

# Essay on Moving into A New Home

We were all very excited when my father announced that he had just bought a new house in a new housing estate. It had been his wish to buy his own house for a long time. Ever since my parents got married, they had been staying in various rented houses. Finally, his dream had been realized.

On a bright and sunny Sunday morning, we started moving our things into our new house. My father hired a lorry to transport our belongings. I was surprised at the number of things we owned. The lorry had to make three trips before most of the things were transported to our new home. I had the thrill of sitting in the back of the lorry while it made the trips. Our family consisted only of my parents, my grandmother, my elder sister and me. Still, the amount of stuff, both useful things, and junk were unbelievable.

We spent a hectic day loading the things onto the lorry and then unloading them at our new house, but that was not the end of the matter. We had to move the things into the house and arrange them properly before we could call the house a home.

Our new home 'was a single storey terrace house the fourth along a row of identical houses. It had three bedrooms, a living room, a dining room, two bathrooms, a small kitchen, a small front porch, and an even smaller backyard. Modern houses are so squeezed for space but it was better than nothing. Anyhow it was a great improvement from our previous home which was much smaller than the new one.

The first place where we started arranging things was the kitchen. We had to take good care of our stomachs before more work could be done, so my mother went about preparing her first meal in her brand-new kitchen whipping out the best tasting instant mee lunch I had ever

had.

After lunch, we moved to the rest of our belongings. My parents took the biggest bedroom, my grandmother and sister the second largest one, and I was given the smallest one just next to the kitchen. I was simply thrilled. For the first time in my life, I had a room all to myself, and what was more, the room had a ceiling fan to keep cool.

By evening we had most of the furniture, beds, and larger things in. The only things left to do were to hang up the pictures and other wall decorations, curtains, and assorted things. We left the finishing touches to the next day for we were all so tired after working through the whole day. My grandmother was surprisingly very active despite her rheumatic joints. After all, she must be just as excited as we were.

We had a proper dinner that evening, our first in the house. By nine o'clock I adjourned to my new bedroom that still smelled of new paint. Gladly I lay on the bed and took in what my senses received in my fresh new surroundings. It was wonderful. Soon I fell asleep in my new room.