

Mama and Papa's house

I always anticipated every weekend when I would visit Mama and Papa's house. The nice lady at the front of the house always offered me a piece of candy, though it was very hard. I love journeying with Mama and Papa through the pretty flowers and bushes of the backyard, and sitting on the worn, wooden bench in front of the fountain. We would talk for hours and hours about school, home, retirement life, and many more exciting things. I also enjoyed running around the house, saying hello to as many of Papa's and Mama's friends as I could. It was pretty cool that they all lived in this house together. Old Joe and Jim always spoke to me about some fight that happened in 1944 but I never understood what they said

As Mum and I were saying our goodbyes to Mama and Papa, one of their friends, Ms.Chen, was crying and screaming, banging on the metal door that let us in. This happened a lot. As expected, the Nice lady at the front, and her friends came around and took Ms.Chen to her room. The nice lady assured me and Mum that "Ms.Chen wasn't thinking right, and that they were making sure she was safe". I smiled, said thank you, and went home with Mum.

I always love visiting Mama and Papa's house. The scenery, the atmosphere, all their friends, Mama and Papa live there, everything is beautiful about Mama and Papa's house.

After a year or two of visiting Mama and Papa's house, I began to notice small changes. The flowers were different colors, the furniture has shifted. But the main change was some of the friends were nowhere to be found. Papa said they "passed on". I continued the rest of the visit like every other visit. While playing in the garden, I overheard Mama and Papa talk about how "no one showed up after Old Joe passed", but that's not possible, right? I was having fun looking at the flowers set down by the small rock rectangles. The words were too faded to read but someone must've written on the rectangle stones.

Mum called me from inside the house to get ready to leave. The visit was over for today, but there will always be next weekend. While leaving I noticed something strange, Ms.Chen wasn't crying, screaming, or causing a problem near the front door, Infact, I haven't seen her through the last few visits. Mum told me that she was sleeping in her room. I didn't believe what she said, I have a feeling something else happened. Maybe she was causing too much of a ruckus? Maybe she went to her home? These thoughts flooded my mind all night. I couldn't sleep properly. Why would mum lie?

The next weekend came quickly, but this time we didn't visit Mama and Papa, they came to visit us! I was so excited to see them when I came home from school. They were excited to see me too, but something felt off about their visit. "We will be having a little sleep over for a few nights", Mama said to me when I went to hug her, But nevertheless, It was time to have some fun.

After a long day of playing, I sat down to watch some TV with Papa. He was asleep on the couch but the TV was still on. He was watching the news, which makes sense as to why he fell asleep. The news is boring. I began looking for the remote when I noticed the TV lady say something that sounded familiar, "Campbell age care", that was the name of Mama and Papa's house. Filled with curiosity, I watched the TV.

" Ms.Chen found dead in her room, presumed dead for 3 days",

"Staff of CB age care found to have been abusing patients, and refusing medical care",

"20 elderly left with nowhere to go after CB age care is shut down permanently",

"Tears shed for the elderly who were forgotten".

Scenes depicting the areas I played in, the areas I sat in, the faded rock, all these areas I called Mama and Papa's home were displayed throughout this news segment. Tears rolled down my face as I became aware as to why Mama and Papa were so happy to see us every time we visited. Why Mum always seemed so worried to have them living there for so long, why we visited so often, but most importantly, why Ms.Chen always cried at the metal door. She wanted to leave. She just wanted to leave. Her family never came to visit her. She had no help in or out of the age care.

I always anticipated every weekend when I would visit Mama and Papa's house. The nice lady at the front of the house wasn't so nice after all. Journeying through the flowers wasn't as pretty as I once thought. Saying hello to all of Mama and Papa's friends is no longer an activity that I could do. I wish I never found out what happened to Mama and Papa's house.