

Chris

The day I moved to New York, I was upset. I had no friends. I was five and everything was suddenly different.

The first kid I met was Victor, the first friend I made in New York. He was different from other kids. When I first met him, he was running and stomping all over the hallways of our building. He was the most energetic and lively kid I had ever known. He never stopped! Since I was a shy, quiet boy at the time, Victor was a perfect friend for me. He helped me to find the some adventures in the basement, corridors and elevators of our huge apartment building.

As time went on, our relationships got closer and closer, and little by little, we made up a long-lasting game. It was a mixture of “Tag” and “Hide-and-Go Seek.”. We didn’t really have a name for our game but we loved it. We had flashlights and maps and binoculars. When we hid in the basement, our flashlight lit the way in the dark. When we were lost on the 18th floor, we would use our maps to find our way down to the basement. The binoculars were useful to see across long hallways. We were detectives when the game went well. Other

Chris’s writing.

times, we were explorers trying to find our way out from the basement where we met on most days.

Little by little, other kids moved into the building and we taught them how to play the game. As more kids joined, the hallways became overcrowded with noisy, stomping kids. There were doors opening and shutting and kids shouting orders to their teammates. Pretty soon, it was grownups shouting at us stop the game, making more noise than we were.

We played the game everyday for two hours for the entire first year I lived in the building. The last time I played the game, I went to bed early, exhausted. I knew people in the building were complaining about the noise and the crowds caused by the game. And I knew that pretty soon, our parents would make us stop. But, to me, it is a very important game helped because it brought friends into my life.

Now that we're older, we play the game in Central Park where only the birds and the squirrels may be bothered by our loud, exciting game.

Chris's writing, p. 2.