer I got to reunite with my childhood best friend who is now my god sister. At first it was kind of awkward because we hadn’t seen each other in about 2 years. She came over most days to plan dances for my Quinceanera. We would sit in silence without saying a thing to each other. Well other than the music coming from my laptop. When we saw each other again after that long I thought that she was too cool to talk to me like we did when we were kids.  I just thought that she was only coming over because her mom was making her come. But as we spent more time with each other it was almost like we traveled back in time and we were little girls again. We would make jokes about our time when we were little she would be typing away on my laptop while I would be on the floor laughing. After a while, we finally made up pretty good dances and we were very proud of them. Well, it was more her choreographing and me just helping and telling her some ideas and suggestions. I was pretty happy to her back in my life.

Throughout my wonderful and eventful summer I got to learn different styles of dances. Such as meringue, Bachata, Cumbia, and salsa. I also learned to loosen up a bit while dancing. At first it was kind of difficult because I was really tense and I couldn’t really loosen up. But Brittnie (my god sister) would yell at me because I wouldn’t do the moves right. She would get really annoyed because I wouldn’t listen to her, but I also need to cooperate. But I also got to learn a bit of many dances and I was very proud of myself. I also was happy that I got to with all my friends. They mean a lot to me and I was really happy that I got a chance to go through this entire process with them. I was happy that we all made jokes with each other.

Since I really didn’t know that guys I told the girls in my court to bring their own guys to dance with. So when we started practicing with the boys everyone got along right away. I was relieved and happy because I really didn't want any problems to happen. We all felt somehow comfortable with each other. We didn’t know that the boys didn’t know how to dance what we originally planned to dance. We had to teach the choreography and to say it was crazy is an understatement. It was chaotic teaching them, but everything turned out alright in the end. At one point when I was practicing with one of the guys he dropped me while dipping me. When my entire body hit the rocky concrete  I was traumatized for a while I didn’t really feel like trusting him to dip me anymore. When it came time to learn the Vals it was terrible. They insisted on carrying me and finally I agreed. They told me many times that they wouldn’t drop me or let me fall. But they did like 3 times and it was painful.

I had a really great summer so much happened. I was so proud of all the hard work that my court did I decided to take them to the pool so that they would have a free day and time to chill. We had loads of fun at the pool joking around and having water fights and playing a hilarious game of Marco polo. I was really happy that i made new friends and that I got to spend time with the ones that I already spend knew. I also got to babysit one of my friends, sibling and I was proud myself for making some money on my own. I was also happy that I was there to help pick out the centerpieces. I was also  happy to help pick out the girls dresses and the boys’ tux. My cousin came for a visit during the end of summer. She lives in Holland, but she’s originally from Venezuela and I was happy to see her, she’s my favorite cousin ever from my dad's side of the family. I took a trip to many stores and then to the 9/11 memorial it was pretty fun I had a great time.

The day before the party was really stressful and I my aunt that I hadn’t seen in almost 10 years came to visit and be here for the party. I wasn’t here when she got to my house, I was with the boy’s getting their tux’s. On the way back to my house I called Brittnie I was anxious to get home to welcome my aunt so when I called her I asked, “Is my aunt there?” I was hopeful to know. But when she said that she wasn’t here, yet I was disappointed. When I got home, I heard a lot of chattering and noticed the door was unlocked so when I walked down the stairs to my house was scolding Brittnie “You guy’s are so irresponsible leaving the door open like that what if a serial killer came(I am a very dramatic person. Plus, I was watching Criminal minds all summer) and saw the door unlocked, you’d all be dead and what if aunt came and saw the door-” after that I really didn’t get to finish my sentence because my aunt came out and for a few seconds we just stared at each other. She beamed at me, while I blankly stared at her. When the realization hit me, I sprinted towards her and attacked her in a hug. I got really emotional and I started crying. I felt like my heart was going to melt with emotions all positive of course. Time seemed to have stopped in the hug as cliche as it sound, I felt like it did all I wanted to do was stay in my aunt’s arms forever. She had been with me when I was very little. When we stopped hugging I hugged my little cousins since I hadn’t seen them in that long too. When we stopped the whole reunion, I looked at Brittany “Why didn’t you tell me that she was here? Why did you lie to me? You’re the worst,” I scolded her I was upset about her not telling me my aunt was here. “I wanted to surprise you,” Was all she said and laughed. I punched her in the arm as revenge. I was happy that my family was going to be here for this special moment in my life.

When the day of the party came I didn’t go to school that day and I had to wake up really early to get ready. I just wanted to sleep all day. I was really tired and exhausted. I love my sleep because when you sleep, it’s like you’re floating in space and then you just make up dreams in your head and you could be as creative as you want with them. When I was woken up and my eyes opened, they burned like if I sprayed lemon juice in them. I couldn’t really eat at all in the morning, I tried eating cereal, but when I put it in my mouth it was hot and vile. The only thing I ate was rite’s crackers the salty taste was better than any other food at the moment. I was so in a rush that day that I had to do a bunch of things and I was really worried and stressed but mostly worried. When we all got ready and saw the limo I gawked at the limo. The limo looked newly waxed and I was astounded by the size it was a pretty. The inside of the limo already looked like a party just without the people and it was super amazing. The seats look new and leathery and  The rest of the night was really fun, even though I messed up and I was really happy that the boys didn’t drop me at all. When I saw my slideshow I wanted to cry because everything turned out ok and I got to see how much I grew and I realized that I wasn’t a little girl anymore I was a young woman and I need to act like that. I grew up so much I wanted to cry. In the end, I learned that with certain things comes with responsibility. I must learn to grow up and act my age. I must learn to be more independent and that I should take responsibility in my own actions. I am happy that all my friends got to spend the wonderful moment with me and that they will always be in my heart and I love them so so much and I am thankful to have them in my life.