

Erick Antonio G.

English III 4th Period

Ms. Feher

3 October 2019

The Bright Yellow Tree

Reminiscing of all those times in my childhood where the world felt brighter in that small neighborhood in Nashville, TN. I never felt stress over nothing. All I had to worry about was when was the next time I was going to go outside again or when I was going to go eat again.

One thing that I will never forget, and it was the time when me and two other friends that lived across the street would always play soccer all day every single day after school. I remember how it never got boring playing the same game every day.

One day after school, I remember being out there playing and walking up the road to go get the ball because my friend had hit it hard. As I was walking back down, I remember looking to my right and I could see a bright yellow tree that had peaches growing from it. The house where the peach tree was looked old and dusty. It looked like they had not cut the grass in like 2 years because of how tall and thick it looked, but in the middle was this bright tree that caught my eyes. I had called my friends so they could see this tree. They were very amazed at how it looked, so we decided to jump over the fence and went up to the tree. I could see how sweet the peaches on the tree looked.

Meanwhile, one of my friends had gone to the back of the house and had called us so we ran to the sound of his voice. He had seen that the door was unlocked. I remember all of us looking at each other and thinking the same thing and walked in.

As soon as I walked in, I could feel how dry and lifeless this house felt. For a second I felt like my breath had stopped and noticed how darkness consumed the whole house. Even the way the house smelled I could tell there had not been people here in there for a long time. I remember walking into the living room which had a lot of pictures hung on the wall of old people. As we walked up the stairs, I immediately could feel the heat that was coming down from the top. Each step I took it would get hotter and hotter and each breath would get shorter. We made it halfway past the steps when we all heard a sound and we all shot down the stairs running towards the door and we got outside.

As soon as we got outside, an old red beaten up car was turning into the direction of the house and we didn't think twice and jumped over the fence that was at the back of the house and ended up in another person's house. I remember seeing bamboo trees everywhere. We were in the middle of a forest of bamboos. I looked to my left and I remember seeing a worn-down playground that looked old and rusty. It had like some green patches everywhere that looked poisonous.

We kept walking down when I noticed that there was an old Chinese man fixing his plants. We waited a minute to see if he would leave. After waiting a while, I see him walk into his house quickly and as soon as he walked in, we began running and the old man comes out with his gun drawn but quickly sees that we were kids and remember home walking us to our parents.

I remember my dad being so mad with me asking me why I had been in their yard. The thing is I never told them about how we had broken into a house. From that day on, I never went past that house because of what had happened. We didn't even leave the house for a while to play outside. Instead of playing outside afterschool, I would just sit there in my room.

All in all, every time I think back to my childhood where I lived in that small neighborhood. I can understand now how things change when you grow up. The way I viewed things when I was little are not how I view them now and how life just felt happier and brighter than it does now. I remember noticing how me and my friends wouldn't see each other anymore as we grew up. That bond that we had just faded overtime.