

## My life in Norway

My name is Mary. I'm 11 years old and I live in Norway. I wouldn't rather like to live somewhere else.

I live here with my family in a lovely old house, in a lovely old village.

I love my room because it has a balcony that is embedded in the roof. We also have a garden. It's the prettiest one in the whole neighborhood- I think. It's big. Across it flows a little stream with a little bridge. Next to it stands a beautiful, old weeping willow. And if you peek through the leaves you can maybe make out a little treehouse that is fixed between its branches.

In summer when it's hot we can swim in the lake behind our house and you can jump from the dock into the water. We've got a sailboat tied up there. Sometimes when I want to be alone I sail over the lake. And when I'm done I sit down among the reeds and let the breeze flow through my hair.

I love my dog Daisy. She always sleeps at my feet and keeps them warm. Our hens sleep in their little hen-caravan next to the pasture where our donkeys Lilli and Max and their little son Will live. At daytime our hens can just run around where they like and it bothers nobody. And when I go to feed them they pick my feet but it doesn't hurt - no, it tickles.

In winter my whole family comes and we celebrate Christmas together. That's my favourite time of the year because we ride all together down the hill on our sleds and go on the carriage through our winter-wonder-land. And at the day before Christmas we cut our christmastree in the woods. It's all so gorgeous and worriless.

But all that is just a dream. Should I tell you how it's in reality? I'm gonna tell you.

My name is Mary. I'm 11 years old and I live in New York. I hate my life here! I don't want to live here any more! Every day when I walk to school I have to cough. Because of the tons of cars. I'd

rather live somewhere where there are no cars, somewhere with no noise, in a beautiful house. But I don't say that because we don't have much money and my parents work all the time.

When I look out of the window in my tiny room I just see a big street and cars - not one tree, not one! At christmass nobody comes 'cause we are not in touch with our family. I just saw them one time when I was 3 and then never again I don't now why. But I know I'm going to work hard in school and make money and when I'm grown up I'm going to live in Norway!

14 Years later. So now.

My name is Mary. I'm 25 years old and I live in Norway. Now my dream became real. I live in a lovely old house in a lovely old village. At christmas my parents and my siblings come and we celebrate christmas together. I live here with my adopted twins and my sheep, donkeys, hens and the ocean. When I look out of the window I see the ocean, the shore and my animals in the garden. How beautiful. I don't think of my past life. I just think of where I'm now and that's good. I had years of hard work, sleepless nights, days where I just coughed and tears and left them behind me.

But I worked hard and so I came here where I wanted to be. And just because I never gave up.