

Home



**ASSIGN
BUSTER**

??? Home??? The hasty packing into a U-Haul. My selfish, bitter tears that I strain to keep inside. As I fold my clothes into boxes, I feel as if I'm leaving the only home I have ever known. It's strange for the short three years that I have been here.

Yet, I had finally felt like I clicked with a group of people, as flawed as both I and they were. And that was the most valuable thing I had in my 16 year old life. We sung down the hallways on the way to chorus (although my voice sounded ridiculous next to voice trained experts), and they played in shows while I joined the ranks of stage crew. We conferred in Starbucks until all our money was gone and we laughed from just giving each other looks. Leaving that was like turning my entire world on its head.

Yet, a storm was brewing at home. My dad and stepmother were fighting more and more each day, about us. My brother and I was jealous of our younger half-sister, we didn't respect her. She hated us. Those words stung, sometimes they still do. However, despite the wounds, that house was anchor to the ones I loved, people I can go to.

At that time, my other family. I felt like I was being exiled. But my stepmother angrily filed those divorce papers, and urgently we fled. I walked into the front seat of my father's car, piled with everything we couldn't fit into the truck, and drove away. We were going back to Queens, to a house I knew I hated. I had lived there once before in my childhood. Flashbacks flashed into my mind, my 11-year old self sitting on that wooden bench alone, kids playing recess around me.

I had changed a lot since then, but I still had insecurities. I hadn't fit in then, how could I fit in now We finally entered the house with all our things, movers carrying in boxes for us. While they were walking around the house placing them in the proper place, my dad set us down on the couch. I know that the last year has been really rough, but I just want you guys to know that now it's the three of us.

And it's always been the three of us. And despite anything, it will always been the three of us. In those words, something clicked. I realized that home wasn't just my friends, or even just a place.

It was in my family, my real family; the ones that have loved me for me for as long as I remember. When all the friends in the world are gone, as one day they will, my family will always be there. Because they have always been there.

And even in this new house, with all these new people, I had a glimmer of hope. And it was because my family was the only stability I needed.