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## Playhouse

By Erika Cortez



When I was younger I always wanted many things. The biggest three things that I wanted were a power wheel, a Barbie lunch box, and a playhouse with a kitchen. Whenever someone would ask me what I wanted for my birthday or Christmas, I would ask for the same three things. When my birthday or Christmas would come I would get all excited. I waited to get all of the things that I wanted, and if not all at least one of the many things that I would ask for. Every time that I would open the presents, I would find that I did not receive what I would ask for. I would always feel sad and disappointed because I didn't get the power wheel, the Barbie lunch box, or the playhouse with kitchen.

My mom realized that I kept asking for the same three things, every time someone would ask me what I wanted for Christmas or my birthday. She would tell me: "No, that's too expensive. You're going to get tired of playing with them, and we don't have enough room in the house. Instead why don't you write Santa a letter asking him that you want all those toys and he would bring them to you." From then on I started

writing Santa many letters, asking him to bring me my power wheel, my lunch box, and my playhouse.

Finally, when I was in the 1<sup>st</sup> grade I realized that I was not going to get the three things that I wanted, which made me feel sad. I realized that I would never get a power wheel, a Barbie lunch box, or a playhouse with a kitchen. Then one day I came home from school and there it was outside in the back of my house: The playhouse that I had been asking for. My brothers had built it themselves as a birthday present for me. It was better than the ones that I would see at the toy store. The house was big and pink. It had a window in the back and a door that would let me in and out. When I entered, I saw all my dolls sitting on top of the shelves and all my dishes very organized on the table that was inside. After I finished seeing everything that my brothers put in my playhouse I jumped up and down. I told them how much I love my birthday present and that it was the best present ever. That day was the best birthday ever. I forgot all about the other toys, the power wheel and the Barbie lunch box. I was so happy that I would play in my house every day and I would show all my cousins that I had my very own playhouse. That was the best day ever.

Erika Cortez was born and raised in East Los Angeles. She is the youngest of 9 children. She likes to listen to all types of music, read books that other people recommend, watch television and she likes drawing in her free time. She attends SMC and would like to transfer to a private or UC college and major in fashion design.