



As a man, dressed in his afternoon suit, enters the sitting room, enchanted by its beauty as the slowly lowering sun pierces through the windows to illuminate the ornate Victorian Gold finery with its Aura, he is bombarded with a flurry of memories as he does every time he visits the old room. The little nooks and crannies; Drawers concealing tiny trinkets and memorabilia accumulated over the years which has remained untouched; The ornate, high bicentennial stove handed down from person to person, eventually handed down by his Grandfather all those years ago, that's kept the room cozy for many winters; The little bookshelf inside the cabinet containing few of his personal favorite books ranging from texts which he refrains from bringing into his study 'lest he gets too lost in them as opposed to doing work to novels recommended by, and sometimes read with friends that they would once frequently discuss in this very room, though now as the years have gone by, daily duties and work has unfortunately reduced the frequency of such gatherings.

In the center of the room, he gazes upon the bouquet neatly preserved in a glass dome. It looks as beautiful and lively as the day he first picked it, though if he were to lift the dome and try to touch it, it would quickly become evident that is not the case. He reminisces on what, or should it be said, who they were for. A girl that he loved, his wife, who he spent many happy years with. Before the war, it was common for couples to gift each other bouquets for special occasions. But unfortunately, even for someone like him, who was relatively well off, it became one of the first expenses to cut out, especially White Roses, which his wife loved even as kids, but had become rare to find in mass quantities. But he got lucky that year, finding some at a flower shop in the city, and thought it fitting for their 5th anniversary, for it wasn't just that joyous occasion the flowers were for, but also for their wishes for a child after those past few years had finally come true. It may have been

unnecessary, and they might've gotten mad at him for doing so, but he wished to surprise them with something nice when he returned from his business trip. Unfortunately, that was never to be, but he kept it preserved waiting in some vain hope for that day she would come through those doors, returning home from the sudden hospital visit that morning before his arrival.

It had almost been so long that he forgot, or maybe it was just a temporary relapse before remembering every day, he was unsure, for him the days have begun to blend as of recent. Even the clearly evident indicator that is the sun or events he reads in the newspapers remain unreliable markers of time as weeks feel like moments, and other moments feel like months. For this moment, however, he cared not how long it took or how long it felt. He grabbed one of the chairs, one that he usually indicated as "his" in the room, picking it up and placing it next to the central table while feeling the unseen markings he's made over the years by fidgeting with its wood and creases, something no-one in his family would be happy with him to find out about considering it's value and age. There he sat, and once again allowed his mind to wander, wondering what else may re-cross his mind.