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Behind the Red Door

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Behind the Red Door

Halee Nguyen

As the sun illuminated the bright red door that enclosed all of the happiness in my heart, I walked across the cracked sidewalk in Plano, Texas that was once covered in colored chalk. Through the

door, laid tile as white as pearls, that turned my bare feet cold. Inside was the intense smell of my mom's homemade Vietnamese cooking that filled the entire house with levels of sweet to salty. Every twist and turn were walls covered in vibrant papers with colorful, drawn stick figures that read 'my family'. As I walked out of the kitchen doorway, the soft notes of the Vietnamese music emanating from the television occupied the room, and filled my ears with nostalgia. Directly behind the television were pictures that represented my childhood from family parties and holidays to memories that brought pure contentment. To the left was the emptiness of the missing window that my cousin once shattered, and just around the corner of the living room stood a rack full of toys. Through the scattered toys that laid across the multi-colored rug, led to the back doors where imagination and adventure came together. Beneath the tall, leafy trees, and the smell of red roses, sweet like honey, the wooden playground reminded me of my place for thrill and excitement. The touch of the wood was rough, while the swingset felt warm from sitting in the sun all day. Between the ins and outs of this home, holds countless, irreplaceable memories that made the most remarkable impact on my life.

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Lady Red II

Trexiea Hernandez