

**Vocabulary**

The doors in horror films usually **creak**.

The **closet** is like a wardrobe. We put our clothes on **hangers** and then in it.

When someone dies people go to his/her **funeral**.

When there is a lot of rain, you can expect **floods**.

A **storage box** is a box where you can put your things you aren't using at the moment.

If you want to paint you need colours, brush, **canvas** and...talent.

The word "**blink**" means to open and shut your eyes fast.

After you use your ticket when you go to the cinema, you have a **ticket stub**.

Before you open a box you have to remove the **lid**.

Find the synonyms:

part, sense, rapidly, extremely, contain, heartache, meaningful, reflect, movie, in return, enormity, note

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|--------------------------|---|
| 1. letter, memo, message | 7. large size, magnitude, scale             |
| 2. very, enormously      | 8. significant, important                   |
| 3. film, motion picture  | 9. intelligent, logic, wise                 |
| 4. have, include         | 10. show, display, indicate, signal, reveal |
| 5. fast, quickly         | 11. in response, in reply                   |
| 6. sadness, distress     | 12. open                                    |

The **closet** doors **part** with their familiar **creak**, something I had always promised you that I would fix, but never had. What you didn't know was that the sound of them opening, on the mornings I didn't have to get up first, was comforting. Soon there would be the sound of **boiling** water. Most times you'd come back to bed where we'd share a cup of tea and the morning newspaper, telling each other about the items that caught our interest.

I look inside. The closet is organized. Tennis shoes on the floor, jeans on the **hangers**. Your one pair of **heels**, as well as your only dress, both dark blue for family weddings and **funerals**, are not there, having served you one final time.

Memories **flood** in as I **fold** each piece of clothing and place it in a box. They reflect your temperament. Practical as blue jeans, **tough** as **canvas** shoes. No passion was used to pick your wardrobe, just **common sense**.

You had very little use for passion, or for any deep emotion, for that matter. Still, if there had been little passion, in return there was little heartache. Nothing seemed to make you extremely happy or sad. I couldn't read you at all.

Were you really happy with me, or would someone else have done just as well? It's a question that I'll wonder about for the rest of my life.

It's done. The hangers swing in **desolation** on the rack, their job finished.

That's when I notice the **storage box** on the top shelf. It has no markings on it that I can see. I'm surprised at how heavy it is as I take it down from the shelf.

I open it, expecting it to contain summer clothing, tee shirts, shorts.

What I find takes my breath away.

It is full of notes I have written to you. **Ticket stubs** to movies we saw together. A small, **stuffed dog** I won at a carnival when it came to town. A note from just last week saying I was going to the grocery store, be back soon, love always.

You had kept them all. The meaningful and not so meaningful **mementos** of our life together. And I hadn't known. The enormity of this makes me **blink rapidly**.

After a moment I walk over to my dresser and get a pen and piece of paper. I write:

I love my life because my life had you.

Love always

I put the note on top of the others, shut the **lid** and place the box back on the shelf. I close the doors. Except for the box, the closet is empty now.

But my heart is full.