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## The Grandchildren and The Memories

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## **The Grandchildren and The Memories**

Viona A. Diorga

**The laughter of the grandchildren filled the entire house with joy. Everyone who walked in front of the house could feel their happiness.**

An old Samsung TV in the middle of the living room was showing a 2006-released film, Barbie Fairytopia: Mermaidia, and it successfully stole the whole attention of the grandchildren. Yes, of course, they laughed so hard because of a blue-haired little creature, with fancy pink hair on top of its head that sticks up, who acts like a little kid with all its pureness, naughtiness, and cleverness. At that time, the house had nothing but cheerfulness and the smell of their favorite snack. Warm fried bananas covered with sweet flour as sweet as caramel were ready to melt in every inch of their little mouths and deserve to be compared to a five-star restaurant's dessert.

The living room that is in the center of the two-floor house in Tangerang, Indonesia, has a statue of Mary and Jesus who bless Sumanto's big family every day. In that room, there was a long red sofa on the right side, a black display rack of old antique figures, plates, and teacups on the left, a painting of Grandma and Grandpa on the wall above the TV, a small black table under the statue was standing next to the display rack, and a bed across from the TV where they made a mess.

### **Morning Dew**

Leon King



## The warmness of the memory will eternally be there and never change or fade in the grandchildren's hearts.

All six grandchildren left memories on every side of the room and the house. The house was the only place where they could do various fun things. If they wanted to eat some sweet and juicy Panama Berry, they only needed to take some steps from the kitty-corner of the grandma's house to an empty house with a big but short Panama Berry tree in the front yard. Even though they fell repeatedly while trying to get the Berry, the tree was their favorite spot. If they wanted to fly kites, the wind that always passed through the large balcony on the second floor would gladly help them. If they wanted to buy some snacks, they could walk five minutes to the small store behind the house. Salty Cheetos or sweet brownies, or even sour candy, which has never been chosen by the grandchildren, always greeted them on the white display table. The house felt like a playground that was run by Grandma and Aunty.

Now, in the present time, the house that the family rarely visits and where the grandchildren's parents spent their childhood too will be nothing but a tollway. Modernization will make the house into roads. Physical proof of their playful and cheerful memory soon cannot be touched or even seen. But although they cannot go back to the past and keep getting on, the memories of childhood will not be old. The warmness of the memory will eternally be there and never change or fade in the grandchildren's hearts.

**Red Flower**  
Leon King

