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A Place to Call Home

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A Place to Call Home

Anonymous

My room is a place where I feel nothing can harm me.
It is a place where I can be free from judgments the cruel world sets
down upon me.

A place where I can let my mind wonder and think freely.

A place where I can replay wonderful memories of my past.

A place where I can listen to music and take myself on different
journeys.

A world where I am not suppressing my feelings, like sadness, fear,
and joy.

Where I'm not as serious as people think I am, but rather silly and
weird.

I am letting go of my walls, and instead revealing my deepest
emotions.

I love how clean and organized my room is.

The colorful lights at night that shine bright bring some jubilation into
my life.

I love seeing my bed fixed, it calls out to me, "come to me so I can
comfort you."

My room, a place of relaxation, is always clean, quiet, and the best
part, it is reserved just for me. Portraits of my family are in front of
my window, reminding me of memories of them.

Quotes are stuck to the wall, so when I'm at my lowest I can reassure
myself.

The best part of my room is staring at the forest trees in the
afternoons, watching the sun go down.

It assures me that I will be ok at the end.