My bedroom: the place where I spend a quarter of my day, and by extension, a quarter of my life. Yet what does it consist of? Merely a bed, a bathroom, and a closet —

Upon entry, one's first observation would be a queen-sized bed sitting fairly low, its towering, gridded grey frame lying flat against the wall. A white pinstriped blanket is spread neatly across the bed, topped with a darker throw labeled with the initials "VF." A bolster pillow is visible in front of two continental pillows at the head; it is cylindrical, and therefore round like a soda can.

A glance upwards would reveal the chandelier, best described as a three-dimensional spherical tree that branches out into symmetrically-placed, glass-covered lights.

To the right of the room, two windows and their shutters are wide open. A cool breeze is allowed inside, the kind one might enjoy at the beach on a hot day. The room isn't generally exposed to much outside sound, besides for an occasional intercom call or doorbell ring. So silent is my room that I'm confident even the fall of a pin-drop can be heard in it.

I am glad to be able to sleep in the simplicity of my bedroom.