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### The New House

Your character and his/her/their partner/husband/wife/companion visit a new house that they're thinking of buying. Your character's partner is enthusiastic about the house, but it's really a terrible place. The character hates it but is afraid to say what they really think. Show the scene. But.. do NOT tell the reader that the house is terrible. Do NOT tell the reader that your character hates it. Do NOT have the character tell their true feelings about the partner. Instead, make the reader see and feel it all. And eventually, make the partner see it too

I pulled into the short but oddly steep gravel driveway. A sign “For sale, come have a look” was displayed obnoxiously in bright contrasting colors and a questionable font. “Great, they went through every realtor in the county and thought these jokers were a good idea; well, either that or they ran out of options,” I mumbled. “ oh shut up , don’t be rude. Look, this is a charming old Tudor. Just give it a chance,” my wife replied. “ ha, British houses are about as tasteful as their food.” I mumbled a little more softly this time.

“OH WHY HOWDY YALL, step on up its a pleasure to meet ya the pleasures all mine.” Hollard a hefty blonde realtor. Not even halfway up the driveway, this woman’s voice pierces my skull. Her voice somehow carried over even the loud, constant hum of traffic on the highway, which we are so very blessed to have one of the best views of its busiest intersection.

“Welcome, welcome, I’m so excited to be able to show you this absolutely...” she pauses to breathe deep enough to suck out all of this stale, dusty air. “...GEORGEOUS, little old home to y’all.”

“Hey, should I ask her if we can keep the stained shag carpeting and the yellowing wallpaper that’s about to fall off? Cause if so, I’m so in.” I asked my wife as the realtor was yapping on about some history of the house or something. “Ok, ok, so it needs a little work, so what? It’s not like you were perfect and pristine when I met you,” she replied. “Ya, but I also wasn’t almost half a million dollars.”

We continue our tour up this cramped, steep spiral staircase to the second floor, As I climb up to the top, I’m greeted by a massive gnome statue sitting on top of a worn-down end table across the hall. How charming. Its large, judgemental eyes added a lot to the cozy feel, which, paired with the wavering odor of sewage coming from the bathroom, really captured the overall essence of this house.

The realtor started to wave us over. “Now, here is the master bedroom follow me.” My wife was still affixed on a strange painting of a cat posing as Napoleon, and I was still trying to make out the purpose of this gnome statute when the house shook with noises of cracking wood followed by a loud thump from the bottom floor. Unfortunately, the realtor never made it to the master bedroom. She instead now lay planted face down on the beautiful checkered tiles on the kitchen floor.