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## Personal Writing: My Childhood Story

My magazine American Dreams was put together merle to show that I have the smarts to do anything I put my mind to. This magazine signifies the struggles I went through to put together a piece noteworthy enough to show my dear teacher Mrs. Bleeker. In this magazine I am going to show you all about what the American dream really means. When you think of American Dream, youre probably thinking how perfect and unimaginable it might seem. Weather you like it or not the American dream wasnt always dreamy, in some cases it was seen to be all in all a big nightmare. If you didnt have money during the early 1800s the American dream was somewhat out of reach. In the 1800s Americans struggled to survive, with people, government and money. The so called outrageous teens who were best know by their ways of drinking and dancing, turned out to be not so bad people, most grew up to be respectable Average citizens in this wonderful country, America

### Magazine Editorial:

As editor of this wonderful paper, it is my job to make sure that everything fits perfectly to our decade of living. Now I want to share an opinion of mine about the All-American dream in my own words. The American dream in my eyes is much more than a title. It is a way of living in these crazy years. Things arent so bad for people like me. I live life carelessly. I live for money, luxuries, and famous life styles. These years have been filled with many outstanding memories of faith, and an undying goal to reach the ultimate place in life.

I have more money than I could ever need, thanks to my fathers wealthy business. I am living my life to the fullest buying what I please and doing what I please. If the American dream is such a nightmare then why am I living my luxury life in such a dream state? My life is perfect, my kids have all the want and need, my wife is happy, I am happy. It all goes to show that living the high life is much dreamier than living the low life.

### Reader Editorial:

My name is Thomas Paine. I was born in Thetford, Norfolk, England, January

29, 1737. I attended school until the age of 13. I served in the Pennsylvania militia in 1776. I was married twice. My first wife was Mary Lambert in 1759, but she died in 1760. My second wife was Elizabeth Ollive in 1771, and we were illegally separated had many occupations, among them were; schoolteacher, tobacconist, and grocer. While I was lobbying for excisemen,

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I met Benjamin Franklin. Franklin was impressed by my education, and after I was forced into bankruptcy in 1772 Franklin helped me start up again. I arrived in Philadelphia in 1774. I contributed extensively to the American Dream magazine, yet I achieved my fame through my publication of the pamphlet Common Sense. Also in 1776, I wrote the Pennsylvania Packet, where I defended my theories against attacks by William Smith. While serving in the Continental army, I furthered my writing with The American Crisis, a 16 pamphlet series supporting the revolutionary war. After an appointment as clerk of the Pennsylvania Assembly and a trip to France for money and stores, I retired to the farm at New Rochelle that New York presented to him. I then wrote Dissertations on Government currently I am living in harmony with nature.

### **Short story:**

The roar of my parents yelling accusations at me rings in my ear, I carelessly gossiped about my best friends, and the sound of their cries floats around in my head, and the knowledge that my boyfriend is cheating on me pierces my heart. Unbreakable tears pour down my perfected face as I scurry to my room, abrasively slam my door, and pour onto my bed as its strong arms embrace my trembling body. Suddenly the large worries that are strangling my life seem a far away world as I lie underneath my bed's layers of clothing and its pillows surround me. My mind trails off...what actually is a bed? Is it only the central sleeping device, or does it go beyond that? I began to realize how much my bed and I depend on each other. What would I do without it? How would I live and what would be my escape goat for all my troubles? Friends, family, and people in general will never be continuously comforting, but a bed will. It is not only the center attraction to my room, but to my life. It comforts me, and in return I take good care of it; my bed is my best friend. Not only is it the closest thing to me besides life itself, but has been with me through all my troubled, confusing, and wonderful times and has shared my experiences as well as I have.

The day we moved into our new house, my bed was my first present and that started our sharing of my experiences. The tears I have shed during fights between parents and friends are now hidden inside my bed, the day I received my first kiss was ended lying in its layers of clothing as I selfishly drowned in my happiness. My 15th birthday, when I was able to get my learner's license and finally form into a "true teenager" ended in my bed. Each of these experiences shape me into the person I am and will be, and my bed is the only thing that has shared each one. When I need a place to go for all my needed comfort, my bed is there as it will always be. Why else would a bed's make-up include a "comforter?" Because it is there for comfort! I can trust my bed with all my secrets and I am assured that it will never tell a soul. I owe nothing to my bed, for its arms are continuously welcoming me, never refusing me. It is the opening door to all me dreams. Dreams of my future, what I want to be when I "grow up", what aspects I dwell on in life, are all thought while resting in my bed. Lying in it for a short period takes me to an unknown world, a place of comfort, peace, and rest. Its softness pillows and

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surrounds me. No harm will actually come into my bed, but floats underneath it, hiding in the night and disappearing into the morning. As a child, the thought of monsters harming me at night always frightened me. I would always run as fast as my little feet would take me, and leap headfirst into my bed, afraid that the monsters were hiding underneath my bed and their outstretched arms would grab me. But by the morning, the monsters would be gone, only to return at the next nightfall. My bed is a place to run into, to let myself go free and to forget all my worries! When I cry, my bed cries with me, collecting my overflowing tears. When I am excited, my bed shares my laughter as my tears dry away. My bed is a best friend, always trustworthy, comforting, and welcoming. I love scenery, such as the sunny outdoors smothered with flowers and blue skies. My bed reflects what I love. Its first layers of sheets are covered in multicolored variations of flowers. Its large comforter has stems of grass with flowers growing out of it. On the flowers are small ladybugs that add a sense of life. As a finishing touch, I have added large and small pillows in my favorite colors (orange, yellow, and pink), that complete my bed's decor. The positivity of my bed relates to me and reflects my liking. Not only myself, but others may also enjoy my bed, just as others can enjoy me. I take good care of my bed by cleaning it often. Why shouldn't I? For all that my bed offers me, I must give back something in return.

My bed and I share each precious day. We begin our day together, as we both open our eyes together into the smiling morning. When I come home from school each day, I no-doubtfully get on the phone and ramble on about my day onto the other line. I do this on my bed as it can share that particular day with me. I complete my homework on my bed, and whether or not I am studying algebra, chemistry, or English, its comfort helps me to focus and relax on whatever task I am performing. Whatever problem I have, stress I'm stressing, tear I cry, laughter I make, and dream I dream, my bed is always there to take me away. And I end my day with my bed, as we close our eyes together and dream away into the darkness of the silent night.

### **Reader editorial:**

Racism, in definition, is the belief that humanity is divided into stratified genetically different socks called races; according to its adherents racial differences make one group superior to another. If you are a racist, you believe in racism. Racists will often claim that members of their own race or minority are mentally, physically, morally and/or culturally superior to those of other races. For these reasons, many racists think they deserve special rights or privileges. To people in Europe, Asia, and on other continents, America is a wonderful place to live. It has been said to be one of the greatest nations on earth. Yet, our struggle to regulate all of our citizens is a revolutionary war that has yet to and probably will never be won. Slavery is said to be one of the greatest racial tragedies to ever happen in America. Upon the entrance of this new decade, slavery and racism is practiced in America. White Americans have their forefathers to blame for the hatred and anger they have in their hearts concerning races different from theirs. What is said to be the God-given right to equality and ultimate freedom has been crushed for many, by

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the unnoticed ignorance of my finely educated people. Racists often need someone to blame for the wrongdoings, hatred and stupidity in America. Who better to blame than someone with skin of a different color?

Definition of literature, and discussion of the American dream literary Period.

What is the AMERICAN DREAM?. The American Dream is the following: Go to college, get a good job, and finally get your own family. If we think about it, isn't the American Dream a worldwide dream? The American Dream is created by this value system. The American Dream is intended to be a way of life attainable to all Americans. The American Dream can either be a reality or a nightmare depending upon the cultural prejudices and availability of freedom. Thus the difference between the American Dream v/s the American Reality exists due to the existence of poverty. Poverty seems to be the cause of every misfortune in life, and even in their make believe world, everything they really want is due to poverty and nothing else. The American dream is a fantasy for the people and in reality it is an American Nightmare- maybe because their lives were worse than they were back in their homelands- and that their hopes were diminished and in many cases false hopes. People can achieve the dream by passing and sacrificing their past friends and life in general., the American Dream is viewed differently by different people and it all depends on the qualities and willingness to take risks.

## Feature 1

What America Means To Me.

To me, America is like a box of crayons. If we do not use them all, the picture is not complete. In case one of those crayons becomes worn down--just sharpen it. There have been problems that we faced with where our country has worn. However, we have always bounced back and not only sharpened our crayon, but

sharpened our image as well. We conquered such problems as the Great Depression, segregation, the Revolutionary War, and slavery. These are examples of problems that some countries still cannot defeat. There are also problems happening right now that are wearing us down as a country. Such things as our national debt, social security, and politicians and their scandals. We are nevertheless, looking for ways to solve these problems. There are 3 essential colors

included in the picture. They are red, white, and blue. To me, they represent three things we take for granted every day. They are freedom, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. They are three essential things in American life that attract people to our country that make our picture stand out among the rest. That is why America is like a box of crayons. America is about

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diversity and color. Without

It we would be like anyone.

## Feature 2

Have you ever had resentment against somebody that the animosity built up so bad inside that you wanted to release all of your hostility on it? There is a lot of people in this repugnant world that have that same feeling, the feeling of agony and loathing when you even hear the name of the person. The sickness feeling that you get when you are standing around them or have to talk to them. The feeling you get when they walk into the room and they make you want to leave. It is the feeling when you get all cold and you feel your face scrunch up and you think that someone just killed your dog. It is the grudge that you had against that person in eighth grade because they had better shoes than you did. It comes from that repulsive kid in your class that won't leave you alone even though you don't talk to him. It is the horror of finding out that your girlfriend is pregnant and it isn't yours. It comes after your brother's frustration and it will tear you apart. It is anger and it is deadly. It will cause you to hate, hurt, and even kill people. It is deadly.

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