

Based on memories/2015

This is my childhood home. From the day it was decided that we should tear the building down and move to an apartment, I started to take photo of it. I always wonder if it was the perfect home for our family; with a garden in the yard, the large rooms with wardrobes, the doors with colorful glass panels, a private kitchen in the back of the house, the wooden showcases which were filled with my father's crystal pieces, the greenhouse which was in the center of the house and in the afternoons a bright light would pass through its ceiling and lay on the carpets, and also the room on the second floor which I shared with my sister, and I used to sit at its window for hours watching the people go by and passing my whole time in reveries.