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My neighborhood, my city. It's basically the same thing. You can't divide life into small parts. When you are very small, your world consists mainly of an apartment and parents. Over the years, you start to walk in the yard and did not notice how around you overgrown house and the number of friends increases. However, only leaving to live elsewhere in adulthood you realize how many years have passed and how your home has changed. I have this well reflected in my work, these passages fully convey the theme of the essay.

The metropolis met her with rain and traffic jams, as expected by the forecast. Emma smiled as she drove up to her apartment. The woman left the car in the usual place and went upstairs. It was just as cozy and quiet, despite the bustling city outside the window. Game console lying under the TV covered in dust, nedochitannaya the book lying on the bedside table, and carelessly scatter rug, covering the huge bed, beckoning to his arms.

The sound of cars honking played a lullaby to her. The day was planned complex and long, just needed to sleep, preferably without dreams, usually they bring only trouble.

Bright shop Windows gave fabulous memories of the past and possible beautiful future. After running through her native streets and buying everything she needed, Emma headed back to Storybrooke, stopping for coffee and cupcakes on her way — this was her main weakness in the huge city. The streets are also pouring rain, without stopping. Crowds of people were getting wet at intersections, including Swan. The umbrella she had forgotten in the apartment, and she didn't want to stay. So, soaked to the skin, the woman got into the car with a broken stove and went home. Of course, this word suited Storybrooke, but the child, accustomed to constantly move and change families, considered home a lot of cities, but most of all she was always Boston and new York, because that's where she lived the longest.