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## My Fairytale House

Mai Le

Collin College, mle36@collin.edu

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## My Fairytale House

Early in the morning at Huntington Beach, the sea is dreamy and a few gentle winds blow inland, bringing with them the typical salty taste of the sea. When the humming birds on the branches chirped and the wind whispered, the peaceful old memories suddenly flooded back. The sound was like soft music without words, and it made me feel so nostalgic. When I stand outside and look around, I first see Bougainvillea trees growing around the porch. In the blooming season, the pink and white flowers intertwine; looking from afar, my porch looks like a welcoming gate. Above, the sky is clear blue, dotted with large white clouds floating like cotton candy. The way the sun splits in half on each branch, and the sound of the humming birds scattered California Poppy seeds in front of the house—these are all reminders of old times. When the season arrives to play in the yard, will I still be able to awaken the seeds? The smells of youth, the audible sound of the sea, and the warm and adoring tones of parents could all still be heard in that old house, along with all the afternoons spent chatting in a convivial setting around the steaming rice plate. A beautiful yellow-flowered loofah is surrounded by a swarm of butterfly wings. These butterflies are landing and taking off again as though knitting flowers and sunshine into each beat of their wings as I listen to the cold green chrysanthemums in the summer. I will always keep the dawn of the sea and the days of running on the sand, burning in my mind. The mansion of memories is now filling the void in my heart. On my birthday, the house was always decorated with balloons and a ton of vibrant ribbons. The house at the time made me think of a fairy tale house from a novel. As I stood there, I smiled to myself once again as I thought back on the times when my friends sang, their sweet letters, and their thoughtful gifts. It made me feel like a little princess- Princess to my dad and sister. The princess that everyone

adored . I will never forget how the sandy beach was as smooth as a silk band tied to a blue shirt which was the sea. The sea flowed as time passed. Where is the summertime heat and the rainy season's cold weather? The day I moved from this fairytale house was both joyous and sad, for it became only a memory. Many years have passed. The house is not only a place to shelter from the sun and rain, but it is also my whole childhood. Between realities, dreams, ambitions, and antiques, the historical home remains an idle dream. The old house in Huntington Beach was warm and full of laughter on rainy and sunny days; now, it is simply a fairy tale in my heart.