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Three and a half months ago I had moved into a home that had nine zippers, nine pockets, eleven straps, and eighty liters to store everything I needed on my journey. I carried my home from city to city, over mountains, and across deserts (which were surprisingly just as chilly as the mountains). It followed me through vibrant markets that always smelled of well-seasoned food and onto crowded buses where I always felt guilty about how much room it took up. It was my closet, my pantry, my library, and, of course, my backpack.

However, I had not been alone on this journey. When I moved into this new home I also joined a community of other amazing young women. Our semester together in South America helped us grow from a group of seventeen strangers into a sisterhood.