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Mrs. Park

Honors English I

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The Time is Now for our Beloved Community

I have always wanted my life to somehow change, whether it was the freedom we had or the fact that we have \$6 in our bank account. I lazily get out the bed wanting so badly to return to my dream. I hate waking up, I literally despise it. When I wake up, I have this constant reminder of struggle and the fact that we are not okay. I can't remember the last time we paid a bill, probably why an orange eviction notice was slid under our front door. I can see it glaring at me, daring me to throw it away, daring me to try to stay just a moment longer.

Just on cue, a large fist pounds on the door, "Hey Johnson, pack your things, I want you out by tomorrow morning, and for the love of God, please don't do this to the next junk hole you decide to go to." The voice is harsh, but a sliver of tiredness seeps through his forceful words. I know I'm exhausting, even I get tired of myself, tired of living my useless life.

After using the five minutes I had to get ready, I slip out the door to head to my job. I work as a dishwasher at the local deli, worst payment I've ever seen. They think that they can just pay me under minimum wage, and I'll be okay. A man rams his shoulder into me and snarks as he continues on his way. The walk to work is the same as always, casual racist comments, daily mugging of a fat lady or robbery of that gas station. This is my life. Reaching the deli, I take a deep breath and walk in ready for the torch to continue.

I run out of the deli as fast as I can and sprint down the streets. A bulky dude chases after me for making a comment while I was leaving. “Imma kill you, get over here!!!” he screams as I continue towards my house.

An ally comes up and I sneak though watching him continue running after no one. I snicker a little to myself and walk the rest of the way to my house. Unlocking my door, the orange paper lays on the floor, glaring at me. I snatch it up, slam it into the trash can, and head to my room. My head hits the pillow and I fall into a somewhat peaceful sleep. I can just pack later...

I groggily open my eyes, a yawn escaping my mouth as I begin to wake up. I check the time 10:37pm, I slept for a good four, five hours! I see the light on outside my door, so I get up to turn it off. When I open the door, my stomach growls a little and I go to the fridge hoping there is something in it I could eat. But when I open it, every rack is filled with food. Weird I think, grabbing an apple and heading back to my room. I wake up the next morning and everything is even weirder. On my way to work this lady stopped me just to tell me how beautiful I was. And another lady invited me to a get together because she thought I needed a night of fun. I was enjoying this, so confusing, but I was happy for once. After work, I got my paycheck, but when I looked at it, something wasn't right. I usually get \$200 dollars a week, but the check said \$450. Things were turning around and I went out for dinner for the first time in literally forever!

Beep. Beep. Beep. Beep. My alarm blares at me and I groan as I shut it off. I go to get breakfast, but my fridge has nothing but a bottle of ketchup and some bananas. Wait, hold up, was I dreaming. Was my life in paradise just my imagination? Wish my life could be like that,

that is the life we deserve. I head to work, and my boss criticizes me as soon as I walk through the doors. I frown at him and head back to my station.

He stops me knowing something is off, “This is how life is Johnson, get your head out of the gutter and get to work.” I know he’s right, we should all have a good life but sometimes that’s just not how it’s meant to be.