

My room



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

There is an old proverb which states " When you are a child, your room is the world to you. " I believe this is a very true statement and applies to most children. In a room of his own a boy can become whatever he likes and make his surroundings fit that idea or " theme" if you will. I have grown out of these childhood fancies, but still have an evident theme controlling this place where I spend my time. As one walks into my room a large black and white skin catches the eye. This tapestry reveals itself to be a skin of a zebra which I acquired through my father on our trip through Africa.

Throughout the skin there are patched holes where the beast was shot. This large item is the focal point of my room and reflects my " hobby" and passion for traveling. Turning to the right the visitor sees other from my other things from far away lands mounted on the wall. These things range from Greek swords to an unique Tanzanian lion-hunting arrow. All of these things I acquired traveling throughout Southern Europe, Africa, and America, and each have a special meaning and value to me. Below this array of seemingly ancient things sits the large Sony stereo system I received for my birthday this year.

This hulk of machinery adds contrast to the display above it as well as giving my room high-quality sound. A turn to the left now unveils a bookshelf containing: all of my hardback books, my alarm clock, my trophies and ribbons, and most of my CD's and tapes. This storage space is really an unnecessary extra but it does help keep my room from being cluttered or messy. Up against this same wall is my bed. This bed was handed down from my great grandmother to my grandmother to my mom to me. It has been kept because of it's value and because of sentiment.

Crafted out of solid pine by hand and held together by iron pegs, it adds to the "rustic" theme of my room. I believe this to be almost a mirror of my personality because I rarely change from my happy, reliable self and this bed has not changed in over a century. The reverse side of my bed shows off a twin to the first bookshelf. Unlike its companion, this set of shelves holds some of my more prized possessions such as: my paperback books, my magazine collection, many of my artistic creations, and my various instruments from other countries.

Yet another left turn uncovers the zebra skin mentioned above. Below the skin on the floor are two military boxes and a neon sign. The boxes represent my interest in weapons and military tactics while the sign is just a present from one of my relatives. Along this same wall resting in a large inset is my desk. This desk is a literal collage of my interests and shows my personality in that the desk is very easy to arrange and I usually have an open mind on things. The desk is divided into five main parts: the surface, mechanical things, artistic things, scholastic things, and assorted odds and ends.

The surface is where I do my work, it is where my homework, reading and writing happen. The other areas are called exactly what they do. For example, the mechanical section is a group of drawers which holds my hammers, pliers, screwdrivers, ect. On either side of this wooden storage space rest my fishing poles, canes, and unused long weapons. These items cast back my interest in the out-of-doors (namely hunting and fishing) and my more virile side. Another left turn brings the on-looker to my closets. These are two sets of double doors with all my clothing and shoes in it.

On the inside of these closets there are posters covering the walls, most of which have something to do with skiing. This is my representation of my tremendous interest in skiing. Tucked into the back side of my closets are my two unloaded hunting rifles. I think that this reflects my responsibility and maturity because I had to go through twelve hours of gun safety courses just to have access to these weapons let alone have them in my room. Looking up from this view point a set of sky lights can be seen.

The light glistening from these windows shines onto my small chest of drawers which contain my " arts and crafts" stuff and my socks and underwear. On top of this rests a lamp and a glass head which I use as a hat rack. I think this reflects on my orderly side because I am constantly straightening it. My room, like my shadow following me on a sunny day, reflects my personal interests and talents and really is a part of me. This is reflected in many ways, from the way I organize my furniture to the places I put my clothes. Even if I'm not acting out a childish daydream I still enjoy changing my surroundings to fit this daydream called life.