

Home, Not So Sweet Home

The buzzing tainted-white light bulbs flicker on as I step in from the hallway. At the first glance, it's like walking into a horror film. The pale yellow walls seem to be screaming for an updated fashion and the tarnished sink that sits painfully in the center of decrepit cabinet drips water onto the stained basin below. A chunk of cabinet is missing from the corner, jutting daringly out into the room like a villain's knife ready to strike. Lighting up the room, I flick the light switch at the door and try to bring some life into the space. My effort fails however; it's hard to glorify something that lacks any glory. As I toss my bags on top of my crimson bedcover, I notice how out of place my stuff must feel. The desks are worn from years of not-so-tender love and care and leftover glue marks from tape long gone stays stuck to the walls as a reminder of age. A disheartening red glow filters in through the window, colored by my attempt at decoration with a sheer red curtain. In sharp contrast to its pale, broken-down surroundings, a cheery melody chimes from my laptop as I open it up. The crystal image of the well-known Microsoft symbol floats onto the screen, a welcome reminder that there's some hope for salvaging my mood.

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