

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. Toys like my toy car collection, Lego pieces, and many game consoles. My 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, I got dressed and brushed my teeth in a flash. I sped past the front door and scampered to my closest friend, Cody. Cody's house was about 100 to 200 feet away from mine, so it was a convenient travel whenever I wanted to visit or vice versa. Cody was appreciable and our time together could last an eternity because of the fun we had. We played multiplayer videogames in his or my room, we explored our countryside neighborhood, we rode his go kart through people's yards and back countryside, we ventured through mini bamboo jungles to play tag, and we did other fun activities that kids would normally do.

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. There were some neat yard decors that surrounded their house. There was also a tire swing hanging off a thick branch that hovered over their house and a fresh and clean, black, short driveway that ran a little past their house and lead to a small shed. There was a dirty swimming pool around to the back of the house that was dug into the ground and a few bird houses that hung on hooks around the rims of the roof.

He popped out through the front door where his dad was. I asked what he wanted to do and jolted toward his bike immediately and yelled, "Whoever gets to their bike the slowest is a rotten egg!" We headed out to our bikes while yelling at each other about what we planned to do after. He jumped on his bike in the car driveway and I jumped on mine in the car garage. He made it to his parked bike first before me. We then met each other on the road that ran through the small neighborhood. We decided to see who could ride a bike the fastest. We both had a little analog speedometer on our bikes. We both readied ourselves with our hands firmly gripped on the handlebars and our right resting on the highest peddle that was ready to be pushed on. The countdown had begun, then the bike peddling begun.

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 ran upwards around some houses and back to the big old tree. I got back to Cody's house first with a victory. I won the race but Cody still had a lot of fun. We threw down our bikes in the front yard of his house after the race to go into his house and play videogames. We jolted through his front door, past his parents cooking in the kitchen and ran upstairs into his room. We 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. It was a very popular game and was considered one of the top-selling games in the country. 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. I really enjoyed the secret music video that played after the credits had ended.

The next day, I woke up and saw that Dad was at his computer to work on his online business. He sold video games for a living and made a good bit of money at the time. This day I decided to turn on my Mac PC and play a game called "JumpStart" which was a learning program with mini-games in it geared for kids. There were many different JumpStart games that involved a wide range topics from math, science, and history. It was a pretty fun game to me because of the fun factor. I played for a couple hours then Dad came into my room and asked if I wanted to go see a movie in a theater. My Dad saw that I liked to learn and really appreciated my effort in wanting to learn. I never played them against my will like many kids did. I genuinely enjoyed these types of games and my father saw a positive future for me. He could see me getting good grades in school and later in the future his prediction was proven to be right.

We went to a movie theater down the road and saw the movie Tarzan, which was a 1999 Disney animated movie. The film was a lot of fun for me. After the movie, we went to Game Crazy, which was a videogame store integrated inside many Hollywood Video store locations before they closed for business across the country. We went there to look at games and rented a couple of them. This was one of my favorite things to do was to go to game stores. It was like being at a theme park for me because I really enjoyed the thrill of adventure. We went home, ate dinner then I ran into my room and enjoyed my newly rented videogame. My Dad would go watch a movie in the living room where the big TV was or go into his room to continue running his online business.

This wasn't just a rare thing. Years of my childhood life was filled with moments like these. Doing the things I loved. Going out and enjoying a great time with my friends and enjoying relaxing moments to play games and to sit outside and enjoy being in the wilderness with the wind blowing and the sound of nature. 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.