

## Student's Essay after the Winter Camp

### Weeks, Memories

I was sitting in the host sister's car, rushing through the snowy streets. She was saying how hard she worked to earn herself this lovely manual transmission car, though it looks not fitting in the beautiful neighborhood. I stared into the vast mountains which reflecting the holy light.

It was exhausting. I spent five hours in that freezing little kitchen and rolling a thousand tacos. I could hardly bear that but I knew I would have to depend on myself so I stayed there until I paid my downpayment. I then switched to the place I now work. Though I make less, it's so fun to have people at the same age around to work with you. You can chat and talk nonsense and even meet the one you like...'

She kept talking and I was unaware to be drawn into her depict. And soon we stopped at the store she worked. 'Come on! Meet some cutie people!' She laughed so proudly in the center of the crowd of workmates, like a shiny star. I joined as she introduced and realized there're many similarities and diversities between us. Home cooking, relationships and teachers, we spent an entire afternoon there sharing fun facts.

'We will see you again, right?' Looking into her eyes, I could say no refuse. Bright as snow, they shine. Though they aren't pursuing higher

degree or advanced specialty, but their attitude towards life is so earnest to make it beautiful and make it count.