

CHILDHOOD HOME

Brown tresses swept back, she slowly walked towards the wooden gate, nostalgia overwhelming her. Her stormy eyes softened as she let her eyes gently wander over the front garden in which she had so often played in, which her mother had brought to life, toiling every day to make it perfect. Everything seemed almost the same, though everything slightly taller, leafier. Petals fluttered down from the clouds of pink standing proud in the corner. What a treasure childhood had been! And now, she was back, and almost nothing had changed, apart from the growth of the garden. As she felt a sense of belonging tug at her. The home had such a distinctive aura than the other houses in the neighbourhood, consuming her in its warm, welcoming embrace. Perhaps her mother was right, after spending years abroad, studying and working day and night, she really needed to relax a little. What better way than returning home?

Abruptly drawing her away from her deep inner thoughts, a delicious aroma wafted out of the slightly open window into her nostrils. She breathed it in, deeply. Her eyes lit up. It was the irresistible smell of her all-time favourite food. The melt in the mouth texture, crispy, but at the same time soft, the small pieces of hazelnuts that her mother often put in, but most importantly, chocolate! Shaking herself out of her hungry daydreaming, she hurriedly rang the doorbell, eager to meet her mother as well as gobbling down those cookies. Within the split-second the door had opened, she launched herself into her mother's arms and hugged her tightly.

"Oh, Evelyn how wonderful it is to see you! I really, really missed you!" her mother exclaimed after being released from her enthusiastic embrace.

She stepped inside, drawn inside the warm cocoon, like a bee attracted to honey. After a deep inhale, she said, smiling, "It really feels great to be back, Mum."

She took off her coat and put down her bags, and without warning she rushed to the kitchen. "Wait!" her mother called out behind her.

When her mother finally got to the kitchen, she found that her daughter was already several mouthfuls into a cookie. It tasted like ambrosia after such a long winded journey.

"I see you still have a keen appetite for my baking." her mother said, from the doorway, chuckling a little.

"None of the cookies in even the fanciest shop in New York couldn't taste like yours's." Eve said, wiping her mouth after finishing it.

She leisurely scanned the kitchen to look for more food, but noticed a large pile of mail, all opened, kept to the side of the dining table. They all looked very important, and as far as she knew, there wasn't anything particularly important going on in her mother's life at present. Frowning, she got up from the old wooden chair and grabbed the mail on the top of the pile, and before her mother could stop her, she opened the envelope. Her eyes widened when she skimmed over the letter. Slowly, she turned to her mother for an explanation.

Taking a step into the kitchen, the woman closed her eyes, took a deep breath and said, "Eve, your father and I, we're - we're selling the house."