

Essay on "Old Houses Are Friendly but Dirty; New Houses Are Clean but Hostile." Discuss

I do not agree with the above statement. From my experiences I have had with old and new houses, I would surely say that the opposite is true.

Old houses that were built long before I was born are invariably huge structures with thick walls and large rooms.) once visited one of my friends' houses which was very old. It was built by his great-grandfather whom he had never met. The old house, or more aptly, a mansion, sits on the top of a small hill just on the outskirts of town. it is surrounded by a large piece of land that is dotted with trees and plants, most of which are very old too.

The trees and plants are gnarled and bent. Maintenance of the land is a big problem as gardeners are hard to come by. Thus the grounds are left alone and weeds and rubbish have been allowed to make the whole place an eye-sore. The paint-work on the mansion is showing the effects of the weather and repainting badly needed.

Inside the house, the air is cool and gloomy. My friend lives there with his parents and an old grandmother, There are more than a dozen rooms in the double-story mansion. Only three are occupied. The rest are simply neglected. Even though they employ two servants to keep the place clean, the servants simply cannot cope. The house is dirty, inside and outside.

The house is also very unfriendly. The stairs creak and threaten to collapse any minute. The old furniture is too large and the old faded pictures on the dark walls stare down unapprovingly at the younger generation. There are holes in the floor and cockroaches in the sink.

The old toilet sits like a throne room right next to the oversized hall. I feel totally uneasy in the house. Even in my friend's more cozy room, I can feel the dark old atmosphere residing. The high ceiling with an ancient fan turns silently in contrast to the sound of music emanating from the cassette player. I feel so out of place, as though I do not belong here and I am not welcome.

Once I spent a night with my friend in his room. could not sleep the whole night through. The magnitude of the mansion is simply overwhelming. I also heard a lot of unexplained sounds. I asked my friend about them and he told me to forget I ever heard them. How could I forget strange sounds that seemed to belong to a horror movie? Anyway, he warned me not to venture outside his room in the middle of the night. I never asked why as I was too afraid to.

I try to avoid going to his place as much as possible. I do not like hostility. I rather not get involved with old things that do not want to be disturbed.

A new house is a totally different thing altogether. My uncle bought a new double-story terrace house recently and I must say that it is clean and undoubtedly friendly.

The walls are thinner but the paint is new and bright. Modern-furniture sit comfortably in the snug living-room. instead of old fogies, pictures of beautiful sceneries grace the walls. I rather enjoy the pictures than feel as though someone is staring at me. The home has three rooms and all in all the house is well looked after by my aunt. Nothing is neglected. The toilets are clean and practical. The dining table is -compact.

The atmosphere in the house is one of simplicity and friendliness. Soft music does not seem out of place. Hard rock-and-roll is also at

home with the surroundings.

There are no weird sounds at night. The only sound I hear is that of cars passing by and the occasional bark of the neighbor's dog. I can venture out of the room any time I please. There is no fear whatsoever. The smell of newness is fresh and clean. There are no ghosts to be disturbed and no secrets behind closed doors.

If I were to move into a house next time when I myself settle down I will definitely move into a new one. I would not like to live in anxiety and fear about what is in store for me in an old house. It is probably haunted anyway. A new house is a much better proposition.