

CRAZY ANIMALS

By Eva Quezada

In a place not far from here you can hear in the distance, a faint noise coming from a field. As you get closer, you start to hear people laughing and dancing. As you get closer you can feel the rumbling sound of music that is playing. You can feel the beat on the bottom of your feet. You can't help it. It's starting to pull you to join in. Soon you realize you're in the middle of everything and surrounded by strange figures. But as soon as the music stops, you realize that the strange figures are your aunts and uncles having a good time dancing alongside you.

Then I hear a voice calling me, "Come and eat! " It's my sister from the porch. I go into the kitchen, passing my little cousins sitting in the living room, talking and eating. and, as always, my older cousins are on their phone or playing a video game. As I get to the entrance of the kitchen, I can smell the sweet aroma of the food cooking.

My mom passes me a plate and tells me to sit down. I look at the plate and can feel the warmth come from the plate. I feel my mouth watering, so I dig right in, starting with the red golden rice, glinting in the light. And unwrapping the tamale, I can see the steam come out. As soon as I bite into the tamale, I can taste the warmth of the spicy chicken, and take a sip of the rich flavor of soda cooling off my mouth. As I keep eating the rest of my food, I get to listen to great juicy gossip from my aunts and uncles, talking about how work is going and where they're going for vacation.

One of my aunts tells everyone to come to the kitchen to cut the cake. We all gather around the birthday girl. All the kids are already putting their hands on the birthday girl's head to push her into the cake. I'm there next to them doing the same thing. My aunts all have their phones to take pictures and record videos as we sing happy birthdays. Candles are blown out on the cake. And my uncles are trying to get the kids away from the birthday girl, preventing them from pushing her face into the cake. And we are all fighting and trying to escape from the grabbing hands of our uncles as we try to reach my cousin to push her face in the cake. But then we all decide not to keep pushing her because one of our uncles handles that job. We race through the back door and surround the big oak tree with its branches reaching for the sky. Getting riled up to hit the pinata, even the cows come over to see what all the commotion is about. We tackle our uncle to get the stick to hit the pinata. He wants to make sure the birthday girl gets the first hit, so he keeps the stick away from us. He gives the stick to her, but instead of hitting the pinata, she drops the stick and hugs the pinata trying to protect it from us. She tells the rest of us not to destroy it. But we all outnumber her. My aunt takes her inside so she won't have to look at the gruesome beating the pinata was going to have.

As we take turns hitting the pinata, we all noticed that it wasn't budging, so we call in the big guy (meaning our uncle) to help us break open the pinata. Finally, with the last swing that he throws, the pinata bursts open and all the candy flies

everywhere. We jump right in to get as much as we can. It's every man for himself when it comes to candy.