

""it blue and white. a
cheap reproductive
painting

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"" It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch"... Epoch?" The laptop sat in front of me gleaming with an otherworldly vocabulary. With words like " bespattered" " eddying" and " .

.. the inexorable consolidation and perpetuation" leaving my brain a muddle mess. I closed the screen and huffed a breath at yet another failed attempt at " A Tale of Two Cities." Or any other form of art for that matter. If I had gathered anything from that one line, it was that it was indeed the worst of times. The gaze of creativity had cast a shunning eye upon me lately, Charles might say.

Or maybe he'd sprinkle a little more " inexorable" for an added touch? I for one wouldn't know as I felt dead in the art department. This abnormal thinking of mine had to come from somewhere, I thought. Some external force morphing me into some book-hating abomination. A horrible life it is not to have books or art. The wood and glass door slid open with a hiss as I entered the hospital room from the balcony. The harsh smell of extensive cleaning hit me like a brick in the face as lemony scent invaded my nostrils.

The room was a collage of blue and white. A cheap reproductive painting of a garden hung on the wall alongside the various medical equipment. A single bed rested next to the wall. In the bed laid my grandmother, a brew of sympathy and country toughness. A small table was positioned over her bed with a tasteless meal shoved aside and a Coke front and center.

The rest of the family was scattered throughout the small, secondary room. Recalling family memories or slipping down the hall to the vending-machine.

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While my grandmother sipped from her Coke and eyed the door for nurses. The room itself contained an essence of the thing that seemed to terrorize my family. Kidney stones to pneumonia. Schizophrenia to dementia. The amount of illnesses circling us was uncountable and insufferable.

But there happened to be one place in the turmoil that wasn't plagued by this onslaught of sickness. I glanced at my laptop that rested in the chair beside me but then glared at it as memories of "inexorable" resurfaced. I combed the aisles of the bookstore, content on finding an escape. The air of sickness was starting to die down with its cold grips slipping from few. But the cold scrape of its claws still lingered on some. That including myself and my now irritated nose.

My eyes scanned the novels with mainly disinterest as I walked down the aisle. All of them to have that same, generic air about them. With the stench of cliched romance and unrealness surrounding them. As I turned to leave, a book suddenly caught my eye.

A simple cover adorned its surface, but not a simple title. A fierce determination overwhelmed me, similar to the one that already surrounded me in defense of not succumbing to whatever illnesses chose me. A month later I closed the back cover of the Dickens' novel. Breathing a sigh at my triumphant over eighteenth century vocabulary and an end to my own Tale of Two Cities. The flu had past my system leaving me victorious in the end. Though unfortunately not everyone could share in the victory.

The sickness that hung its shade over us was now gone, but a gloom only replaced it. Though I guess change comes with such a thing, doesn't it? Not <https://assignbuster.com/it-blue-and-white-a-cheap-reproductive-painting/>

all of it can be great. Poor Sydney Carton could vouch for this. Many of us in my family had fared well during the sickness's onslaught.

But with it being death in disguise, it had its desired effect. Its own Sydney Carton in the end. As I sat in the chair overlooking the grave plot, I realized my change. Or changes for that matter.

The reasoning behind my reading downslope had been because of a lack of a connection with the book. A lack of understanding. And my change in family was one as well, even if it were unexpected. I understand that line now, I thought. And that word.

It truly was the best of times developing a deeper connection and understanding of books. And a worst of time with the inexorable sickness that took our Sydney.