

## The Reflection

It's drizzly. Not sure if it will rain soon or just threaten all day. The air is heavy but at times a slight cool breeze comes by and gently disturbs the branches of the towering pines. This is a slightly confusing plot of land and the current weather compliments it. A few out buildings, stone paths, random trees, and a pool carved from perfect rocks like sandstone blocks. It must be well built because there is water in there now. I have no idea how deep it is although I get close and lean in to look. The water is as gloomy as the day. Some ripples appear from raindrops. The out buildings are locked. one looks like it is for storage. The other I decide not to walk to. This one, next to the pool, seems like it would be a servant's quarters. And then my imagination runs with this idea! Inside the little house is everything I would need: kitchen, sitting room with fireplace, and bedroom. The bathroom happens to be the outhouse nearby, but inside this little structure I create a warm and inviting scenario. Opposite of the day I happened about this location. With thorough inspection through the windows I'm satisfied enough to figure out a composition to make a photograph. It must include the pool. It must show some hint into how I imagine life here. How it looked when it was habitable. Give feelings of content and warmth. An understanding of what I saw in the reflection of the gloomy pool and dirty glass windows.