

The House in Macon, Georgia

By Brittany Jones

There was a two-story house in Macon, Georgia. It was a family house, and we visited it every summer when I was a young girl. It looked big on the outside and small on the inside, but it was still a wonderland.

Thinking back to the times I spent there, memories flood my mind. I had my first friend sleep over in that house. That house was where my imagination started. It was my grandmother's house. It had three bedrooms, one of which had a closet that led to the attic, where I would go all the time to explore; that was my grandmother's room. Another room was littered with dress-up costumes and dolls and had two closets, one for toys and one for clothes. The toy closet had a window to where you can see the front yard. That was my room. And the final room was my great-grandfather's room – that room was not as interesting, but it certainly came in handy during midnight thunderstorms.

When I think back to that house, I remember a lot more excitement happening there than anywhere else in my adolescent world. The house held lots of childhood memories. I remember the exact address of the house, and exactly what it looked like on the inside, and I have not been there for many years now. I remember the walls were white, and to the left of the front door was a room that was at first my playroom, but then became someone's office. To the right was the dining room. The dining room led to the kitchen, which had a small dining area as well. Then there was the living room. When walking in from the kitchen, on both sides there were large sofas, and right next to the sofa on the right was a reclining chair where my grandfather or my great-grandfather would read books to me. Then there was the garage, which we always entered the house through; a habit we continue at my great-aunt and great-uncle's house in Shirley, New York. The garage held my chalk in it for the spring when I would draw on the driveway. That house had so many wondrous rooms.

To the adults, I'm sure it was just a regular house, but in my imagination, that house was so much more. It wasn't just rooms and walls, but instead it was a forest. And a castle. Or maybe a portal to another world. It was a cottage made for tea parties. That house was my home away from home in my imagination. The home I never wanted to leave. In that house, I was a princess, a traveler, a rabbit. I was one of the girls from the "Josie and the Pussycats" cartoon. I had many imaginary friends when staying in that house. To me, my stuffed animals were real breathing creatures. Sometimes I went treasure hunting in my grandmother's closet, searching through her jewelry boxes to look at the wonderful "treasures". I would hide from "enemies" under the bed in my great-grandfather's room and in the laundry room, under the piles of clothes just out of the washing machine. Some nights, I made a tent in my room, pretending it was a campsite. There was so much joy that came from my visits to that house. That house was my childhood, wrapped up nicely all in one simple location.

Life can be tough as an adult, and when I'm feeling down and overwhelmed, I go back to the memories of that house and my imagination swells with inspiration. And each time I take a "mental stroll" down memory lane to that wonderful house, I am full of joy and happiness. That house is long gone now, as it was sold to another family looking to make their own memories, but there isn't a day that goes by where I don't wish I could spend one more day, just one more day, exploring the world that existed in that house in Macon, Georgia.

Word Count: 581