

Nothing. Nowhere. Only if we help. I wonder how it feels. Especially in the winter time when trees shed their leaves. When there is bitter cold wind and the only thing to look forward to is enough money for a hot meal, warm clothes, or a blanket. They're lucky enough if they get a few dollars for a candy bar or soda. They're all over New York. Some places I see them are on Broadway, Columbus, and Amsterdam. They're also in big public places like Central Park, subway stations and bus stops. It makes me feel weird that these people like you and me are homeless and foodless. Every time I'm waiting for the subway I see someone homeless and in need of money. I almost always try to give them a little money, but

*Kyla's notebook entry.*

once my mom was in such a rush up the escalator that when we passed a homeless man, I didn't even get to give a cent. Looking back at him, I feel strange and wish someone would drop a dozen \$100 bills into his cup. The most I've ever given was \$5 to a couple who wanted a nice dinner. When I gave this money, I felt happy that I just gave a dinner to two nice people. On Broadway by this store called Alphabets is a homeless guy I see a lot. He sits on a cardboard box with a sign that says:

Please give some money.  
God will bless you.

Even though I've passed there a lot I still never gave him money, but I wish I did.

Harmless rain, peaceful rain, scary rain,  
rain. Rain is harmless drops of  
water falling from the sky, but is  
rain ever scary? We drink water,  
we wash ourselves with water, we  
cook with water, and we grow  
flowers and food with water.  
If we use water all the  
time, how can rain be scary?  
When you are watching t.v. or in  
bed and minding your own  
business and you hear big  
drops of water rattling your  
windows with a beat like a  
base drum, are you ever scared  
of rain? When all you hear is  
the sound of rushing water  
and thunder are you scared of  
rain? I am. Rain can be peaceful.  
When it drizzles outside and  
instead of rattling windows the  
rain goes pit pat pitty pat  
do you feel calm and peaceful?

If you are holding an animal or reading a book and all you hear are beads of water that sound like the ticking to a clock, do you feel calm and peaceful? If you sit by a warm fire and write or play a game and you hear a slight musical rhythm away, are you calm and peaceful? I am.

*Kyla's notebook entry, p. 4.*