

To describe an old  
attic room essay



An uneasy feeling ran through my veins. Lying down upon the soft duvet, various thoughts took over my feet. The deadly silence pierced my ears. Suddenly I found myself at the front of the Victorian bay windows. Rays of light beamed through the multicoloured leaf shaped windows, creating patterns in the deadly air. The moon was as bright as a flaming touch. The stars shone brightly in the velvet sky, which created a shadow upon the marshes. The bitter cold embraced my pale face and caused my ghostly breath to float within the air.

Suddenly I found myself at the steps of a snake stairs case. A foreboding feeling filled the air. The ancient oak floor-boards creaked, as I walked towards the dusty attic door, as I slowly turned the rusty-bronze latch, a majestic feeling took over me.

The door swung open and a gaze of light hit my eyes. Old photographs that were on the table that had turned yellow, they were pictures of young children playing there faces look pale and had big smiles on their faces as if they were having lots of fun. Damp surrounded around the room, it was like an old person with a musty scent.

The room was full of suitcases. The suitcases were tartan red and they were placed in order of size. They looked like dominos. Beautiful leaf shape brass handles were attached to either side of each suitcase. Within one of the suitcases there were old broken records. The records were of value as they were antique items. Elvis Presley, The Beatles, and Roy Orbison were definitely collectors items. Within the other suitcase there was a collection of Jane Austen's novels and Charlotte Brontë's "Jane Eyre." Within "Pride and

Prejudice," there was a preserved heart shaped red Lilly. Peeling back the tissues paper one could see how delicate and paper thin the flower was. A nostalgic feeling filled the air. Eternal time had preserved the memories of the young lover.

Lying beside the suitcase was pile of newspapers. They were piled high like a mountain. You could tell they were of value because they were pile neatly the newspaper had brown coffee stains and the paper was thin as a tissue. The first title on the newspaper was in dark black italic writing. The word 'Local scandal,' triggered off many thoughts. The article was about two lovers that were murdered with an axe! The paper felt light like tracing paper.

Within the far corner of the misty room was sparkling Royal Dalton china set. The elegant sparkle bouncing off the gold rims showed the boldness shape and effortless weight of the china set sitting in the corner of the room.

At the far end of the attic was a grand piano. The spacious piano took almost a quarter of the room; the polished mahogany colour hit my eyes the keys were hidden under the flap. The keys were a shiny ivory and black colour and on top of the piano were a music stand which had a piece of music on it; it looked as if somebody had just finished playing the piano. The piano created a peaceful atmosphere around the room.

Within the middle of the maze, there was untouched silver candle sticks wrapped in old newspapers, as you unwrapped the candle sticks sterling silver shone in your eyes. The sizes of the candle sticks were as if they were long metal cylinders.

The magical, mysterious attic was such an adventure would might experiencing it again. It had a fun adventures feeling to it. It was amazing.