

Student Sample #1: Hairs Modeling

Lips

My mom says my lips are like my grandpa, her father. My lips are nice and smooth like the skin of a shark or a ground with no cracks in it. Everyone says that I am always looking mad like a mad dog. To me, I feel as if I don't have to smile unless something is funny or I want to. My lips are sad most of the time because I am bored.

My sister says I have a big mouth, which is like saying I have big lips also. Maybe it's because of whatever comes out of it. She says this and the word big reminds me of an ugly fish. My mom says I talk too much and that everything that comes out of my mouth has to be a smart remark. Maybe. But I like my lips. They describe me.

Student Sample #2: Hairs Modeling

Skin

Everyone in my family has different skin colors. Even though we are family, our skin colors are different because we all come from at least three other places: Africa, the Northern Plains, and Europe. Black. Indian. White. That's why I think my family and I have different skin colors.

My grandmother on my mom's side is light skinned like a fresh banana, mixed with black, white and Indian. My grandfather on my mom's side is dark skinned like a dark brown crayon and mixed with black and Indian. Their child, my mom, is also dark like a dark brown crayon. Black, white and Indian.

Both of my parents are mixed with black, white and Indian, which makes me light, lighter than both of them.

Even though we all look different, somehow we are as one. After all the ancestry and the two sides of my family coming together, I was the one. Togetherness.

The color of my skin reveals who I am, where I came from, what I am all about. It is what identifies me. My ancestry. Where it all started.