

**George Callback Sides #1**

GEORGE

Nothing mattered. Not even a son with a Purple Heart. In the end, all my parents had left was the pride to say "no." So much for "home."

I feel my leg sometimes, you know. Like it's still part of me, flesh and bone. I even feel the hairs against my trousers. California's the same way. Sometimes I wake up and I think I'm back there, in my bed, in my parent's house. I smell the lemon trees, as sweet and real as can be. But I don't have a right leg, and I'm not home.