

When I was Young . . .

by Julio Pagan

When I arrived in Aguada, Puerto Rico, my eyes were bouncing from one object to the other. Many varieties of plants and trees stood around the airport. Different kinds of birds flew back and forth and around the plane. Click, click the airplane door opened and a fresh breeze of air entered the plane. Stepping out of the airplane door I felt like I was totally in another world, "Paradise," I said.

When I was in Puerto Rico, the food was nothing like back home. It wasn't like going to the supermarket and buying groceries, it was fresh food from my family's backyard farm. The fruits didn't have any chemicals on them, they handpicked them and were right off the stream ready to be eaten, "DELICIOUS, DELICIOUS."

When I was in Puerto Rico, the water was incredibly clear. It wasn't too cold nor was it too hot. Many types of fish swam around me and it was something I had never experienced before. Dolphins came out of the water and went back in. No trash was lying in the water and no shells poked me during my time in the water.

When I was in Puerto Rico, the weather was extremely hot. Everywhere I went, the back of my shirt would stick on me due to the hotness. Every night I would blast the air conditioner to the max to keep myself cool. Only the cool breeze from the air conditioner would help me achieve a restful sleep after a long hot day.

When I was in Puerto Rico, I never wanted to go to Costa Rica, and I never wanted to go to Nicaragua. I never wanted to go anywhere else in the world, for I was in Puerto Rico. And that was always enough.