

The person that passed away was my Uncle Azeem and I loved him dearly. My uncle meant a lot to me. He was there my whole life and never missed a second of it. When my dad was incarcerated, he stepped up and took the role of my fatherly figure. He was always there for me no matter what I needed. I remember days when he used to pick me up from school, sometimes he would pick me up for an early dismissal if I didn't want to be there or if I wasn't feeling well. He would drive us home and we would eat ramen noodles and watch cartoons, like Ozzy and Drix, the Boondocks or Samurai Jack. I remember watching Pokemon and Dragon Ball Z with him and even playing video games like Mario 64 and Pokemon. He introduced me to the things that I would start to enjoy and still do enjoy to this day. Everyone in my family says I'm a lot like him, like part of his immortal soul is inside of me. Sometimes I still see him and dreams and visions. It's like he's my guardian angel. When he was alive he would guide me and lead me in the right direction and he's still doing that even though he has passed on. He talks to me in dreams and visions and tells me the things that I should and shouldn't do. He always helped me with my homework and taught me a lot of the things I know. He always told me to apply myself and try my hardest and I think that I am dishonoring him when I don't try in school and in sports. I will now be serious with everything like I always should have. I decided to create my sugar skull in remembrance of my Uncle because out of all of my dead relatives, besides my great grandmother, he was the one that I was closest to, and he was murdered at the age of 25. He was walking to get something to eat, at night, around the Christmas/Holiday time of the year. He was approached by two guys, they robbed him and then one of them shot him in the head. Later on we find out that the guys that robbed and murdered him were actually supposed to be his "Friends", but you know how that goes, not everyone is what they seem, people are weird and fake. My sugar skull reflects my uncle because he liked the colors blue and green even though black was his favorite color and he loved Basketball and is one of the reasons that I love basketball too. He just loved sports period, and passed down that love of sports to me. Dia de los Muertos opens up my mind to celebrating the passing of loved ones because it helps me to remember all of the good times and memories you have with the person. It allows you to celebrate all the good that they did in their life. You can celebrate the fact that that person is in a better place and watching over you now. Our loved ones probably wanted us to mourn for a little bit but then to celebrate them, all the good that they have done and everything that they have achieved in life. I will start to and continue to celebrate all of my loved ones.

Panegirico

Hola, yo soy Samir Smith, yo tengo quince años. Yo soy un estudiante de segundo año. Mi craneo de azúcar es de mi Tío. Fue es de Norte de Filadelfia. Fue es mi Tío. Fue es muy alto y atlético, fue es excelente en baloncesto. Yo soy en el cementerio de mi Tío. Yo soy feliz porque mi Tío es en un mejor lugar. Me encanta mi Tío, fue es muy divertido. Fue es muy impresionante.

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