

Language Arts Period 6-7

November 30, 2011

My bedroom is my sanctum. My secret personal headquarters. I store my treasures and riches here. I hoard my junk and odds and ends. I have my red lava lamp that is way cooler than Justin Bieber's hair. I can't sleep with it on though. It casts a eerie red glow that looks like it belongs in a 70s' cheesy horror movie. I have many collections including my knee-high sock collection with neon colors and eccentric patterns. I also have a collection of glass figurines which are mostly elegant animals particularly horses. They are bejeweled with many plastic jewels and are richer than the queen of England. I have my favorite hand stitched quilt handed down to me by my Great-Grandmother. It has little honeysuckle flowers that are pinker than my little sister's flushed cheeks. The scent of watermelon never leaves the room as it is my favorite flavor gum. I always have a few packs on handy and cherish it as a miser his money. I have my viola packed carefully away to hide it from my sister's sticky fingers. Around it sheet music is strewn around on the floor looking like confetti after a big New Year's Eve bash. My nesting dolls guard the mess watching carefully through silted eyes. My dog show ribbons all in a row hang proudly from the mantel piece most of them as blue as a jay. My greatest treasure by far though is my horse collection. I am addicted to the beautiful 4 legged creatures. I have horse pictures, horse posters, horse artwork, horse figurines, horse books, and even knee-high horse socks. If it is horse you name it I got it. Except a actual horse. I would love one of those. BUT MY MARK MY WORDS I WILL GET ONE!!!

