

My father was born and bred in a small town in Western Mass, Littleville. He didn't like to talk much about his childhood, and what I know is what I've gleaned from rumors and talking with some of his pals. There isn't anyone in Littleville anymore, least of all his family, so it will likely remain a large mystery. However, what I do know I will share with you.

His parents met on a passenger ship that went up along the east coast. My grandfather was moving away from his parents to go find a job up in Maine, while my grandmother was going to a fancy college in New Hampshire. Before either of their destinations were reached, they decided to jump off early (quite literally) in Massachusetts. I'm not sure if I quite believe the story, but I suppose it was love at first sight, or something. They hitched their way to Littleville and made do with what they had. As for how their parents responded, I have a pretty good guess.

Dad was born in 1995, a couple of years after they bought themselves a little house on the fringe of the town. Grandmother and grandfather supposedly fought over how the house should be presented, as it alternated between a cool green and a deep purple color like clockwork. I wish I could have seen it. I found a picture of it in our attic, but it was printed on a retro black and white polaroid.

*Originally Written: March 2020, in a stream of consciousness style*