

Rich Beyond Measure

by Jian Shin, Third Grade

Vista Grande Elementary School, Cohort 2

Here is my room with my two-story bunk bed. It is made of wood painted gray, my first floor is a messy fort. It used to be pretty clean, but when my friends and I did a playdate, we ruined it. On the second floor, there is a mattress, and it feels like the cushiest one in the world.

When I look through the window, I see my mom's car, a gray minivan. I also see nature, a lot of it. I see the rest of the room, too! But what I see most in my room from my bed is my desk. It's sometimes so messed up that I can't even see through the pile. But then there are other times when all I see (or feel) on the desk is a pencil case. That's it!

Then, there is my dimly lit, light green-painted closet. It's so tight, I don't know how all my stuff fits in there. In my closet, I have an art supplies corner with acrylic paints, watercolors, charcoals, brushes, foams, beads. Also, there is a fake cement toy truck, a toy remote car, National park ranger program books, badges, rewards, and compasses. What covers my closet are my mirrors, and on my mirrors are awesome pictures I drew.

Right next to my mirror is my greatest treasure of all, my library. All my books are lined up as neatly as strictly trained army soldiers. The books are both English and Korean. Some so easy, I read them in less than a few minutes. Some are as hard as staring at the sun for hours and they take me more than 16 hours to read them.

With my room, with my treasures, with my valuable things, I can not name them all. I am rich beyond measure.