

Language Arts Period 6

November 30, 2011

Clothes strewn across the floor remind me that my mom had nagged me to put them away countless times. My desk is a mess of cheap bouncy balls, a red plastic squirt gun, a Smarties wrapper with a couple of Smarties still in it, other odds and ends, and books yet to be read. My lime green lamp stands on the far left of the desk, covered in dust. Hanging on the knob are two things: a rainbow dog made of crystal beads that I beaded myself, and an intricately quilled paper snowflake, made by my twin sister Allison. A bear magnet from Canada clings to the neck of the desk lamp, hanging on for dear life. Tacked to the corkboard in front of my desk are numerous pictures of me, my friends, and family. I also stuck various pins on the board: a light up rose with dead battery, a Peter Rabbit pin that we got at the Palatine Library from “Peter Rabbit”, my Spelling Bee pin(I would have two but I lost the first one), and a dog(thing) on a blue flower. Inside the desk are more books, writing utensils, binders, folders, drawings and cards from my sisters, friends, and I during different ages, and my most treasured possession: my grandmother’s (mom’s side, who passed before we were born) Chinese wooden [scented] fan.

It isn’t possible to sit on the pink rolling chair: worksheets, scratch paper, and schedules are piled on top of it. The chair itself is ruined: scribbled on in crayon by my spoiled brat little sister. The closet it faces is spilling with rumpled clothes, on the opposite side of the room of the shelves: cluttered and contents toppling, yet one of my favorite places. Stacks of books fill the bottom shelves: the Lightning Thief, Roald Dahl, Diary of a Wimpy Kid, and more. The top shelves are filled with memories: preschool and kindergarten scrapbooks, yearbooks, baby books, my Student of the Month certificate. A twin set of shelves (Allison’s) border the window in between my and Allison’s shelves. Allison’s shelves—neat and tidy—confront my dresser, which is too busy regurgitating clothes to acknowledge the shelves’ scolding.

On top the dresser are my bracelet-making kit, and the only organized thing in the room that is mine: my jewelry tree. Hanging from its iron branches is my pride: ornaments of earrings, headbands, bracelets, and necklaces. Not to brag, but the tree isn't even big enough for all of it.

The dresser's neighbors are the radio on two sets of cabinets and Allison's desk; neat as a pin because they're mostly Allison's territory. They face our loft bed, both blankets thrown off the mattresses. Next to Allison's desk is the door in a little square hanging off of the main shape of the room. I successfully make it out of the room without stepping on anything.