

## The Living Chair

By Nancy May

A room, similar too – any other ordinary shaped room. All rooms the same; in a house entirely symmetrical. That is; a house with, no apparent facade changes to its exterior over the passing months, bar, the boarded up windows and – the, for sale sign.

The exterior walls of the house, with the boarded up windows, still, lingered with the shadows stained from the ivy that, use too – rampantly climb, now – cut and, beaten away. For good. The ivy getting carried away, mainly in the winter time; when it could have looked handsome, instead engulfing up – all the sides of, the house's walls; leaving little, to no room too, peer out of the windows. Bleak. The, empty house with the boarded up windows, did not mind from, the harvesting of the ivy.

The room, ordinary shaped as all the others, is relieved that, the ivy has evaporated from hanging round the windows. The clearing, brought in fresh new life. It was the living room that, rejoiced the most. As the house had, no comprehension at all that its owner had left and, been placed upon the housing market for – several months. The house is, unknowingly – in waiting. The sale of the house - to the new owners, has - successfully gone through. Contracts are now exchanged between both the, previous owner and, current owners.

The new owners of the house - striking up a bargain with the previous owner; as, the new owners of the house have arranged in, purchasing all the furniture in the house; (covered now with dust sheets for protection). Purchasing all the existing furniture; bar one, solitary item - a chair.

Not, an ordinary chair, but a chair that breathes; a – living room chair. This; particular living room chair has, over the years since its birth from out of, the, manufacturing warehouse has seen; a fistful and, colourful display of – characters passing through the house. The living chair has witness some; very memorable - unforgettable events in the house. With, the living chair gone, the new owners when, entering the room felt that, this room of the house is - missing. The door jarred; sticking. Making their way round on a tour, for the first time as the new owners, they have a peculiar sense that; they are the intruder's and, not the house, with – the wrong pieces of furniture. The pieces of furniture are, in keeping with the style and, period of the house. The reason the new owners opted to purchase the, co – existing furniture in the house is, that, the new owners believed that, the co – existing furniture held the memories from the previous owner's time in the house. Believing that, the, entire previous owner's, precious happy stored memories were locked cherishingly in the furniture. The new owners did,

honestly believe that the, pieces of furniture that, they had purchased could, begin too, reminisce on times that, they had shared with the, previous owner. Hoping that, they could kindle this, sort of pack between them and; the – pieces of, furniture. That; and the new owners did not think that their old pieces of furniture were, suitable for the house they, have purchased. The living room chair that, the previous owner had – requested to keep, had once belonged to an, elderly visitor of the, previous owner.

An, elderly visitor surrounded by, an abundance supply of family members; gathering round her – in, a loving family circle. For the, previous owner of the house, the elderly visitor of the family was, the most charming to be around. The elderly visitor perhaps; a little a kin, to setting in stone a regime, in, her ways and, never for budging.

Before the finalisation of the sale went through, with, the – exchanging of contracts; the – previous owner found, that, touring in the house they had lived in for – such a long time – very upsetting. Especially the, location of, where the, living chair was, once situated. As; the living chair did - steal away all the focus; the living chair is, more of a centre piece of the room. Surrounded completely by the, grappling attention of – a modern era style; around where the, living chair was located is; a treasure trove of pictures and; two – free standing book shelves. Without the living chair the pictures hanging on the wall looked – extremely dull; and – completely lifeless. When the living chair was, in situate in the room, it was; made a, grand loving part of the room by, the, previous owner's elderly visitor.

Making the previous owner's mother then, the focal attention of the room; as – the, previous owner of the house, could, never miss going into the room and, coinciding, never missing – her mother, when she came to visit at the weekends. As, the previous owner's mother was – a, prominent figure in the room.

The previous owner's mother could, always be seen, perching on the, living chair. Nestling deeply in the, indentation groves of the hollows from; where – the, previous owner's mother had been resting her aching, aging bones over time. That, living chair was, the mother's of the, previous owner; hers; only hers. Constantly leaving her mark; even for the new owners to be attracted towards, as; her smell is – dominant still. Perfume wrenching. Leaving her mark physically as well with the, material coverings of the upholstered chair, being now – faded, with the many, many uses of the – previous owner's mother sitting in the living chair. The floral pattern upon the upholstery of the living chair, was once, bold and vibrant; now though - hardly recognisable. The living chair arms; where, the previous owner's mother had, rested her arms quite merrily; faded now with the worn, tearing fraying holes on the,

upholstered material. The arms of the living chair faded more than, the rest of the living chair. The, living chair's curving arms then, twisted into the, rest of the frame of, the living chair. Creaking and – cracking in agreement that, the, previous owner of the living chair is, very much the – true identified only owner. Though, the mother of the previous owner had – left a huge, more impacted effect on, the room; and this – is not the, grooving silhouette that her feet roofed in slippers which left behind her shoe size, it is, memories, that – cannot, be altered even with the, vacation of the living chair by the, previous owner into their, new house.

Arguments have been fought over the, previous owner's mother's chair – with, the previous owner's siblings. Sadly, after, the previous owner's mother's passing; the previous owner of the home knew that she would, still be there in spirit rocking backwards and forwards in her, living chair. Ready to greet, the new owner's – her beloved grandchild.

Her grandchild, the new owner of the house remembers, she used to visit as a child and -entered the room. A lot of memories came pouncing in to her thoughts; the walls spoke - volumes. When, she entered the room as a child, her grandmother would, instantaneously, abruptly stop what it was that, she was doing. All her focus and, entertaining was then – zoomed in on her adorable grandchild. She would then, sometimes see her grandmother fold up her newspaper and, rest it on the arm of the living chair besides her; peeling of – her reading glasses. Folding them up; also away and, popping them back into their box, resting, on the arm of the living chair. Her grandmother then, issuing an, invitation to her; to come and bobble up, bouncing, sitting on her grandmother's lap, leaping onto her grandmother's knee with a curvaceous kiss in toe, soppy on the side of her cheeks; at the same time as her grandmother saying, 'You cheeky devil, come here and give your grandmother a hug'. Her grandmother, curling her embracing arms round her, snuggling her tight; making sure she is – safe, secure, warm, most importantly full of affectionate love for her, grandchild. A, welcoming hug. Together then, they would, nestle round the; living chair; as her and her grandmother unable to decide who – should have the most, comfortable seat. As, that, would be the same living chair in which her – grandmother would, devour her lunch at, each and every dinner time during her visit's at the weekends. Crumbs falling all over the floor, tumbling down like a – cascading waterfall. The, living chair's most frequent occupier, her grandmother had known that; her granddaughter had felt that, the living chair was, simply the epiphany of niceness, knowing that, her granddaughter felt that, the living chair and room; represented a place for, 'story time'. Sitting, on her grandmother's knee; her grandmother would then, pull out her favourite story book and, begin reading to her. Not, in her own tone of voice but, in the tone of voices

from the, character voices in the story book, along with, amateur dramatic actions to the story.

This is what is saddening to the new owners of the house now, the granddaughter of the grandmother. Standing in the room on her tour; she would, never hear her grandmother tell one of her, dramatized stories to her again. The room is – her grandmother's. The, previous owner; that of her mother had, decided to move to a more, manageable down size apartment than, rather keeping on the task of, the upkeep of the house; as her father was, no longer living. It is, the, previous owner's daughter; her only daughter: Madeline, that, had decided she could not, bare to lose where she was brought up as a child; hence – the negotiating sale of contracts for the house.

Madeline's mother could, not bare to part with the living chair and told her daughter that, would be the only item of furniture she was, going to keep as it brought back many memories of her mother. The only piece of; furniture that is of any sentimental value. Though, Madeline was sad to say goodbye to the, living chair; she knew she would carve out, the next generation of memories when her and her husband began a family of their own. All they needed, was a living chair – that, one of the first things they bought.

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