

In the process of writing *The Homeland*, I found myself having a really good time. I'm sure anyone who's written fiction can attest to the fact that this is not always the case. In literature, I'm a sucker for unreliable narrators who slowly reveal that their lives aren't what they'd have you think. In this story, the protagonist believes that he is smarter than everyone else and misunderstood. For whatever reason, he's simply not aware that his negative attitude and poor choices account for his life's difficulties. Furthermore, the revelation he has, near the end of the story, is shallow and ridiculous, and by the end of the piece, he makes yet another idiotic decision. If I'm anything like this character, it's that I often can't see the forest for the trees until it's too late. I have, however, never runaway with my mother-in-law.