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From ancient times, the building is considered to be a building that shelters from the wind and other natural conditions and alien threats (wild animals, for example). From prehistoric times, an ancient man hid in caves closing the entrance with a stone. Then using bamboo sticks and skins he began to build himself a refuge - wigwam. In subsequent epochs a whole culture of house-building has already appeared. We built from the tree and stone ordinary huts and castles. We learned to use the natural landscape.

The house is habitable with objects of everyday life, creating amenities, comfort, coziness. A house in the modern sense of the wall, floor, ceiling, windows and furniture. I call home a family, people who live with you under the same roof. The best expression of this thought is the song «Past flowed the river»:

Past flowed the river,

Floating somewhere clouds

Man, was the road

Is not easy,

And people dreamed of that,

That he will build somewhere house

And settled happiness with him

In the house of one

If that happened, he took the test,

They always sang

Favorite song of his -

The one that I sing.

The house, as is known to all long time ago,

This is not a wall, not a window

Even the chairs at the table -

It is not a house.

The house - it is there, where ready

You to return again and again

Joyful, kind, gentle, evil,

Barely alive...

House - this is where you will understand,

Where hope and wait

Where did you forget about the bad

This is your house

I fully agree with the words in the song. The house is where there are people who are waiting for you and will be accepted in any state. Where they support and hide "under their wing". But first I will describe my official place of residence.

My house is an apartment in a high-rise building (12 floors). It's quite noisy in our house. Especially if someone started repairs. Audibility through 4 floors. Very permeable walls. Very often hear quarrels of neighbors from above, and their evening parties.

Our house is like a candle between two gardens. And in the daytime on weekdays children can be heard and played. And if you open the window you will hear the speakers at the beginning of the street.

Between our house and the neighboring houses is quite a long distance. Therefore, such ears audible sounds from the street. In general, our house was originally built for servants of law, executive power (militiamen). Now among the neighbors from the representatives of this profession were few. -The house has an extension in two floors. Once she was atelier for sewing military and police uniforms. Now it issues licenses for weapons to professional guards and hunters. The outhouse and the house form a corner. And when you approach the entrance, you get into a windmill, which, even with a weak gust of wind, blows you away.

Inside, my house is ordinary. However, there is one feature - the staircase is made by a separate side entrance, and in the central entrance there are two elevators. The house is not so many years old, but the pipes and wiring are in terrible condition. Turn off the light in the bathroom - click the light bulb in the corridor. All that is inside the apartment under the current laws, residents repair at their own expense.

Despite the external seemingly discomfort of the structure. My house (apartment) is very warm (the house is made of brick) and cozy (it's my credit). Inside, I equip it with all that I need (table, bed, wardrobe). I also have complete harmony in the room, where I rest. I have a favorite blanket and the blessings of civilization: water, electricity, the Internet. Also in the apartment there are houseplants and a pet - a cat. And this is one of the reasons for my return home. People with whom

I live are very loved by me and I like to take care of them: to cook, clean and do other household chores. I like that when they come and see order and my smile and feel the warmth of embrace, they want to return home. Personally, when I come home and also feel that they are waiting for me, they meet with a smile and a question: "How was your day?".

And I wish everyone to have a home in which one wants to return. The house where you rest and forget next to your loved ones about what's upsetting. Let every person on earth have a cozy home and warm people. These let people who live with you under one roof, dissolve their negative thoughts with a smile. Let the people who share the shelter support you in your aspirations and endeavors. Let, leaving the house, on your face will be the joy of warm wishes: "Have a nice day!".