

Jacob Lutz

Mrs. Stanford

ENG 124

10 November 2015

A Place I Call Home

Everyone has that place they can call home that they have grown up in. A place that means so much to their history and has made so many memories. It could be their house or their neighbor's house, or maybe the park down the street or their favorite hangout spot. The back seat of their family's car on the trips for vacations. For me, that place is my home. I have lived and played there for my entire life. Every part of the house and backyard has given me memories and helped me become who I am today.

My home is located less than a half mile from Canton South High School, zero point three to be exact (Google Maps). I have a backyard that is full of memories. In my backyard there use to be a big playhouse. My sisters and I would always play inside of it. We would get huge sheets and cover the playhouse and make a huge fort. Sometimes I would have my neighbor over and we would pretend to be military soldiers and fight inside and outside. Some of the most epic airsoft wars have happened in my backyard a few of my friends would come over and we would take turns defending and assaulting the playhouse. During the winter my sister, Breanne, and I would cover the windows and door inside the playhouse and would get a space heater to put inside so we could hang out their all day, be warm, and enjoy some hot chocolate.

In my backyard, other than the playhouse, we have a animal pen set up. It was for our four goats, Coco, Latte, Java, and Milkshake. My sisters and I would always take them to the

Stark County Jr. Fair. Everyday I would go out and climb up on the roof of the goat barn. I would get out my fishing rod and hook an Animal Cracker on the end. I would stick the rod out and tease the goats with the Animal Cracker until one of them finally got it. Every spring my dad and I would get our pitchforks and go to work cleaning out the goat barn. It always wasn't one of the greatest tasks, but it sure was one of the most memorable, since I was doing it with my dad. Our goat, Coco, would often serve as my mule, as I would sometimes ride him around the yard when I was little. The goats would always follow us around, especially Latte, who would only follow my dad.

Even though outside was where a lot of memories happened, inside of my house were where some were the most memorable happened. In my living room it's always a busy bustling place. The television blaring, the dogs jumping on and off of the couches, and all kinds of my mom's decorations filling the room. I love to build things, that's why I would always get big lego sets and sit on the living room floor building them for hours. After I got my lego sets built they would be scattered all over the floor, engaged in Star Wars and construction battles. Once I got my xbox, I was always asking to use and sometimes stealing the television from my parents or anyone who were watching it. I'd spend most of my day and nights playing games like Halo or Call of Duty with my friends and pulling all nighters just to get to the next level on multiplayer. One of the greatest family rock bands was created right there. We'd go on World Tour without ever leaving the room. The living room housed our Christmas tree during the cold snowy month of December. Right there on the floor, I'd have some of the biggest surprises of my life. Even though the gifts were sometimes small, it still meant a lot just to be there with family.

In the front of the house, is where I had my basketball hoop, where I spent many days hanging outside with my friends and playing basketball. We'd have dunk contests to see who could do the coolest moves, which seems like the dumbest thing now. One time Arthur, Riley, Wyatt, and I made a video for facebook. It was just us trying to act cool for the ladies. Even though the little video didn't get many likes, we thought we were facebook sensations. My sisters and I did many fun things on my street, like riding in a wagon down the hill, and crashing into Mrs. Vickies yard. Many scars came from that hill. Some at the end where my bike chain would come off, sending me straight into the gravel on the side of the road or trying to rollerblade down the hill and losing control and wiping out into the grass on the side of the road.

Even though my house was home to many memories, my neighbors house has some of the greatest. My neighbor and I would have nerf wars against his sister and mine throughout the house. During the fall we would make a small village in the backyard by raking the leaves into roads and houses. I would never eat at my neighbor's house because my sister and Madison would run a restaurant out of the basement that was way over priced. When they moved away, it allowed me to meet my high school sweetheart who has made many more memories with me over the past two summers.

Throughout the course of history, people have always found that one place that means the most to them. Without that place, they probably wouldn't be who they are today. It's where you grow up, or spend your time making memories and finding yourself surrounded by people you love. For me, that place was and still is my home. A combination of my backyard, my living room, and my neighbors back yard provide a large amount of meaningful memories. My playhouse where I would be a soldier, my goat pen where I would fish for our goats, and my

living room where many different activities happen all provide answers to why my home is a place that means so much to me.

Work Cited

Google Maps,. 'Google Maps'. N. p., 2015. Web. 10 Nov. 2015.