

# Three Bedrooms, three people, three backgrounds

By Fan-Rey Yang

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It had purple wallpaper with pink splotches all over. Bright green covers covering the worn out bed was covered in crumbs and breakfast from a week ago. Walking across the room itself was a skill. With rotten floorboards camouflaged with disowned pieces of clothing, one misstep and a broken neck for you.

The only safe place in the room was a clearing of about three metres in diameter embracing the window. The window itself was enough of a prize to risk the death sentence beneath. It curved outward creating a kind of semicircle allowing a view of one hundred and eighty degrees from side to side also with the elevated seven floors beneath this glass balcony showing the ever-changing seasons. The forever-gleaming window with the height of at least three average people gave a sensational feeling, as if you were soaring through space.

Here the artist sat and drew with her ever changing inspirations.

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Big wooden posts stood on the corners of a bed capable of fitting twenty children easily. But one lonesome ever so arrogant boy slept here dreaming of the new Nintendo, which isn't available to the public, which his dad will bring back for him next week as his birthday present.

Scattered around the room were broken toys that most children would want so much they'd commit themselves to do their chores for a whole year and save all their pocket money, but even then they would not be able to afford it.

A present from Auntie Doreen lay unwrapped and pushed to the corner of the room. Chocolate muffins that he had lost interest in lay on the cabinet, ready for the maid to come and clean up in a weeks time when flies start to gather and lead her through this enormous room to the culprit.

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The room was built and furnished in wood. Brown was the orderly military colour. A large wooden desk was pushed right against the wall of the entranceway, covered in maps and documents. In the right corner was a hard wooden bed only a fit soldier could ever fall asleep on.

On the other side a brown cabinet with an attached lock was for personal items. Apart from the three wooden pieces of furniture the room was bare. The floorboards scratched your feet when you walked barefoot and splinters often went unnoticed. The dreary life of a soldier is surrounded by brown.