

The beautiful great smoky mountains



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The Beautiful Great Smoky Mountains In my subconscious, it had taken only thirty minutes for the blinding black to transform into peachy yellow, that the alarm clock rang, “ trrrrraaang, trrrrraaang.” I could feel the sunlight peeping through my half open eyes, unobstructed by the curtain of eye lashes. Lifting my left hand over my eyes, I forwarded the right one towards the clocks head, and thumped it down with an inconsiderate stroke, and dropped my arm back on the pillow. Meanwhile, I removed my left hand from my eyes and allowed the fresh yellow glistening morning sunlight to wash the sleep away, that was pouring into my dormitory from the glass window facing the sun. “ Youuuoaaoah,” I uttered the first yawn from my wide open mouth, and pursed my lips as the beautiful great smoky mountains reminded me of my plan that I had been making for weeks before. This was my first morning in my friend’s apartment opposite the Mount Everest since the start of summer vacations. I lifted the window pane, and allowed the fresh cool breeze loaded with the mild fragrance of the purple panzies to fill me up through my nostrils, and take me away. Meanwhile, I gazed at the distant yet so close smoky mountains and was virtually planning my way up to the top from my bed. I pulled the drawer of my bedside table and took out a sheet that I had placed in it the previous night. The plastic cover had cooled down to the room temperature that I discovered, was quite low for my body temperature. The red line marking my way to the top on the map of Mount Everest was visible only in parts under the foggy plastic sheet. Drops of cold water had covered the sheet in a sprayed fashion, thus requiring me to wipe them off with my handkerchief that had slid off my bed sheet onto the floor in the night while I was asleep, and as I discovered, the fluffy thing that I was feeling underneath my toe since the time I had lowered my feet off the bed

onto the floor was the very handkerchief that I had just required. I pulled back my toe, clipped the corner of the handkerchief between the tips of my thumb and the index finger, and gave it an abrupt whisk through the air so as to get all the dirt slapped off it. I wiped the sheet clean, and carefully wrapped the handkerchief so that it got stuffed into my skin tight jeans without having me to pick my bottom up for it. Now I could exactly trace my way up the beautiful smoky mountains. I placed my left hand's finger on the sheet and the right hand's one on the window glass in front of me through which I could see the mountain. Slowly, I traced my way up the real mountain with the right hand's finger as I did with that of the left hand on the map. In two seconds, I was there on the top of mountain both the map, and that in the glass, though only upon the tips of my fingers!