

The house of my dreams



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Wrong! Because anything is possible nowadays! And..

. it can happen.. it did happen.. Infact.

. It happened to me.. This morning! This morning, when I woke up, I wasn't sleeping in my own bed, in my own room, in my own house. Instead I was sleeping on a luxurious four-poster bed.

It had net curtains hanging down from it. It was really soft and warm. I was snuggling up under a big, warm duvet. I didn't want to get out of bed. It was so comfortable.

I wrapped my arms around myself, to keep myself extra warm and turned over onto my other side. I pulled the duvet further up so that it covered my face. I could feel the soft duvet against my cheek. The pillow I was sleeping on felt very supple. A smile crept along my face as I thought of Hasmit. Hasmit was my fiance.

We had been engaged for 6 months now and had been dating for 3 years. I loved Hasmit with all my heart and soul. I closed my eyes and thought about the last time I had seen him. We had gone to Graventine Park and I had spent the whole day in his arms. We would usually go to the park because it was the only place where we got some peace and quiet. Graventine Park was a big park near my house.

It was where I had taken him on our first date. Graventine Park and me are like old friends. We share so many memories. I had spent most of my childhood there and most of my young adult life.

It was the place I would go to whenever I needed to clean my head or get some fresh air. Hasmit and I sat under my favourite tree. We were sitting so close that I could feel his heart beat. He wrapped his hands against my stomach and his head was tilted against mine.

I could hear him breathing heavily. I could have spent my whole life in his arms. Whenever we are together we get so lost in each other and forget about the rest of the world. No person in this world could separate me from hasmit. Lots of people had tried to separate us in the past but our love was too strong for anyone to break it. Taking hasmit away from me was like taking water from the ocean or stars from the sky.

An ocean is incomplete without water, the sky is incomplete without stars and I was incomplete without hasmit. I had loved hasmit since I was sixteen and I had promised my self that I would love him till the end of time. To tell you the truth I had really disliked hasmit at first, he was absolutely gorgeous but that was about it. But slowly he started to grow on me. We were both such different people. I was loud, immature, living life to its full, not caring what the world thinks where as he was more into his work, career, future.

. etc. We shared such different hobbies. I liked dancing, singing, reading but he liked football, game boys, cars, and playstations . etc.

But slowly I started to like all the things he liked I don't know why, and I found myself completely changed. But one thing we both had in common was that we both loved our parents more than we loved god himself. I always thought I would never fall in love with him. But I did and I will always

love him, I loved him yesterday, I love him today and I will love him tomorrow. My love for him gets stronger and stronger day by day.

All of my friends kept on telling me he was the right one but I had never believed them but now I am proud to say they were right! I closed my eyes and thought of Hasmits black hair and his dreamt brown eyes and his soft red lips. I thought about his warm arms and his soft, smooth clear skin. A feeling of emptiness crept over me. I really missed Hasmit for some strange reason. I felt as if he wasn't with me, like we had been separated forever. A tear dropped down my face.

I slowly sat up and pulled the duvet off my head. I didn't want to get out of bed. It was so warm. About ten minutes later I got out of bed. When I saw the rest of the room I was gobsmacked! It was gigantic. I was speechless.

The room looked exactly like something out of a fairytale book. It looked exactly like the room that I had been dreaming about since the age of fourteen. I walked around the room to see a dressing table. The dressing table was white. There was a massive mirror hanging above it. I looked in the mirror and saw the same thing I saw every morning.

I saw my brown hair sticking up in all different directions. I had some yellow gunk in the corner of my eyes. I could see the startings of a lone zit on my left cheek. My lips were red and dry.

I picked up the hairbrush of the dressing table and started to brush my hair. I slowly managed to tame my hair. As I was brushing my hair I saw a bruise on

my forehead that I had never noticed before. I put the hairbrush back on the table. I didn't feel right using a hairbrush that didn't belong to me.

My mum had always told me to ask before using someone else's stuff. But I don't know what had come over me then. I felt as if the hairbrush I was using belonged to me. I was just about to walk away from the mirror when it occurred to me that instead of wearing my cute pink pyjamas I was wearing a nice long satin gown. It looked so royal.

I felt like a princess. I walked away from the dressing table and looked around the room. In the corner of the room there was a big wardrobe. I slowly walked away from the dressing table and looked around the room.

In the corner of the room there was a big wardrobe. I slowly walked over to the wardrobe. I gently put my hands on the handle and twisted it. The wardrobe door creaked as I opened it. Inside the wardrobe were beautiful clothes all of different colours, styles and all for different occasions. And it was obvious to me now that the person living there was very rich because the clothes looked very pricey.

They looked like clothes out of a fairy tale book. They looked like clothes I had always dreamt of wearing. Hasmit had always called me his princess and had promised me that one day I would have my own kingdom. Being in this strange house, I felt as if I was a princess. I felt rich, royal and special. I closed the wardrobe and walked away towards the door.

I decided that I wanted to explore the rest of the house. I wanted to see what was beyond these four walls. I slowly twisted the handle of the titanic door,

and opened it. I was amazed when I saw what I saw outside in the living room. It was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen.

The room was massive. It was ten times the size of my room at home. The room looked so warm and cosy. There was a big fireplace in the far end of the room. In the centre of the room was a glass coffee table. Around the table were sofas.

There were four sofas and one rocking chair. I had a rocking chair at home. I used to sit on it when I wanted to think about things. My gran I had given it to me in her will. I turned my head to the left and saw a long brown dining table. It looked like something from Buckingham palace.

And could fit about 30 people on it. On the table was set out a big breakfast. There was fruit, cereals, toast and tea. My stomach rumbled furiously. I was getting hungry just by the smell of the food.

My mouth was watering. I wanted to walk over to the table and gobble up all the food, but I thought it would be rude to eat someone else's food. The room looked very dark so I walked across the pine floorboards and open the thick burgundy curtains. The curtains must have weighed a tonne. I was just about to walk away from the window when it appeared to me what I had just seen.

Outside the window I had just seen what looked like me standing outside my school. It looked like what was the first day of my secondary school. I was standing there with two pigtails in my hair. I was wearing a pleated blue skirt and a light blue shirt with a navy blue jumper on it.

I was standing there holding my mum's hands all alone in the middle of the playground. The playground was full of New Year sevens who looked just as terrified and scared as me. The bell for registration rang. My heart thumped. I didn't want to let go of my mum's hand. What if I couldn't make any new friends? What if I didn't like it? So many questions were going on in my head.

My mum let go of my hand and I felt really scared. My palm was all sweaty. I let go of my mum's hand and I walked into my form line. A tear dropped down my eye.

A girl turned around and smiled at me when she saw how worried I looked. She asked " aww what's wrong? " I shook my head and said " nothing" then I wiped my tear and smiled at her. " Hi I'm Natasha" she said. I looked at her and smiled, " Preena" I said " my names Preena. " I took a step back from the window and smiled.

Since that day Natasha and I have been best friends. We had told each other everything. I closed my eyes and thought about what I had just seen. How the hell could I have seen my past through a window? I must have been imagining things! I walked over to the next window. I took a deep breath and opened the curtains. I tried to take a step back but I couldn't, my feet were glued to the floor.

My eyes stared outside the window. My heart beated fast as I saw Hasmit standing outside the window. I stared at his beautiful face and his big brown eyes that I often gazed into. He was wearing black shirt and jeans.

But he wasn't alone. He was with a girl. And the girl had the same face as me. Infact it was me.

It was me and him walking side-by-side, holding hands along the seashore. We stopped in the middle and kissed for a second. Then carried on walking. While he was walking. I bent down and picked up some sand and put it down Hasmits back giggling.

He turned around to look at me, and said picking up some sand " right, that's it!! " I laughed and ran in front of him. He ran after me with sand in his hand. He caught up with me and tried to put the sand on me, but as I tried to escape I fell over. He stood there and laughed. I sat up wiping the sand off me. Hasmit was about to walk on the other side when I put my leg up and tripped him up.

He landed on top of me. Hasmit was about to walk on the other side when I put my leg up and tripped him up. He landed on top of me. He stared at my face and I looked back at his. " Preena..

" he whispered " hmm" I said giving him a response " this! " he said whilst picking up some sand and rubbing it on my face. " Has!! " I yelled. He shrugged and said that now we were even. I laughed and Hasmit started to laugh with me.

I loved the way he laughed, and I loved it when he laughed. I hope that I could keep him laughing and happy all the time. Suddenly he stopped laughing and put his hands over my mouth. " Preena..

I love you," he said. I looked at him shocked. This was the first time he had said that to me. He slowly took his hands away from my mouth. I guess I had always known that I had loved him but I hadn't had the guts to tell him to his face. I lay there quietly.

Nothing would come out of my mouth, but inside my heart was dancing. I was really happy. I felt as if I had heard something that I had always wanted to hear. It showed me how committed Hasmit was to me.

I closed my eyes and a tear dropped out of them. Hasmit wiped the tear away. I slowly opened my eyes and hugged Hasmit tight,. " I love you too" I said. I took a step back from the window. My eyes were covered in tears.

That was the most treasured moments of my life. I went to sit down at the table. I closed my eyes and thought about what I had just seen out of the window. Then suddenly images appeared in my mind and I started to remember something I had forgotten. ..

Three days ago, hasmit and me were on our way to town, music was very loud. Hasmit had turned around to kiss me when he hadn't seen the lorry coming from the other direction and we had had an accident. I also remembered waking up in hospital; I had lots of machines around me and my mum was crying her eyes out. " I had tried to speak but nothing came out of my mouth. My mum and dad came to me and held my hand. I looked at my mum and the only words that came out of mouth are " Hasmit.

" A tear dropped down my mums eyes and she said " darling, in the accident you had.. Well.. you see.

.. Hasmit didn't make it. " My head started to hurt and I burst into tears."

Preena.

. control yourself" said my dad. Everything will be fine" said my dad. I looked at him in disgust.

How would everything be fine? Hasmit wasn't here, how could he leave me? He said he would be with me forever. My heart felt as if it had been ripped out. My dreams were shattered. I felt as if all my memories of him were just stories now. My heart was thumping faster and faster.

I had always told myself that if my love was true and strong then we could survive everything. True love always wins in the end. But how could it win this time? Suddenly my eyelids felt heavy. I felt empty inside.

Suddenly, the machine connected to my body went off and started to make beeping sounds. That's all I could remember, after that I had woken up in this strange house. I slowly opened my eyes and saw my grandma sitting next to me. " I'm losing it" I said to myself.

My grandma had died years ago. But suddenly the woman sitting next to me said " no, your not dear. " I looked at her. My face froze. " Grandma? " I asked.

The woman nodded. " Where am I? " I asked. She smiled and said " Preena do you remember when you were little and I used to tell you about the place where we went to after we died? " I nodded and replied, " The house of dreams or something wasn't it? " My grandma said " yes, dear and that's

where you are. You are in a small house in dreamland and this is the house of your dreams. " That meant I was dead.

" This is a house where you relive your most valued moments. Just like you did through those windows. " Said my grandma. I got up from the chair I was sitting on and said " how can this be my dream house if the man of my dreams isn't here? " I asked. " But that's where you're wrong honey" she said.

I turned around and saw Hasmit standing there. I ran up to him and hugged him tight. My gran looked at us and said, " This is the house of your dreams, both of your dreams because you are made for each other. And then she disappeared.

" I love you" I said to Hasmit. " Don't ever leave me again. " Then he hugged me tight and said " I promise baby, I promise" I closed my eyes and thought about how lucky I was to have him. Sometimes you don't know what you've got until you've lost it. And usually when you've lost it, it becomes very hard to find again. But not with love.

If you've lost your love then you can get it back if your love is true and strong. My love was true and true love always wins in the end no matter how big the problem that they are facing is.