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The One Time I Stayed Up Past Midnight

I've only stayed up past midnight once in my life, and it was a wonderfully memorable experience. As a Chinese family, I observe many holidays, including Lunar New Year. This past Lunar New Year, I celebrated at our friends' house. The adults spent the evening and night chatting, while I played video games with their child. We stayed up past midnight, to welcome the new year, which is a common Chinese cultural tradition.

When my family arrived at our friends' house, the adults sat down at the grand dinner table, and grabbed some drinks, fruits, and snacks. I played video games with my friend, who was two years older than me. After we played for a lengthy amount of time, the adults announced, "Dinner time!" I could smell the mouth-watering aroma of the exquisite, traditional food, flowing through the air like a river. They were laid on the table, beckoning to be enjoyed. I devoured all the delicious food, cooked by our skillful, adroit, and experienced parents, extremely quickly. Afterward, we spent time showing personal games that we coded ourselves, and we watched a wide variety of Youtube videos. The time reached ten o'clock; then, eleven. Contrary to what I expected, I wasn't tired at all. And before I knew it, it was two minutes before midnight. Then, there was one minute left. All of the eyes in the room were locked into the clock. Ten seconds left. Everybody held their breath, and nobody was moving. One second. Then, at last, the suspense let go of its grip. Everyone cheered, basking in the glory of the new year. The wait was finally over.

Ultimately, I enjoyed welcoming the new year to the world, and it was highly related to my cultural traditions. As I expected, I was extremely tired and fatigued afterwards.