

Old new house

The rock wall was missing rocks, the smooth gray surfaces crumpled on the ground, the white concrete still stuck to the rocks. At the end of the driveway, in front of the wall, was a collection of old scooters and bikes. The wall was tall and textured. The grout is white and powdery to the touch. There were windows scattered about the wall in the most random way. The huge wall on the left, with a lot of the house on the right. On the right, there was a bush strip atop the chest height rock wall. Behind that bush was where we would play games as a kid, we called it the "nut hut". There were small nuts that we would find on the ground and collect even though we had no idea where they had come from. We made little string and bucket contraptions to "ship" the nuts to each other.

The bush connected to the doorway which was led up to by some dilapidated stairs and a peeling and rusty railing. The door was big and red. No one could see the door because it was hidden behind the bushes and a small deck. Inside the door, there were Christmas decorations. It was now June. To the left of the door was a small half bathroom that was rarely used by us. I can think of one time that it was useful. A lady on a bike came to our garage sale needing a bra so we gave her a swimsuit. She needed somewhere to change so we let her change in that little bathroom right next to the door.

There was a small shoe rack, which was holding much more than it could. smooth stairs lead up to a strange wall corridor that really didn't need to be there. The wall divided the entryway and the dining room clean in half. On the left side of the wall was a small entry to the large living room, where our TV and large sectional couch resided. The couch we had found \$1300 in when we bought it for \$100. I had always wondered where that money had come from. I'm fairly certain we even contacted the people we bought it from. They never responded.

There were various toys strewn around the living room, most were large baby toys mainly used by my little brother. The floor was bubbling up in some spots. Mostly by the door to the deck, where the rain would blow in. There was no AC so we just kept the door open most days.

Right off of the living room was a dining room, with an old table and old chairs in the middle. Then if you went off of that you would stumble into my kitchen. The kitchen was fairly large. There was a large island in the middle with an old gas stove. The oven was on the wall to the back. There were two different types of countertop tile in that kitchen. A smooth tile with plenty of grout in between and a smaller tile with dark dirty grout, most likely never been cleaned. The floor was slightly darker wood and you could see the crack as you walked from the dining room to the kitchen.

There was also a sealed-up hole in the ceiling of the kitchen, where a big rat once chewed through. You could sometimes hear them chittering and scurrying at night.

Beside the oven and the fridge, there was a very thin hallway that was the laundry room. The laundry room leads to a very small room. We had that room as our sewing room. It was always a mess. There were little pieces of Walmart cotton all over the floor, and threads caught up in the chair wheels causing it to not roll properly.

There was a big table built into the wall next to the kitchen. It was made from tile and grout and the pieces always fell out. We were always told not to lean on it. The table had everything that we didn't want to put away. It had mail and pencils, toys and paper. It was never empty.

The big schoolroom and small living room were the next room beyond. There was a big built-in bookshelf where we always had all of the different school books and novels. There was a small paint covering a circle table in the middle of that room. Next to that was the old pallet couch my dad had made when he had just started woodworking. It was old and had holes all over it. Next to the patio was a staircase that led to nowhere, I guessed it led to our neighbor's house downstairs.

The patio was very large. The sides were a dirty chipped white color and the floor was wood, but the real gem was the view. You could see everything from up on that deck. The sea stretched out for miles and the houses scattered like stars. The best time to be on that deck was on new Year. We would stay up until 12pm and then go out on our deck to watch the beautiful show of fireworks. The booms splitting the silence and the smell wafting in.