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24 Sep 2013

**Little Yellow House**

Outside, a dull yellow with sad green trim. Yellow like scrambled eggs. Ugly. Dry grass covered half of the front yard, ivy covered the other half. We could never kill it, it would always grow back. Four small cement steps went up to the door. Inside, one bright red wall in the living room. The small living room, cozy like a fire in winter, held a red recliner, soft with use, and a stained TARDIS blue couch. Directly across from the couch, a small TV talked me to sleep. At first it looked like nothing special, but don’t forget the bookshelves crammed with books. Kitchen to the right, small like an office, but it always smelled good, like baking bread. The kitchen floor was uneven and yellow, there was lots of yellow in the house. The hallway to the bedrooms was straight ahead from the front door. The first door on the left was mine. It opened to reveal a small and messy space that was sacred to me. Yellow maybe? Probably. I can’t remember. There was a wall of closets, the first for clothes, the second held a desk, cluttered and unused. The third spewing drawer, after drawer, after drawer, it seemed. Eight I think, red, blue, yellow, purple, red, blue, yellow, purple. They were full of random things, long forgotten until found again, rocks, puzzles, leaves, and art. I had a loft bed too, I never slept up there though, too hot. I slept in my brother’s bed below, he slept in my parent’s bed.

My parent's room was also small it had bed, desk, dresser, that’s all that fit. That door to the back yard was also in my parent’s room. That backyard was small and dry, like a miniature savana, except for a long strip of green left over from the slip ‘n’ slide. A few feet of patio, a huge everbearing pomegranate tree. It produced the biggest, juiciest fruits, red as blood, bigger

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than grapefruits. Underneath the tree, a small headstone for a long dead rabbit. There was a small hill on the left of the yard. I used to drag my little red wagon to the top and roll down it, lots of scrapes emanated from those disasters. A big purple wisteria tree connected a ratty hammock to the fence. Just beyond the fence, white as stone, loomed a big old, cut-back oak. I remember looking out the window to see an owl, looking back with the wisdom of the world in its eyes. In my little yellow house.