

Memories

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Kapitel 1: My old home

Where did I live? Give me some time to visualize it... it has been a long time ago. I lived in an old mixed forest, which was light and friendly. In the beginning you can touch the black and white bark of the many silver birches and few dark scot pines surrounded by golden meadows swaying in the warm wind. There was a small trail which lead to the older parts of the forest, its core where there were more and more... oaks! Walking on the soft forest floor, which was covered in old and dry brown leaves and acorns you could sometimes catch a glimpse of some red squirrels running and hiding their treasures.

If you go further you would finally come to the oldest part with the tallest oaks which had an exceptional huge diameter, big enough for houses. Yes, I lived in trees. You wouldn't see my house, if you didn't know where to look at, because the biggest branches and greenest leaves would hide it. My house was built by my ancestors and it was built with wood, dark oak logs and wood shingles which forbade the hotness of the dry summer and the coldness of the white winter to come into the rooms which where many, because my house was sitting in one, but many trees and bridges looking like branches connected it parts. I could invite many guests proving bedrooms and two big kitchens.

If there was a storm my house would rock back and forth which can be frightening at first, but it's a solid house. If you looked out of the windows you would see the green foliage in spring, and the blackest branches and twigs covered by frost and snow. Sometimes you could see the silhouettes of big ravens sitting in the trees and waiting for some food.

You had to climb on the branches or had to use a silver rope-ladder to reach my house. If you wanted to transport huge stuff like chests of food and barrels filled with fruit juice (and wine perhaps) you needed block and tackle, but we had also our secrets cellars vaults in the earth hidden by leaves and old grey and green foundlings overgrown with moss.

The rooms were cozy and filled with books, because I love books. And if it's not a book you would find parchments and paper one my big desk, which was my favorite place. There I would sit and read and write and draw. My chair was comfortable although it was made of blackened metal and red (and soft) velvet. Even more comfortable were my big red armchair and my even bigger bed with it many pillows and thick blankets. When you wake up in the morning you can hear the singing of blackbirds and the common chaffinches and the chirping of the passerines.

There was a colorful coverlet which my mother made. She had although chosen the

paintings hanging on the walls which surprisingly didn't show landscapes with meadows and woods, but the green and blue sea and white and green shores. We love the open rushing sea, but hide in the calm and fragrant woods. (At the sea there was a great forest, too, but it looked bizarre and ghostly, because the wind made the grow in strange ways.)

The kitchen was big enough for five persons. There you could chat, bake bread, make butter, cook a hot stew or chop vegetables or fruits for a refreshing salad. There was always a bouquet of flowers or twigs from the woods and meadows standing on the table. We had a room where we would dry herbs and fruits for tea and another room for cheese. We ate in the dining room which had many windows for the light to come into the room. The table was long and heavy and had drawers under the table board. In the drawers were stored the cutlery, but also dices and cards, because we used the tables for playing games, too.

There weren't rooms build onto other rooms, but we had short stairs which lead you to rooms who were build higher in the treetop. There was one chamber called the moon room. You could look out of the windows to follow the moon riding through the night or gazing at the blue stars in the black sky. There was a little (but safe) balcony, too. If you extinguished the light of the candles and oil lamps you were able to see even more stars.