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The American Dream

To me, a house is not a just a structure with walls and a roof, it is an environment. A place where memories grow and dreams come true. Where friends and family gather to enjoy themselves. Which stays strong and sturdy and gives us comfort, even when we are disconsolate. And, which is something that I've never had. Having moved so many times can be exciting, but every time I leave, I leave a part of myself behind. My dream is to finally settle down and have a house. My parents and I want to have it more than anything. However, every two or three years we have to pack our bags and move again. My mom's dream is to have big house and to just relax. She truly deserves it after working so hard and living such a hectic life. My dad's dream is to have a family and he works hard, trying to get us all together. Currently, my dad is commuting from Wisconsin and it puts a lot of strain and misery on all of us. Every time we try to stitch our family together, it never works out. I have been taught to be optimistic, but sometimes it is hard to decide on being hopeful, or realistic.

One could argue that living the life I have now has many positive aspects. Having an adventure, being able to start new every time and make new friends, but that does not compromise for not having a real family and a real home. Even if we are physically disconnected, my family and I are very close. We have been through some very tough situations, but we always manage to get our way through. I really hope that one day we will finally be together and have a house to call home, sweet home.

No matter how many times we fail, we will keep trying and I know that one day, we will succeed. My American Dream is to have a house and to grow up in it. I intend to fulfill that dream.