**The Nursery**

I stepped over the nursery threshold and entered a different place, world, and time. A massive city was cut into the rock of an even huger, rocky mountain that seemed to go on forever. As such, all the buildings were touching, or only feet apart, with flat roofs and walls that you could – with some difficulty – climb up on top of. The fastest way to get around was to climb and jump from building to building, instead of making your way through the streets below, which were bustling with passerby. There were merchants selling everything, from food to clothes to trinkets that you could buy as a souvenir of that part of the city. Everybody lived in the city, but it was so big that in a lifetime you could not see it all. The aroma of baked goods swirled up to the roof I was on, and I became so hungry that I jumped down to the street below to get some. I reached into my pocket, and pulled out a huge pouch of gold coins. The croissants were absolutely delicious! I looked at the mountain above, and saw hikers and mountain bikers on trails, and even higher up there were cliffs with climbers on them. On the snowy parts, there were skiers. As I started on my third one, I felt rain fall on my arm, and saw storm clouds above me. They were swirling ominously in black anvil formations. Then, a downpour started, soaking everything within a minute. It was warm, though, so everyone was just standing outside with the rain falling on them, which felt amazing. It was so nice that I decided that I might just want to stay there. I looked at the recreaters on the mountain, I saw them all stop and start hurrying back down the mountain toward the city in the torrential downpour. It was the best place I had ever been, but it was actually late at night, so I dragged myself back over the threshold and went into my living house and lay down in my bed and fell asleep. I dreamed about the nursery.