

My name is Sean and I am eight. Being eight is nice and I know a lot of people the same age and we are friends. We play football in the park and basketball. The park was near where we lived but we had to move.

The guy was selling the house so we all had to move. It was like a piece of glass shattering.

It's sad and you feel like you might not see your cousins again. All day you don't get time to rest, you have to pack and pack and pack. And I had no idea where I was going.

My auntie moved to Finglas and she had a baby boy and we miss seeing her. Me and my brother moved to a B&B.

You can have food any time you want because you can buy what you want.

The one thing I regret is that we are at the top of the house sixty something steps up. But it's joyful because at least you have somewhere to sleep.

Sean



"It was like a piece of glass shattering."



## **Homelessness – a child's perspective**

Sean was just eight years old when his family lost their home and moved into emergency accommodation on the North side of Dublin. There, Sean, his parents and his younger brother lived in one room on the sixth floor of the building.

As part of a Focus Ireland project, Sean was asked to describe the process of becoming homeless. This is the note he wrote.