I live at the bottom of a cul-de-sac. That’s just a fancy name for a dead-end street. It’s a very nice place to live.

I can see every single house on my street from my bedroom window, and they all look different. One house has a two-story garage even though the house is only one story high. It looks lopsided, as if it’s about to tip over. Another house has a long, winding walk. That’s nearly a quarter of a mile long! The house next door has a bright blue roof, and it faces sideways instead of front. I used to live in a different house when I was younger. It was in the same town but closer to school. I didn’t like it there as much.

Most families drive big cars. If they didn’t, they couldn’t all fit! Our bus stop is crowded too. It’s the biggest one in town. After we board the bus, it’s practically full. At night, things get pretty confusing. We have two Amys, two Sarahs, and three Adams on our street, so there are always mix-ups when our parents call us in for dinner. After dinner, when the bell on the ice cream truck jingles, about a million kids come running. It takes forever to get something.

My street is fun. After school, kids play all kinds of games outside. There’s hardly any traffic, so we can play right in the road. One house near mine is a wreck. Nobody lives in it. The outside is a mess. The yard looks bad too. We’re not allowed to play there. When we play inside, my friends like hanging out at my house best. We have an awesome game room with lots of neat stuff. It gets pretty noisy, but my mom and dad don’t care because it’s down in the basement.

As I walk down my street, I think to myself, “I never want to move.” There’s nothing special about where I live, but I can’t imagine living anyplace else.