

Jessica

Why do people look at me like I'm a freak? After my grandmom passed she had no one to look after her pet pigs. She lived in a more rural area so I can understand if they miss all the free space. I wish people would care to find out why I'm walking four fully grown pigs through Center City instead of giving me nasty looks. Earlier today, for instance, an old man on a tricycle stared at me for the better part of ten seconds as he pedaled by with his mouth wide open. I took mental note of this because he almost fell off his three-wheeled vehicle. I fail to believe that the passersby are as appalled as they make themselves out to be. Rather, I think they are off-put by me instead. "How could this person be seen in public like this," they must ask themselves. Little do they know, I'm proud of my hogs. I bet they can't tell the difference between a dirty pig and a clean one. My pigs are washed every day. Do you realize how difficult that is; to wash down four entire pigs every evening in the backyard? Not to mention the shoes they insist on wearing. They will not go outside without their shoes. You can tell they've really taken kindly to city life.

Albert

The worst part of my day is the pothole on 13th street. "Pothole" is an understatement. This thing is a crater. My tricycle (I don't know how to ride a bike) barely makes it past every day on my ride to work. "Where do I work," you ask? Well, I have the best job ever! I roll weed for a living. I have been working for a cannabis dispensary in North Philadelphia for forty-three years of my life. Nothing on this earth spare a bowling ball can roll better than me. That being said, I see the craziest things on my numerous "adventures." This morning I saw a woman walking four pigs. At least I think I did; I only caught a short glimpse for a second or two. Last night I saw a unicorn or maybe a pegasus out of my trailer window.

Casey

Quarantine changed me. I have never been the same since I had to fight for toilet paper in Walmart. I don't think I'm wrong, I just think I have a different outlook on stuff. I haven't thrown anything in the garbage in years besides things that go bad. Every cereal box, pair of old sneakers, broken backpack, and old phone case have been piled in my basement for the past couple of years. Noone realizes the power these items hold. You could scrap that old TV you were about to throw out for parts and use them for a possible future project. Need a Halloween costume? Go grab that torn-up, eight-year-old t-shirt and be a zombie. The only problem with this lifestyle is the monthly payments for my three storage lockers. I could have spent that \$450 on other things, but that's a small price to pay for owning everything I could ever need. My parents think it's an issue every time they visit. That's just because my dad is so giant that he shakes the ground and makes things topple in the basement. That's not my problem Dad!

Chase

No one is better at golf than me. I mean it. I can put the ball anywhere on the fairway or green that I want. It sucks that the world won't be able to experience my greatness for another four years. The age requirement for the PGA Tour is eighteen and I am fourteen. Not only is this a tragedy, but an abomination simultaneously. I could beat anyone out there on the tour: Dustin, Rory, Phil, Tommy, Brooks. Anyone. None of them stand a chance against me. My Dad told me so. I don't see my Dad much. He's always away for business. I hate when he's gone because Mom doesn't get me gifts or even buy me new shoes. She says I'm "spoiled," which I know I'm not because my Dad said I just have a money mindset and that that is a good thing. I'm smart too. I use my money to invest in myself. I buy views for my TikTok and Instagram to increase the popularity of my brand. My Dad told me that was proud of me for that and told me it was a "good business decision."

Naomi