

The House

By Laurie Henry

As I entered the front door, the marble floor glistened before me. The entryway opened to a grand staircase, which wound its way to the second level. My heels clicked across the cold, white floor as I proceeded to the living room on my left. A giant fireplace stretched across one end of the room. The impressive mantelpiece showcased a golden egg and porcelain figurines. A painting of sunflowers hung on the center of the wall. The white carpeting looked as if it had never been stepped on, and the entertainment center sprawled across the back wall.

I turned around to face the dining room. A golden chandelier hung above a great mahogany table. A bank of French doors opened to a wrap-around deck at the back of the house. A lighted hutch contained crystal goblets and gold-edged dinnerware. Proceeding down the hallway, I discovered a custom kitchen on my left, opposite the far end of the dining room. The sleek counters were free of clutter. Cabinets hung on every inch of wall space. A breakfast nook looked out over the back garden.

I soon retraced my steps to the entryway and ascended the stairs. A short hallway welcomed me to the second level of the house. To my left and at the front of the house was a small bedroom set up as a home office. The remainder of the upstairs consisted of a master bedroom suite. Two walk-in closets flanked the entrance to the master bedroom. No doubt, one closet was for him and the other one was for her. The matching bedroom furniture consisted of two dressers and night stands on either side of a four-poster bed. A wooden chest sat atop each dresser. A large bathroom sat off to the right side with double sinks inside. A whirlpool tub and shower stall lined the far wall.

I slowly retreated and returned to the lower level and out the front door. I shall return to this exquisite abode.