Home

Creative Nonfiction as a Narrative Example Essay #1

 In the metaphorical sense, I have only ever had one home. It's like Glinda said in the song “Already Home” from the *Wizard of Oz*. “Home is a place in your heart.” Home comes with me everywhere. It can come in the form of family and friends as well as others.

 I have only ever had one home in the literal sense too. I have always lived in the same place. There are so many benefits of living in the same house all these years. I'm not talking about knowing where are the good hide-and-seek places are or which room has the best ventilation. I'm talking about all the ways the different parts of the house have influenced me.

 Strange as it may sound, the layout of my house has kept our family closely knit. There are no doors on the first floor except one to the bathroom and one to the exercise room. This has kept us all together and not being separated and secluded from the rest of the world. Also, neither my sister or I have desks in our bedroom. This prevents us from doing our homework there, and, once again, being cut off from our family.

 Also, there are so many memories that are tied to the hard-work our family has done together. I can still smell cookies baking in the oven. These cookies were made in the effort to do a family activity that was new and different. Every day, when I go into my bedroom, I see the newly painted walls and all the hard-work and time that when into the creation of, in my opinion, the best bedroom ever. I can always hear the sound of Christmas Carols that we play when we are decorating for Christmas time. It is magical and is another example of how the hard-work keeps us close.

 Additionally, the decoration of my house in my inspiration. Every time I sit down in the computer room (or office as we call it because it was my dad's office when he was a working dad and didn't have kids), I see awards hanging on the wall. The bachelor's degrees of both my parents, my mom's masters degree, and my dad's doctors degree all provide inspiration of what I want to accomplish and what I have to look forward to.

 In the office, there are also past achievements of both my sister and me. There are essays, poems, tests, projects, and art works. They all represent the hard-work we put in in the past and what we are able to accomplish in the future. For example, for me, there is a rubric for a presentation that I worked very hard on. I see that it says 63/63 in the corner to show that work does pay off. Also, there are rubrics for myself from a science competition we attended. We both won 2nd place in our division so we know there are things we could have done better. The comments written point out what we did wrong to fix. Just these two wall hanging remind me that work does pay off and I can always get better at what I do.

 My house reminds me of my close and extended family and keeps them near my heart. There are pictures of my grandparents, cousins, aunts, uncles, and other family members all around my home. These pictures no matter how big they keep the image of them and my love for them fresh in my head. Also, I am reminded of the deceased in my family. In the sun room, there is a grandmother clock. That clock belonged to my great-grandmother and great-grandfather before they pasted away. I had only known them for less that a decade, but they were sweet and I know they were loved. There is also a carving in the living room. It seems like an image when you first look at it, but when you look harder, you see that it is actually a design of maple leaves and branches carved out of wood. My grandpa made that before he died in 1999. He was only in his 50s and he died from a rare type of cancer. I never knew him, but I'll always remember him because of that piece of art.

 As you can see, my house serves as something that ties my family together, is means for inspiration, provides ways to think about our past work, and displays objects and pictures the make me think about family.

 In both the metaphorical and literal sense, my house has always been the same and for that I am greatful. Oh... what is it that they say in the song by Ben and Ellen Harper... “A House is a Home”.

Jealous is the Wrong Word

Creative Nonfiction as a Narrative Example Essay #2

jeal·ous

/ˈjeləs/

*adjective*

1. feeling or showing envy of someone or their achievements and advantages.

en·vy

/ˈenvē/

*noun*

1. a feeling of discontented or resentful longing aroused by someone else's possessions, qualities, or luck

 Jealousy is not a positive quality. Envy in not something that I want to have. In my experience, jealousy is not an “I wish had gotten that award, but I think that they deserved it” feeling. It is a sullen, “I deserved that prize! They should give it to me! That other person doesn't need it! I wish that I had gotten in instead!” feeling. Jealousy is associated with feeling of being “discontented or resentful”.

 That's not who I am.

 That's not who I want to be.

 I don't want to be held back by who I wish I was. I want to take what I have and make it into something that is worthy. I don't want to be the girl that is always jealous of others and wishing she could have what they have. I want to be the girl that has what it takes to try to get better.

 There is a girl that when I see, I say, “Wow. I want to have some of the traits that you do.” I don't want something that's hers for myself. I want to see *how* she gets a trait and find out how I can acquire it too.

 Every year, my school goes to a competition called MathCounts. The girl is from Greensburg Salem and she is one of the smartest people I have met related to math. This year, I was the top participant in my school and she was the top in hers. When she walked up to the buzzer for her turn, she was playing against her sister. They were both extremely intelligent students. It seems like she didn't even blink an eye when she got called up. If she had any nerves (*if* being the key word), they were not shown. She walk right up with a straight face and sat down next to her sister. She picked up her pencil and nodded the reader that she was ready.

 The round consisted of up to 5 questions (whoever got to 3 first wins). The reader said the first question and each sister got a piece of paper with the question on it. Before the reader even finished, the girl buzzed in and said the correct answer. It was amazing. She was so fast.

 The second question was harder and her sister answered it correctly. The third was won by the girl. It was down to this question; if she got, she won. If she didn't and her sister did, they would be tied.

 The question was read and each person got it wrong. Now, the tension is the same, but it has been extended. Still, no visible signs of nervousness had reached her face. But, of course she was nervous. I was nervous. She had to be nervous.

 I don't know if she was nervous.

 The question was answered correctly by this girl. The girl got first and her sister got second. I, in fact, got 6th. She was making it onto States, and I wasn't.

 But I wasn't *jealous*. I didn't want to be jealous.

 So when I see someone walking to the stage to claim a prize that I would have liked to get, I'm not jealous of them. I idolize them.

i·dol·ize

/ˈīdlˌīz/

*verb*

1. admire, revere, or love greatly or excessively.

 Now isn't that a much better word.