

## New York Christmas Story

Shit.

It's already December 18th. I haven't heard from my family in a long time and I have no one to go to. Why did I have to be kicked out of my apartment just before Christmas?

At that moment it starts to snow.

God must hate me, I think to myself.

A flyer lands at my feet. I pick it up and read what it says: Christmas week with free food and drink for those in need, 25<sup>th</sup> Kurnell Street.

So I make my way to the place, that is on the flyer.

This year I will have to celebrate Christmas alone.