**Autobiography Rough Draft**

My name is Samantha Rose Peluchette and I was born 12 weeks premature on January 3, 19XX in Allegheny General Hospital at 9:36 pm. When I was born, I weighed 2 lbs. 13 oz. and I could fit in my dad’s hand. My mother, Hope Edwards, was 15 years old and my dad, Daniel Peluchette, was 19 years old. I was in the hospital in an incubator until April because I was born so early.

 My mother grew up in Wexford, Pa and went to Pine Richland High School. My dad grew up in Saxonburg, Pa and went to Deer Lakes High School. My grandma, great-grandparents, aunts, and uncles on my mother’s side of the family still live in or around Wexford. My mom’s father lives in New Castle, Pa. My dad’s parents both passed away before I met them, but they lived in Saxonburg, Pa. My dad’s brother lives in Tarentum and my dad’s aunts and uncles and my great-grandma live in Grove City, Pa. On my mother’s side, my great-grandma was Slovakian and my great-grandpa was Polish, German, and Native American. On my dad’s side of the family, everyone is Italian. On my mom’s side of the family, everyone has been living in western Pennsylvania for as long as any of us can remember, but my grandma says that my great-great-great-grandparents came to America from Poland and Germany. On my dad’s side of the family, I don’t know very many of my family members, so I’m not sure how they came to live in Grove City, Pa.

 After I was born, my mom and dad separated and I went to live with my great-grandma until I was seven years old. While I lived with my great-grandma, I went to North Allegheny School District, went to a Baptist church every Sunday, and played with my friends. When I was seven, I moved in with my mom and my now step-dad, Jim. This is when I started going to Ambridge. Me and my mom have our differences, from arguments to me leaving and staying with my dad, but we love each other and my grandma says it is because we are both stubborn and Polish. Now I am 17 and a senior at Ambridge, and I cannot wait to graduate and get out of here.

 Every year we have a family reunion on my mom’s dad’s side and on my mom’s side of the family. We all get together and eat. The older people play bingo and the younger people just hang out and catch up because we don’t see each other very often. After the older people are done playing bingo, we have a play baseball. The teams are always the same, adults versus teens and kids. For as long s I can remember the adults win every year, but I think they cheat.

 A tradition that we used to have was everyone going to my great-grandma’s house every Saturday to eat dinner. When my great-grandpa passed away, we stopped doing this as often. My great-grandma passed away in May and now this tradition has died out altogether. We all still try to get together to have dinner and catch up every so often, but lately it has not been working because we all have hectic schedules.

 Every Thanksgiving, my whole family goes to my house to eat. I do not really like this tradition because that means I have to help do all the cooking and cleaning and everything to help get ready and then I have to clean up when everyone’s done eating. We have to make two turkeys, a ham, and a lot of side dishes to feed everyone and I am not a very good cook.

 My great-grandma grew up during the great depression and always talked about how hard things were. I know that I can not begin to understand how hard things were, but that is only one challenge that she had to bear through. My great-grandparents got married right before my great-grandpa lefet to go to basic training for the army. He fought in World War 2. My great-uncle fought in the Vietnam War. That is the story of Samantha Rose Peluchette.