

# From fields to cities



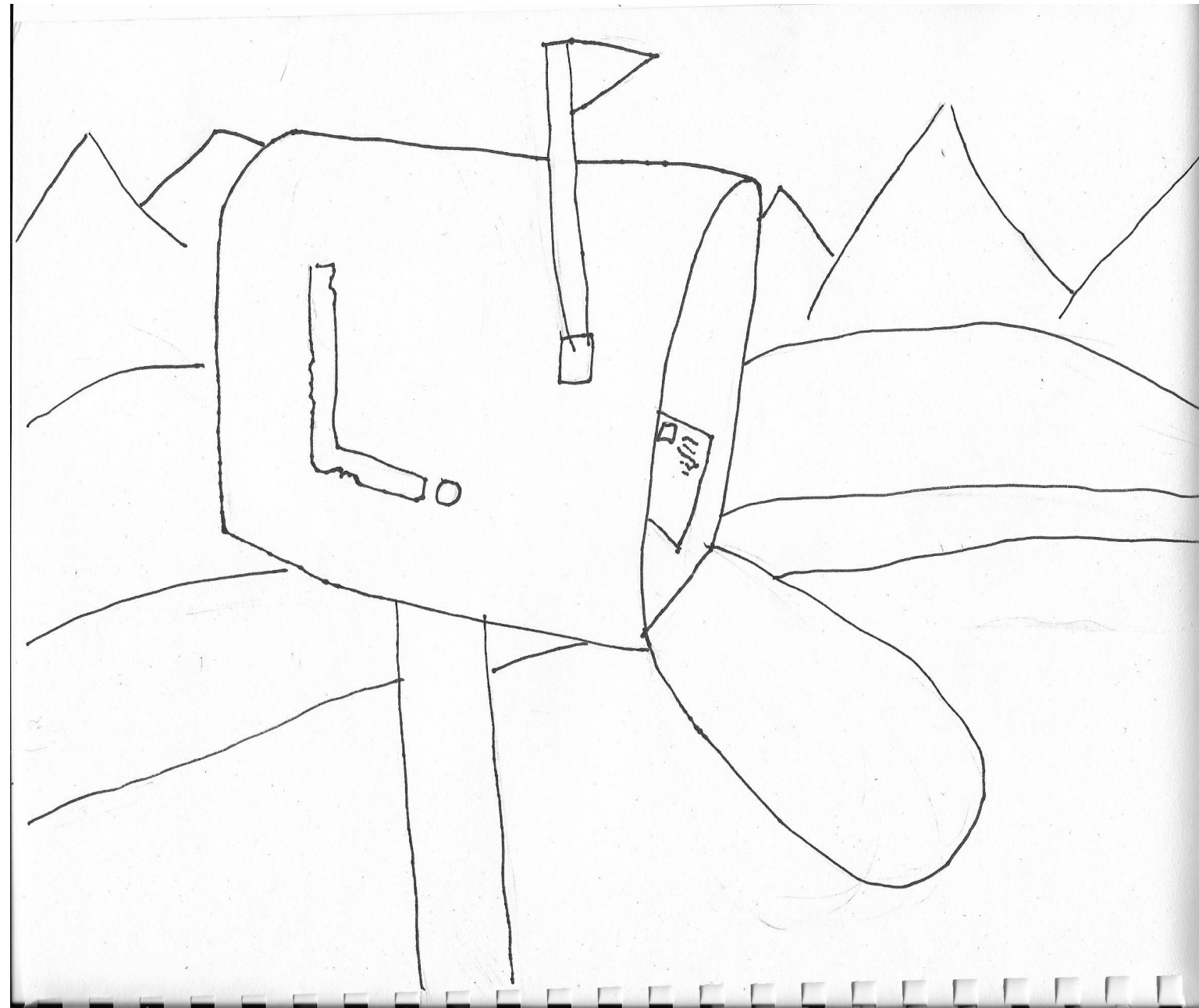
By Writer Dylan Lucas and Kai McClain  
Illustrations by Jacob Lucas



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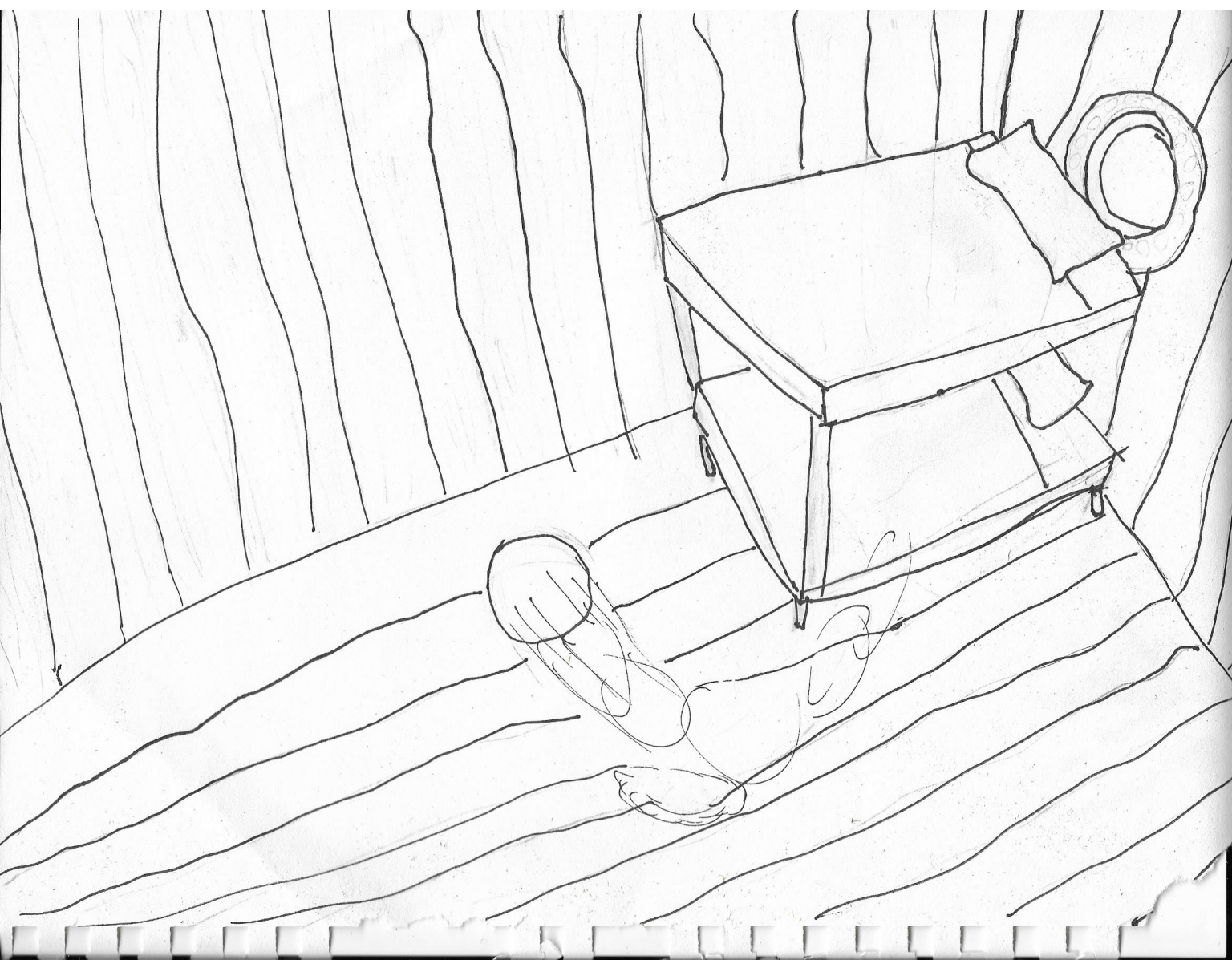
Hi my name is John. I live in a small town in Ireland called Carlingford. I work on my family's farm where we grow potatoes and cabbages. It has been said that we have 40 different shades of green in Ireland which you think would be pretty cool but if you think that then you are not smart. It is so boring in Ireland, there is only green and the people that get to be happy are rich. They have butlers, house cleaners, and other fancy stuff. But the **BIGGEST** luxury is they have plants with **OTHER COLORS THAN GREEN!**



One day after school I checked the mailbox and grabbed a letter from my uncle. Little did I know that this one letter would change my life..



I walked inside with the mail and gave it to my parents. My uncle sent us a letter that said how great America is. He told us that the streets were lined with gold and jobs were plentiful. Later that week my parents told us that we would be moving out and going to America so that we could have a better life.



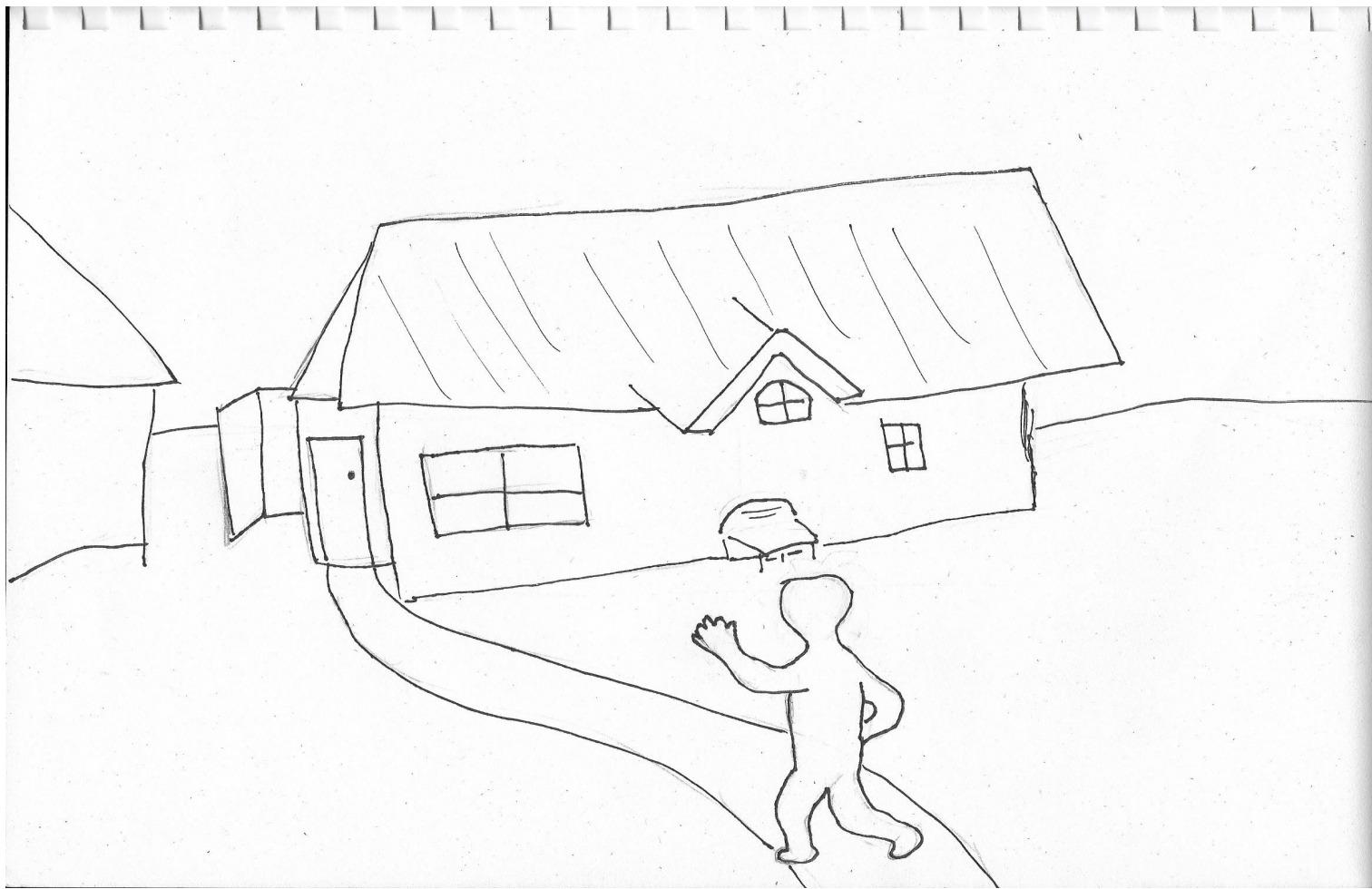
A couple of weeks later we were on a boat headed for America. We didn't have good tickets because we barely had any money, so we were not allowed on to the main deck. All we had to entertain ourselves was a bouncy ball and a couple of toys from home.



Finally when we were in America we were invited on to the main deck to see the land of opportunity. When we reached land, we had to go through customs which were very long and boring.

When we were done with customs, we got to see America but when we made it to New York city the streets were not lined with gold. My mother was livid. She took my sister and I away from my dad. She said he was dumb and he couldn't have a good idea if he was hit over the head with one. She took us to a small hotel but when she tried to get in they yelled at her and said that her voice was too hard to understand. We had the same problem at a restaurant and many other places .





We went looking for my dad and as we walked down the streets we saw so many opportunities for jobs. That was the moment that we realized that this is what my uncle meant by gold on the streets. It would be easy to find a job. We found my dad at the harbor trying to get tickets back to Ireland. We stopped him and told him what his brother meant by gold on the streets. 3 years later we moved to Orange County California my dad became a construction worker. Turns out all his building experience on the farm was useful. My mother became a teacher at the public school which was fun for her and we lived in a nice neighborhood where almost everyone had kids that we could play with. This journey showed me that it doesn't matter where you are but as long as you have your family you can make any place home.



