

I entered the ancient, old basement; I looked around the whole basement. It was filled with broken bits of glass near the door. I flicked the light switch and a dim light filled the air; then it got darker and darker and darker. A hurricane occurred with rain; the wind was really bad; the window was open. I felt isolated as if everything was trapped inside the basement itself.

"Woah!" I whispered in shock. "This is not what I expected." I had expected spiders and cobwebs, copper

tins, a birch wood dresser and cotton pillows-just like my basement at home.

However, as I explored this ancient basement further, I saw that I could not have been more wrong. My ancestral Grandma's elderly basement was unlike anything I had ever seen before. My basement is clean.