

I have been living in St. Mary's, Ontario, Canada for three months. Since it's snowing and Christmas is coming soon, some houses are already decorated, and I watched some Christmas movies with my family. I'd like to share about my life in Canada.

In Leadership class, I go to the kindergarten as a tutor on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They were so cute that staying only 45 minutes twice a week made me sad. A teacher introduced me, and some children had questions for me. I wondered if I could understand them, but their questions were sweet. The first question was, "Does your family love you?" I didn't expect a question about family love. It probably shows that Canadian cherish family. I like children sing O Canada, which is pretty cute. One day, one of my friends who is from Chile asked me to write her name in Japanese. She is interested in Japanese characters, which made me happy. I learned that showing an interest in other culture makes people happy.



I join the curling team now. It is harder that I expected because it is difficult to keep my balance. At my second practice, the incident happed. I fell on the ice and nicked my chin. My teacher told me that someone needed to pick me up to home, but my host mom was at the hospital with my host brother at that time unfortunately, and my host dad was on his way home, so my local coordinator came to pick me up. I didn't want to go to the hospital, but she thought I needed to because the injury seemed serious, so I went with her. It was an emergency, but it was slow. The doctors and nurses were eating supper, so we had to wait more than two hours. She held my hand during the treatment and encouraged me a lot. She understood it was scary to receive treatment in another country. She said, "You added memories of Canada and that you want to play Canadian sports like a true Canadian." She told me how to walk on the ice, which is better to walk like penguins. She talked to the MLI staff on the phone after leaving the hospital. She told her that I got four stitches. I didn't know that. I thought I had one or two stitches. I was upset and nervous, but I felt there were a lot of kind people around me. It will be one of the fondest memories. I was afraid of curling, but I want to play sports that can only be played in Canada. Once I start, I don't want to give up, so I keep practicing.

My host dad showed me the newspaper with my picture in it. St. Mary's is a small town, so it was featured even though it was small. It listed the people who contributed to the team at DCVI in the fall. I was happy because only eight students were mentioned, and I was one of them! I took the picture. I want to try my best on the curling team and appear in the newspaper again. Is that too greedy? It motivates me to practice more.

