

I used to think....

Wearing my brothers knee high moccasins  
made me the coolest kid in town.

The moccasins came up above my knees  
And were sloppy as I walked  
because they were three sizes too big

But I took long walks  
around the block  
pulling my little sister in the red wagon.

We were heading out on an adventure to where  
Maybe we were hiking up a mountain to our base camp  
Or we might ford a river  
I really don't remember  
But I was cool

AND I know my little sister was thinking, my big sister is the coolest of all.

<b>Mode</b>	A narrative story - a favorite thing for the first time relaying emotions
<b>Media</b>	Created and shared through Google Docs
<b>Audience</b>	The CRWP group for our final celebration
<b>Purpose</b>	To get my audience to smile at this crazy image that I remember as a child using words of walking around the block in my small town wearing older brother's moccasins.
<b>Situation</b>	A writing into the day prompt helped me to come up with this personal narrative about wearing my brother's knee high moccasins.

