

# STORIES ON OUR BLOCK



a  
House  
of  
My Own

# THE NEA BIG READ MIAMI 2025

# Asyria



When I first moved here to Miami we had to start small, so I live in Opa-Locka. The first image is Kwik Stop it makes me remember of that one gas station store (We called it the 'Blue Store'). It was a quick and easy walk about 5 minutes away, we always get snacks or cooked meals.

The Second image was the Library I now go to. It's not a place I would get books because it doesn't have any that people want to get in genres. It's more historical or workbooks, but I go to do homework and study.

Like when I do back in America but the time in distance for walking so I like the Library at Opa-Locka better than the one I used to go to.



Aladdin vibes



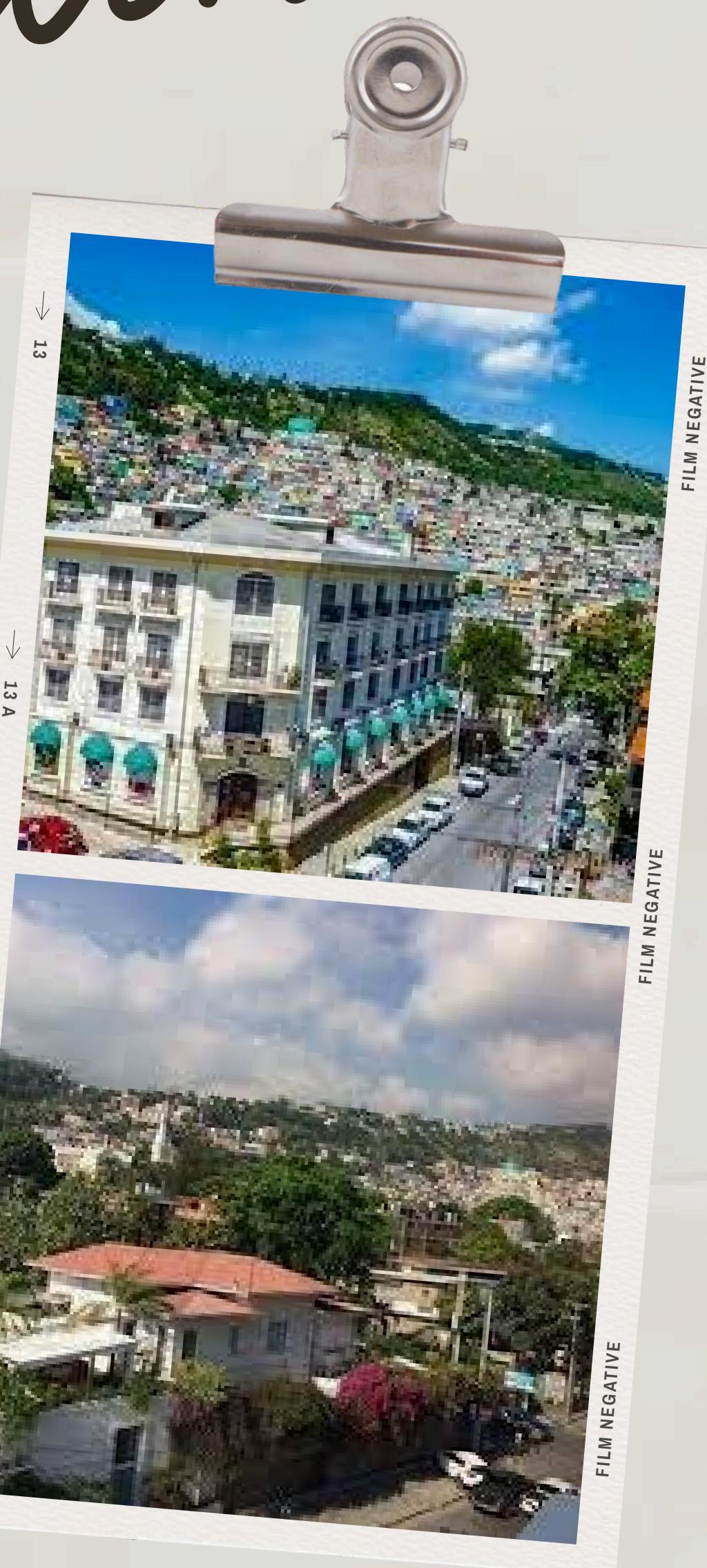
The Last Image doesn't reminds me at home it just gives off the movie 'Aladdin' vibes and that's what I like about it. I didn't like where I was living at first

because I thought it was gettho but overtime I started to get used to it.

# mickerlin

I grew up in La Plaine, Haiti, where my neighborhood was always lively and full of activities for the youth.

There were programs for young people and other fun events that I really enjoyed. Children were always playing outside, walking around, and joining in games. One of the most interesting traditions was a singing contest for the kids. It was my favorite activity because it helped us overcome shyness, speak confidently in front of others, and just have fun. I even participated in it and managed to place third. Which was amazing experience for me.



# Elle



## Brickell in Motion

Brickell wakes up fast. The sun hits the glass buildings and the whole neighborhood seems to stretch and hurry forward. Boats glide across the water below the bridges, leaving shimmering trails that catch the morning light. On the sidewalks, dogs lead their owners with excited paws, tugging toward the next adventure.

The smell of fresh coffee floats from tiny cafés tucked between towering cranes and construction zones. Hard hats and business suits share the same streets, everyone in motion, everyone with somewhere to be. Runners pound the pavement, cyclists zip by, and the train hums overhead, reminding you that the city never presses pause.

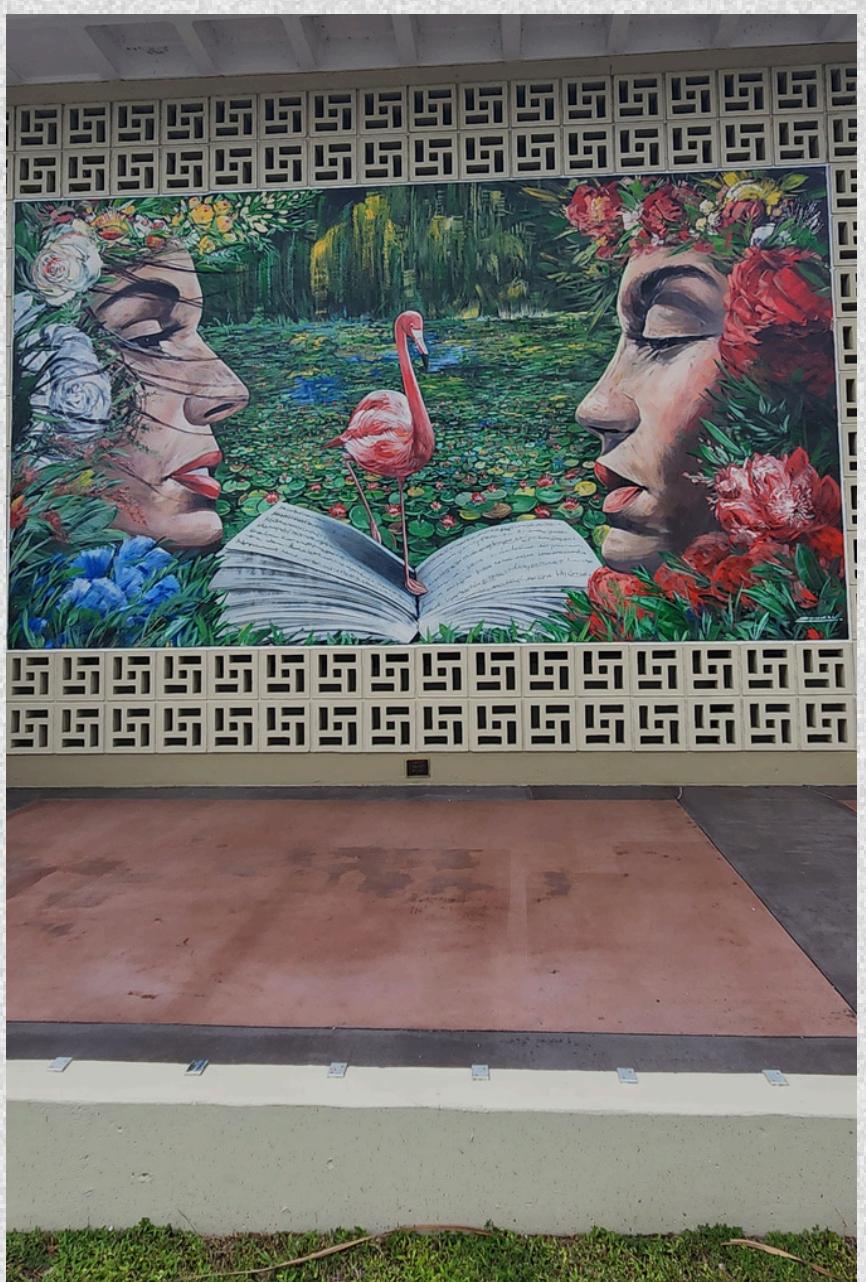
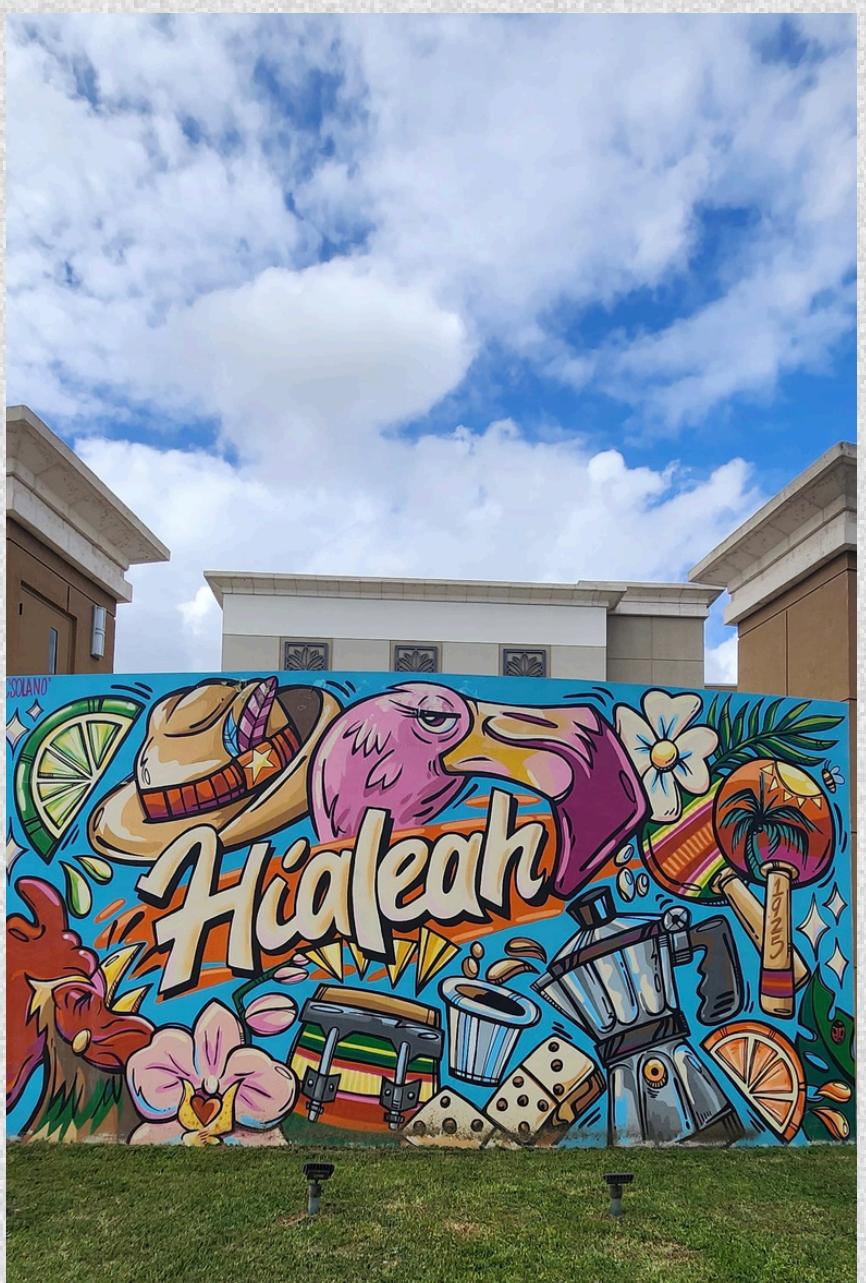
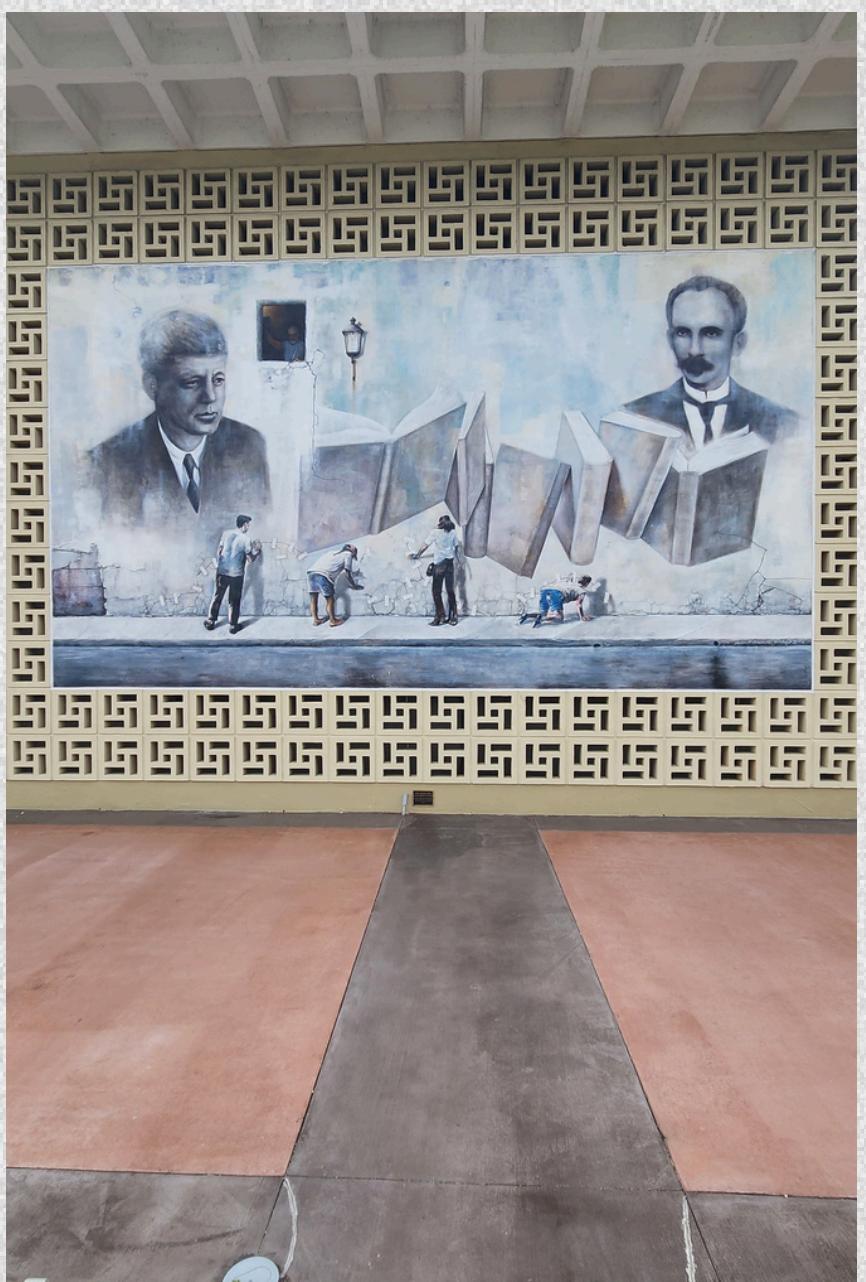
I may be new here, but I love how Brickell moves. It is a place that builds itself every single day, and invites you to build yourself, too.



# ANISLEYDI



Este es mi barrio, la ciudad que progresá. Donde los rayos del sol besan a los gallos que despiertan a todo el vecindario, con un canto sonoro mañanero. Dónde el olor a café de la casa del vecino inunda mis sentidos, y acaricia mi alma cubana. Aquí, donde los tamales del tamalero ambulante son los más ricos, porque no son sólo tamales, son trabajo arduo de un cubano que lucha por un futuro digno. La calle 49 que ahora es Celia Cruz Way, está llena de espacios llenos de sueños, como la biblioteca John F. Kennedy. Ahí se reúnen escritores locales a compartir creaciones, que un día serán la huella imborrable de su legado. Esta ciudad de 100 años, que algunos denigran porque no la ven desde mis ojos. Pero yo te conozco, te aprecio y te agradezco porque me has abrigado ya por treinta años Hialeah, mi barrio

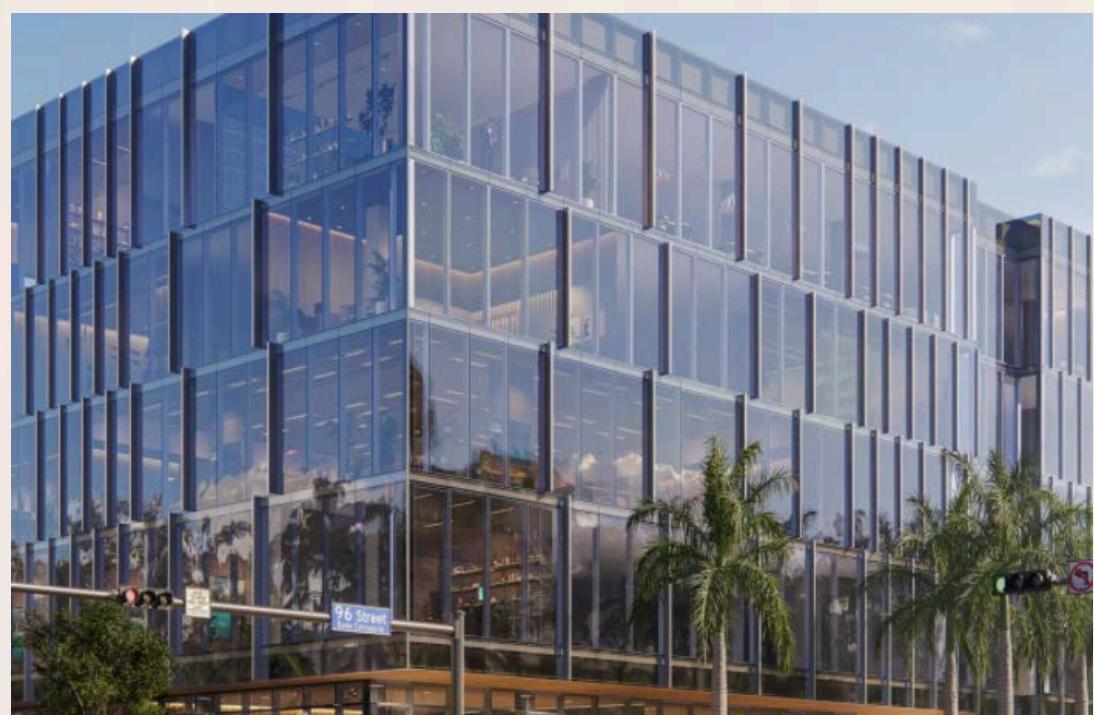


# When the Bay Had Color



I don't hate modernity. There's room for the glass towers and endless skylines—in places like Brickell, where noise belongs. But here, in Bay Harbor, they feel out of place. My island once spoke in pastels and ocean air, and mornings that unfolded like music. With bougainvillea curling over balconies and a mosaic of low houses, each with its own crooked charm. Now the hum of cranes replaces seagulls, and the breeze carries dust instead of salt. One by one, the homes vanish, replaced by sleek reflections, like memories too fragile to withstand progress. I walk past fences that promise luxury and try to remember when the water felt closer. Maybe change is necessary, but it still feels like losing a secret—the quiet kind of beauty that never asked to be noticed, only to be remembered by those who knew it first.

# MIRIAM



Miami  
Book Fair  
  
Miami Dade College