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Dance as Writing

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Random

“Soft. Fluffy. Beautiful,” my mind raced as I spotted the freshly purchased cake on the table. Jasmine action figure abandoned. Small feet hussling. Small hands grasping the chair. Small child peering over. Messily grasping the wonderfully smooth pink frosting flower. Lick. Gross, GROSS. Grabbed by big hands and rushed over to the sink. Vomit. Disgusting flower.

It was a beautiful day. I licked my finger and stuck it into the sky. I wasn't sure what that was supposed to accomplish exactly, but all of the kids in the movies did it. I proceeded to happily skip to my favorite tree in the backyard, my climbing tree. Sure my brother and sister climbed it occasionally too, but I, Sabrina, was the master of climbing trees. I picked my usual branch to begin climbing, and swung myself on top of it expertly. I had climbed up to the top through pretty much every way possible. It never really mattered which way I was going. My footing was always certain, and the only way I looked was upwards. A few short minutes later, I was happily sitting on the top of the tree overlooking my house. Suddenly, I saw something that I had never noticed before. “DAD DAD!” I called. Thinking I was hurt or something, my dad's 6'6” figure quickly rushed out of the house and towards me. “What is it??” he panted. “Look over there! There's a footprint on the roof!!” I screamed excitedly. “Huh, I can't see that high” he replied. My jaw dropped. My dad is the biggest person in the world! How could he not see! Then, another realization hit me like a brick. I was officially taller than my dad! A wave of

accomplishment rushed over me like I had never experienced before. Grinning from ear to ear, I stared at that footprint, absorbing the moment before it was time to get down.

Driving home from gymnastics practice, I fidgeted out of boredom in the seat next to my dad. “Dad, why are some street lights yellow whereas others are white?” I wondered aloud. He turned down NPR. “I don’t know, but I have a guess...” he began. My dad always has an answer for everything.

Night time had come upon us again, meaning it was time for my dad to break out the ice cream and sit down in front of the TV watching something boring like the news. He had a habit of crossing one leg over the other such that there was a hole just large enough for a 5 year old child to fit through. Sneakily, I crouched below his legs, waited for the right moment, and sprung up. “PEEK-A-BOO!” I shouted. My dad’s eyes got large as he threw his hands up in the air beside him. “EEEEK!” he screeched. I rejoiced at my victory and hugged his large belly while he continued to watch the news and eat his ice cream.

It was finally the last day of my 5th grade English class with my favorite teacher in the entire world, Mr. Oncay. It had been a rough year, with gymnastics 25 hours a week, my grades suffered horribly – my English grade most of all. But Mr. Oncay’s belief in me never faltered. Even after the C on my Booker T. Washington Book Report, which was mostly written by my mother with me half asleep by her side every morning at 3am for over two weeks. But Mr. Oncay knew I could bounce back. He also made sure to mention to the whole class whenever I got first place in my weekend competitions, which, embarrassingly, happened quite often. I lamentfully watched my favorite teacher talk about how wonderful the year had been and watched as the minutes on the clock ticked away. But what was this? Mr. Oncay just pulled out 15 cups of soil with a bag of seeds. “These are for all of you. So that you never stop growing.”

Overjoyed, happily planted my seeds in the cup and treasured it as if it were a new born baby. That summer, I went to China for a month, but not first without picking a supreme spot in my yard for the plant, to be sure it would get adequate sun and water. One month later, I ran through my front door and into my back yard, searching for a huge beautiful plant that I knew my seeds had become. I found it exactly where I left it, overwatered and dead.

‘Oh Kat!!’ I called. My 3 year old younger sister crawled towards me, purring. ‘Foot rest?’ I smiled. She happily crawled beneath the table on all fours while I rested my feet on top of her, continuing to play my computer game.

‘Sabrina, are you ready to go?!’ my mom shouted as I finished packing my gymnastics bag for another weekend competition, hair freshly braided and gelled by her just 20 minutes earlier. I slept during the four hour ride comfortably in the back seat, covered with the pillows and blankets that my mom neatly placed for me. She followed me to every competition, video camera in hand. Whenever I lost, she always consoled me and made sure I stayed positive. ‘You only need to worry about doing your personal best, Sabrina. If you know that you tried your best, then be content and move on,’ she always said. Sitting in my dorm room at Cornell, surrounded by the stresses of everyday life, I pick up the necklace she gave me that was given to her by her nanny when she immigrated to America. Clenching it in my fist, I smile, and then get back to work.

It was 2am, and my brother had just finished packing everything, the first of the siblings to leave for college. I couldn’t explain how, but already the house seemed to feel different. Even though he never really talked much anyway, the fact that he wouldn’t be here at lunch time tomorrow to finish what the rest of us couldn’t eat was just too weird to handle, and I couldn’t sleep. I walked over to his room just as he was about to turn off the light, and stood there. I just

stared. Somehow, I thought that if I stared hard enough, I would be able to burn this moment into my memory forever. My brother, bringing the reality of how awkward this situation was, grunts “Uh... are you okay?” Chuckling at my awkwardness compounded with the awkwardness of him pointing out how awkward I was being, I smiled and said “Good night, Ray.” “Good night.” He replied. I swear he actually smiled.

“Alright, have a safe trip.” My dad said. I couldn’t believe my ears. My arms tingled all the way down to my finger tips as I clenched my dad’s car keys in my hand. My first time driving in a car, solo. I could barely contain my excitement. I eagerly hopped in the car, rolled down all the windows, flipped open the sun roof, and blasted a CD I had made specially for the occasion. First stop: Jamba Juice. It was going to be a good day.

“LETS GO TUBBY!” my sister yelled at me jokingly. “Okay okay let me get my shoes on!” I replied. She already had her Farmer’s Market bag slung around her shoulder and a \$20 bill, fresh from my mom’s wallet. We embarked on our journey, the sun shining pleasantly, and a perfect breeze blowing by. We had not a care in the world and were bounded by no schedules or watches. Our only to-do list was to buy some delectable food, then relax and eat it. We plucked some red fountain grass from our neighbor’s yard and entertained ourselves for the ten minute walk to the farmer’s market by simply running and tickling each other with the laughably awkward plant. We played games of 20 questions and almost peed in our pants laughing. After arriving at the farmer’s market, taking way too many free samples, and putting all of our purchases in Kat’s bag, we carried our goodies to the playground of the local elementary school. When we finally arrived at the perfect location, we laid out our loot on plastic bags before us, and we feasted. Once we could eat no more (more like when all the food was gone) I closed my eyes, laid back, and let my senses be solely occupied by the elation and freedom that pervaded

throughout my entire being, and that I wouldn't have rather been anywhere else, with anyone else, in the entire world.

I had just finished putting on my sweats after my floor exercise in another gymnastics competition. Instantly, I ran to my bag and pulled out my favorite monkey stuffed animal, Jelly Belly. I squeezed him happily, totally engrossed by thinking about I would incorporate him this year into my mother's birthday PowerPoint presentation. Last year I had taken pictures of him in a mini sombrero that I had bought from our trip to Mexico. For my dad's birthday, I had him posing with a half eaten banana. "Sabrina time for awards!" my coach yelled. "Oh yeah", my thoughts retracted back into the real world. Clenching my monkey, I ran to the rest of my team, excited for when I got back home.

A puff of smoke escaped my grandpa's lips as we sat together in the front yard of my grandmother's house in Texas. I held my breath for as long as possible to avoid any inhalation of the smoke, and then exhaled silently. My grandpa continued to talk, oblivious to my odd respiration pattern. I loved listening to him ramble, and I knew he loved it when I listened. A lot of it was his own life stories, some of it just random thoughts and questions about life that just popped into his head. His witty and sarcastic personality mixed with his genius never lead to a dull conversation. I knew he thought the world of me, and I tried my hardest to portray the best of me to him, because I knew that in reality, I could never fully live up to his perception of me. He paused, for a moment. "You want a puff?" he gestured his cigarette towards me. "No thank you" I chuckled, not quite sure whether or not he was serious. "Damn straight" he smiled. "You'll do good kid, you'll do good."

We were sitting in Mann library, my dad and I, in the same seats we had sat in since the beginning of the week. It was during winter break, two weeks before class was actually supposed

to start. Lamentfully, I was back for Varsity Diving, leaving my friends and family at home so I could be at school early to practice for the upcoming competitions. I groaned as I looked at the MatLab code on my screen. I'm supposed to generate a random number between 36 and 50. Gross. I looked to my right; my dad was busily working on a computer program of his own. He had flown across the country to be with me for this one week during my winter break and help me get ahead in my school work. His eyes were fixed on his computer screen, in absolute focus. Suddenly, he senses me looking over at him. "Do you need any help?" he asks. "How are random numbers even generated?" I wonder in a complaining tone. "I don't know, but I have a guess", my dad starts.