

Late at night, when the rain pounds against the windows with its icy drops, and the rumbling sound of thunder and lightning light up the sky, do you hide under your covers? Do you go running to your mom and dad? What about the people without covers, parents, and a roof to protect them? What about the homeless?

I know what it feels like when the rain pours on you and lightning and thunder is all around you. When a blanket of black and blue surrounds you. When you're soaked to the bone. But I don't know what it's like to have nowhere to hide, no way to change into dry clothes, nowhere to sleep, and nowhere to eat.

*Kyla's combined entry.*

Are the homeless afraid of rain, snow, and wind? Are they afraid of the thunder? Where do they sleep? The streets and stoops of churches are cold and damp. Where can they find warmth and comfort? When I walk down the streets in the rain I don't usually see the homeless so I wonder where they hide.

*Kyla's combined entry, p. 2.*