

My Perfect Freedom Day

The morning sun rose over my home like a dazzling glitter bomb. I woke up with a wide grin because today was our town's Freedom Celebration! I bounced on my bed until my parents woke up.

I slid across the floor with excitement. I ate pancakes while morning jazz played in the kitchen. The pancakes tasted like heaven. Mmm. After breakfast, I put my helmet on and hopped on my bike. The crisp fall air brushed my face and I felt like I could ride wherever I wanted. It made me feel happy and free.

When I arrived at my favorite park it was packed! Colorful flags waved in the breeze, music filled the air, and everyone was smiling. Our town was celebrating freedom. We ate cake, played games, and cheered together. It felt wonderful that everyone could come to celebrate.

For lunch, we enjoyed yummy Korean food. Then I found my friends, and we played tic-tac-toe, tag, I Spy, and follow the leader until we were tired and

laughing. It was the best kind of day because we could laugh, play, and be ourselves.

As I snuggled in bed that night, I thought about what freedom means to me. Freedom means choosing my own path, sharing happy moments with the people I love, and dreaming who I want to become. That is what made my perfect day so special.