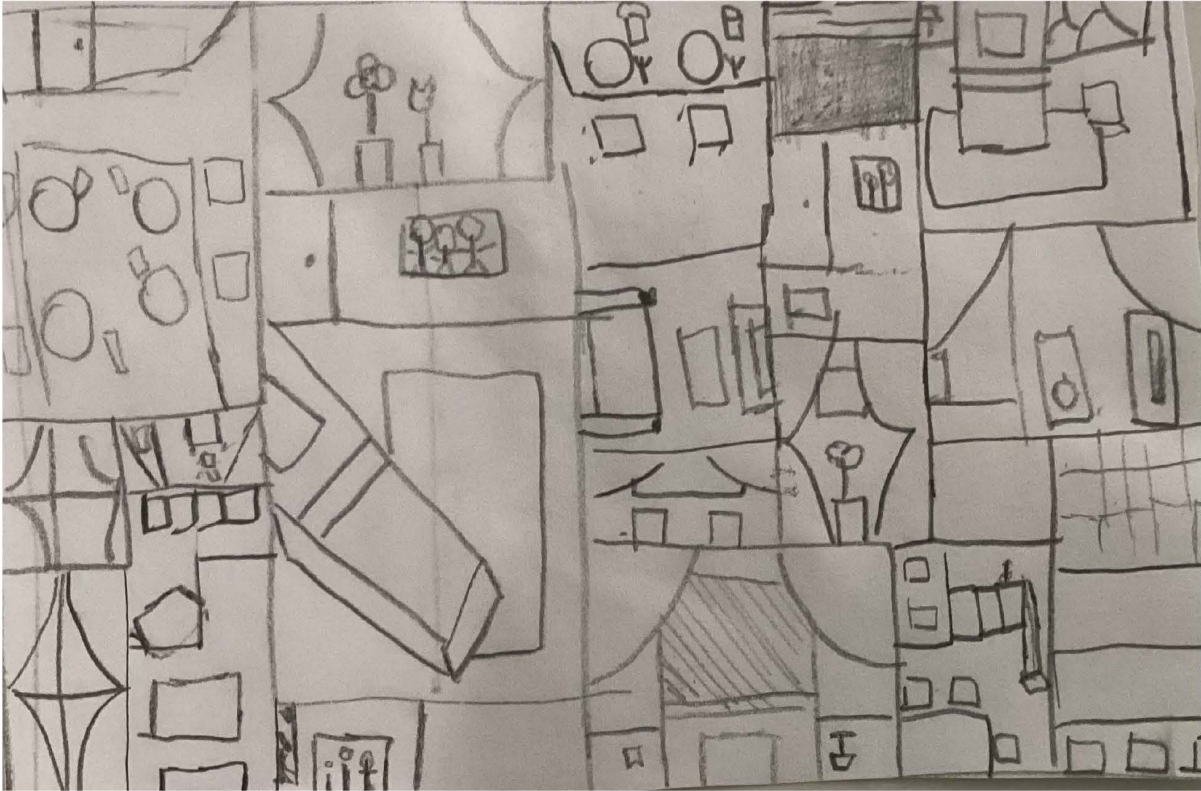


## Many Windows

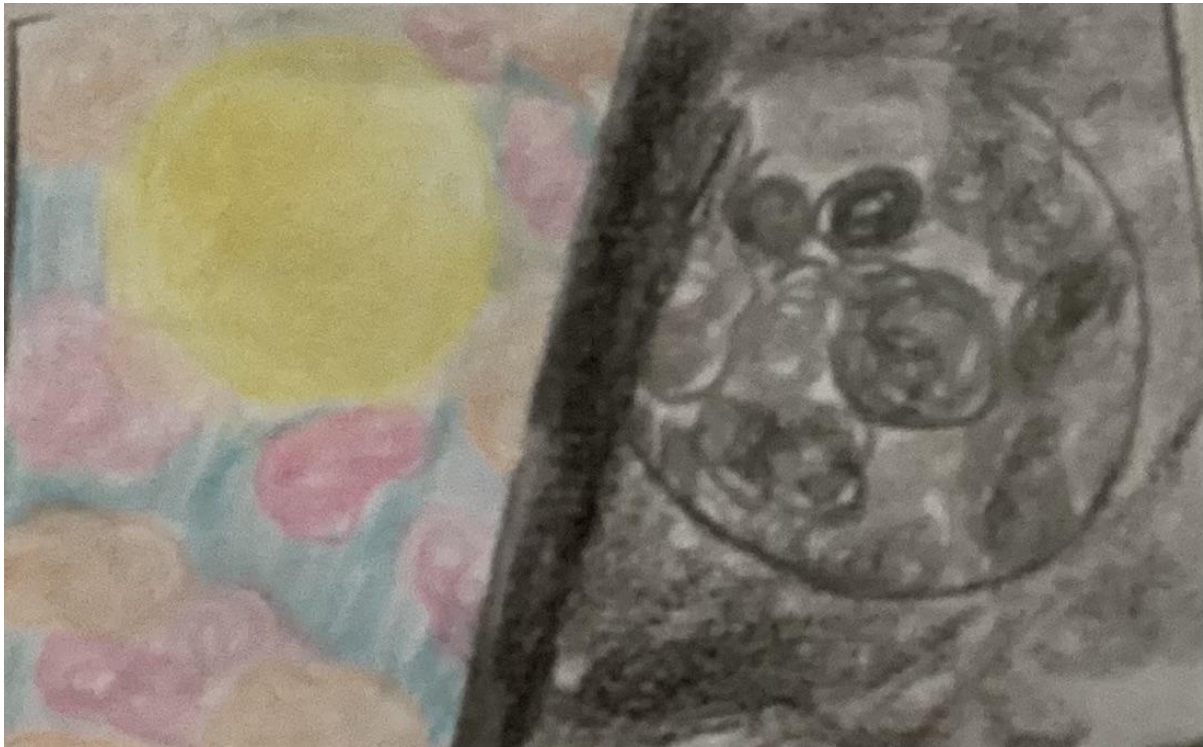
By Charlie A



When I look out the window I see many things, through many different windows. I see the Peruvian beaches and German city lights. I see the ballpark across the street. Many windows have the same character but different sights.



When I was two years old I moved to Peru. Peru is a country on the upper western side of South America. When I looked out of the living room window I saw a black rocky beach, as well as a highway busy as a bee at dawn and as quiet as a mouse at dusk. At night I would see many constellations. This was the first window I could remember.



When I was five my family moved from Peru to Germany. As we walked up the stairs of my apartment in Germany there were two slanted windows. At night you could see the moon and stars, in the morning you could see the pastel clouds of the sunrise. These windows were right by my bookshelf. I love to read, so while I read I was showered either by the bright sun's rays or the quiet moon's glow. This is my favorite window even today.



When I look out my living room window I see different sights in different seasons. On summer days I see people doing sports in the park. I see a bleak empty field after a cold winter rain. I see pink cherry blossoms blooming on a warm spring morning. This window shows me how different a sight can seem depending on the season. A window that changes like a caterpillar to a butterfly with the same base and different sight.



When June ends I will leave Virginia and move to Mozambique. Mozambique is on the south east coast of Africa and I will live there for four years until I move again. All of my windows, whether I have seen them or not, will be special to me in many different ways whether the windows are my comfort place or a teaching place. They all affect who I am and who I will be.