

3/16/20

- THINK ABOUT AN IMPORTANT PERSON
- WRITE THEIR NAME DOWN
- LIST THE MOMENTS THAT WERE SPECIAL WITH THEM.

GRANDMA → Lourdes

- breakfast / morning ritual. (1997-2003)
- crab story (kitchen tongs and summer)
- teaching math and science
- saying goodbye (departure to Philippines)
- visiting Philippines (winter 2014)
- "Aynako Camie. Why you got fat?"
- saying goodbye part 2 (me going back home USA)
- "happy birthday" 2014
- visiting 2019 Feb. (4 days)

# [Other Brainstorming]

- Sketch a Special Place  
house in philippines  
(davao)

- grandma  
cooks



## Writing notebook entry #1

### [Crab story]

it was a hot summer day. I woke up from a nap and went to the living. I smell food coming from the kitchen and waited until dinner was finished. Grandma started yelling because a crab escape from her hands. I started yelling because I saw the crab running into the living room. Eventually she caught the crab and we got happy and ate it for dinner. The end.

## Writing #2 (developing narrative)

It was a hot summer day in the Bronx. I was in the first apartment I remembering growing up in. This day specifically I woke up from a nap. I went to my living room, hearing noises in the kitchen that my grandma + mom was cooking some food. Just as I lay down on the couch, I heard a loud scream. "ANO BAYAN?" my grandma yelled in tagalog. She came out of the kitchen with a tong and began to chase after a crab. The crab escaped from her grasp, as I began to yell, afraid it will get my toes. From the yelling and jumping from couch to couch, eventually my hero, my grandma, caught the crab with the kitchen tongs. We both sighed in relief and I saw her marching back to the kitchen, prepping our dinner. I have to say, it was the best crab dinner we ever had, especially since it was made by my grandma.

## Crab Story by Camie Manayon

It was a hot summer day in the year 2000. It was in the first apartment my parents got in New York City. It was a very tight apartment in the Boogie Down Bronx. My family consists of my Dad, my Mom, my older sister, and finally my grandma. She was pretty much the caretaker of the house, especially when everyone was working. She would feed us, help me take a bath, walk me to school, and even share her stories. This is a story she still talks about to this day.

This very stage is pretty much the size of the apartment. On my left was the one-bedroom that was shared by the five of us. Next is the living room, and finally, the kitchen which leads to the bathroom. No one has space for privacy but that's ok. We all love to be together in this tiny apartment.

I was coming from the bedroom where my dad and I were taking a nap. I remember smelling the aroma of food coming from the kitchen that instantly woke me up. As I got up from my bed and went to the door, I heard a weird sound.

(Does tapping noises on the floor) It sounded small tapping noises, which was unusual. (Tapping noises again) At first, I thought it was a mouse. But then again, I thought. Wait. A mouse squeaks not making tapping noises. The tapping noises continued and I quickly opened the door and jump my way to the living room couch, unsure were it was coming from. I slumped on the couch I jumped on, my legs barely touching the ground. "Ah." I said, "This is a nice place to stay before dinner was ready."

"ANO BAYAN!" My grandma shouted as she came from the kitchen. "WHAT THE HECK" she said, holding a kitchen tong. "Hoy, Camie. Put your legs up. There is a crab on the loose." She said with her strong Filipino accent. At first, I was like, "wait...there are crabs in the house?" I thought crabs live near the ocean. There is no ocean near where we live. As soon as my grandma told me to put my legs up a crab came crawling out of the couch, as I screamed on the top of my lungs, holding on to the couch scared. "GRANDMA. ITS THERE." She said, she opened the kitchen tong, trying to grab it. As soon as I said that, another crab came out from the kitchen as I screamed. "GRANDMA THERE IS ANOTHER ONE." I pointed. "Don't worry Camie." She said as she pulled out from her back pocket another kitchen tong.

Do you guys know those arcade games where you get the toy claw grabbing a stuffed animal? Well, my grandma was doing that but with two kitchen tongs. Trying to chase down this crab in this tiny living room of ours. It's like they went all over the place. To the coffee table, under the couch, and even behind the tv. It seemed almost impossible. Finally, one of the crabs stopped in front of the entrance of the bedroom door. CLICK. My hero, my grandma, grabbed it with all her might with the claw. And instantly she grabbed the second one with the other claw as well.

We cheered with joy and smiled happily, relieved the catching the crabs. What I learned from this day was, you can run but you can't hide. Those crabs indeed didn't hide. It was inside our tummies for dinner. And I have to say, those were the best crabs I had, especially since my grandma made it out of love. Thank you.