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Unlike most of the citizens in my city who live in the apartments, my family and I live in a house. It is situated far from the center of the city, but there is a bus stop right near our house and getting to the nearest underground station takes no more than ten minutes. We have a two-storied house and have 5 rooms. My mother says that such a house was her dream that came true. And I have no objections. I really love this place. First of all, we all have our own bedrooms with beautiful furniture, lots of space and large windows. I adore watching the city lights out of the window. I have an enormous wardrobe and a big wooden table to study. What is more, we have a very big kitchen. My mother loves cooking and sometimes we help her with it. We sit in the kitchen, turn on the radio, talk and cook. The kitchen has all the necessary equipment to make the process of cooking easier: a deep sink, cupboards, a frig, a gas-stove — everything that may be useful. Also we have a living room where we watch TV and gather all family members on important occasions. In the living room we have a big cozy sofa where my parents like to sit, but I adore the rocking chair where I can read. By the way, we have a book case, where I and my father collect our favorite books. How can I not love this amazing house?