

*I was born in 1885, a proud two-story farmhouse of brick and beam, nestled atop a grassy hill. My builders were a young couple, Margaret and Thomas Whitaker. They hammered, painted, and dreamed me into existence with their own hands. I still remember the laughter of their children echoing through my hallways and the smell of bread baking in my kitchen. That was my beginning.*

*hen came 1917. The world changed. The Whitakers' son marched off to war, and Margaret cried by my front window for weeks. I stood silently, my shutters drawn against the pain. He never returned. Dust settled on the porch swing that once carried childhood giggles.*

*In the 1930s, the Great Depression knocked on my door. A new family, the Harrisons, bought me cheap and patched me up with scraps and prayer. They raised chickens in my backyard and grew potatoes where roses once bloomed. I creaked a lot back then, my joints stiff with age and overwork, but I held firm.*

*By 1945, the world erupted again. The Harrisons' youngest went to Europe. This time, he came back – different, quieter. He brought with him a radio, and for the first time, my walls pulsed with the croon of Sinatra and the crackle of news reports.*

*In the 1960s, a rebellion took root inside me. Teenagers painted murals on my basement walls, listened to rock and roll, and argued with their parents over dinner. My wood floors learned to thump to new rhythms – protest, passion, poetry.*

*In the 1980s, I wore pastels and wallpaper. Computers buzzed softly in the den where the old piano once stood. The children of children played video games in my living room. My windows watched the rise of suburbia around me – others like me, but newer, shinier, less worn by time.*

*By 2001, my roof was sagging, and they talked of selling me to developers. But a young couple, artists named Leo and Sam, bought me instead. They saw my bones, my stories, and loved me anyway. They tore up the carpet and let my wooden floors breathe again. They found old letters in the attic, written by Margaret Whitaker, and framed them in the hallway.*

*Now it is 2025. I am old but strong. Solar panels line my roof. Children laugh in my garden again. In my kitchen, a 3D printer hums next to the old cast iron stove – the future and the past holding hands.*

*I am a house, yes. But more than that, I am a time machine made of memory and mortar. I carry the weight of generations, the whisper of every footstep, the echo of every goodbye and hello.*

*And I am still here.*