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English 162W

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Into pieces

There is an odd place around my home town, a place that can be easily missed by the eye's perception. It's in between two modern houses with Spanish architectural styles just around a corner in a street that leads up to a small hill. An old abandoned structure that is hard to tell if it is a house. Mother nature has taken possession of this place and now she lives inside of its old and dusty walls. Kids play on the streets every weekend after school is done, cars are ghosts in these streets, people will walk in this place with donkeys carrying sacks of straws and food for their animals. The presence of this old house is lost in the wind now, itself has become a sanctuary for animals and plants. There are stories about this house, many of them relate about an old spirit inside, others say this house contains old wrinkly and small people, very small, like the size of a pear they like to prank at night by stealing young women treasures and mess with their husbands sanity. This house has lost its brightness, and I can see it struggling to stand still. The structure of its walls are made of clay and straws, the windows are made of wood and the doors too. You can tell that time has forgotten about this place. Now is deformed and broken, pieces of wood are constantly falling on the streets, the walls have been torn apart by wind and climate changes. its self has survived a lot, it has lived a long life, no one knows who once slept under its shelter, but is for sure that no one will remember how once its beauty stood tall, taller than the other houses during its golden time, a time when the land was full of vegetation and animals, a time where streets where not build yet but paths of dirt where created to guide history.