My Room

The door is white, with some scratches at the bottom from my pug scraping it with her claws. My pug scratches the door when she wants to come into my room. The door handle is brown and metal. At the complete bottom of the door is a rubber flap, which I do not know the reason why it is there. The room is about three lengths of my arm span, including the closet.

The floor in my room is wooden, and it creaks when stepped on. However, I do have one white, plush carpet approximately in the middle of the floor. It is rather clean-looking, considering it is white and that it is not washed regularly.

To the left of the door is a leather chair, of which is of no particular use, besides hanging half-used clothes on it. Past the chair is my electronic station, where I charge my phone at night, and charge my shaver during the day. Also, center-left is a rectangular window overlooking our backyard garden and swimming pool. It is a pleasant view for a cold room.

Center-left and far-left is my queen-size bed, with white and grey covers, and white and other colors for the blanket. The blanket in particular has a floral design and is heavy. My pillow has a white case and nothing else to it. The frame of the bed is wooden and beige in color.

Above, to the right of the bed, is a narrow, elongated window, which allows one to view the sky and neighbor’s fence. On the sill, there is a candle lamp, of which I never use. I can often find dead insects on the sill as well, such as flies.

Below that window is my meditation altar to the right, and a small table to the left of the altar, which houses books and random papers. It is barely big enough to hold these books and papers in an organized fashion. My
The meditation altar is covered in a red cotton cloth and features a picture of my meditation teacher. There is a candle in front of the picture of my teacher.

To the right of the altar is my closet, which contains a rack of sweaters, a suit, scarfs, and belts. There is also a brown, lean dresser, which has the rest of my clothes in it. On the floor, below the rack, there are miscellaneous items, such as an extra blanket, shoes, and hair oil. Right before the closet on the left of it, and before the altar, is my tabla drums, replete with a hammer and a small bottle of talcum powder.

The walls are all white, except the back room, which is covered with a blue, mosaic-patterned cloth. The curtains over the large window are also white and see-through, which almost defeat the purpose of having them. The ceiling is white, but with black blotches above the meditation altar because of candle and incense smoke.

It is one of the coldest rooms in our house, as the windows are quite old and thin, and lack insulation. During autumn and winter, sometimes a heater is brought in to feel comfortable. However, with enough heavy blankets, sleep is manageable.

It is a simple room without much purpose other than sleeping, meditating, and playing percussion. But I am a down-to-earth person, and it matches what I need.