

Home is Where the Heart was...

Brandon Frazier

Who would have known that something I cherished could go away so fast? I don't even remember giving my final goodbyes before leaving. That *ole* house had so many memories; now that I'm not there anymore it feels like nothing really existed. From the long days of yard work and house chores to the cool nights of outdoor barbeques and poolside parties, that *ole* house was the place to be. I used to love the view I had back then. I had the best room of that house, a top floor room with a roof-like ceiling and a crawl space to get underneath the roof of the house. A lot of issues were in that *ole* house but I wouldn't have traded any of it for the world. Most people say "change is for the best" or "the past is the past for a reason, so leave it as it is." Then again, who's to say that "most people" are always right?

I can still remember the summers when it would get so hot that it was a struggle to walk around the house without air conditioning. No one would even dare to go outside except for me. Not to say I liked the hot weather, but I had chores and back then those would come first. No matter the temperature or degree of weather, as long as it was possible, I would still be out there, picking the roots of weeds or cutting long strands of grass. Days like these were some of the worst days but they

Not all through the summer was I chained to house chores and yard work, so in my free time I would go out on the block and play basketball. One of my closest friends, LeDale, had his own basketball rim,

