

Creative writing



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

The Step Into the Open World I gradually rotated the partly rusted golden handle leading into the free and natural world outside, and as I looked down I noticed the handle reflected a clinical white light loosely hanging and swaying from side to side, clanking against the wall in the cool summer night air breeze which drafted in from a small sharp break in the moss infected window. I looked at the meandering green ivy plant which twisted and turned as it engulfed much of the window. To my right there was a photograph, of a proud and mostly joyous bunch. One man, rather an old adolescent, seemed to have planted himself in the centre of the photograph, his summer sky blue eyes fixated on the lens of the camera; his countenance showed confidence and contentment.

The adolescent's ears were hidden behind his brown hair which, as the sun shone down upon it, lit up and rose on end, almost as a flower does as it strives for sunlight. The man's eyes showed no fear and seemed not to allow you in as if he was hiding something beneath his confident and contented facade. He had no wrinkles or bags underneath his eyes nor any imperfections, except a small cluster of freckles which ran over his nose and under his eyes, darkening as the sun hit them. The next fellow in the photograph was a little round portly man; he was the pinnacle of ugliness, wearing a baggy, unfitted Hawaiian shirt with a pink flamingo, which frayed at the sides a result of it being stitched on by an amateur. The shirt remained fastened with a single blue button, which fought a great effort to hold in his round belly, inconveniently for the button the belly remained to force its way out. He wore shorts, which seemed to cause a deep discomfort as the belt dug into his underbelly. His blue socks with an emblem of a

superhero, were unfashionably inserted into black sandals with a single Velcro strap. The man's countenance showed great distress as a young girl appears to have been mocking him, pointing and laughing.

His nose was crooked and was barely visible between his prominent cellulite filled cheeks, his complexion a slight red as his face fills with blood, this runs down through his neck and on to his collar bone and upper arms, his pale skin which appears as if it rarely sees light shines and blinds in the sunlight, his yellow snaggy teeth as he unwillingly smiles glisten a golden yellow in the sun as he stands uncomfortable with his round shoulders skew-whiff, contrasting to the confident and content man at the centre of the photograph. The child who is mocking the ugly rounded man stands to his right, she looks 11 or so and has that beauty of youth with a big smile spread across her visage as she tries to contain her laughter, as the rounded man stands uncomfortably. Her attire is a small hand woven dress with flowers imprinted on it and some yellow jelly sandals tied round with single yellow straps with glitter embedded in them. Her thick brown hair is tied in two small pigtails, which droop at the end. In the right hand corner of the photograph there lies a dog which appears to of been tossing and turning in the mud, its thick coarse hair managing to soak up a great deal of it, which has caused a grin of contentment to fill its face. The background is a grand mansion, with white pillars which tower above the subjects' heads giving a feeling of perspective and the sheer size of the columns. Faded brick of a light brownie-orange colour is in the walls; their texture is rough and crumbly.

There are three long rectangular windows on which the sun shines. The cracked and peeled paint, unlike a flower, retreats as it curls and shrivels into reclusive shapes. A single tree towers above the dog rolling in the mud, and casts a dark heavy shadow over part of the mansion. The tree looks strong, powerful and sturdy and its thick trunk enhances these qualities. Its branches like limbs reach out to grab the sun, giving home to leaves whose chlorophyll make them glow a vibrant green, as the sun penetrates through.

By now the handle of the door I had paused in opening had almost hit its limit. I waited for the comforting sound that a handle makes when it is being opened, closed unlocked or locked. As the door swung open with a gust of wind, I crept through taking each step with caution, apprehensive of leaving the secure confinement of the house and taking that step, no, that leap from safety into the unknown vast expanse of the open world outside.