

A New Day
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Every night, I set my alarm to ring at 6:30 a.m. Yet, the following morning when I hear the alarm ringing, I feel so frustrated because I have to wake up and get out of bed to start the new day.

Nevertheless, the first thing that I do every morning is to thank God for allowing me to live another day. I usually try to think in a positive way and to make myself believe that the day that is just beginning will be better than the day before.

Every morning I spend as much time as possible getting ready for school. Unfortunately there are days when my parents wake up at the same time as I do. Consequently, we have agreed on how to share the bathroom. We have arranged that no matter who is using the bathroom, the other people must prepare breakfast.

I take a shower that lasts no longer than ten minutes. Then I get ready to eat breakfast. Walking around inside my house, I can smell the aroma of fresh Columbian coffee. After I finish breakfast, I go back to the bathroom to brush my teeth. Around a quarter after seven, I have to be ready to leave home and catch the bus that will take me to college.

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