

## **The Rug**

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**Course:** English 101

**Instructor:** Carole Bedwell

**Essay Type:** Descriptive

Pirates have their parrots, peas have their carrots, and I had my rug. It was 100% cotton and 100% pure joy during my childhood. Its fat rings of orange and brown lured me in from the moment of my birth. It was the place where my grandfather and I shared cherished memories. It was where my cousins and I spent our summer afternoons playing games and telling stories. It was where I always felt as if I was with family. Even though it was not the most beautiful rug, it was where I found my elementary sanctuary. It was like my little heaven of floor pieces. The rug that lay on my grandparents' floor has been the most significant place in my life.

The floor in my grandparents' living room was old wood, and because their house was elevated, the floors were always cold. Every part of the floor would be freezing except for where the rug was. It was made of thick, multicolored rings that were sewn together in an oval shape. It was perfect for warming up cold feet. My grandfather, being somewhat of a chain smoker, had caused the rug to absorb twenty years of his nicotine habit. It was a bothersome scent to some but comforting to me. The warmth that it provided, the faded colors that gave it personality, and the comforting scent of stale tobacco made this rug very special to me.

I grew up living next door to my grandparents; therefore, I spent most of my spare time at their house. I would spend my afternoons sprawled out on the rug in their living room devouring the snacks my grandmother would make for me. After I ate and after my grandfather's afternoon nap, he would join me on the rug to tell me stories. We would cross our legs yoga-style while he would tell me what life was like when he was a child. He would tell me about going to a movie

for a nickel and having to take showers outside. He would tell me about all the beautiful places he visited while he was in the Navy and the crazy things they did on the ship. If I was lucky, there would be days he would pull out what he called his "memory boxes." We would spend hours looking at pictures, medals, and other various items. I was always interested in my grandfather's past. The afternoons we spent together will always be a cherished memory.

Growing up, my cousins and I were close. We are all around the same age, so we spent a lot of time playing together. Most of this time was spent at my grandparent's house. We used to spend long afternoons on the rug playing cards, board games, and we told stories. I will always remember playing my first game of poker on that rug. My grandfather taught my cousins and me how to play. We made bets using the pennies in my grandmother's penny jar. My parents hated this, but they knew that my time with him was valuable, so they would allow it.

When I was thirteen, my grandfather passed away. The day after his death everyone in my family gathered on the rug to sort through pictures and memories. It was an emotional time for everyone, but the rug made it comforting for me. A few days after the funeral, I went to help my grandmother clean her house. She decided that she wanted to throw the rug away. "It's time to get rid of that old smoke infested thing," she said. That afternoon we picked it up, carried it to the road, and watched the garbage men take it away. Throwing the rug away was like throwing away years of childhood memories.

Going into my grandparents' house has not been the same since my grandmother made the decision to throwaway the rug. After that day, it has always seemed empty and lacking. The floor looks bare, and the couch was never as inviting as the rug was. I may not have my significant place to go back to, but I will always have the memories it created.

**The Editor's Comments:** *Rachel begins with a great hook sentence and does not disappoint throughout the rest of the essay. The essay is organized well and she uses detail to help the reader envision the rug.*