

The girl from the yellow house

*"When in eternal lines to time thou growest*

*So long as men can live, or eyes can see,*

*So long lives this and this gives life to thee"* - she closed the book.

"Wasn't this your favorite poem, once?" - she sighed. Every morning the tea boiled like a vapor steam, sometimes one or two small cups slipped from her hands and when those touched the ground, Ellie thundered with sweet anger. Her knees were becoming fragile, Ellie could barely climb the stairs when she started shouting: "*Mon dieu!* I'll tumble down the stairs sooner or later".

Since Mr. Charles's illness, the only moment that broke her everydayness was peeking through the window at "the girl from the yellow house". Ellie liked to bet on what the girl would do that morning, whether she would chase stray cats or make drawings on the grass. And when that child's voice murmured light words, Ellie could stop thinking about the shards on the floor, the loneliness and the household chores.

The September wind gently waved her frizzy and chocolate-brown hair but the change of the season made Ellie upset because she knew that white strands would appear one day. Although Ellie hadn't gone to the hairdresser for years Mr. Charles wouldn't have complained about her unruly mane in order to avoid any comments on his baldness.

Ellie was naughty sometimes. She had tasted her life for its sweetness but slowly became bland.

Her friends used to call her "The Blabbermouth" until Mr. Charles lost his sense of humor. She used to describe her husband as "the poet of times" who towed trails of words in an endless carousel. But in the end he did get off the long ride.

Mr. Charles had never surrendered himself to the joy of music, and in fact he really didn't appreciate listening to people. His shelter was poetry and he used to disappear into his study for hours until Ellie began snorting. But Mr. Charles was good with metaphors and he often dedicated some lines to his wife, and then time froze. He could live solely in the past, he couldn't recognize his Ellie and he couldn't laugh anymore.

One day he closed that door, he stopped writing words and started listening to them.

December usually snowed but that year the sun decided to shine. Ellie was watering the withered flowers and she wondered if they would blossom again. Ellie kept on hoping even if she knew Mr. Charles would lose the fight against his enemy.

The luminous light that brightened the winter was always her high-pitched voice that chatted loudly, but no longer talking about her drawings made by children at the kindergarten. Her pink backpack had turned black as her dark mood in recent times, and Ellie sometimes heard heavy flocks of screams fly out from her mouth.

Soon it began to rain, those shouts probably awoke the white clouds and a husky voice came from the outside. Ellie moved the curtain to see who the stranger in the driveway was. He was tall, his wild blonde hair became wet and his crystal blue eyes were waiting for her.

"So can I come in?" - he shouted. The door was flung open and "the girl from the yellow house" rushed outside. She didn't have the courage to look at him but then she yelled: "Go away! I don't wanna talk". The young man looked at her puzzled, she didn't give him time to start the sentence that she gestured him to go. The young man remained silent, he smiled at her, he went up to her and he kissed her on the forehead. Then he went away whistling.

Ellie stared at "the girl from the yellow house" with tears in her eyes. She had just watched her first lover's quarrel, and she felt that her luminous light was growing. She only had a few more years before that shrill voice would turn into silent wind. Maybe someday she would leave her yellow house that would always welcome her again.

The next day the young man returned and left her an envelope with a letter.

In the following days while Ellie was ironing Mr. Charles's shirts, she observed that the two came back holding hands. Another time she saw them on a bike and yet another time the young man opened her car door.

The snow covered Ellie's house and her head of hair became white as that December snow. Mr. Charles stopped talking to her but Ellie kept on reading him those lines that brought some colors into his dull eyes. An old cane sustained Ellie and she continued to keep her window shiny clean.

Suddenly she heard a woman's voice: "Open the door! It's me... Ellie. It's freezing, please hurry up!" .

Ellie put down the iron and felt a piece of glass in her heart. And then a tall man with crystal-clear eyes opened the door. "Charles, please help me with these! Hurry up!" - the woman said.

"Be careful with those! You know how much I care about these poems" - he said. "Come on! How else could I be eternal?" . "You read too much Shakespeare"- the woman giggled.

Ellie realized that those two souls had been in love in a distant time that now belonged to her memory.

Looking back now, Ellie is folding one last shirt and remembers the girl full of dreams who fell in love with a young man who loved literature with whom she built the yellow house where they achieved their dreams. Whenever Ellie wants, she can look out the window and go back to find "the girl from the yellow house".