



## WRITING

# Alemeny

## TYPE

### Narrative

My home, these dirty projects. I remember being young and playing outside, constant water fights, and flashlight tag. It often smells like lighter fluid when it first starts burning. It smells like whatever your neighbor is cooking, and if it's love, they'll bring you a plate.

When you pull in, people stare if you're not recognizable. But if they recognize you, they welcome you before you even get to your house door by making sure you're straight. It's different from what it used to look like. There's hella people now. It's crowded and there's no parking. These buildings used to be brown and beige. Now they're painted ugly blues and grays. I guess they were going for depression modern, but at least we got to keep the murals. Murals of kids playing outside and Black activists to remind them of their innocence and the powerful people they aspire to be. People of all ages fighting to keep what's left of our home. Now we're always being questioned about who is coming in and out of our home.

With the remodeling changes came more rules and restrictions on what you can do. I feel like they do it on purpose to evict us. Kicking out the communities that were there so white people can move in and make more money. It's home and it's a place that other people dread to live in. To me, it's the most comfortable place. I can't go anywhere else and feel this safe. It's all I've known. The memories make it special, people that I've met, sisters, brothers, and aunties not by blood, but by love.