

99 WRITING

Gone

by Kalyn Jackson

TYPE
NARRATIVE

The gates squeaked open and an artificial replica of my favorite foods from home were rapidly spewed into my nose. I could smell the beignets, the crawfish, and the pralines, but it just didn't smell real. I didn't even smell the gross smells, those were the smells that told you it was all real and not a fantasy. It smelled faked now. It didn't smell like home anymore.

It's been a year since we were forced out... since we've been to this place we used to call home. All the colors looked dull. It wasn't as vibrant as it used to be. There were no more beautiful, elaborate parade floats anymore. No more friendly people yelling out things like, "Hey neighbor have a wonderful day!" or "You look amazing, baby! Strut your stuff!" Or even the occasional drunk man who wouldn't leave you alone but they were still funny. The air was dry and not humid at all and it was cold outside. I didn't feel the love and happiness I used to feel here. It didn't

feel or look like home anymore.

We walked down the polished streets of the French Quarter and I could hear through a speaker the sound of some random person playing the trombone. But they were terrible at it.. they weren't playing it the way it was supposed to be played, with love and passion. It's not supposed to sound forced. I didn't hear the wonderful, joyful second line far off somewhere in the distance like I used to. It didn't sound like home anymore.