

Creative writing

Hope Riley

Ezra banged his shoes on the stone doorstep, knocking dirt all over the drive way he had just hiked up. He let out a large gust of breath, one that was exasperated and sounded as though he'd been holding it in for decades. He peered through the foggy glass in the door and saw a distorted image, full of shadows belonging to objects he didn't recognise. He stared at the door handle for 20 seconds before working up the courage to open the door. He entered the foreign room full of misplaced items. He recognised the paintings on the wall but not the way they slanted slightly too the left. He took his trainers off and didn't recognise the sudden feeling of ice wrapping around the cotton of his socks on the tiled floor. He was uncomfortable with the quietness of this house. The abstract feeling of not hearing his brother typing on the keyboard as soon as he entered, now he'd hear that taping over the running of the shower. This was his house. He'd lived here for weeks, yet still felt unsettled in his own home.

He wasn't used to sounds of this building, or the way it held him at night. It was too quiet, no creeks of floor boards or crashing of old doors that don't lock anymore.

Ezra's new house had a basement something his previous small 2 bedroomed house could never have. He was asked by his solider of a dad to clean it out. He obeyed these tasks. Maybe it's because all his life has been so institutionally executed that he didn't know any better but to do as he is told.

He rifled through boxes of clutter, unnecessarily well wrapped ornaments and old photographs of the happy families who lived here before. They had gleaming smiles, and big bright eyes. The type you can see someone's soul through. He recognised the features of a certain little girl in one of the old Polaroid's. He felt oddly comforted by the well placed freckles in charge of her cheeks and the sweet white dress that was her body. Next to the girl was a boy. There were no defining characteristics about this boy. He had a dull sense of fashion, brown hair and brown eyes. There was nothing of note about this boy.

The solider swiftly entered the basement; his presence was strong and unbearable. Ezra felt guilty. He felt his farther had invaded something personal. Something is Ezra's mind snapped. He could feel all his words bustling around inside his head and crashing into each other. His farther began to loosen up, almost like he could smell the eruption that was about to occur. In. Out. In. Out. Ezra's breathing was uncontrollable. No words were muttered between the two sudden strangers. There didn't need to be.

"It's you"

Silence.

"The boy in the photograph."

Ezra loosened and wondered how this could be possible. Nobody has been down in the basement since they got here. The question sat on his chest and felt heavy. He began to drown in questions; they travelled up into his throat and got lodged there. No noise arose.

"The girl is your sister...she died when you were young"

Ezra gravitated back upstairs after his father had marched away. The air felt colder and every step he took felt heavy. When he reached his destination, the top. He peered down the agonisingly long corridor. Covered in frames. Awaiting his arrival, at the end stood a white dress with perfect freckles smiling right through him.