

September 04  
TRD No1 (b)

St Aidan's E/C High School  
Harrogate  
Original Writing  
An album of a Descriptive  
Snapshot  
The Perfect Holiday

Farnoosh  
Jalali  
10W

It was a long exhausting trip to our destination I remember arriving to the exotic country in a colossal aeroplane, from then on I don't remember how I got from the airport to my uncles exquisite home. I just recall sleeping dizzily through the journey from the crowded isolated airport.

My uncle's elegant house was a voluminous penthouse. I recollect sitting down in the lavished living area of the grand flawless penthouse. That was where I took my first picture in the foreign land.

In this memorable picture I could observe the colour scheme of the living room was a shade of a magnificent gold with a smooth oak brown wooden colour. The atmosphere of the place looked posh, luxurious and delicate, but it also felt comfortable, warm and welcoming.

Hanging from the high ceiling of the courtly penthouse I could see , in my snapshot, these two sumptuous crystal chandeliers. The chandeliers weren't very big but they still looked ravishing with their crystal like stones dangling down and their genteel candle like bulbs pointed up towards the sky.

Towards the back of the extravagant room was a little row of windows shaped like doors. Covering these large windows were two arrangements of curtains. The first curtain was made out of a thin whit light material and it covered all the windows. Over the top of that curtain was a vast, bulky heavy curtain which was tied back at each end. The curtains were perfectly fitted for the sizable windows. The main curtain was a quite shady golden colour with random patterns which were a lighter shade of gold all over the curtain.

The golden curtain was neatly organized to look very posh and classy. At either side of the tied up curtain were pretty pale woollen golden tassels drooping at the top of the curtain.

The thick tough walls of the pure refined penthouse were a very pale golden colour. This colour corresponded all of the objects in the room. The immense walls were covered in pictures and artistic portraits which gave the penthouse a rather modern feel to it.

Opposite the spacious windows was an antique dining table. The ancient dining table was created for eight people. The dinning table's chairs looked hand made and very posh and high class. The colour of the chairs was a very light gold which looked like a sliver from a long distance. Around the rim of the chairs was a hard wooden edge and the chairs had high backs. The table cloth which flopped over the polished dinning table was also the same pale gold colour to match the chairs. The whole dinning table looked servile and archetypal.

There were two sets of settees and armchairs out. One of the sets matched the dinning table this set was in front of the dinning table arranged in a sort of rectangular shape. The other set looked more comfortable and homely it was still a gold colour but it wasn't as shiny. The wood on the comfortable set of furniture was a lighter shade than the antiques ones in front of the fine-looking dinning table. The antique masterly set was more graceful than the other set but the other set looked more appealing and relaxing to sit on, this modern set was in front of the classic set.

In my view I could see my dad and uncle sitting on the cosy set of armchairs. They both looked quite flushed but very tranquil. My dad was wearing light bright colours; he was wearing creamy whitish grey trousers with a dazzling white polo shirt. His knee was raised a bit and leaning against the arm of the chair his position made him look very relaxed and comfy.

But on the other hand my uncle was dressed up in dark dull boring colours. He was in a long sleeved dark blue shirt with plain grey trousers. I noticed that my little sister was crouching down on my uncle's lap. She looked rather petit and delicate next to my uncle and she was the only one out of the three to have no emotion in her facial expression. She looked blank and clueless on what was happening and where she was.

Persian rugs matted most of the shiny tiles laid on the floor. These rugs looked hand made and very precious, they looked unique and original. They helped the penthouse look priceless and expensive. The rugs gave the whole place a foreign yet welcoming snug look.

The whole penthouse looked gorgeous and breath taking it looked like a mini palace.