

A big White House sat nestled inside a grove overgrown with daisies and dandelions, vines twisted around the old house's base; it looked practically unlivable yet, a young girl called this place home. There was no furniture, and the house's walls were filled with holes, the only thing was a small closet with a small white blanket, the girl spent hours in this closet, she did not play, she did not giggle, she did not smile, but she lay in this small closet and dream of a better home, a big White House sat nestled inside a grove a beautiful garden around the yard, with flowers and sore bushes; it looked like the most magnificent home in the world yet, it was all. A dream. The little girl still lay in the little closet escaping reality and thinking of her magnificent home, she loved it, even if none of it was real.