

99 WRITING

My Home, My Life

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TYPE
NARRATIVE

I'm a 13 year-old in West Town. I walk the streets searching for answers. I ask myself, Will I make it? I wake up every day knowing it's a battle for survival, a battle to achieve my desires for who I want to become.

Despite my city's issues, I think of the word purpose. If it wasn't for Chicago I wouldn't have a place to call home. Sirens go off, lights are flashing, traffic is moving, and the wind is blowing. The sunset of my city gives me a reason to turn the other cheek and see the beauty of life.

What do I want? I don't ask for much, but if there's one thing I want, that would be peace. A chance to have all colors united in equality. No judgement, just a place where I can be who I am and make a change.