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Creative Writing

Returning Home

It has been ten years since I walked along the cobblestone sidewalk leading to my house. Weeds and dandelions grew between the cracks in the broken pavement. I quickly paced toward my house, turned around and began walking in the other direction. This went on for about five minutes until I had finally decided to go through with it. I walked up to my old home and just stood in awe.

Everything has changed, I thought. I recalled how beautiful my house was, and now I see the damage time can do. Weeping Willows surrounded my home, the grass was turning yellow and brown, and the paneling started to peel and deteriorate around the house. There wasn't a flower in sight, or anything remotely joyful for that matter.

This wasn't the place I remember growing up in. I couldn't imagine the times I had played baseball with my father in the front yard, or when my family would have picnics outside. I used to see this place as a haven. It was my favorite place to be. The structure before me was not my home anymore; instead it became my nightmare.

I thought about leaving this place behind. It was too depressing to see in that condition. No one had taken care of the house in many years and it showed. I was nervous to come home in the first place, but I pushed any negative thoughts astray. This was still my home even though I wished I hadn't returned. My heart was broken, but I walked up the three porch steps, took a deep breath, and knocked on the door.