

A Familiar Place

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From My Perspective: At first glance, it's really dark and musty down here. Light struggles to break through the blinds, to pierce into the darkness. A bug skitters across the floor and my sister lets out a nervous yelp. I open the blinds and the light floods in, illuminating every corner in my grandparents' basement. It might not seem like much, this tiny space, but there have been a lot of happy memories down here. Family movie nights with cozy blankets and an endless supply of popcorn. Birthday celebrations with balloons and streamers. Forts have been constructed and demolished. Puzzles have been pieced together. It might not seem like much. But this place means the world to me.

Defamiliarized (from the perspective of a stranger): I descend down a few stairs and find myself in the basement. It's dreary and cold. Almost everything seems like an antique that has been collecting dust for ages, the blinds, the couch, the photos, the clock, the old art projects. In stark contrast to everything else is the brand new TV which sits in the corner of the room. It seems to be as out-of-place as I am. I shiver. A large family portrait hangs on the left wall, directly above a beige-colored couch. Faces of children who must now be all grown-up smile down at me. I take one last look around, and the room fails to hold my interest. It almost feels like something could jump out at me at any second. Eerily, it also seems like nothing will ever disrupt the stillness of this room. I head back up the stairs.