

The attic



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

My task had been set and so with trepidation, I gingerly climbed the ladder that led to the attic. I balanced on the top rung of the ladder and flung open the trap door. The door crashed against the dirt blackened floorboards loudly. The musty smell hit me, as a flurry of the dust cascaded onto my head. I carefully levered myself up onto the floor above me.

I looked around the peculiar room to see beckoning shadows on the walls, as daylight tried to filter through a worn curtain, which graced the solitary window in the room. I stumbled forwards in the half-light, my outstretched hands grabbing a low beam to steady myself. The wood felt gritty and cold beneath my fingers and I looked at my hands, which were now blanketed in grime.

I walked carefully to the end of the large attic room, and drew back the faded red velvet curtain, which stretched across the tiny window. The light violated the darkness, and dispelled the gloom. The room was now really quite entrancing, the task of cleaning the room, which I had initially perceived to be a horrible chore, had now turned into a beautiful privilege. I gazed at the room that was cluttered with memorabilia of a bygone era.

Under the window stood an oval, walnut coffee table. On its dusty and worn surface stood several ornaments. I bent down and carefully picked up a grey figurine. I blew on it and the dust flew away. It was a white porcelain statuette that I now held; it was a delicate figurine of a ballet dancer. The ballerina was with her slender raised arms stood on points and her beauty contrasted with her shabby surroundings. I gently and with reluctance placed her back on the table

I looked over the walls. They were painted yellow once, but now they were a dull cream. I walked over to the wall and ran my hand over the rough surface a thick layer of dust lay on my hand. Disgusted, I wiped my hand against my thighs of as I had worn my old jeans. The wall now had a small track of where I had removed the dust, a light yellow contrasted against the tedious cream.

I looked up to see the spiders crawl over the beams, they were now the current tenants of this once beautiful place. The webs spread across from one corner of the room to the other.

I lowered my eyes and my gaze met a picture that hung askew on the shabby wall. It was a painting of a horse, with a glossy deep brown coat that stared back at me. I looked at the surroundings in the picture, with its familiar red bricks and rose bushes, and I recognised it, as my back garden. I approached the painting to get a better look and screwed into the wooden frame was a brass plaque engraved with 'High Princess- 1843'. I smiled and diverted my attention the double pushchair that seemed so out of place, as antiques surrounded it.

I recalled the days of when I was once sat in the double pushchair with William, my brother. Memories flew back to me, memories of sitting there with ice cream trickling down my chin, as Will and I happily watching the world go by. Now it stood there, the navy blue material paler and worn, the once polished metal now rusted but the memories are as vivid as yesterday.

I stood to exit, and the floorboards creaked beneath my feet, footprints left from where I had been inspecting the ornaments that lay in the room. I

headed towards the trapdoor to go and inform my parents on what I had found in our now amazing attic.

But something caught my eye, a small jewelry box. I was drawn to it; I walked towards it and picked it up. It was an ornately carved rosewood box from India. I opened the box carefully to reveal a green velvet lined interior. Inside laid unusual pieces of jewelry. I held an emerald necklace, the heavy strange jewel amazed me by its rich deep colour. I placed it carefully back down on its velvet cushioning to pick up another piece of jewelry. A ring. A ruby lay in its centre; I love rubies, as they are my birthstone and had to remind myself to ask Dad if I could have it. Once again, I replaced it. I looked out of the small window that lay behind me and saw that the sun was beginning to get low. I had to leave this room, which had intrigued me for hours. I knew I would return and I knew that at my next visit there would be even more revelations awaiting me.