

Basement



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

There was nothing spectacular about the place where I grew up. Just like every other neighborhood it had streets laid out like railroad tracks, unimaginative, straight and plain boring. The trees were scattered along the sidewalk giving the impression as if they had just been tossed into the wind and made to scatter like dandelions in the spring breeze. Even the architecture of the houses was common. Every house sported the same white picket fence and Victorian architecture similar to those found in San Francisco.

Houses were identified not by the type of design or color that they had but instead were simply called by a number. I lived on number 32 and like all the other houses in my neighborhood, we had the same white picket fence and sported the latest American family car fit for going on camping or going on long trips. Yet I always felt happy when I entered my house because I knew that it had something that no other house in my neighborhood had; my personal haven. It's not much of a haven to speak of when describing it objectively but there was something about it that made it mine and made my own house feel special.

Like a moat before the castle, my house was simply the device which kept people away from my sanctuary, giving the illusion that it was common but hiding my haven within. The haven that I speak of is my basement. It was never really mine to begin with. I had to bargain with my parents so as not to turn it into their own personal storage room. I won out at the bargaining table, somewhat as a part of it was still converted into a storage room and boxes upon boxes stacked on top of each other resembling skyscrapers that were too high and could tumble at any moment.

But that had to do. As for the aesthetics of my haven, it was nothing remarkable to a stranger's eye. There were no fountains or statues or even decent paintings. It was like a cave to be more accurate, complete with all the accessories such as the cobwebs and spiders and perhaps moss and mildew hiding behind the tumbling skyscrapers. Yet to me it was a haven. My haven protected me from everything that threatened me in the outside world. It was like a cocoon, wrapping me in its protective shell to shield me from the predators and uneasiness that the real world brought.

The old lazy boy which I had managed to save from the garage sale was my throne; leather so worn that it felt like an old blanket and kept me warm during the winters. My scepter was the remote control with which I ruled my kingdom. I could flip channels and see what was happening in the realm that I controlled. It was the most powerful device in my haven as it could scan through over 200 channels and I could see everything that was happening and the people on my screen were unaware of the all Seeing Eye. It was only recently that my kingdom had expanded when I got a personal computer set up in my basement.

Now my plans for world dominance were complete. I could rule the world through my haven. It was the mainframe computer in the bat cave, capable of issuing commands to my minions and sending out orders for provisions and food. Beneath the plain looking facade of house 32, behind the white picket fence, lay my own personal haven, my sanctuary, my throne room through which I would rule the world. The towering skyscrapers would have to wait. I had bigger plans. I had bigger dreams. And one day, I knew that I would have to find another place that I could call my haven.