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Emilie Stewart

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Scarlet Red Couches: A Journey through My Loud House

Emilie Stewart

In my childhood, a white-stained brick house nestled in the heart of Lewisville, Texas, rested the memories of my adolescence. Its exterior bore the cracked driveway we pulled into with the forest of oak trees that shielded the sky. The smell of cinnamon apples raided our warm house. I loved the mismatch of the kitchen with blue laminated countertops and gunstock-colored cabinets compared to the monochromatic colors of reds in the living room. Our loud house was never a quiet home; Our loud house safeguarded our concealed secrets that rested in the maroon-stained TV stand with handles that rang like church bells not set down lightly. The big scarlet red couches we all sank into at the end of the day like clockwork, the sun beaming through the blinds into my eyes as if it did not want to go. Our loud house was made up of my mother Alicia, who hid in the solace of blue rays of the computer screens working overtime, my father Kris who fell off the wagon, and my brother Bradley who found refuge in a virtual setting of zombies and heroic games. Our loud house consisted of the TV volume on 30 to muffle the yelling between my mother and father. My mother was in shattered fragments, scattered all over the eggshell walls, big scarlet red couches, and sand-wood laminated floors. My mother picked me up from

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practice in her Nissan Rogue, and as soon as we got home, she exclaimed like a hill mynah's bird that my father and her were divorcing; suddenly, that white-stained brick house was a sanctuary. Our loud house was now a quiet home, where my mother hung out on our comfy couches and where my brother left his virtual reality games. My mother and brother were so relieved, but the chaos was what I knew to my core, and it was over. I couldn't grasp the concept of coming home to those big scarlet red couches with one less member or even the house being so quiet. All the good and bad memories that made the eggshell walls and sandlewood laminated floors so special rested in that white-stained brick house where my childhood and adolescent memories still linger.