

Narrative

It's starting to rain again. My family and I pull out the umbrellas. Hi, my name is Stefan; I live on the outskirts of Rome, Italy. My family and I live on a musty smelling mattress and when it rains the only shelter we have are the umbrellas lying next to the small mattress. That's not our only problem though.

My family and I are refugees who came to Rome from Romania. We do not have any legal documents so when the police drive past the spot we call home we have to hide because we are illegal. My parents never told me why exactly we left Romania but I think it's pretty serious. I'm only 4 years old and I get confused often so I try to make the best of every situation.

Every morning when my parents and I wake up, we head into the inner city. We clean windshields at stoplights for the more fortunate families for a very small amount of money. I see children fancy cars and nice clothing that look my age and wonder what it would be like to be them. When the light turns green we walk to the side of the road and wait for the next red light and clean those cars.

I dream a lot and when I do it is about what it would be like to go to school one day and learn about all kinds of different things. But mostly I would want to learn about about Romania. I would want to learn about it and maybe, just maybe, get to travel back and visit Romania.

I love my family and they love me and I can see this. I think good things and make the best of every situation. Something good is going to happen and I can feel it. We will persevere through these tough times and come out striving.