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College Essay: Describe a place or environment where you are perfectly content

It's always those ordinary days when no one expects anything. You think nothing of what happened until sooner or later you look back and it's changed everything. Life's funny that way.

One day my father simply called me into his room and said, "Hey, come watch this with me." So together we sat, watching an anime called Death Note, about some high school kid trying to purge the world of criminals by killing them off with his magical notebook. As it turned out, I liked the show so much that I finished watching the entire series. My father and I only got short amounts of time to talk about it between him sleeping and working, and me doing school work, but it seemed like we'd never run out of things to say.

Before this, my father and I were never close. He was hardly ever around because he didn't live with me when I was young. Even when my parents bought a house together and we lived as a family, I saw him as an outsider. He worked third shift so he slept when everyone else was awake. I lived with my father, and yet I didn't know him and he didn't know me. Then, out of the blue, he asked me to watch his favorite anime with him. It gave us something to talk about, and it was the catalyst for the start of his reintegration into our family.

Now, we watch anime together for an hour or so on Sunday nights before he gets ready for work. This environment only exists once a week, yet it's where I feel perfectly content: right there in my living room in front of the television, on Sunday nights and with my dad. During this time, we don't have to awkwardly talk about the same nonsense that always comes up. None of the conversations we have are forced, either, because we watch things that are interesting to both of us.

Suddenly, it's like I've gotten to know him extraordinarily well. I've learned things ranging from his stance on murder to how he'll yell at you to use a coaster but forget to use his own. I feel like nowadays I can recognize my dad as a real human with feelings and interests, just like my mom, my sister, or me.

The couch on Sunday night is an easy place to be to get my mind off everything that's stressing me out and everything that hasn't gone just as planned. It's the time where I can relax and know that nothing outrageous is expected of me right at that moment, just that I watch the TV. More importantly, it's the time where I can sit with my dad and see that he really cares. I can feel comfortable in my own home knowing that there aren't strangers around.

It may seem simple, mundane, or like something countless people would think is nothing significant, but it's my most important happy place. These nights with my father make me feel like I have a real family. Our rapport has leaked into the rest of our lives to make being with everyone else just as easy. We've both learned that we want to be part of our larger family while also staying separate as individuals. No one in our house is excluded or more distant than anyone else anymore.

The place I feel most content translates into the bigger picture of surviving as a unit. For me, what's been missing has just been uncovered. Watching TV with my dad on Sunday nights is something I enjoy, and it will help me make sure that the rest of my life stays in balance. Without those nights, what I have today in my home wouldn't exist.