



HAIRS
FIRST WRITING PROJECT
SUSAN GAER: INSTRUCTOR
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Hair

By Susan Gaer

If I had to pick one body part to describe me, I would certainly pick my hair. My hair describes my personality unpredictable, wild and fun. My hair is thick, curly and very bushy. Often my hair looks like a bush that has not been trimmed. When I was a child, my mom always tried to make my hair look straight. She would use chemicals and put it up in pin curls so that it would look straight. When I was a teen, I always kept it short because where I grew up in New York was very humid. Thick curly hair and humidity don't mix. When I got older, and my hair started thinning, I was able to grow it longer. As a child and teen, I hated my hair. Now, I love my hair because it is a distinctive part of me.



My Hair

By Sonia Alvarado

When I was a teenager I always liked to take care of my hair. It was very long with an intense black polished color, like the black tar one sees on the shining road in the afternoon horizon.

Everybody said my hair was so beautiful and they always asked me about my secret, but I always kept it in hiding, like one keeps a precious diamond, away from someone's hands.

This days my hair is short, and although it is not as shiny as before, I like it the way it is now.

EYES

Nhuy Thao Do Ngoc



When I was a little girl, I was always ashamed of my tiny eyes. I have double eyelids. My friends often laughed at my eyes. Especially, whenever I smile widely, my eyes look like a straight line. It seems that I cannot see anything when I am smiling. My grandmother on my mother side often told me that eyes reflected a person's personality. I was too young to understand what she meant, so I felt sad. When talking with people, I never dare to look straight into their eyes, as I was afraid that they would recognize that I had ugly eyes. Because of my grandmother's comment, I thought that they'd think that I was an ugly person as my eyes reflected.

My mother observed and knew my troublesome thoughts. One day, while holding me in her arms, she whispered sweet things that I'd never heard before about eyes.

This is what she told me, eyes are windows of the soul not only because of your beautiful eyes twinkle when you listen to others' stories, but also because your own eyes that know how to share love as well. When looking into your eyes, people feel safe, and peaceful. They know that you trust them, and they believe in you through the way your eyes reflect. It doesn't depend on how big, how naïve your eyes are. It depends on what is deep inside your eyes. It depends on how generous your heart is or how sympathetic your soul is. It is also the beat of your heart when you put yourself in others' cases.

Now, thanks to my mother's words, thanks to her warm holding, and thanks to her encouraging eyes, I can be confident to look straight at people with my emotional eyes.

LEGS

by Marcy Villalvazo

It's difficult to pick one body part to describe me, but if I have to choose one it would be my legs. They are long and athletic. I play a lot of sports and my long legs help me to do that better. I run faster and for basketball, they help me to be taller and jump higher. Volleyball is my passion, and to be taller is a plus. Having long legs has been good because I was chosen to be queen of a beauty contest. It was during High School when I was 16 year old. I looked taller than the others girls and I think that helped me win. I specially like my long legs when I wear them with high heels. Having long legs has helped me to do the things I love while looking good doing them.



My Eyes

By Octavio Zamudio

If i have to choose a body part that describes me better. It would be my eyes. When i was a kid everybody called me the kid with the pretty eyes. My eyes are colored. They call them hazel eyes i think they define my personality because it depends on what color am I wearing they would change from light brown to light green from dark brown to dark green. Some people think that I'm always changing the color of my contacts. But that is not true. Well I just love my eyes because i think they reveal my soul and what I am.

Hands in my family

By Tuong Ta

My family has three members: father, mother and me. As most people on the earth do; every member in my family normally has a pair of hands, but it seems quite different from hands to hands.

My father's hands are strong and tough. All the difficult and heavy work, such as : Fixing fallen fences, mowing grassy lawn, repairing old TV or moving big furniture.....are needed for father's hands.

Mother's hands are small and delicate. All the works like knitting, sewing and baking....could be done only by the hands of my mother, while father's and mine are useless on such things! When she cooks in the kitchen, her hands look like two butterflies, flying from meat to fish, from vegetable to spice, not much later we would have some delicious dishes on the dining table.

My hands are also small but clumsy, my hands help only the common jobs in the house, such as cleaning, washing, doing my homework, or handing the tools up to father when he is climbing high on a ladder.

I could not cook any food that tasted as good as mother's. When I was sad for this, my mother held my hands in hers and said " You do better than I , when I was the same age as you" While father ate up all the things I cooked and said " Well done, good ,good!", Even the taste was terrible! I Knew.

I do hope when I grow up my hands would be as strong as my father's, but also as skillful as my mother's! Do you think I am greedy?

Hair

By Resy Bagsik

My friend says that I have thin and straight hair. My younger brother and I have the same hair. My two brothers have wavy hair like my mother. My father has the same hair as my younger brother and I. My grandfather was a barber, he cut my hair like a military hair cut. When I was a child, my grandfather cuts my hair ones a month. I like the haircut because it looks like it was a clean cut style. When I was a teen, I liked my hair long. When I got older and my hair started thinning, I shaved my head. My friends said I look younger with shaved head. Now I shave my hair every two days.



My Nose
By Laura Pantoja



I told my nose is not that small. I wouldn't know. When I was child my mother to never said me that I has a nose like a cat. I never had a cat, but I thought that my nose was very small. When I went to the bed I always put a clip in my nose because I believed that it would grow.

When I was a teen I hated my nose was a traumatized it. I had dreams about my nose. Two of them were that one day after I awoke up my nose had magically had grow. Another is that I had money and I went to the plastic surgeon.

Now, I like my nose! I may not look like a supermodel, but I'm pretty anyway. I like my nose! It's part of me.

Parts of My Body

By Hekmatullah Malyar

It is really difficult for me to judge and name a part of my body that I like the best. One may say the brain is the best part of the body since it has the ability to think and distinguish. Other may like the heart as the best part of human body because it is called the king of the body and it is impossible for a human being to live without a heart.

But let's pretend what when we do not have eyes, if we cannot see the beauty of the world, if we cannot see the colorful environment, or what if we lack our ear and cannot hear the sweet call of our baby.

If we have heart and we have no hands or feet or nose or lips or mouth or teeth or tongue.

What will happen to one who has heart but faces the problem with his/her right or left lung? Is it easy for one to have a problem with his/her liver or stomach? Would it be easy to live without kidneys?

So I think that each part of my body is created to do a special job and is not a spare part. Life is really difficult to lose only a small part of the body. Therefore let's thanks God for the healthy and compete body granted us. Let's never judge the best part of our body. We should love our all body and accept it as a most valuable gift of God.

MY HEAD

By Gilberto Ramos

My head is like my granpa. From my mother side. My family called me "cabezon" that means big head. They say my head is as big as a pumpkin. My neighbor an old man called me "martillo" that means hammer. I think he called me hammer because my body was skinny and my head big. My son is a picture of me. One day something funny happened to him, with the big head that we have. One day he was playing on the sofa, there was a space between the sofa and the wall. He fell down in that space, all the body passed through but not the head. That was so funny and we were laughing at him for a long time but it is not our fault. That is the grandpa's heritage our big head.

MY EYES

BY: MARTHA SANDOVAL

IF I HAVE TO DESCRIBED THE PART OF MY BODY THAT I LIKE THE MOST I WOULD SAY ARE MY EYES. WHEN I WAS A CHILD EVERYBODY TOLD ME I HAVE BEAUTIFUL BLACK EYES. I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN PROUD OF MY INQUISITIVE EYES. FOR ME IS VERY HARD NOW TO ACCEPT THAT I HAVE TO USE GLASSES FOR THE REST OF MY LIFE. MY OPHTALMOLOGYST TOLD ME I SUFFER A PROGRESSIVE EYES DISEASE CALLED KEROTOCONES. FOR RIGHT NOW THE ONLY SOLUTION IS A CORNEA'S TRANSPLANT WHICH IS TOO RISKY. ANYWAY I LOVE MY EYES BECAUSE WITH THEM I'VE SEEN THE BEAUTY AND THE WONDERS OF THIS WORLD.

My Heart

By : Naeem Momand

There are two things in your body. They control your whole body. One is mind and the other is heart. The mind always does good things. The Heart is crazy.

Never listen to your heart, if you listen to your , you will be in trouble. As you know I said, "heart is crazy". Some time falls in love , and love is blind.

I'm always in trouble because of my heart . I was a 17 years old to become a heart patient.

One of my Valve had a hole in it . At that time there was a war in Afghanistan . We didn't have enough good facilities or hospitals.

After some years, I went to Holland. And in 2000

I was operated . Now I have a new Valve. Thank God, I'm ok but to keep my self in good shape , I have to take a blood thinner pills.

Fernando Mendoza
By Jose Mendoza

Fernando is my older brother and everybody in my family say. His face looks like my uncle,my father's brother,my brother has a long face and he has a cleft chin. He is a pad look bear,large mouth with white teeth,they look like white pearls inside seashell. His nose is straight and everybody say he has a Greek profile. His big an black eyes are as a dark night. His face's skin is white and soft especially when he shaves. I joke with him,I say " your face look like baby's buttocks." He has a wide forehead. All the time his face looks happy because he has a natural smile.

Smiles

By Eduardo Hernandez

Our family has something very different from other families, but about the particular thing I think that it is something very assimilated to other, is our smiles, they are completely different, my brother, my father, my sister, and of course, that of my mother .

The smile of my brother coaxes you, is as when they tell you something graceful and you do not stop laughing, this it is the smile of him. And the girls like it.

my father's smile is always the same, you never know if this one annoy or not, because he always smiles to you if something passing of knowing if you have made slightly bad(wrong) or not. It is as simple as the water.

my sister's smile, she, she's, strange of defining, and is that she almost doesn't smile, doesn't smile if you don't invite her to eat a delicious ice cream of vanilla and gives you to dazzle her big and white teeth, her smile fills of foam of these ice creams that alone she can obtain in the shops, she has one of the most pretty's smiles of the house.

My smile is not very common, and I dry neither smiled too much. I'm always very serious and thoughtful, and it is difficult to know when I'm happy or not. But as a rule always I try to say something funny, in order that they should see the difference of when I'm satisfied or not

My mom's smile is very different, she always has something very strange in her smile, and for mi it is like of those things that you need to complete your day if you don't see it. She makes us laugh to all, to my father, my sister, my brother, and also I.

I remember, that when I was young mi mom told me, that when I was born, the first thing I did, was smile.