

*Brrriinnng!* I slammed my hand on the alarm clock. My name is Katrina Walbridge, by the way. As I hit the snooze button, something was odd about it. The clock was the old-timey type, but I thought I had a digital clock! Then it hit me: I was at one of my best friend's place! Her name is Helen. She's German-American and lives in an apartment. I was trying to fall back asleep when: BAM! I was hit over the head with a pillow. I heard Helen sniggering next to me. "Helen, you're gonna get it," I grumbled, and I hit her right back! It was all fun and games until Helen's brother yelled at us. Then Helen's mother walked through the door saying, "Who wants breakfast?" Helen and I said in symphony, "We do!" We went into their tiny kitchen and I saw apparently funny German cards on a small sized pin board. The reason I say apparently is because I can't read German but the pictures were funny. After we ate, we went back to her bedroom and there I saw Steve. Steve is a guy made out of cardboard. Did I mention Helen loves to make stuff out of cardboard? After I got dressed and all that yickety yak, my dad came to pick me up.

A few hours later, I ate lunch. I am Russian, American, Irish, French, and German, but I am mostly Russian-American. For lunch I had blini, which are Russian pancakes. I normally eat them with sour cream and honey. I adore blini! I mostly read for the rest of the day. Oddly, I began noticing things in my house more than I normally do today. Like that since my mom loves tea, we have tons of tea pots. After dinner, I watched my favorite show, Gravity Falls and went to bed.

Today I'm going to another friend's house. This time I'm going to Mari's house. She's American, Japanese and Korean. Her sister is really good at gymnastics and has a floor-beam and a bar. We spent most of our time on her trampoline. We kept on making weird tricks. Her mom is really nice. I never met her dad... I suppose he's kind. Mari has tons of cute stickers and other stuff from Japan. I enjoyed going to her house.

One day later, I went to Abby's house. I've known her since kindergarten. She is mostly American, but she is also Italian. Her house seemed really normal to me because I go there almost every day! At her house, I ate my favorite snack food: Chewy Dip Granola Bars. We went down to her basement and practiced our talent show dance. We recorded it and let me say, it looked wonderful! My parents called and I walked back home because we live two doors away from each other.

