

Stowe, Vermont: *an 1850s 3 bed, 2 bath, 1637 sq. ft. cottage*

My Grammy and Grampy's house, my dad's childhood home, my favorite sleepover destination. If those walls could talk, they would tell you about the many _____ family Thanksgiving dinners. Thirty or so of us tightly packed around fold-up tables. Aunts and uncles and friends of aunts and uncles lounged in the living room and on the floor; snacking on Grammy's homemade trail mix and per usual, cheese and crackers. The kids- responsible for the creation and placement of name cards. The room infused with smells of gravy, pumpkin bread, fresh rolls, and turkey. Grampy watched "the bird" in the oven, and he never failed to deliver the juiciest one. The bird was carved and Uncle Pete claimed the Turkey neck; *disgusting*. If those walls could talk, they would tell you about the pumpkin, pecan, Ritz and mixed berry pies that riddled the table. I was in charge of cutting the Ritz pie; a Smith family favorite. Aunt Jane provided the peanut butter fudge; insisting that everyone try a little piece. The living room was the gathering place after dessert, the football game muted on the tv, many different conversations at once, the warmth and comfort made each person's cheeks rosy.

"I've had a few people look at the house today _____."

Countless amount of nights were spent on the front porch. Two rocking chairs and multiple collapsible chairs for anyone who wanted to join. I sat on the steps. My grampy, wearing his usual plaid shirt, olive green vest, distressed jeans and LL Bean slip on shoes sat in his rocking chair. When he reached into his pocket, it meant it was time to pack his pipe. *That smell; so familiar and so important*. The porch allowed me to hear some of the riskier childhood stories of my aunts and uncles, my dad and even my grandparents. This was where most nights ended, where we said our goodbyes, lots of hugs, many kisses, see you later and "remember no boyfriends" and "it was good to see you."

"There is a lot of interest in the house, I've had a few offers."

If those walls could talk, they would tell you about the small room in between the front and back bedroom. The one with twin beds, one against the wall and one in front of the window. I **always** got window bed. I would lay there, my chin resting on my interlaced fingers and count the cars that hustled down School Street. Cars only ever came in clusters of two or five or six. And when there were no cars it was quiet. Some of my best night sleeps were in that twin bed, the one in front of the window.

"She accepted an offer on the house."

If those walls could talk, they would tell you about the many memories made in a quaint, little 1850s cottage. But they can't. So I will. I will tell my little cousins, my kids, and my grandkids about our _____ family Thanksgivings, our nights on the porch, the sleepovers, walks to the local playground and our customary trips to Lackey's to purchase some penny candy. In the end, you can sell a 1,637 square foot space but you cannot sell those memories.