

When I was 5 I thought that fish were so cool. When I won a baby gold fish at a fair in New Jersey I was so proud of my self. My passion of fish went on for 1 or 2 years. During that time I got 3 fishes, 2 gold fishes and 1 black fish. When I turned 6 fishes seemed dull, dumb, and out of fashion. When I was 7 I wanted a rabbit. My neighbors had a huge white rabbit, I thought it was no fair, I never got a rabbit. When I was 8 I begged and pleaded for a dog. My dad always would suddenly change the subject or give any excuse to make me want a dog, for example your mom is allergic. Finally I gave up on dogs and wanted a cat. Now I want a parakeet. I have come to the conclusion that once someone has something they are never satisfied.

Emma's writing after reading "Plenty."