# Ìîé áóäóùèé äîì /enblish/

**Strokes of utopian dream of my modest dwelling**  
         I think, that the headline unequivocally defines the purpose and plan of this treatise therefore I shall proceed to the business at once.  
         Being the person with a rather romantic nature, I am captivated by pomp, grand, splendour gigantic structures. But, understanding, that the time inevitably expires and that epoch irrevocably has left, I shall state my opinion, concerning to the imagined dwelling in brief.  
         So, I would like first of all to live in the small house located in the lonely corner near the city. I would not refuse the insignificant part of ground, contiguous to the house. The garden necessary for the house should be not large, but it is quite natural, that substantial, i.e. having all necessary plantings sufficient to bring to me the pleasure. Being transferred to this world, I already see myself together with the beloved girl, walking in this imagined garden. But we shall return to our rams. So, the house should be constructed in strictly classical style no more than with two floors without any excesses. Inside I do not wish any luxury, unless marble ladders and pictures. To a word I love pictures very much, in particular, image of the sea, portraits, landscapes but not modern surrealistic paintings at all. As it seems there will be 5-6 rooms, including a drawing-room, bedroom, boudoir, something like cellule etc. Let's stop on it in detail.  
         Drawing-room. A simple modest room filled by a smell of incense, several sofas, pair low tables, carpets on walls, hanging ceiling, light tapestry and sparkling luster.  
         A bedroom (I believe to have a few). A small room with a balcony, with a view on the garden, spacious couch, high cupboard, exit to the “oratory” and Rembrandt's “Danae”.  
         Boudoir. A room of the same dimensions, as drawing room, only less cosy and desired. I suppose to accept the enemies here, therefore I'll limit only by one old armchair and table with Machavelli's statuette on it.  
         Cellule. I understand it seems old-fashioned and comicly, but room for meditations and self-scourging is necessary for me. I think to be engaged there in sciences like alchemy. Certainly, I'm slightly joking, but there is also some part of true, for nobody knows where will my vital track wish to turn.  
         By a word I want to live in the house, which is embodied by itself calmness, pacification and happiness. Though, frankly speaking my thoughts are directed now to the absolutely other path, but that is already other story...  
  
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