My bedroom

Squishy pillows surround my head while my body sinks into the soft doona covers. Birds chirp like the sweet songs my mum used to sing as my brother’s tablet continues to blabber on about Spanish words. The tasty smell from the kitchen fills my nose with delight forcing me to get out of bed and eat breakfast, but of course I stay until my mum comes in and drags me out.

My bedroom is my special place I love it almost as much as my family.