

Weekly Experience

Everything in life is hard, from making friends at age 5, to making money at age 21. Life is hard for everybody in their own way. So I'm gonna tell you my experience when life became hard for me.

Exactly one year ago in September, my mom called me to her room. I thought she was gonna tell me to clean my room or do something like always, but I noticed she was serious. I saw tears fall down her face as she told us we were getting evicted. I didn't know what to say. In this apartment I had made so many memories. I remembered just last week sitting on the grass outside and thinking about all the memories I had made here. But instead of getting upset I gave her the longest embrace, I told her "We're gonna be okay." Fast forward a couple weeks and I'm seeing all the stuff leave my apartment. As I drove away I remembered everything, and a tear slipped out my eyes.

The place we moved was weekly, you would pay rent every week. It had 3 floors and we lived at the very top, the third floor. I remember seeing it for the first time, I didn't know what to say or even feel. By the time we moved all our stuff in it was already night time so we had to go to sleep. Waking up that morning was hard. The apartment was small so we were all cramped and we didn't have much food in the fridge. Our TV was as big as a laptop, and we couldn't watch what we wanted. We lived in that apartment with a dog and 2 cats so they would take up so much space. We had a small closet to store all our clothes and one tiny bathroom to do everything. We didn't have a dining table either, but we had each other, and that's all that mattered. I saw a lot of homeless people, it made my eyes water every time. It would also flood every time it rained and I remembered having to get our groceries from being flooded while making sure people weren't around because there were a lot of robberies. I genuinely would hate going there, but then something happened.

There was one night when the whole complex's power went out, I came outside thinking it would be dark. But then I saw everybody barbecuing and kids playing football. I saw people talking and laughing, even my mom went downstairs to talk to people. All of their laughter, chatter, and coming together brought warmth to me, a warmth I hadn't felt in so long. Then I realized something. It's not about if you have a good home, what matters is if that home is in a good neighbourhood and the sense of community. It's about the shelter that you have, it's about the shelter that you give each other.

We only lived there for 3 months but those 3 months changed my perspective on life. I hope everyone can experience something that changes their life. We live in a big town house now but I will still always remember that experience.