

Homeless



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

First off, my name is _____ and I am currently living in a makeshift tent on the corner of Normandy and Pico in Los Angeles.

Los Angeles is a very busy city but by living in a city much more job opportunities and more interaction with regular people is easier to come by (1). My life as a homeless man is not much different than when I was younger living with my parents. My Dad never got a stable job and my mom was always at home trying to find a job in the newspapers but without adequate education, this was literally impossible. Not having a home makes me feel very vulnerable to the subordinates of our world. I do not have very much protection from other homeless people who are trying to steal certain items that I have such as blankets, pillows, and a bicycle.

The tent I currently sleep in is composed of various clothes, rags, and part of a rain tarp I have found around the city. I usually work on my tent and look for other materials to improve my little house which I like to call it when I am not working (4). Yes, I have somewhat of a job. I work as a factory worker but my hours have been cut drastically and I have to choose between food and housing. I try and look for other side jobs but work is hard to come by. Hopefully, times will turn for the better and I will be able to work full time again (2).

It is rather boring not working. This is the first time in my life in which I actually admitted that. I find myself thinking much more than I used to. Every morning, I awake and get ready to find some sort of work. I wash my face, brush my teeth, and comb my hair in a local park drinking fountain and then hide my personal belongings behind a large dumpster in a nearby alley

not to far from my tent. My good buddy Roger, who stays in his tent all day, watches my little house while I??™ m gone.

I??™ m very grateful for this and sometimes I share some of my food with him. Sometimes I stop by a local donut shop for breakfast when I have saved up a good amount of money to treat myself (3). The man that works there is a very kind man. He often gives me free food which I am very grateful. On my way to find work, I ride my bike and see other homeless people rising to clear out before the police arrive. When you are homeless, the police can sometimes be pretty harsh.

We do not do anything wrong but they insist that they must do their job. Sometimes I stop and talk with the other homeless people. All the homeless people living on Normandy Street are basically a community. Everyone helps out to get each other back on he/she??™ s own two feet (5). When I finally reach the bus stop, which is about four miles away, I have to deal with the real world people. Most people avoid looking at me, but younger kids sometimes stare and laugh. It doesn??™ t really bother me anymore because I have learned to deal with it.

I wish they knew how it felt to be homeless (6). For most homeless people, it isn??™ t even their fault they are homeless. For example, before my hours were cut at the factory, I was living a pretty decent life. Since my hours have been cut, I can barley afford food and clothing (7).

However, I am still in good spirits and pray everyday for a good break. God??™ s will is my will and that is all I really need.