

The Monstrosity Called My Bedroom by Zara Gardiner

I take a deep breath and slowly open my door, it is eerily silent as it makes the loudest creak I have ever heard. I take one step in through the door way and am instantly hit with a putrid smell of dirty sport socks and old apple cores. I hold my breath and look around my bedroom, it looks like an atomic bomb was dropped in there and has completely demolished everything inside. I look up and see that the ceiling fan has banana peels and dirty clothes hanging limply off it and I am instantly disgusted with myself. How in the world did I get BANANA peels up there? Before I run out of there screaming like a girl at a One Direction concert, I slap on my gloves and get to work. I dig through endless piles of clothes which have become a 'floordrobe' and find my favourite shirt that I thought I had lost two years ago which now has mould growing lusciously off it. I finally hit carpet which I have vague memories of being a cream colour but is now a green, brown colour. My eyes start to water from the toxic fumes coming out of the carpet.

I move onto my desk which is about the same height as a small giraffe and looks a lot like a compost bin and smells like one too, I bring a ladder and start sorting through enough paper to build a forest. I get half way through and find my year five assignment on how not to waste trees – ironic, right? I keep going, afraid that the weight of all the paper will snap the table in half as easily as snapping a toothpick. After I finish on my desk I move on to my bed and wonder how I was sleeping in it for all those years. The top of my bed has everything on there from last week's lunch as well as my skate board, which I thought had been lost forever. After what seems like a few years I make it to under my doona where I find the skeleton of a rat (I think), some green looking pizza and my cat who is looking a tad underweight and that I thought had ran away a couple of months ago. I finally clear my bed and burn everything except the frame and the cat. I march out of my room feeling like I have accomplished something. I turn on my television and see that there is a missing girl who has not been seen for two months and looks oddly like me...