

Granny house essay



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

Have you ever wished you could visit a place that no longer exists? I'm not talking about your favorite store that's gone out of business, a restaurant that's closed down or a place that's still here but out of your reach. Even though I haven't been there in over seven years, I remember every detail like I was just there yesterday. Maybe, it's because I spent most of my childhood there I remember what it look like, feel like and smell like. But because this place no longer exists, I can only visit in my dreams. When I close my eyes I'm there.

As I pull into the driveway, I sit back and admire the beautiful landscape. The one family home is Peach in color with black shutters and glass door. The grass is thick with wide blades and strands and is as green as the color of money. The sidewalk is lined with an assortment of flowers on both sides as colorful as a box of crayons. There are two white chairs and a white round table on the porch, the table has a small plant in the middle in a decorative flower pot. As I walk to the door, I can smell the aroma of food in the air.

The warmth from the cinnamon in the sweet potato pie that's baking in the oven spices from the fried chicken that's cooking on the stove top, the collard greens that are cooking low with neck bones, the sweet smell of those soft moist strawberry muffins, and the hint of sugar that's placed in the cheesy macaroni. Once I insert my gold key into the lock and step in, I'm overcome by a feeling of love. My feet immediately sank into the plush burgundy carpet. The walls are the color of cappuccino foam and covered with modern art and family photos. In the middle of the room there's a cream sofa and loveseat with burgundy flowers.

On each side of the sofa sits an end table that's cream and gold and look like marble. The 46in TV hanging on the wall gives the room a more modern look. I walk about 5 feet to the kitchen, because my stomach is growling from the smell of food. The black granite countertops with gold specks are covered with food. The appliances are Stanley steel and shiny like they were just polished. The walls are painted burgundy like the carpet in the living room. There's a brown fork and spoon strategically placed over the stove and a sign that reads "complaining to the cook could be harzardest to your health".

The floors are made of dark wood like the cabinets. The best thing in the kitchen is the long cherry wood table with white seat cushions in the chairs. Sitting at the dining room table with family that arrived before me, I make myself comfortable and speak. Then I feel a presents something powerful and magical, something greater than me and hard to describe. I turn around and see a silhouette of a woman walking with the confidence of a lion. Her hair was a rich shade of blonde. It flowed in curls to adorn her glowing, dark skin. Her eyes, framed by long lashes, were a bright, hazel and seemed to brighten the world.

A straight nose, full lips – she seemed the picture of perfection. Had she smiled, the world would sigh with contentment. Had she laughed, the world would laugh with her. And had she wept, the whole world would want to comfort her. Even though I was able to see her features her face was a blur to me. This beautiful woman look like my grandmother but there is something that's hiding her identity. As she started to speak I woke up from

my dream. Oh, how I wish I could visit my granny house again, since it no longer exist I can only visit her in my dreams.