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Home

Aaron Spiller
Humboldt State University

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Home

By Aaron Spiller

Home is in the East Bay hills. Dark green spots of coast live oak dot the rolling hills made golden by the heat of summer. The raucous calls of scrub jays and acorn woodpeckers are as ubiquitous as the smell of fresh dirt. The sky is a blend of pink and orange and the moon has risen from the hillside. The green and red of traffic lights make visible the town nestled in the valley below. The town is small. The community of people that live there is close-knit and friendly. Parks and community centers litter the town and are filled with barbecues and birdwatchers.

On the outskirts of the town, a long driveway lined with buckeye trees leads to a single-story house painted brown with green trim. Native shrubs are scattered chaotically throughout the yard, between them are patches of bunchgrass. A large oak shades much of the house during the heat of the day and a garden provides much of the produce that is found inside the house.

The interior walls of the house are painted with memories. Framed pictures – depicting family, friends, places explored, and sights seen – exude nostalgia. Visible between the frames is the forest green paint that spans the house. The living room features a long couch, suitable for the large family that inhabits the space. A bookshelf holds decades worth of accumulated stories, histories, and lessons. The smell of coffee leads guests from the living room into the kitchen.

The scene in the kitchen is a blend of old and new. Here, coffee, home-grown foods, and locally-bought produce dominate the cabinets. Kitchen decor items are old and represent years of tradition. This dichotomy encompasses what I consider my home.