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The Homeless

Walking into McDonald's with my friends, already ten minutes late for first period, we decided to get breakfast. While in line I start scanning the place for a spot to sit. My eyes fell upon a man, who looked as if he were in his early forties. He had worn out shoes, baggy pants and an oversized shirt on. Ordering and taking my fountain drink to a table, I sit facing his direction. While talking to my friends, I couldn't **help myself but feel** sorrow for the man. My friends stop talking and turn around to see what I was staring at. Noticing him, they turn back around facing me without uttering a word. We stay quiet for awhile, until the woman shouts out "233!" Looking at our receipts, getting distracted and **acting like if we didn't have an awkward silence**. As were leaving with our foods in our hands I looked at him one last time before getting in the car. On my way to school, I was thinking to myself, why do we ignore the homeless or those in need? Why don't we help?

Throughout the whole day I couldn't stop thinking about the homeless man, I couldn't shake off the feeling that my friends ignored him. Why didn't they offer to get him something, why didn't I offer myself to help him with at least something from the dollar menu? I couldn't understand how we could just ignore those who don't have a place to sleep. We ignored him like if he wasn't there. And I realize, we **disregarded** him because we chose to not face the reality of

poverty. We don't want to align ourselves and see what the “underclass” go through because they don't have enough to maintain **themselves** or their family.

Later on during the day I asked my mother what she thought about the situation. She replied with “They need to work, they can't sit around asking for money.” And I thought to myself yes, that's true some of them are young enough to still work. But how are they going to work if they don't have a way to start. Like for an example in order to get a job **they would have to have** a home address, a bank account or a mailing address. So how would they be able to get a job if they don’t have the requirements to get one and **to be able to** help themselves. Another reason is, for a job **they’ll** need to make a **first** impression, **they** need to look nice and professional. In order to **look** nice **they** need **to** shower, **have nice** clothes, **a nice haircut,** etc. So how can someone who doesn’t have anything make themselves look pleasant? Lying in bed late at night I couldn’t help but wonder where the man was sleeping, on the floor, on a cupboard, or if he even has a blanket. He could be out there with all the bugs and **the heat** while I was fortunate enough to sleep in a comfy bed.

Even after all these years I came into realization that people don’t care as much as they say they do. **They would rather avoid them and think they wouldn’t be going through this if they weren’t lazy, or on drugs.** They don’t want to get involved because they don’t want to face the reality of poverty, **or see that they are the same as any other person. Someone who used to have a job, but are now out in the streets because it was not enough to maintain**

themselves. They decided not to help the needy **because they "deserve" it for being foolish. Or they feel like they don't find it right to be "wasting" their money on someone who is a "scum". They may also find it hard to identify someone who is deceiving them or is in reality homeless. In reality, it's hard to decipher what really is true or not. From all we know they have a home but asking for money could be their easy way to get extra cash. We don't know the truth behind someone who really is homeless. It is easier to bat and eye than face what's in front of us. There isn't any trust in our society, we just assume the worst when we see a homeless person.**