

Essay on Visiting A Friend's Home for The First Time

Dennis is my classmate. We are both in Form Four. He is new to our class along with a few other students. Their old schools only cater to classes up to the SRP level. So, after passing the examination they were sent to our school.

I was mildly surprised when I found out that his house was merely a hundred yards from mine. We both stay in the same housing estate but our houses are not in the same row.

Anyway, I promised to pay him a visit at his home as soon as an opportunity arose.

The opportunity came one morning in school. A dignitary in the school board had just passed away and we were all asked to go home immediately. The morning was still only about nine o'clock so we decided to go to Dennis's house.

We cycle the two miles from our school to his house, reaching there in about fifteen minutes.

No one was in the house. Dennis' father works as a clerk in a government department. His mother teaches in a primary school and his two sisters are in another school. So, we had the whole house to ourselves for the morning.

Dennis produced a set of keys from his school bag and opened the doors to the house. It was a terrace-house much like mine, from the outside that is. Inside it was vastly different. A beautiful black piano stood majestically by the wall in the living- room. Beside it was some arm-chairs and a coffee table. typical of the furniture

found in most houses. The windows were tastefully decorated with curtains and part of the floor was carpeted. On the whole, the living room had a comfortable feel to it. It spoke to the people who used it. I sat down on a chair and soaked in the warm gentle atmosphere surrounding me.

In my reverie, I did not notice that Dennis had brought me a drink. Only when I felt the icy cold glass on my hand did I realized that I was day-dreaming. I took a sip of the super-cold drink. It was invigorating. Dennis had a drink for himself too.

“How do you like my house?” He asked.

“Beautiful, just beautiful!” came my reply.

“Let’s play the piano” Dennis invited.

In double-quick time I was at the piano. I had never played on a piano before and I seized the opportunity. Alas, only terrible sounds emerged from my efforts. So very quickly I got tired of the whole thing and asked Dennis to take over.

Ah, what beautiful music he could make. It was a pleasure to hear the crisp clear notes filling the living room and to see his fingers gracefully gliding up and down the keys in harmony. So, I sank deep into an arm-chair and let the music work its charm.

For a second time, I became lost in the comfort of the room. Dennis shook me to wake me up. Actually, I had dozed off and dreamt about some wonderful place. The reality was not too bad either.

Then Dennis showed me his room. As neat and tidy the living room was, Dennis’ room was the complete opposite, it was even worse than my room. I suppose that boys will be boys and a boy’s room will be a boy’s room. Tidiness is not characteristic,’ of a boy’s room.

Nevertheless, I was presented to the junk that he owned. They were not much different from mine. Tattered comic books, a badge, running shoes, and other assorted paraphernalia lay scattered all over the room.

After a short while of getting acquainted with his belongings, we cleared a small space in the center of the room and began a game of monopoly.

The game went on for a good three hours before I realized that it was time to go home for lunch. We were about even and in a kind of deadlock. So, we adjourned the game by declaring a draw.

I thanked Dennis for the wonderful few hours in his house. In return, I invited him to come to my house whenever he could make it. Then I hopped onto my bicycle and pedaled happily home.