Mitchell Lising

Humanities -1/2

23 Sept 2013

**Judicial Drive**

 A place that I called home was not exactly home. It was a place that I saw comfort and serenity. This “home” was actually an apartment but had all the comforts that I needed. It was a two bedroom and two bath apartment, as well as a recreation center right beside it. The recreation center came with a gym where the smelliest people would go, their smell pushing me away, which I saw wasn’t very effective for me because I wasn’t the masculine type unlike my father. Other than a gym the rec. center also has a game center on the second floor where adults as well as kids, could just play pool, foosball, shuffleboard or just relax. On the third floor, there is a theater with the most comfortable seats; it’s as if you’re sitting on clouds. Beside the theater is a technology lounge where there are plenty of Mac computers at your disposal.

But my favorite part about my home and area is the swimming pools beside my apartment. The first time I moved to the apartments I ran straight to the swimming pool, where I felt as though the pool made a crashing wave on my back toward the deep, cold, refreshing water. Although I’ve always made my apartment as comfortable as possible for me it was hard for my parents. This was because they’ve always paid for what I wanted just to make me feel like royalty. But they always scolded me saying, “We don’t have enough money to buy what you want.” It then follows to me having a tantrum or great depression. It was as if I had reached my limit to comfort and I was being pulled back down to earth by its gravity. But I’ve always tried to make my home a happy and comforting place for everyone to look at. For example, my room always has to be crystal clean so that when I look out the window I could see my own reflection looking back at me. Other than my room I also love to spend my time watching T.V. or a movie. Every time I watch a movie it’s as if I were in a theater because of the surround sound. Furthermore, next to the living room is my parent’s room. Their room is as big as the tent in “Harry Potter.”

 To conclude, my home is a place where everyone feels comfortable and where I can have peace and quiet or to just listen to music and watch the time go by out the window.