

Rooms I Like

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My bedroom is always there for me, like another world to run for when in search of hiding. It is constantly changing, taking things out, dragging others in. My room is like a hotel of sorts, checking in and out. Books line the shelves, the bedside table, even lying in gigantic piles on top of my already crowded desk. My windows let the backyard in, a breeze or a cheery bird's tune. My lamp shines like the second sun, lending me light when I need to find that missing item late at night. A giant stuffed tiger guards my bed, as if waiting to protect me on one dark and stormy night, while my dolls and other stuffed animals sit in any spare space.