

Character: A homeless teenager living in New York

*Please avoid stereotypes and create an authentic, deep-feeling human who is trying to find their way.*

*The character is talking to a stranger who has stopped and asked them if they are doing ok.*

I've been homeless for the last month and the only time I sleep inside is when I sneak into houses that are vacant. I found one that looked like a castle and stayed there long enough to just get dry. Sometimes, I find shelter underneath these rows of columns holding up the Brooklyn Bridge. I've been stealing food. Not proud of that but what else can I do? You gotta eat....

I don't drink or do drugs. I had to run-away 'cause... yeah...well, that's another story for another time.

I don't have a phone so I've been using computer stores to get in contact with my old friends. I'll figure this out. But you know what I really want? More than anything? A love that is true. I haven't been with someone and wish to change this lonely feeling I've been dealing with. I have a crush on this super-cool person my age who is homeless, too; I don't know if I've been noticed by them, yet. Yeah. Maybe I'll pick them some flowers when spring comes around.

Peace. I'll be fine. I hope you will be, too.