



Name

Teacher

Class

Date

Descriptive Essay: My Secret Hideaway

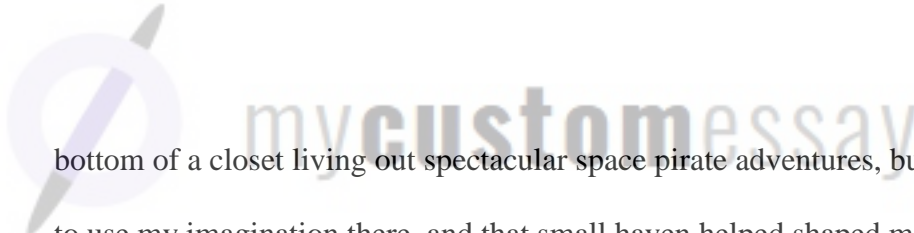
When I was a small child, and I had a bad day I would hide in my special hiding place. It was a my secret reading area where I would read books hidden away from all the noise off the grown up world. The hideaway was my childhood closet that transformed into any magical place that I wanted, much like SpongeBob's cardboard box (MapleGravy).

If someone stumbled on my small haven, they would probably not think twice about what they walked into. It seemed like a slighter larger than average closet of any small child. Upon closer inspection they might realize that the beige walls had been almost covered with bright childish drawings, pages from travel magazines, and comics. This wallpaper began about halfway down the wall, since I couldn't reach to the top of the walls due to my childhood lack of height. It would be dark, until I reached up and turned on the single bulb that hung from the ceiling.

Once the door closed and light turned on, the space turned into my own. I became a crime fighting superhero by day, and a suave debonair 007 by night. I kept a small lap table hidden among my shoes, and I would draw out my fantasies and read my books on top of it.

One of the drawbacks of having a secret spy cave hidden in the bottom of the closet was the smell. No matter how many odor eaters, or cans of Lysol that I used, the scent always remained. Always tingling my nostrils, bringing me back from my fantasy world to remind me that I could never quite escape reality.

As a child, I never thought twice about the fact that I spent so much of my time huddled in the



bottom of a closet living out spectacular space pirate adventures, but as an adult I realize that I learned to use my imagination there, and that small haven helped shaped me into who I am today.