



“The Old Typewriter”

A huge wooden desk in the corner of a study was my grandfather’s favorite spot. The old typewriter that sat on it was a real relic. It was heavy and metallic. Over the years, dozens of tiny scratches appeared on its surface. Yet, they only added to the charm. The keys of the typewriter were neatly arranged, each with a faded letter on top. When I pressed on them, I felt slight resistance. Modern keyboards could never recreate this tactile sensation. The typewriter has a faint smell of ink and paper. It was nostalgic for me and reminded me of my childhood. Add to it the sharp ding of the margin bell and the sound of the carriage return—they made the writing experience truly fascinating. What made this typewriter special for me was not just its look, with faded paint and slightly crooked space bar from the years of use, it was its history, too. It had typed love letters, stories, and poems. The typewriter carried memories that were so dear to me. It was a keeper of my family history. Every paper and every smudge held a moment.