

GROWING HEROES

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When I was a little girl,
I was always wondering:
Who is my hero,
And what they will do.

When I came to three years old,
I cried the whole afternoon.
When I lost my first baby tooth,
I was holding my fairy doll-Tinker Bell,
Who comforted me and heal my pain.
I guess Tinker Bell was my hero at that time.

When I came four years old,
My dear grandma passed away,
I felt so sad and couldn't get away,
I wish I could be Elsa from Frozen,
That I could have her power
To freeze the happiest moment
With my grandma.
I guess Elsa was my hero at that time.

When I was five years old,
I saw a video of my dad
Giving a speech in front of a crowd,
He introduced his robotic machinery
to the farmers and how to save the labors.
I'm so proud of my dad
He is my real hero in my heart.

When I was six years old,
I saw Thomas fire getting closer to our school,
I was so worried and scared,
Everyday mom and I checked the news,
See how the firefighters put out the fire.
They fight so hard to protect our home,
I admired them and their braveness
They are my real heroes.

When I was six and half years old,
The deadly mudslide happened at Santa Barbara,
People lost their home and became homeless.
There is a group of volunteers called Bucket Brigade
They helped the sufferers
with all kinds of their needs
They have big loving heartsx

Heroes, heroines,
so many around us,
They are brave and save,
They direct the traffic,
So we have orderly life.
They protect our home,
And fight for our country.

As I am growing older,
The little hero is growing inside me too,
One day I want to be a hero,
Among them,
Be one of them.