MY BALCONY



This was the first scenery we saw when we entered my balcony. The colour of the floor was bla-
ck, and we couldn't associate it with any other colour at that point.
There was trash everywhere, and we didn't even know where to start. Once
we did start, we couldn't believe what was happening there. A who-
le society of bugs was inhabiting my balcony.

I'm glad my mom was with me at that mo-
ment because, if it had been up to me, we
would have stopped there and never
come back again. Since that wasn't
an option, we got back on tra-
ck and did our best to at le-
ast take all the trash and the
bugs out.

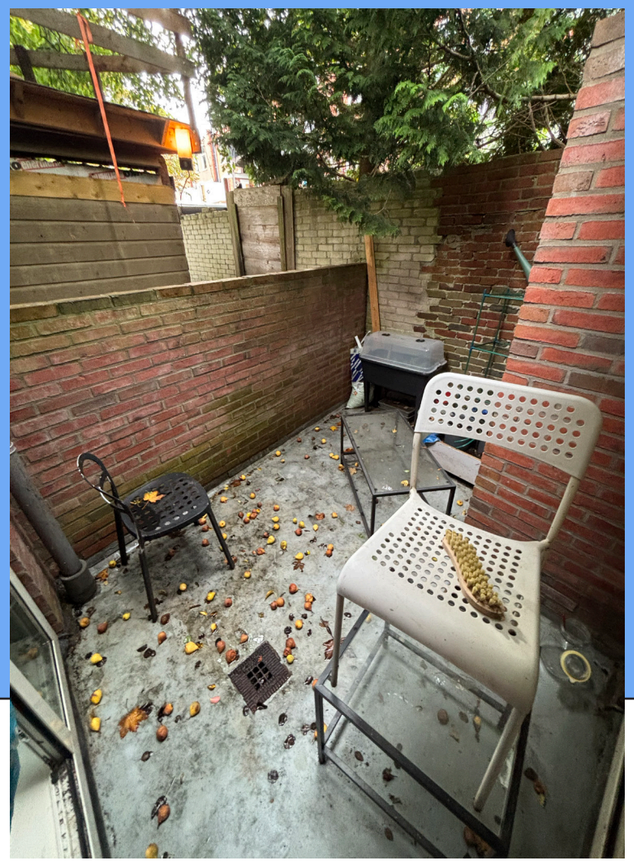
However, my parents were
going back to Portugal in two
days, so they put more effort
into building some furniture and
going to IKEA and the supermarket
instead of cleaning the balcony. That me-
ant that I had to continue it all by myself. That
was completely okay until, one day later, my door
broke and completely blocked access to the garden.

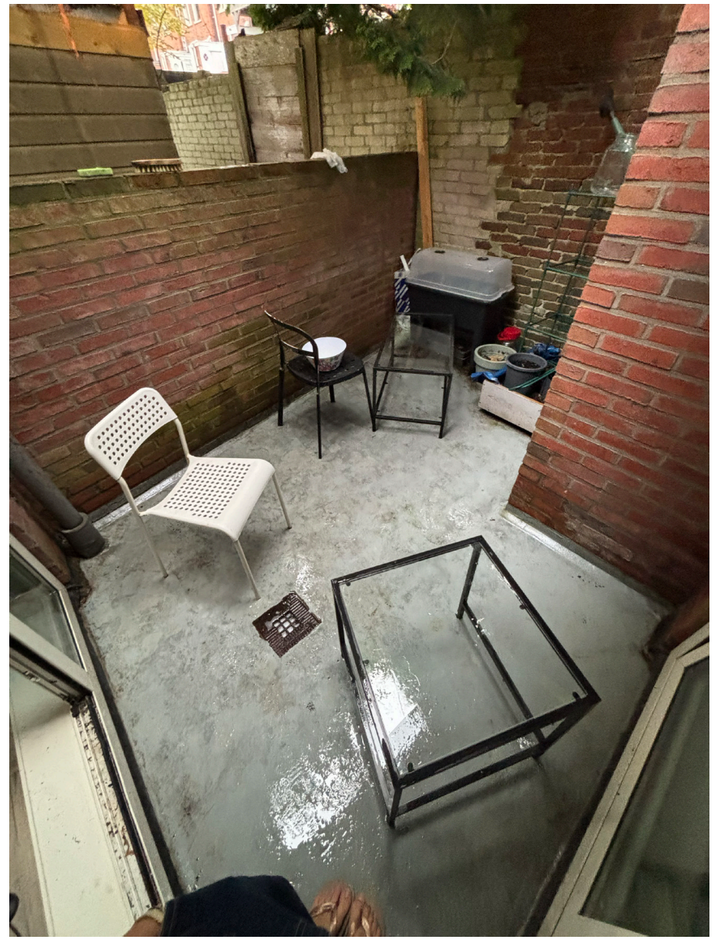
That way, the backyard got worse and worse as I had to wait for someo-
ne to fix the door.

He cameeeeeeeee. A guy came and fixed the door!

I needed to do a before and after and it was so good!!!

I got completely invaded by these pears because of the tree that grows them, which is right above the garden.
Also, I scrubbed the floor so hard that I realised its true colour is a greyish green.

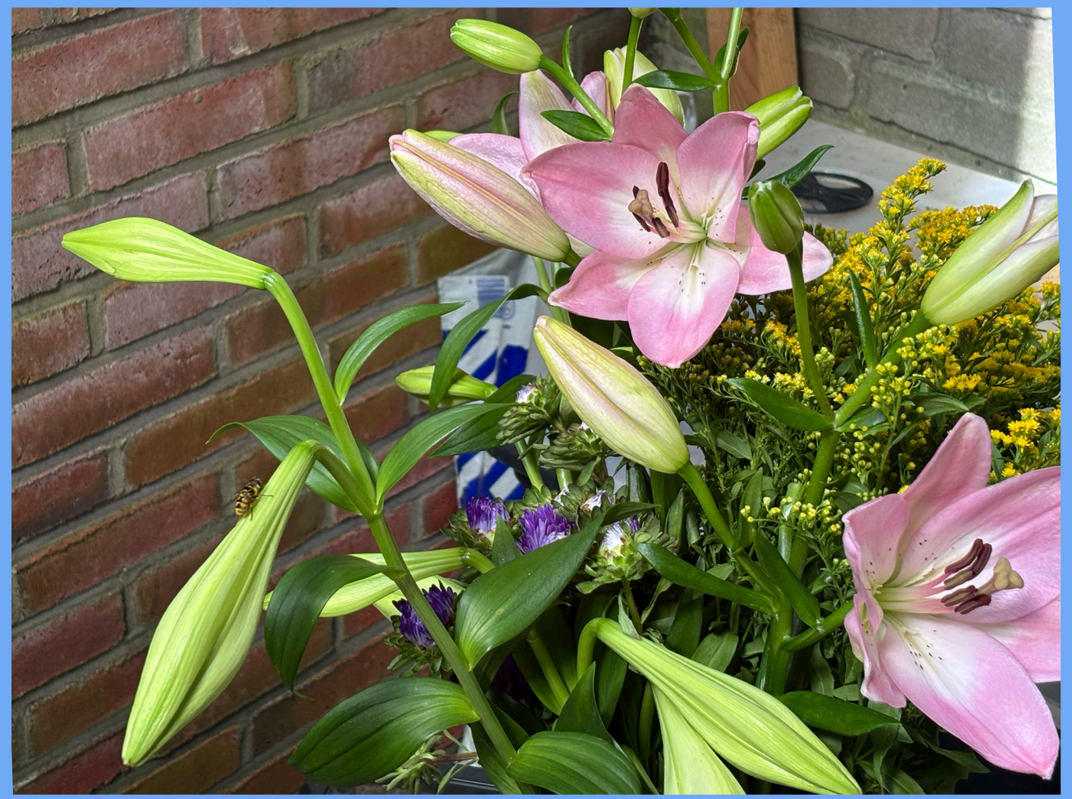




Another thing I needed to do was make it cozy and make
it feel like home. Since I can't bike with furnitu-
re and big stuff, and I'm also on a budget, I
bought some flowers instead.
However, I'm still looking fo-
rward to decorating it and
making it way better. I
guess we'll have to wait
until next month...

**Also, time flies, and
apparently, so do
flowers.**

A week went by without
me cleaning the garden,
and somehow, we were back to
where we started: pears all over the
floor, leaves everywhere, and the garden
slowly taking over again.





The-
se
flowers were
my little proof that time had
passed. They bloomed, faded,
and died while everything
around them slowly returned
to its original state.
I guess some things change with
time, and some thin-
gs just come
back.


Havaianas