

# Where my world began

[Environment](#), [Earth](#)



Where My World Began My first home for many years. This land comes rarer to me as the day goes by. Forever changing the knowledge I had once gained. My corner of the world, where I have formed myself unique from all else. A place with spectacular monument. An environment that has filled me with joy, yet still fills with anger from time to time. This is my place in the world, my corner of Canada. There are many lands which have been described as similar to mine. A land with diverse culture, where freedom is guaranteed four seasons a year. In time of youth, this was the land in which I lived. Eighteen years have passed though it does not seem so. I can remember clearly the days as a child, where I could run around enjoying life worry free within the safe streets of my neighbour hood. As time passed, as did age. I knew I had larger responsibilities, those more important than having fun with my friends. As life went on, my knowledge of the world beyond my street grew. I used to look at this country through one set of eyes, now I look through many. Those of the poor or less fortunate. It was only two days ago, the last time I had received a request for money by a random on the street. Why not take of these people? Are they of less importance than the rest of us? That is not to say I have not enjoyed Canada beyond my street. Once a month during the school holidays I to leave this place, curious of what lies beyond my city. I can remember experiencing a care free place, in the north, on the beach with friends and family, These of course were the parts of my country in which I enjoyed. In the winter snow, hail and cold weather occur. In the summer our industries continue to pollute our air and destroy our ozone making it a difficulty to live healthy and live long . As horrible as some aspects may seem, never am I urged to leave.

There must be something within this place that draws me in. Perhaps it is the society in which I live. Or maybe the fact that I have not yet lived my life to my expectations. There is so much to think about and so much to discover. Why has this world began the way it has? When did it evolve to the state in which it remains? Where has this world come from? As I build my way up in this country and prepare for my future I will gain the ability to expand on these questions I ask myself. My place in the world, my corner of Canada, where I have seen and experienced the best and the worst. A world which remains interesting and never dull in my eyes. A place which gives me my rights, my freedom and my life to live which ever way I choose. I have lived and I have learned. I have realized that it is what I do with my life that unravels my future, within my hands is where my world lies, where my world began