

It had been a tiring day, and John Lotz had just laid his head to rest. That night, he had a crazy dream, and woke up in an even crazier one. As he walked down the stairs, he noticed his staircase, strong, just as he made it, but it seemed a little more worn than the day before. Then, as he got downstairs, he noticed where one of his rooms used to be there was a small shop and a young man reading a book.

“Ah, hello sir, I didn’t see you walk in,” the young man said cheerfully leaving Mr. Lotz confused, “Would you like a tour?”

“Young man, what are you doing in my house?” Mr. Lotz said both fearfully and aggressively.

“Sir, it's 2026, Mr. Lotz hasn't been alive since 1905, please allow me to give you a tour,” he said, attempting to not be intimidated by Mr. Lotz.

“Well, then where am I?” Mr. Lotz asked angrily.

“The Lotz House of course, 1111 Columbia Avenue. Now would you like a tour, or to keep exploring yourself?” The young man offered, still questioning who this seemingly confused man was.

“I suppose a tour of *this* house wouldn't hurt,” Mr. Lotz agreed reluctantly.

"All righty then, let's start the tour with this beautifully crafted fireplace. Fireplaces were one of Mr. Lotz's specialties. Each mark is like a memory of all the cold nights,” the man said, who Mr. Lotz now noticed had a name badge showing the name: Danny.

“And what is all this stuff on the mantle?” Mr. Lotz questioned.

“These are all artifacts from the Civil War, this house saw the Battle of Franklin. It stood strong, nearly on the front lines,” Danny explained.

“I don't believe I know what you are talking about sir,” Mr. Lotz questioned.

“Ah, well it was a historic war, a fight between the North and South over racial equality. It took place in many different places, including, yours truly, Franklin, Tennessee. This house, along with the Carter house were just two of the homes used for soldiers in the Civil War,” he explained with dedication, “This house nursed many wounded soldiers back to health. These walls have seen great things, both joy and sadness,”

“That is quite the tale, shall we go upstairs to the children's room?” Mr. Lotz asked, suddenly very interested.

“Oh...sure, have you been here before?” Danny asked surprised.

“Umm, no. Just an assumption,” Mr. Lotz laughed it off, but had to remember that this young man did not realize who he was.

They walked upstairs, and seeing his children's room made him emotional, “This is Mr. Lotz's twins' room. The poor kids only lived to the age of four, such a sad story,”

Mr. Lotz was grief stricken. He did not yet know that his precious children were to perish at such a young age. Looking at the room, he recognised his little girl's doll sitting in her miniature cradle. Seeing his girl's doll sitting there, untouched, it seemed to be speaking to him, telling him stories of her that were yet to happen.

“Sir, are you alright?” Danny asked, genuinely concerned.

“Oh it's nothing, I'm just thinking about my own little ones,” Mr. Lotz said in an attempt to hold back tears. Every scuff mark was a memory that Mr. Lotz was eager to gain.

As they moved to the next room, the floor seemed to be talking to him with every creak, and he got its message. He believed the house was not only showing him but telling him, everything was alright. That his house that he had built with his own hands, the floors his children ran across, everything was still perfect.

“In this room, you can see many different items from his time period. A few examples being, game sets, books, and even clothing,” Danny explained.

Mr. Lotz was intrigued, seeing the book that he had just read, on what he thought had been the day before, now covered in dust. Their presence seemed to stir up the room, the dust dancing around them.

They went downstairs, and when they got to the bottom, Danny said, “This staircase post is actually an upside down piano leg carved by Mr. Lotz. It looks as majestic as the sounds of the piano must have been,” Danny held so much pride in this knowledge, Mr. Lotz even began to forget that this was his own work that he had done years ago.

Mr. Lotz began to get hungry, realizing he had not yet had dinner. Because the tour was coming to an end, he asked, “Do you have any food perhaps?”

Danny replied quickly, “Umm, yes I do believe we have some snacks,” he checked a basket behind the counter, “We have Moonpies and a drink fridge over there,”

“Moonpies?” Mr. Lotz questioned, not knowing what those were.

“Yes, Moonpies, they are two graham cracker cookies, with marshmallow cakes between, and covered in chocolate,” replied Danny.

“I will take one of those then please,” Mr. Lotz requested, still slightly confused.

Danny grabbed one out of the basket and handed it to Mr. Lotz.

The plastic packaging crinkled in Mr. Lotz's hands. He began to rip open the package, slightly struggling with this new material. He then took a bite, filling his mouth with the dainty treat. It was unlike anything he had eaten before. It tasted so beggarly, Mr. Lotz felt that this snack was too cheap for him, but it was strangely too tasty for him to give it up. The fluffy marshmallow dressed in stale chocolate melted in his mouth.

“And how would you like to pay for that sir? It's \$1.75,” Danny asked politely, punching in the keys of something that looked like a typewriter, except it had a big glowing square on top.

“My goodness sir, that sounds like quite a hefty price!” Mr. Lotz exclaimed, being shocked at the number Danny had just told him.

“You know what, because you are my first visitor today, I'll cover it,” Danny replied, feeling proud of his good deed.

“Ah thank you young man,” Mr. Lotz said while thinking up an idea, “I think I will just go upstairs for a few minutes,”

He walked up the stairs as they creaked, whispering their goodbyes. Finally, he made it to his room, and laid his head down upon his pillow. The blanket hugged him, and soon he was fast asleep.

When he woke up, he could hear the soft rhythm of his children's feet padding along the floor. As he walked through the house, it felt quieter, as if the house didn't have much to tell him, or had already told him too much.