

My Hiraeth

My hiraeth. A term that can describe a yearning for a home that I can't go back to. Or at least I never had. The word as I have 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. The best that can describe me yearning for a home that I cannot go back to is a point in time when I was a child: free from responsibility, highly energetic, so many friends to play with, and my father who treated me with great care and understanding. This is what leaves me to want to go back to a time in which I cannot. This is 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 in front of me. The sunlight beamed onto my tube TV and the TV stand in which a Pokémon toy ball sat on. The sunrays beamed across my room with some glistening dust floating across the air inside. I could see as I sat upright in my bed, the light casting upon my shiny toys like my game consoles, computer, and my Hot Wheels collection that I enjoyed so much. My Mac computer perched on a desk with a blue lamp that paralleled the color of my walls. All these things I could see in my room were many toys and sparkles of joy that I could infinitely spend time in. At the time, they were gifts from my Dad that showed his appreciation for my love for him and willingness to work hard. I did things like doing chores and drawing for him, things like these were my tokens of appreciation. I was happy that he rarely yelled at me or treated me unfairly like I had seen other parents do to their children. As I jumped out of my bed, musings flashed across my noggin. I was fond of the memory of playing with my friends. Exhilarated to play with some of my friends in my neighborhood, I quickly got dressed, sped past the front door and scampered to my closest friend's house, Cody. Cody was my best friend. He was there for me when I ever got hurt from being outside, he would always compromise when we both wanted different things. He always told cool and interesting stories. He was like a brother to me and I really appreciated that. In return, I would always try to be there for him as well. We were both appreciable to each other. Not only was he really cool, but his parents were just as awesome. Sometimes they would have a barbeque outside and we would eat delicious grilled food. Sometimes they would drive us to see a movie or go to a fun event like Dave 'N' Busters, which is an arcade place. Me and Cody played multiplayer videogames in his game room, we explored our countryside neighborhood, rode bikes, drove his Dad's go karts, and all kinds of other fun activities that kids would normally do. It was a very enjoyable experience. At that time as a kid, I didn't have to worry about the phone bill coming in the mail or finishing an essay for school. It was worry-free and the responsibilities that I have now, I didn't have to worry about at all at the time. I also had so much energy to run around and drive the world hectic! It was so much fun to drive people crazy and do a lot of kart riding and horse playing. With me being twenty-three and having the responsibilities of an adult, it's not so fun. With the low energy that I have now, I have to drink a caffeinated drink every morning to get work done. This is what leads me to yearn for that healthy point in time when I was a worry-free kid who enjoyed life.

The instant I got to their front door, I rang the doorbell. The door began to creek open as an older, stiff face revealed. The sunlight shined in through the doorway and had revealed that it was Cody's Dad who had answered the door with a mutual facial expression. I asked, "Is Cody home?" He replied with an up and down nod then he turned around to get him as he temporarily closed the door with a little crack in the doorway revealing some of the activity going on inside. I could see Cody's Mom in the kitchen washing something in the sink. I couldn't tell what she was washing because she was facing her back toward the door. I could barely see the tiny spiral staircase by the dining room that went up into the game room where me and Cody would play video games. The sound of the TV playing a movie echoed throughout the house and out of the door. I stood in front of their house, waiting for Cody to poke out. As I was waiting, I leaned on a tree with a few wind pinwheels on the ground

surrounding the tree and some yard decor. Just about a couple minutes passed. He came right out as I had expected and we headed out to our bikes while yelling at each other about what we planned to do that day. We separated to get on our bike. His bike was in the car driveway of his place and mine was in the car garage of my house. His place was really cool, because next to his parents' driveway was a swing tied to an overhead tree branch. Also because there was a pool filled with cool water inside ready to be dipped. A porch surrounded the pool where there was a barbeque pit, a shed was in front of the driveway where we would take out water guns and there were 2 go-karts parked around the back ready to be driven. These were most of the reasons why I wished I could live in his place. 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 at all 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 the huge tree, then back to Cody's house. I had won the race but still was very fun to Cody as he said. We threw down our bikes in his front yard 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. We then crashed on the floor and turned on the Nintendo 64, which was a video game console. We both had a controller and played Vigilante 8: a videogame that kept us busy for hours because of the sheer fun of the competition in it. 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 that he made, then watched the Digimon movie that was released the previous year of 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. This is why I really miss these moments. The moments I have these days as a responsible adult aren't nearly as fun as I wish I had back in the childhood days. 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 the definition of Hiraeth that you think best describes that word?
2. What is your Hiraeth?
3. Do you believe that yearning for a home that you can't go back to is life-impactful? If so, why?