

# My loft<sup>1</sup>

by Viktoria Fischer Godske

I remember when I didn't have a loft in my bedroom. I specifically remember one day when I had spent a lovely day in Tivoli with my grandparents and cousin and at the end of the trip, I had gotten a balloon. I think it was shaped like a panda, and immediately I got the string attached to the balloon in my hand, I held it in a tightly-secured fist all the way home. I wouldn't let go. I would spend the car ride home just observing the panda balloon from every angle, as delighted as one could be. When I arrived home and got into my room, my feelings of excitement could still fill the entire room up to the ceiling. But then at one point, the balloon released itself from my hands' constraint and was suddenly completely out of my control, as it rose towards my bedroom ceiling. Something I had held so carefully and confidently in my hands was now completely out of my reach. The balloon soon slowly deflated and returned to the floor, just in another shape.

I remember when my loft was built and how the joy I had felt for my panda balloon was incomparable to how ecstatic I was with having my loft. I had a two-level bedroom now. At one point I put a sign on my door claiming that my bedroom had its house number which was 30 and a half since my family's actual house number is 30. When I think about it now, that was kind of silly, but it does explain the level of pride I felt. It was like the possibilities were endless. I remember a big part of my childhood up on my loft. When I played with friends at my house, it would always take place in my loft, and almost every day when I came home from school, I would go to my loft immediately. It was my place for thinking, reading, and a whole bunch of creative projects.

Slowly as I got older, I began spending less and less time in my loft. When I had stuff in my room, like old toys and stuffed animals, which I didn't want people to see when they walked into my room, they would be relocated to my loft. When I had people over who asked to go on my loft, I would reply: "Yeah sure, but it's really messy." Not an ounce of pride implied. At some point, the amusement I had associated with my loft had completely left my consciousness. I feel like it went years before I went up on my loft again, only to clean a little, or to put up some more old stuff that was disturbing the rest of my room.

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<sup>1</sup> Hems

But then we were all told to stay home. I couldn't go see my friends every day as I was used to, and suddenly I got a lot of time to myself. I went up to my loft again, and I started looking around. I looked at the inviting brown leather armchair, which I had gotten from grandparents when they moved into their new apartment. The armchair is one I have cherished since I was a little girl and is a piece of furniture I know I will possess my entire life. So why was I neglecting its existence? I needed to clean up and make my loft cozier if I was going to spend more time up here. I put a little table by the side of my armchair and brought up some books. I haven't been reading that much, so the loft would make a nice reading space. Even though I did not feel the same excitement in my stomach as I did when I was younger, the loft still gives me a sense of comfort since it is a place for all my thoughts and ideas. Sometimes I write them down, other times I just let them go, and that is something I wasn't able to grasp on a hectic school day, or perhaps I just didn't prioritize it. Either way, this is a new thing I appreciate in my life, and I hope I don't let it go.