

The day everything changed

That cold winter morning was like nothing new. The frost on the window had danced over the glass in my bedroom, the ice waltzing across the pane telling a story of the weather from the night before. The warm sun rays shone through them into my now entirely empty bedroom as I sat on the floor and waited for this bad dream to be over -

It was the day the house I called home for all my childhood had officially been completely moved out of in order for it to be sold.

I walked down the passage and dragged my finger over the old dusty book case that had years of knowledge locked away safely, only now it was an empty shelf missing its past paragraphs.

I looked at the top of it where the wood had been worn in from the family cat often choosing its favorite sleeping spot above the paperbacks now left cold and unused.

The light shone through the big bay windows of the lounge where family memories trickled into my mind like a dripping bucket, memories of loud laughter, Sunday naps and family movie nights, left with my childhood furniture making room for the next family's laughter.

I walked past my piano where years of bad playing strayed into my mind, and into the kitchen being sure to watch for the unsuspecting lifted tile that had tripped so many unaware guests. I walked out of my childhood house looking back into all of my mistakes and wins, all of my regrets and joys and the place I would forever call home. That day everything changed.