

## Mexican Market

It was an extremely beautiful day, with the sun shining and a gentle breeze blowing. It had just rained the day before and my family and I could smell the luscious earth, the way you can after it rains. I was at the Mexican Market with my Uncle Joel, Aunt Julie, <sup>(are)</sup> and cousin Zula, who **were** visiting from Seattle.

As we walked around, we saw all the vendors and the stuff they <sup>(are)</sup> **were** trying to sell. We heard the mariachis and felt the beat inside our heart, thump-thump-thump. We smelled the Mexican food. All of our senses <sup>(are)</sup> **were** activated except for our sense of taste.

We sat down at the smooth gravel table at La Margarita. Uncle Joel ordered the family platter. I could smell the meat on the grill as the chef prepared it.

After we ate, Aunt Julie, Zula, and I went to the park across the street. Some of the <sup>(are)</sup> sections **were** new, like the swing set. I could smell the almost fresh paint as Zula yelled, "Push me! Push me!"

When everybody was satisfied, it was time to go back home. The Mexican Market was fun. I would love to go again, and I'm sure Zula, Uncle Joel, And Aunt Julie would, too.

—Carmen Lizárraga  
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