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Snap!

They look through the lens of their camera. Squinting their eyes at the image being displayed. It's unclear. Outlined in a blurry mess of colors. But They keep it anyway.

They look up at the star of their picture. It's a playground. But you wouldn't guess from the tangled vines and greenery.

But despite its state, They still smile. They close their eyes and little voices come fleeting into Their mind. Screams of delight, and cries of pain, all coming from the playground.

They turn around, and start walking, camera at hand. The sun has started to set, and the streetlights are on, but it's not dark yet. They turn Their head to the side, and is met with a large, brick building.

The actual building seems small from the outside. There's no light in the windows, or sounds of schoolchildren, or anything else that even remotely hints at the true liveliness of the place.

The camera is lifted up again, and with little adjustments, They find the angle.

Snap.

This picture is much clearer than the first one. It looked like something out of a fairytale. Their eyes shine a little brighter, and it's as if the building sees Them. *Feels Them.* And it somehow looks...newer...than when They first saw it again.

They continue on, echoes of laughter, arguments, dreams, fights. *Feelings.* It all rings through Their mind, as They pass a row of large houses.

They come to a halt at the end of the street. This house is smaller than the others. But the garden is much larger. It's well-tended, and there are a million different colorful flowers sprouting up, leaning in the wind. Almost as if they were greeting Them.

They almost take a picture, before Their nose catches the smell of something. They look up. There's a window. The bright yellow light from inside illuminates the wall that surrounds it. Inside there's a group of friends. Sitting around the table about to eat. They listen to the laughter, and the stories. They take a deep breath, the air settling in Their lungs. The unforgettable feeling of a home-cooked meal surrounds Them, and They lift their camera again.

Snap

They sigh with contentment, and finally make their way home.

Upon entering, They print out the pictures of the day. They take a moment to admire the pictures, before carefully hanging them on the - already crowded - wall. When They're done, They take a step back to admire it.

The wall is packed with pictures. Of objects, places, people...

They stare, and instinctively bring Their camera up to Their eye.

Sna-

The words "Out of Space!" Flash across the camera screen. They look at it, a little taken aback. But They start smiling again and look up at the wall.

Some things are just better to experience and
remember.

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