Summary

Alice finds herself with more freedom than anyone expected as she paints and arranges her room the way she wants, despite the embarrassment it causes her uppity mother.

Notes

This story started as an experiment in a different way of writing but it developed into a full on story in my head. I hope to keep moving forward with this story, but as of right now there is no schedule.

*EDITED, revised summary, fixed grammar (hopefully)

See the end of the work for more notes

The air was crisp against a pair of dirt covered hands. It ran swiftly across her arms and through her hair. Sliding slightly into her face the shadow of a single lock was tucked quickly back behind left ear of the girl. Reaching forward again with her trowel she dug more dirt from future site of the climbing vines. Looking up, the brick Victorian seemed like a gigantic new adventure, oh how right she was.

Brick by brick the old house became more and more a family home. It's rooms given layers of new paint and floors traded up to varying shades of wood, from Ash to Walnut. Despite the dizzying stacks of boxes lining the aged wall, the old house was becoming more and more beautiful with every turn of the earth.

When it came time to pick the colors for the daughter with the shadow of hair, it seemed so easy for the girl to choose. The painters dropped off the paints that the walls would soon be layered with and the movers brought in the bright furniture piling it in the center of the room as she had
requested, much to the dismay of her mother. The interior designer was barred from entering the room or changing the yard by the girl, from the moment she was hired. The door was pulled from its hinges by a petite 17 year old wielding a, potentially, permanently borrowed power drill. It was carried briskly through the front door to be sanded, primed, and painted.

The hanging of the freshly painted door proved to be a slightly more difficult task than its removal. The hinges seemed to be fighting their impending realignment with the wooded door frame. It was made more difficult by the fact that even a slight variation in the placement of the screws would mean that the door would swing out at an awkward angle for the rest of forever, and this was a source of serious consideration for the girl.

Once hung properly the door was swung shut tight, with the girl inside. A heavy tarp was draped across the top of the furniture and a cotton cloth placed onto the floor under a pair of heavy mock-combat boots. Tape and paper lined the ceiling and molding while stretching across the walls in that seemed like unrecognizable patterns. The tape formed boxes and grids of varying sizes across the top half of the surround walls. The bottom half was taped off, and ready to be covered in a solid sheet of a single shade.

One paint splattered girl, T-shirt, and jeans later the walls were finished, door was hung, and several 1 inch eye hooks were screwed into the wall right below the design. The tired, paint splattered, girl set about braiding five different materials together to thread through the eye hooks. The braid was intricate enough to be beautiful but simple enough that she could start and complete the rope within a limited time. Threading the braid through the hooks took more time than she had originally planned. The short curtains she wanted to have had to be threaded onto the rope one by one. They were meant to hang 3 feet to the floor and 4 feet between hooks, but the fabric was too heavy and weighed down the rope. After adding more hooks and re-threading the curtain the fabric only covered three feet of rope. This meant the the curtain meant for the closet doors had to be re-purposed.

End Notes

If you would be so kind, could you please let me know what color you saw the paints in her room?

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