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Room Observation- Draft 1

Accumulated trash, hoardings of paper and plastic bags, receipts of all my latest purchases, and last semester's school projects are all displayed in piles across the bed, floor, desk, and window sill. Even thinking back to just yesterday, this messy room was neatly organized and in my memory- everything was correctly placed. But I know my memory leaves out recollections of the trash, and perhaps that's why I remember it as better.

The walls are mostly white and bare except for the makeshift wire glasses holder placed almost exactly in the middle of the wall opposite the window and my roommate's Kali Uchis poster beside the door. On my side of the room, there are no posters. I never saw the appeal of decorating a place I would call home for a contracted amount of time. I was a visitor in this space, and I would soon be gone as well. Yet, I had made a trivial yet permanent mark on this place. On the ground, there now lay a donut shaped indent where my dresser was once positioned, along with multiple box cutter scratches from late nights working on projects too lazy to use a cutting mat. Besides a single poster, these four walls know nothing, the belongings of three girls within, yet entirely separate.

Opposite my dresser, my desk is completely covered, yet with nothing on it. A single notebook is placed on the left side and the illusion of space is gone. No work can be done in this space and although I never intended to do any real work in this room, some breathing room would be nice. Slanted on the right side of the desk is a binder with a white folder inside, although practically empty, I keep it on my desk because of the shiny metallic dollar store

stickers from back home; keeping the binder upright is a single strip of blue painters tape that in return makes the contents inaccessible. Also stuck with blue painters tape is a polaroid of my mom from the “Blue Man Group” show back in August when she dropped me off at college. Sticky notes are scattered along the backboard of the desk reminding me of everything ranging from reminding me to wish my brother a happy birthday, which was months ago, to taking a pencil to class. Although useless, most things on this desk stay for the sheer purpose of having sentimental value: a pug shaped measuring tape that has never been used, a broken mechanical pencil from my brother’s all state concert, and a call bell gifted from my younger cousin.

Poking out of the piles on the ground is a brown paper bag with black stripes from DSW when I purchased some boots for the rain. Another bag is from uniqlo, although I returned that purchase days after, the bag stayed. These bags hold little to no significance to me, yet they stay in this room waiting for a day to be repurposed, or eventually thrown out the day I move out.

Maybe research about this, or entirely take it out if I’m not going to add on to it

The small, yet constant reminders of this room being a shared space often overcrowds my headspace. More often than not, the thermostat is set to an uncomfortably warm temperature making it rather difficult to breathe. My little moments of privacy in this not private space, rely on the makeshift fort underneath my bed. The opening is covered with a dark gray flat sheet so the inside is not entirely visible. Christmas lights are hung, unsurprisingly held up by what seems to be the only thing keeping this room together, blue painters tape. The space underneath the bed seems to be the coldest part of the room, as skin touches the bare floor and the majority of the room is out of sight, still cramped but intentionally so.

Scrap sentences:

Everything in this room is associated with this room, they are my things, my roommates things, but in the end all just things. Associations are what give them meaning.

I own everything on this side of the room, but is it truly mine? Would I notice if items slowly

Only 650 words so far