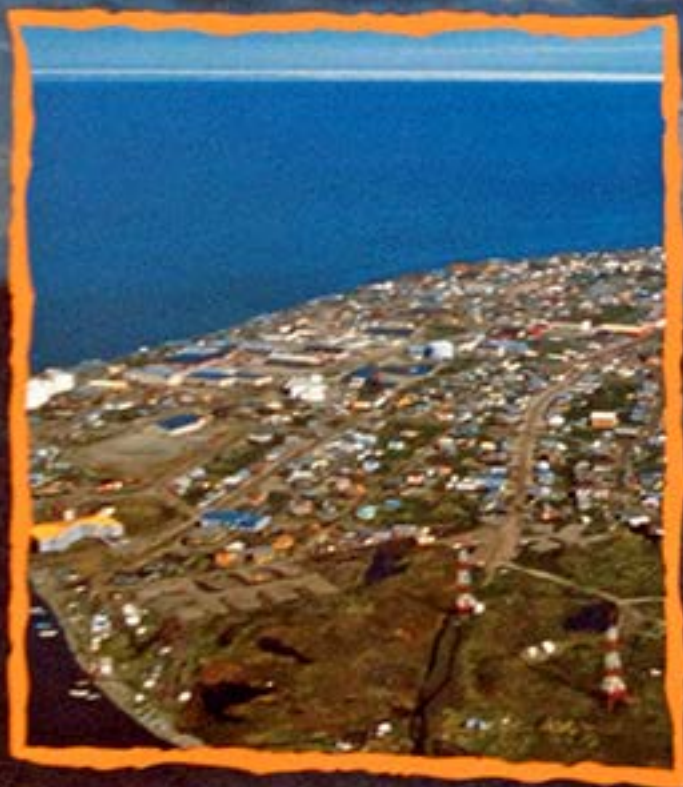


On my way home from baseball I sometimes stop at a restaurant called the Imperial Dragon.



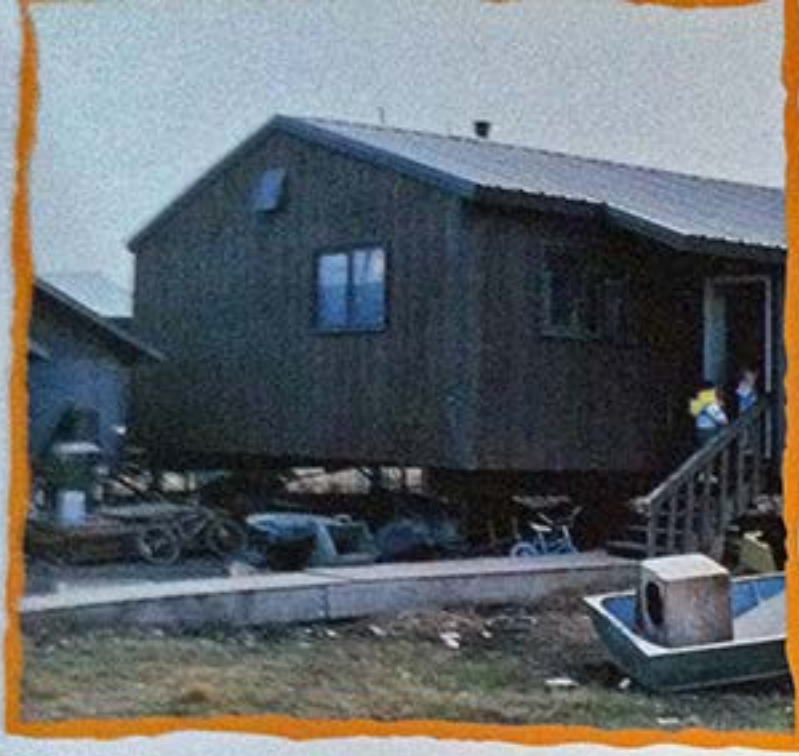


I live above the Arctic Circle in Kotzebue (COTS-eh-byoo), Alaska. Kotzebue is surrounded by the Chukchi (CHUHK-CHEE) Sea. For most of the year it is cold and very little sun peeks over the horizon.



The only way to get to Kotzebue is by airplane, or by boat after the ocean ice has melted in the summer.





I have a large family. My family's house, like the other houses in Kotzebue, is built on stilts above the frozen ground.

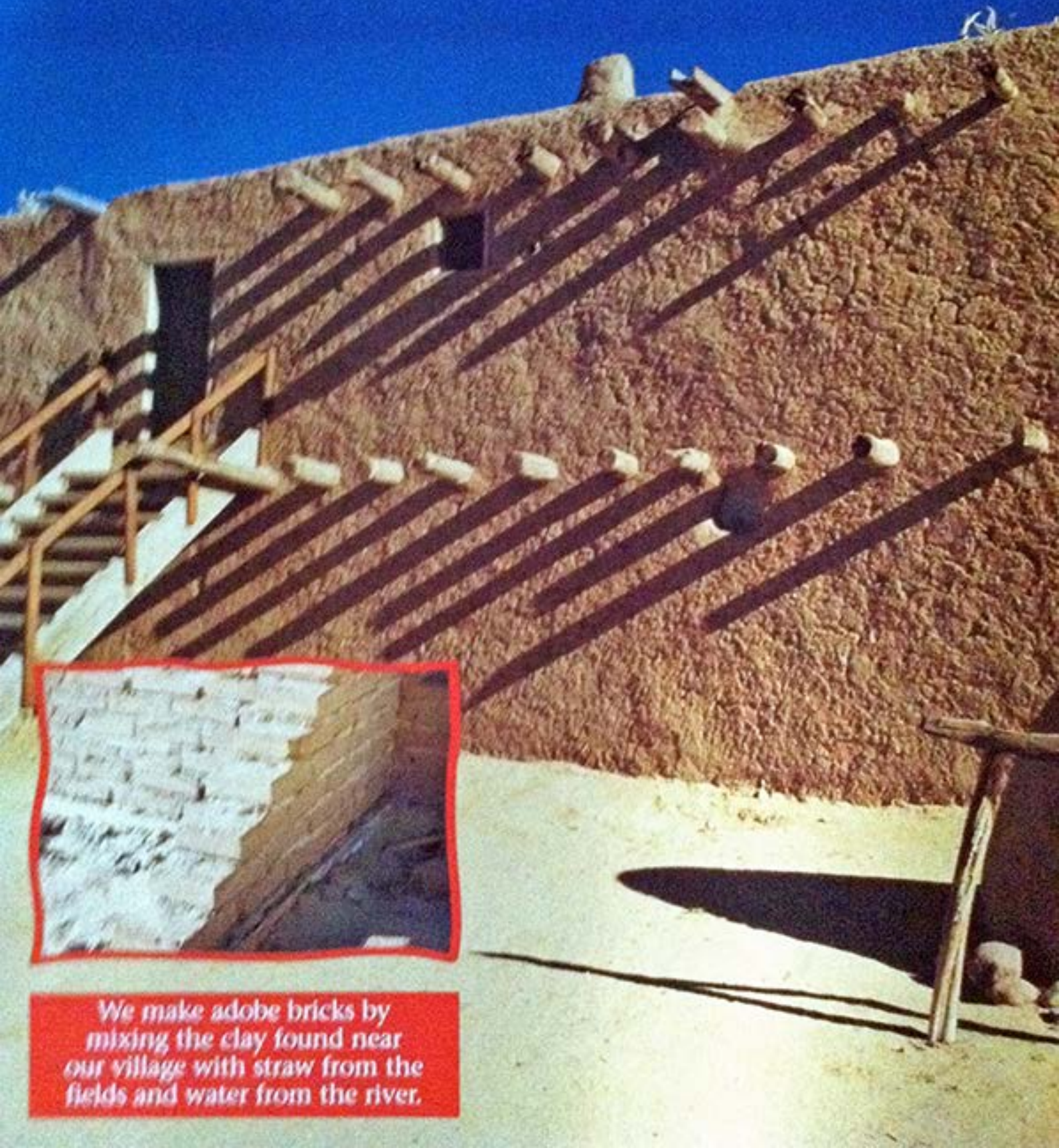
With stilts, our houses can be raised or lowered as the ground shifts, so the floors stay level.



There are seven people in my family. In this picture my parents are serving us pizza. My brother Reggie is wearing a red shirt. Next to him is my sister Dawn. Puyuk (POO-yuk), in the white shirt, is sitting next to me. My oldest sister La Visa, is away at camp.



In many ways, Pueblo life is the same today as it was in the old days. We still live in *adobe* (uh-DOH-bee) houses, which are made of clay.



We make adobe bricks by mixing the clay found near our village with straw from the fields and water from the river.



We bake the ba'a in special outdoor ovens called *hornos* (OR-nohz). These beehive-shaped ovens are heated by burning branches of cedar.





I live in a large city in California called San Francisco. It is a busy city with many tall buildings.

