

## ***An English Exercise.***

**Ex.2: Write a description of your office. (Note: that time we were moving in a new office with a lot of boring discussion on the furniture. So I written this “Fantasy” story with an ending part good to write a modern Fantasy book transferred at our current time.**

### **“A dreadful dream”.**

Last night I had a dreadful dream.

Sitting at my executive cherry wood desk, 2 metres wide, 90 cm deep, I was enjoying my wonderful new office. Looking through the large windows, I was studying the artistic style of the Central Station building, when one of our new employees called me from his operative desk, just to request a little help.

As I entered his wide and sunny operative office, with untouched white walls and well-smoothed beige marble floors, I looked for him giving a glance to the four angular desks joined as a big cross in the middle of the room and divided by thin yellow separator walls. The bright maple surfaces of the tables, full of white documents, were strongly coloured by the light that bounced back against the yellow thin artificial walls, which divided each working place from the others, and all the room seemed to me like a confused big egg scrambled on a white dish.

He was seated at his angular desk which was positioned on the left corner, while the first desk was empty and the other two desks, close to the windows, were practically hidden from my eyes by the yellow artificial separators. I didn't know if there were other employees in the office. Anyway I had the perception of being alone in the room, he and me.

That small figure was working at the computer, looking at the big screen in the central corner of his desk and typing madly but carefully on the keyboard. I noticed a strange sense of devotion in him for that old computer. Seated on an orange seat, he was stuck in the corner, jammed with the grey drawer against his left leg and the computer case against his right leg, since it was positioned on the floor fixed to the right side of the desk.

The angular table took up a space of 140 per 140 cm, plus a gap of twenty cm that divided the desk from the wall, leaving him just a space of less than 60 cm to move and position his chair. I immediately noticed sharply black signs on the white wall behind his chair. The guy continuously moved himself with a real sense of anxiety and several new signs were left on the well-painted walls.

Pale shadows surging from the yellow dividers flooded his face. My eyes, blinded by the sunrays projected through the wide windows, were unable to recognise him. I was just able to see his oval baldhead, with long and sparse grey hair.

«What's the problem? Do you need a suggestion?» I gently asked him, leaning myself on the sharply cut border of the desk, on the back of his shoulders. At that moment the sight of that constricted place, the touch of that table, the contrast of the well rounded and smooth border of my executive desk with the too much angular borders of that desk brought my memory back to my schooldays, when I was studying in a small desk 90 per 50 cm, with my long legs blocked under the small table, seriously damaged by several previous students.

«Finally! My keyboard! Mmmmh!» was the first expression that I heard from his large mouth.

«Well! I appreciate that you love the keyboard, but what's the reason of your calling?» I asked him as I curved on the desk.

Then I felt a pain on my back. My age, my recent problem with my supposed hernia and my conspicuous height, much over the average, suggested me to find a second chair and to sit side by side with that strange employee. So I kept the chair of the adjacent desk and I tried to seat close to him. The room was insufficient to easily move the chair and the desk shape made me impossible to sit effectively on his side.

Anyway, seated on his back, extending my long legs parallel to the desk border because the computer case obstructed me, I tried to understand what he was doing. Looking askance at him, trying to avoid new black signs on the white walls, I noticed a disgusting smell coming from his minute body. But I deferred telling him, because I hadn't yet recognised who he was.

Then I focused with my old eyes the video screen, a little too much far considering my myopia. Suddenly I understood that he was destroying some icons on the screen desktop by typing randomly on the keyboard with soft puckish touches.

«Hey! Old boy! What are you doing?» I shouted him with authority.

«Mmmmh! My precious keyboard!» was the second expression that I heard from his disgusting mouth.

«Are you fool? Stop doing that?» I firmly ordered him. «That's not the right way to protest or remonstrate against my firm!»

Next I attempted to reach the keyboard and the dream was definitely transformed into a real nightmare. Despite my long arms I was incapable of reaching the keyboard from that position. So I discovered myself lurking on the beige desk-table and fruitlessly trying to grab the keyboard. My body was stuck on the chair, blocked against the sharp-cut border of the desk.

The strange employee pushed the keyboard away from me, protecting it on the left side of his desk. Then he blocked my arm with his rough hand and looking at me with his evil, big and swollen eyes, stained with blood, said to me: «Give it to us! It's my Precious! My lovely Precious! Leave it to us, Master!»

«Aaaargh!!!» I woke up immediately. With a trembling hand I wiped my forehead covered with beads of cold sweat.

«Why Gandalf didn't advice me about the next reincarnation of Gollum's?»

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