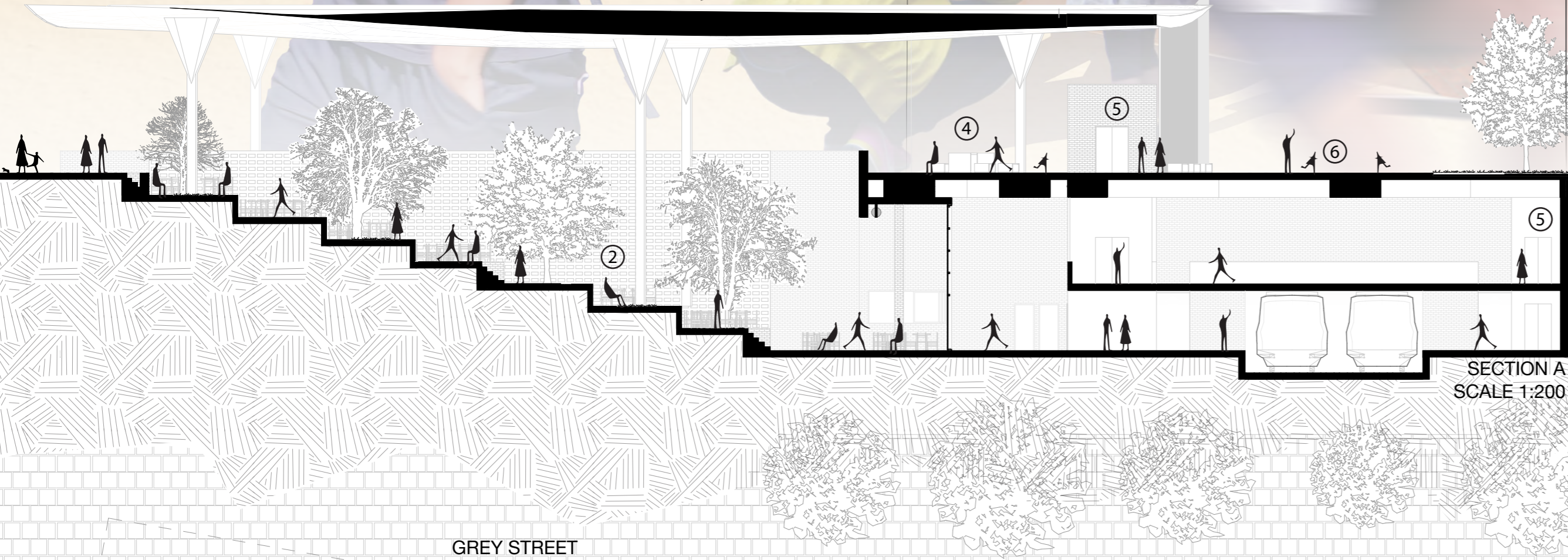
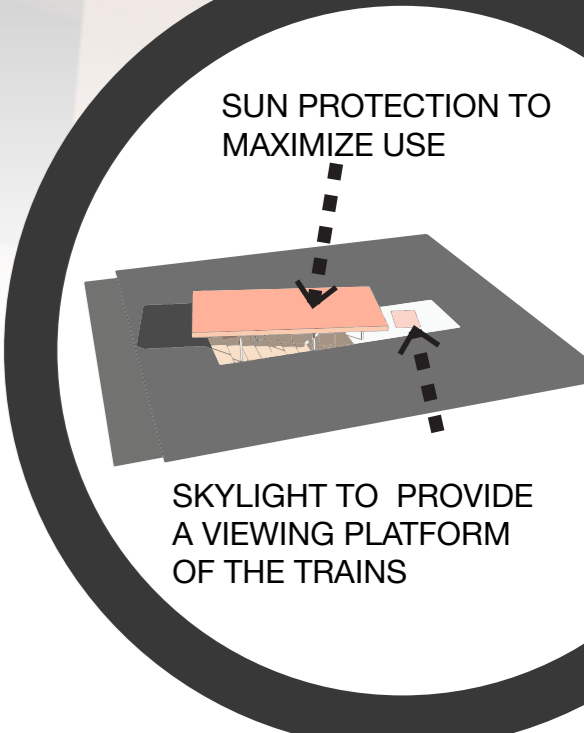
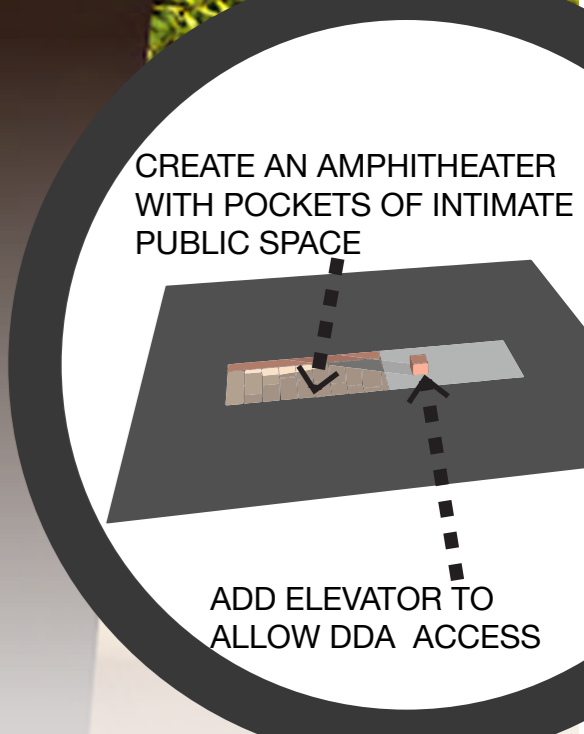
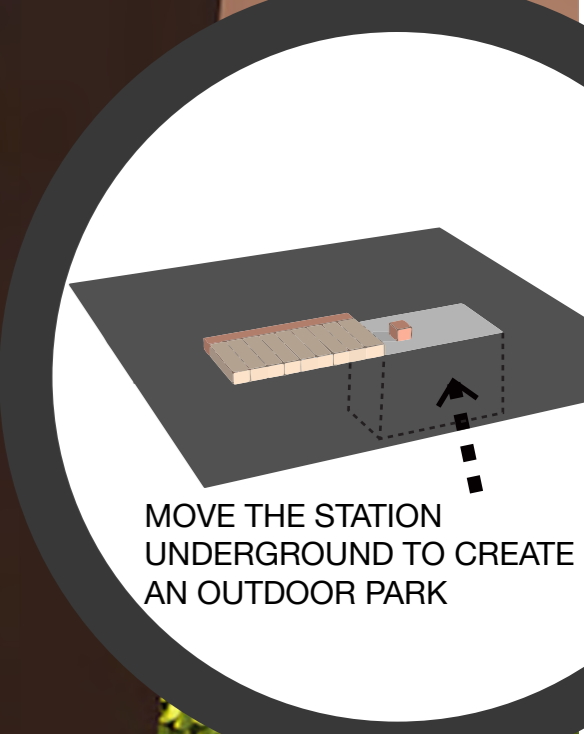
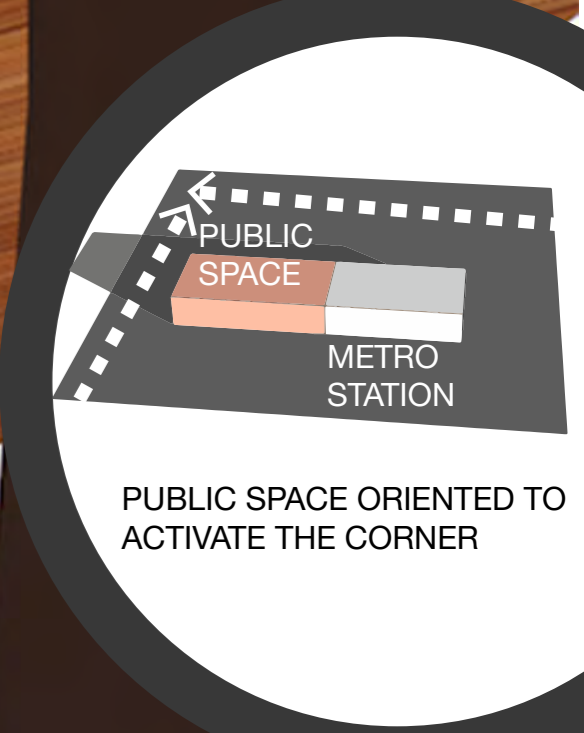
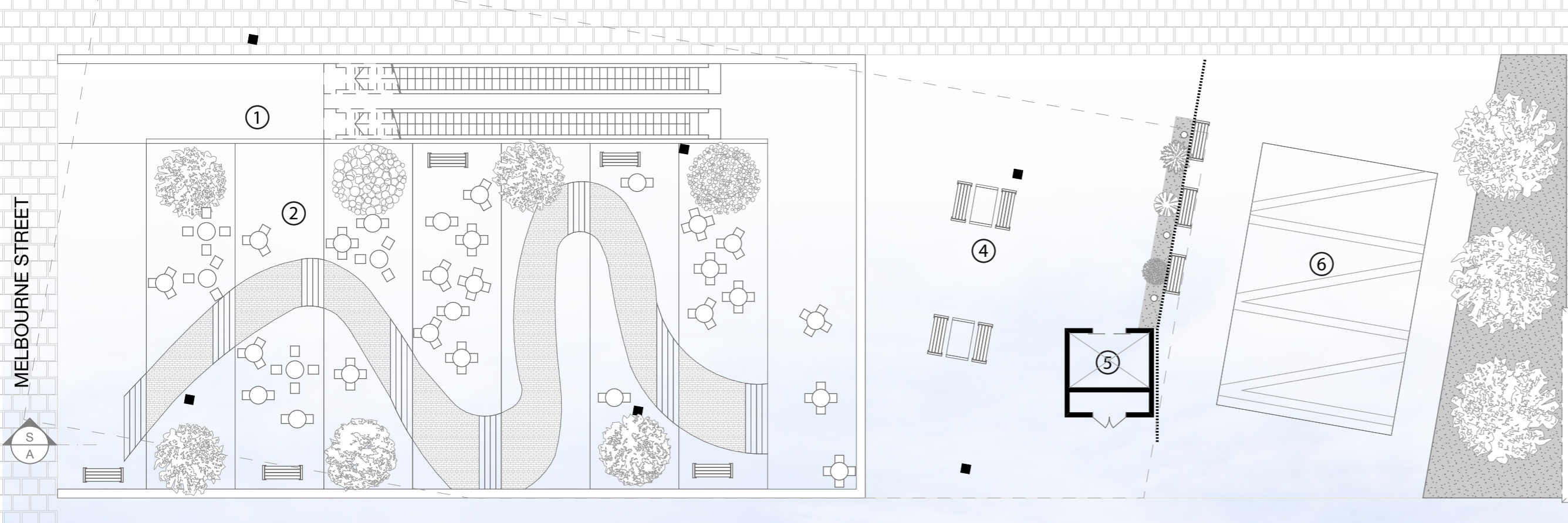


CULTURAL CENTRE STATION



CULTURAL CENTRE STATION WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE IN MY HEART WITH SENTIMENTAL MEMORIES OF GROWING UP. AS A YOUNG BOY I WOULD LIE DOWN ON THE GLASS SKYLIGHT, FACE PRESSED AGAINST IT, EVERYONE BELOW ME WITH PHONE IN HAND AND ALWAYS IN SUCH A RUSH. I COULD NEVER UNDERSTAND WHY, BUT I CAN STILL REMEMBER THE FEELING OF ANTICIPATION BEFORE THE TRAINS ARRIVAL AND THE CHAOS TO FOLLOW. IN THAT SPLIT SECOND AS THE TRAIN RUSHED BY, TIME WOULD STAND STILL, AND MY WORLD WOULD MELT AROUND ME. IT WAS AS IF I HAD A SUPER POWER AND COULD STOP TIME.



AS I GOT OLDER, CULTURAL CENTRE STATION SPROUTED INTO A SOCIAL HUB OF MY EXISTENCE. ON ONE PARTICULAR NIGHT, THE AMPHITHEATER WAS TRANSFORMED INTO AN OPEN MIC NIGHT AND SOME FRIENDS FROM SCHOOL ROCKED THE HOUSE. I CAN VIVIDLY REMEMBER LOOKING UP AT THE CURVED TIMBER ROOF WITH THE REFLECTION OF LIGHT DANCING ACROSS IT, MY FAVORITE SONG PLAYING AND MY BEST FRIEND AT MY SIDE DANCING. IT WAS AS IF I WAS MEANT TO BE THERE AT THAT VERY MOMENT IN TIME.

MEMORIES LIKE THESE BRING ME BACK TO THE STATION ON OCCASION. I MARVEL AT HOW MY LIFE WOULD HAVE TURNED OUT WITHOUT IT. WHILE ENJOYING A FLAT WHITE UP AGAINST THE WARM BRICK WALL ILLUMINATED WITH THE MORNING SUN, I REALISE THAT CULTURAL CENTRE STATION IS MY FAVORITE PLACE IN BRISBANE.

- 1 ESCALATOR
- 2 OUTDOOR AMPHITHEATRE
- 3 PATHWAY
- 4 PARK
- 5 ELEVATOR
- 6 SKYLIGHT

GROUND FLOOR SCALE 1:200

