

My Hiraeth

My hiraeth. A term that can describe a yearning for a home that I can't get back to. Or at least I have never had. The word as I've learned comes from Wales which is part of the UK. The word was used by the Welsh people. A clever word that has no direct definition in the English language. As quick-witted as the word is, it is a perfect expression to describe an anecdote I can reflect and visualize my hiraeth.

Morning time. A time to get up, and breathe the crisp air of a tranquil dream that cascaded in my childhood life. I yawned and stretched as I prepared to wake from my bed. The sun was shining through my window blinders on my window and front of me. The sunlight beamed onto my tube TV and the stand in which a toy Pokémon ball sat on. The sunrays waved across my room with some glistening dust floating across the air in my room. I could see as I sat upright in my bed, the light cast upon my shiny toys that I enjoyed much so. Many game consoles and a Mac computer perched on a desk with a blue lamp that paralleled the color of my walls. As I jumped out of my bed, musings flashed across my noggin. Exhilarated to play with some of my friends in my neighborhood, my actions to dress up were of the past in a flash. I sped past the front door and scampered to my closest friend, Cody. He was appreciable and our time together could last an eternity. We played multiplayer videogames in a room, we explored our countryside neighborhood. Rode bikes, drove go karts, and all kinds of other fun activities.

The instant I got to their front door, I rang the doorbell. His dad answered the door. I asked, "Is Cody home?" He replied with a "yes" nod and turned around to get him. I waited a couple minutes outside the door, leaning on a tree with a few wind pinwheels on the ground surrounding the tree. He came out and we headed out to our bikes while yelling at each other about what we planned to do. We separated, then he jumped on his bike in the car driveway and I jumped on mine in the car garage. We met each other on the road in front of his house, next to mine. We were next-door neighbors so it didn't take much time to visit each other. We decided to see who could ride a bike the fastest. We both had a little analog speedometer on our bikes. We counted down, then pushed on the bike pedals. We coasted down the road and into a winding curve that steeped downhill around an old tree faster and faster. The road made a circle down and back up around a huge tree, then back to Cody's house. Cody won the race but still was very fun. We threw down our bikes after the race to go into his house and play videogames. We jolted through his front door, past his parents and ran upstairs into his room, then crashed on the floor and turned on the Nintendo 64. We both had a controller and played Vigilante 8. It was a game that had a car-warfare theme. We played for hours on the Nintendo and then played Halo on the original Xbox. Halo was a shooting game that had aliens in it. We had so much fun shooting aliens together and playing against each other.

After hours of beating aliens and shooting rockets at cars, we departed for the day and enjoyed the rest of our day at home, eating dinner and enjoying the rest of the free time we had. At home while it was dawn, I had a great dinner my Dad made, then watched a Digimon movie from 1999. It was a really thrilling movie at my age. This wasn't just a one-day thing. For a few years, my childhood life was filled with moments like this. I had other friends I played with at the time. The yearning for those moments have crafted the perfect term that exists not in the English language. It exists in the language in which the Welsh cleverly weaved together. The word is Hiraeth. The

youthful years I enjoyed, was a time I wish I could go back to, but can't. It is a time I yearn for. My Hiraeth.

1. What is your Hiraeth, if you have one?
2. Do you believe that yearning for a home that you can't go back to is life-impactful? If so, why?
3. What is the definition of Hiraeth that you think best describes that word?