

My dream place



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My dream place is a metaphorical island, a small bungalow type building perched on a ledge high up on a mountain, over viewing a vast sea of forest and greenery. The house itself is small in its own cosy kind of way. It is almost entirely made up of wood, the thick panelled mahogany walls and the varnished floor shimmer in the light of the regularly tilting lanterns drifting from side to side hypnotically hanging from the ceiling like the water in a small mountain stream rippling on an early morning.

The roof stretches up for what seems miles and miles, it has five thick beams across it and the unfinished trunk of a tree stands in the middle of the floor where it takes most of the responsibility of holding up the roof, tall and proud like a king of old, its bark still attached to the trunk and large knot holes where branches once were. There are several chairs arranged in a communal circle around the fire.

A large ornate fireguard stands in front of the fireplace, its polished brass work the skillmanship of a true master. On the guard on either side sits two heavily detailed bronze lions their bodies as life like as the real things down to the last hair that is engraved onto the bronze. The rug that lies before the fire is as red as the embers of the fire itself as it dies down in the night. The chairs in front are large armchairs, enough to easily seat two people in themselves.

On one of them lays a large golden dog her head between her paws and her eyes slowly drooping down, beside her is a delicate little creature, a kitten to be precise snuggling up to share its warmth with the large dog that looks like a giant compared to the meager ball of dark chocolate brown fluff which lays

next to it. In the background a record is playing, no distinct sounds can be heard, just the gentle beat of the rhythm of the song pouring out of the old fashioned speakers like the sea washing against the shore.

In the corner stands a emerald green guitar, it stands in such away which would make the mind of any physicist boggle, it stands upright with no support swaying like a child's rocking horse or see-saw. Let me just focus on the beauty of the position of my special place, as I said it lies up on a ledge of a mountain tucked away from the over flowing violence and greed for material excess of the world.

A small path twists itself round the mountain like the coils on a spring. The path leads into the woods after a difficult climb down the steep mountain, In the woods which are dark and some would say dismal you find yourself to be standing on a peat like soil which is buried between mountains of pine cones and acorns, you watch as a squirrel running around collect goodies for the rapidly approaching winter.

If you look up from the forest through the tree tops and if you focus your eyes just to the right of the snow capped peak and down a bit you might be able to sight a small red flag waving in the cold mountain winds on top of my quaint little home. As you walk back up to my little hide away you see wild flowers of all kinds and colours from one of the many corners in spiralling road you may see the nearest town, several miles away you watch the bell swing and hear its sweet note ring across the tree tops to you.

As you approach the house you watch chickens clucking about and a small pygmy goat chewing a rose bush, you choose to pretend to notice the last

thing. You enter through the large solid looking door from which ivy drapes all over from another side of the room as you comes the sound of bubbling foreign voices, the noise is emitting itself out of a decrepit looking television set although the condition of the image was still impeccable the state of the sound was inferior to say the least but that is just how I like it.

There is one thing you should know about me and you may have already deduced the fact that I love the buzz of noise for a room or space with out noise I feel is lesser than a room or of course space with that light murmur or in fact more of that wonderful thing they called sound. I find though that although I have the television and record player going there is that wee something missing. As we once again head over to the chairs where we visited earlier we hear new sounds, a conversation between to people, they sit in the same seat together, the same seat where many a discussion or conversation has been had before.

The two barely lift their voices higher than the height of a mouse, all though all is quiet so the words are not distinguishable a person who might just so happen to pass by without the couple noticing they night be able to follow the dialogue just by there vocal expression there is nothing better than a heated discussion being said quietly yet with emotion. This place is secluded; alone, isolated but these all these words sound negative and off putting where as this is the whole attraction of this place to me, for me this place is warm and peaceful somewhere I just have to think of being there and I am transported there.

To me the fact that there is no rush to do anything, there is no deadline needed to be met for a piece of course work, no pressure coming from elders or teachers about exams and academic achievement and no pressure coming from contemporaries about how to look and act. So this is where I leave you sitting in my chair chatting away to a good friend or a newly acquired acquaintance wishing that this were in fact a real place.