**Objective**

The aim here is not to practice *withholding* ideas or feeling, but to practice *revealing* them through the surfaces of physical experience.

**Assignment**

Writing in the third person, describe a house from the point of view of a mother or father whose daughter has just left home and married a man the mother or father despises. Don’t refer to the wedding itself, or to the mother or father’s hatred of the son-in-law. Focus on the house as she or he experiences it in the wake of the daughter’s departure.

Then describe the same house from the point of view of the same mother or father—except this time the daughter has left home to marry someone the mother or father genuinely loves and approves of. Again, don’t refer to the wedding itself, or to the mother or father’s affection for the son-in-law but on the house as she experiences it in the wake of the daughter’s departure.

The two pieces combined should total 600-750 words.

He woke up from his afternoon nap. He stayed in his bed with nothing else to do. The air-conditioning was shifting temperature. It was cool despite the burning weather in Oodnadatta. Memories of what happened yesterday come to his mind. He sighs and turns off the AC. He resolves never to use anything that she had bought for the family. He gets up from his bed and washes his face. He looks into the mirror. There are dark circles around his eyes. "Am I wrong?", he asks himself. His face appears tired and lifeless.

He walks out. He could hear the clattering dishes from the kitchen. He wondered if his wife was at ease. He goes to the living room and slacks on the lazy boy. The showcase opposite displays his daughter's trophy. She was a smart, cute, and intelligent kid. Since her kinder garden, she had been recognized for her intelligence. Although he doesn't like to admit he was hurt a little when she left for Harvard. Ever since then, the disappointments were on the rise. He opens the showcase and pushes all the trophies and photos. They fall, breaking into pieces.

His wife rushes in, with washing gloves still on. Seeing the mess, she loses her cool, falls on the floor, and weeps loudly, hitting her head with her hands. Bubbles break free from the gloves.

"Honey! you have to forgive her", she sobs.

Seeing her cry agitates him. He violently pushes a few more photos.

His wife crawls toward him. Holding his legs, she begs.

"Please, I beg of you, calm down."

He breaks and weeps hysterically.

They embrace each other and weep together.

He woke up from his afternoon nap. A cool breeze from the air conditioning sweeps through him. It was a gift from his daughter. She had bought it with her first salary. It helped them beat the hot weather in Oodnadatta. He beams with pride looking at the air conditioning. He leaves the bed and washes his face. He looks at his reflection in the mirror. His skin had started to wrinkle. He smiles at his reflection. Slowly, what happened yesterday dawns on him. He smiles again.

He walks out, he could hear the clatter of the dishes. He goes to the kitchen and hugs his wife who is doing the dishes. She giggles and kisses him.

"I can die now", she whispers.

"God!!! why?", he exclaims.

"What more do I need? I can ask for no more.", she replies.

"True.. but what about us, honey? Let us go on another honeymoon and enjoy our retired life".

"Haha... sure. But before that, why don't you sort the gifts in the living room table"

The living room comes to life the moment he enters. The table is filled with wrapped presents. The showcase is filled with photos of their wedding, their baby, baby's first step, her trophies, medals, and honorary certificates. His daughter had accomplished far more than what he could even dream. He opens the showcase and picks the photo when she was a baby. He was holding her in his arms while his wife was leaning across his shoulder. His eyes well up and a teardrop trickles and falls on the photo frame. Wiping the tears from the photo frame, he kisses the photo.

His phone rings, he wipes his face. He knows it is her. They would have probably landed.