

'The Briefcase'

By Sakina Ali

Fifteen years ago, my grandfather passed away. I was eight years old at the time, not old enough to retain tangible memories of him. Since then, I have pieced the person he was through the retelling of his stories by my family and his now antiquated briefcase that possessed all his treasured belongings and has been preserved by us. Being a vessel of memory and reference, the briefcase, now, seems to hold a part of his soul and identity. However, it is simply an assortment of inanimate objects. By recreating my grandfather's belongings from the briefcase, I have tried to portray his essence. However, the rendering of ordinary objects also denotes the cold nature of death and the fleeting nature of memory. The objects at once are lifeless, but with the right context, constitute my grandfather's entire existence.