

Running Head: COMPOSITION

My Secret Hiding Places as I Was a Child

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In our childhood, we often exist in a very different world, if compared to our adult life, even if we still live in the same house. As an adult, you are physically bigger, and more mature: emotionally and psychologically. When being children, some of us could have had imaginary friends, but most of us have certainly had a secret hiding place.

I used to live in a large house; in fact, to me, as I was a child, it seemed even huge. It was full of big rooms: a living room, dining room, three bedrooms, a bathroom and kitchen. I remember, there was a walk in pantry in the kitchen. My mother kept her food supplies in there, and it soon became a secret hiding place for me. Let me describe it from my child point of view. It was quite large, with shelves on the walls from the roof to the floor. The shelves were filled with canned foods, bags of meal, oats and the such. Bottles of homemade jams, pickled onions filled some space. There was flour, spices, fruit, dried fruit in abundance. Vegetables were stored there as well as the items, like cookies and treats. This made this hiding place perfect for a hellion like me.

Then, because it was semi out of bounds for children, it became a safe haven. I had siblings that I needed to hide my prized possessions from. A place, where they would have to explain their presence, gave it protection. This hiding place was used with great care. I mainly hid anything edible in there. If I had a candy bar that I did not want to share, it would go to the pantry. I would hang around my mother when she was in the kitchen. Then when she needed an item from the pantry, I volunteered to fetch it. There was a short ladder inside. I would move the ladder quickly to where my mother stored the needed item, climb and put my candy there. Then, I would fetch her requested item and give it to her. Afterwards, with a smug grin on my face, I would leave, knowing my treasure was perfectly safe.

The other hiding place was for such items as marbles, or a quarter, and any other items that my brother might find useful. Once again, I used my ingenuity. My father had a garage where he did not

only parked his automobile, but also stored his mechanical items. Bottles filled with nuts and bolts, washers, screws and the wide variety of tools, spanners, spare parts for the car. Most of them were stored on shelves on the walls, which seemed perfect, from my point of view (I could not reach his counter top). I would slip in there, when it was empty and no one was around to observe me committing this 'crime'. Standing on a box, I would climb onto his worktop. Then I would hide my item behind a jar or tin. Then I would leave.

These hiding places usually worked well; however, occasionally, I would see my father eating my candy!



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