

(Name of Project)

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**Description:** An old man revisits his deceased daughter's house and relives joyous memories in his dying moments.

**ORIENTATION**

-A car pulls up in a long open field of snow. There lies one house; nothing else.  
-An old man steps out and enters.

**COMPLICATION**

-The man remembers her daughter; the memories, everything.  
-He looks up to see the tree house out in the snow. In the distance. He takes the photograph of his daughter and treks out.

**SERIES OF EVENTS**

-The Old Man makes it to the tree house.  
-Searches around it.  
-He finds a box, buried deep in the snow. Digging it out he finds the little time capsule she and he made years ago. Pulls out a locket with a picture of the two together.

**RESOLUTION**

-Unfortunately passes away due to the intense cold; and his old age. But he found exactly what he was looking for.

The slow distorted beat of his heart, pumping through his aching chest was all the old man could hear. His vision was blurred. The harsh wind making sure he'd never reach the small house of faded memories. Gravity eased his head over left. He was alone. He was always alone. As his vision slowly focused he realized something. He was home.

Silence gripped his breath. Relief had overpowered him, staggering to the sensitive wall. His legs almost failed him, but the sights that clouded his vision sent a unique warmth to his heart that fought off the cold. All of the memories returned to his decaying mind. The way she smiled. The way she'd always have to have the last word. The dusty picture of his beautiful Georgia was enough to replace all those years of misery with joyous memories. But it wasn't until something in the far corner of his eye had caught his attention. He shifted his focus, gazing straight out at the tree house that blew heavenly in the breeze.

"Oh, Georgia," he grinned, his roughly cracked hand reaching out blissfully. Determination washed over him, must like the snow, as he journeyed forward to reclaim something he thought he'd never see again.

Moments passed like hours, but he had fought the rippling winds and reached the tree. He noticed a sudden chill strike through his weak veins, falling to the stump with force. His mind was convincing him to return back to the house, but his heart spoke louder than thoughts. So he sprung his hand out fast and brought himself up onto his struggling knees. He gasped for breath, swallowing the pain deep into his gut as he began to dig up the ground with his blistering fingers.

A smile broadened on his wrinkled face. Tight in his hands was a box. Calmly closing his eyes, he braced himself what was about to be unlocked. Creaking under his fingers, he had opened it; the very sight warming him. Inside was a shell, from their first trip to the beach where he taught his daughter how to swim; next to it laid his mother's ring, that he gave to his daughter to one day give to the man of her dreams; and last of all was a picture that his little Georgia had drew of him, eating the first piece of chocolate they ever shared together.

Tears filled his eyes, holding onto the one thing that meant the world to him. Although Georgia was gone, her very essence was tight in his hold. He reached for the framed photograph he had brought along with him, that lay shattered in the snow. His trembling hand caught onto it, bringing the photo out from the glass and taking one last glance at it. With a small chuckle, tears still falling passed his aged face, he placed it inside the box of memories, and found solace in his no longer beating heart.

**ORIENTATION**

- Slow, distorted beat of heart pumping through chest.
- Vision blurred.
- Harsh wind making sure he wouldn't reach house of faded memories.
- Gravity eased his head over left.
- Alone, always alone.
- Vision focused, and he realized he was home.

**COMPLICATION**

- Silence gripped breath.
- Relief overpowered; staggering to wall.
- Legs failed, sights clouded vision that fought off the cold with warmth.
- Memories of her smile, attitude; all from the picture of her that sent away the misery.
- Tree catches his reflection; shifts focus and spots it.
- "Oh Georgia" sets off to reclaim something he thought he'd never see again with determination.

**SERIES OF EVENTS**

- Moments passed like hours; fought rippling winds.
- Noticed sudden chill strike weak veins, falls to stump.
- Mind convincing him to go back, heart speaks louder.
- Brings himself up onto struggling knees.
- Gasped for breath, swallowing pain, and begins digging up the ground.
- Smile broadened on wrinkled face.
- Finds box, tight in hands, calmly closes eyes and braces himself for what's inside.
- A shell, first time swim; mother's ring; picture she drew of their first time eating chocolate.

**RESOLUTION**

- Tears fill eyes, holding onto one thing that meant the world to him.
- Although Georgia was gone, her essence was tight in his hold.
- Reached framed photograph, final glance.
- Tears falling passed aged face, he placed it inside.
- Found solace in his no longer beating heart.