

## HOUSE OF MEMORIES

Narrative Writing: Write a story that involves a farewell scene

Isn't it incredible how a simple house made of bricks and stones turns into a home, a single word which is ample enough to revive those uncountable memories as tears stealthily trickle down your cheek, giving a warm, sensory pleasure to your heart.

The apartment that lay on the edge of *Rue de Chézay* had disguised itself; covered by a veil adorned with vibrant photos, each surrounded by intricately carved timber wood frames coated with polyurethane wood polish. Those vintage shaded mosaics of colored pigments weren't just an artistic coincidence but instead the deliberate capture of the exact moments in space and time, which revealed the most intimate emotions and expressions of the various people that made my family. Sure, the house already had furniture and objects, but it was only in the course of events and occasions, that associated lively characteristics to these inanimate things. Candlelit beige and Parisian from outside, the interior was a reflection of an Indian-European fusion with glass plates of brown and black Warli human figures and a replica of Claude Monet's chic impressionistic *Bain à la Grenouillère* hanging on the same wall. This was my home. The only place in the foreign yet magnificent city of Paris that would never fail to make me feel comfortable, make me feel welcomed. My residence here was only destined for three years, and now, this very moment, we had to leave it, I had to abandon it, reveal its true colors by removing the veil I had put.

Pictures, journal entries, videos were some of the latest products of technology and science that were all there to help my memories revive, but even a 50.6 megapixel camera, whose every pixel is distinctive, bold and confident of its shade would not be able to recreate what our magnificent, glistening eyes could see. But the eyes could only store as much as a blurred and distorted image like that under water, where the minute details that actually give the image its character, dissolve into the water, whereas only the large, significant objects and persons manage to float at the surface. It was in this moment, that I could absorb the one last glance of my home.

It was on the third floor, a bijou home. The door was made of deodar wood with a peephole in the center, of rigid concave and convex lenses, which were now scratched with fingernails. I could recollect those times when an acute yet orotund sound would be heard, and the next moment, my brother and I, two children not more than a meter in length and 45 kg in weight, would be racing through the narrow, dimly lit hallway, and finally placing a small, peach-colored plastic table right in front of the door. We would then fight to climb on it and poke our small eyes through the keyhole. All this hard work was just to see the most obvious, expected facial features on our doorstep. It was a man with black hair and peculiar, frame-less glasses, tightly ironed cyan shirt, owl grey pants, a black, suitcase-shaped handbag and perfectly polished black leather shoes with grease still reflecting any light that shone on it. It was my father. As soon as I opened the door to make sure the guest doesn't leave feeling uninvited, the man standing on the doorstep a second ago had now disappeared into thin air. Suddenly, the doorway and hallway were empty. It was only I standing stiff, with a naïve smile on my slightly stressed face. I didn't realize when that smile appeared on my face when the only outcome expected was of tiny salty