

“And over that way, is the Turtle Cove building.” my father said, addressing the group before us. As he explained the history of the place, its significance to wetlands restoration, and what had happened there, I sat frozen. I stared at it, deep in thought. That old building had been partly destroyed once Katrina took reign over Louisiana. But despite the damage, it was another home to me. I had loved that place, and I had been devastated to hear of its destruction. My mind faded away from my father’s words as I looked out at the grassy field neighboring the building.

We had run along, laughing and shouting, as young children like to do. Long, hot, hazy days, and summers were spent doing little more than laughing and playing, catching the big, black grasshoppers that had made their homes there. We had raced to the boat shed, the long, grassy weeds tickling our legs as we brushed through them. We flung open the big wooden door and walked inside, staring wonderously up at the boats. On days when it was cool enough in the shed, there seemed to be hundreds of green tree frogs there, whether perched high in corners or sleeping in the insides of canoes.

I sighed, and tore my attention away from the field and the shed. I blinked twice as a slight breeze ruffled my hair, and spared another glance. I saw the high porch, the one that had the bench swing. I smiled to myself, thinking of other memories that flooded into my head at the mere sight of it. I had sat there, rocked back and forth, sometimes simply out of boredom, late at night. I would listen to the frogs chirping, the wild boars grunting, and the crickets singing quietly. I would swing slowly, gazing at the ceiling and

looking for interesting things that may have been attached to it. I remembered now that I had always been like that, always interested in things that seemed to gross other people out.

I laughed to myself, and stared if possible, more intently at the old house. It had been, to me, more than just a house. It had been... a home. I had spent nights there, entertaining college students with my childlike humor. Then again, I could only think that the last time I had really been there, I *had* been a child. Or perhaps I was more of a child *then* than I am now. Maybe seven or eight, I thought. I bit my lip, wishing for one, just *one* step inside that building. One look around was all I needed.

I gazed longingly at the tiny window, perched just above the slanting roof. I remembered that at one time, I had just thought that that was the coolest thing. I had wondered what would happen if I just walked out onto the roof. I seemed to think of things like that, things that I would never have guessed would be a rather frightening concept to me now that I knew it wasn't such a great idea. I sighed deeply. I longed to go inside and race about, go into all of the rooms and remember everything. I wanted it to all happen again, but I could almost be certain it never would. My eyes burned slightly at the thought of never going in again. I sighed and lay back in my seat, missing my second home.