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Neighborhoods are filled with something much more special than simply just a place for shelter. My neighborhood in particular, was and still is a wondrous place where I learned how to grow as a person and live comfortably. Many of my friends grew up in it and we have grown as people together in the comfort of this neighborhood. To this day I live in and cherish it for all of its hidden beauty and for helping with the making of me as a person. My neighborhood, although small, aided me with shelter along with thousands of memories that are imprinted in my mind.

My home along with others in my neighborhood, are filled with the building blocks of whom we are as people. It is filled with many positive physical characteristics as well. It is lined with small houses scattered on both sides of the road that continue on for a stretch and then intersected by a local greenhouse known as Dickman Farms. If you carry on down towards the other end of the street it is intersected by a main road and at the end is a local liquor store that used to be a hair salon at which I got my haircut. It is funny how drastically one place can be changed, but yet the memories are still captured prominently in our minds.

My house is seated right smack in the middle of my little neighborhood and the outside of the house does not represent the amount of beauty it holds on the inside. It is sort of how the old saying goes, you can't judge a book by its cover. My house is decorated on the outside accordingly to every holiday. Currently, there are month old decaying flowers sitting in a pot dangling from the ceiling of the porch with flags waving in them from the previous labor day. The yard is garnished with properly weed wacked bushes and a

freshly cut lawn. The porch is covered with weathered maroon paint and a creaky floor that displays the oldness of the house.

My house along with many others on the street is far from perfect on the outside, however, it is the place we grew up and for that, my neighborhood holds certain elegance. As a kid I used hang out with other kids in my neighborhood. We would stay out all night playing silly games such as jail break or capture the flag. In the winter we would create massive snow castles in each other's yards and alternate between houses to see who had created the best and most glamorous snow castle. In the summer we would parade around in our swimming suits and go from one house to another trying out everyone's pool to see who's had the most perfect temperature for a nice relaxing swim. In the spring and fall we would ride our bikes up and down the street over and over again just so we could get that thrill of going down the hill and feeling that queasy, exhilarating feeling in our stomachs.

We would play in each others back yards and come up with these elaborate plans for hide-and go-seek, along with several other games we would play. Our backyards were connected to the woods and each of us owned a separate little piece of it, so we would all take turns deciding who had the best yard. Mine always used to come out on top because it contained a swing set that my father had made me by hand for my fifth birthday and a trampoline that we used to jump on constantly. My father had also created a baseball field in the back and every weekend the neighborhood kids used to gather in my backyard for a night filled with fun and laughter. My

neighborhood's prime was seen when we were kids. As time went on, we began to grow and my neighborhood became less and less popular.

My neighborhood was mine and others on my street's outlet to happiness and served in some of our best childhood memories. Although time went on and the houses grew older and suddenly the, what seemed to be a huge lively neighborhood, turned into this small little place in a big wide world. Neighborhoods are much, much more than just a space for living, they are full of unseen memories that are only made seen to the people who inhabited that space. The thing that made my neighborhood so remarkable was that it provided me space to explore my creative mind and create memories I could cherish forever.