#1 It was the day of basketball tryouts in sixth grade. The locker room was repulsive with the smell of people who have sprayed too much deodorant on themselves. As people finished changing, they slammed their rusty lockers close. Amongst the chorus of closing lockers, the sound of over enthusiastic whooping. Beneath the cacophony of the chorus were the gentle, dejected sighs of those who realize they have been outclassed. There was a stairway that led from the locker rooms to the gymnasium. The stairway was constantly unusually humid, slimy, and moldy. It is a wonder how nobody has slipped down in the past few years.

#2 The sun in the sky flared upon Jake’s family that day. However, the entire town was situated upon an elevated plateau at the eastern end of the island. The gentle sea breeze collided with the elevated ground to provide a moderate wind that cooled the locals. The town was composed of a circular street at its center with no more than thirty buildings and eight roads arranged in four sections around the circular street. As Jake walked down one of the streets, the hard black asphalt became a gentle slope of sand that led to the beach. The seemingly endless stretch of sand was littered with seaweed that has washed ashore and cooked crab carcasses that somebody neglected to throw out.

#3 In celebration of Thanksgiving, the family gathered in the living room to wait for the grandma of the family to finish cooking. The savory smell of slowly roasting turkey filled the air. Warm, toasty air circulated throughout the room from the heaters, yet the windows were kept open to keep crisp, fresh air flowing in. When the grandma declared that she had finished cooking, the rest of the family walked across the creaking floor to the kitchen. The table was filled to the brim with food. There was barely any room left on the table for the family members to put down their own plates.

#4 Moving from the bright suburbs to New York to the bustling urban streets was a dramatic change for Bob. His family moved from half a house to living in a cozy apartment. A living room, a combined space for the kitchen and dining room, a bathroom, and two bedrooms was to be his new home. The carpeting was a dull brown and felt more like fuzz than anything else. The ceiling and the walls were covered with a thin film of dust. There was a painting on the wall opposite the kitchen that illustrated nothing more than four overlapping colored squares.

#5 The Administration for Children's Safety office was a five story complex that overlooked a highway bridge. The air conditioner was blowing up air cold enough to make the employees wear jackets. The dusty old archive room was filled with sunlight. Numerous crates filled with year old documents formed small towers in the room. Hidden behind one of these towers was a computer from the 90s. Its fan was loud enough to be heard from the hallway connecting the archive room.