

Five Teenagers and a Grocery Bill

Five teenagers. One house. A carefully managed chaotic blend.

They get on, most of the time – like a jigsaw puzzle missing a few pieces; imperfect, sometimes confusing, but mostly fitting together. Morning grunts as greetings, emerging like angry bears cut short from hibernation. A mountain of towels on the bathroom floor. The fridge gets cleared out like a robbery – swift, silent and suspiciously timed. There are spontaneous dance moves, mysterious smells and slammed doors.

And yet – sometimes – laughter floats down the hallway like music. Despite the mess, the moods, this patchwork pack of teens has started to feel like family.