This / It was back when I was living in a car. Just for laughs at the beginning. It was nice being on the street with nothing to do. I had no intention of moving. Besides, where would I go? I felt good beneath the trees on Rue de la Chine. The car was parked next to the sidewalk (US) / pavement (UK), in front of/across from number 27. There were cherry blossom petals spinning through the air, falling lightly upon the windshield like snowflakes.

It was **a** Sunday, around 8 pm. I remember it well because that day I had been kicked out. For a couple of months, I hadn’t been able to pay rent; the owner of the room had been on my case, then that morning she knocked on my door and started screaming that I had a day to get off/vacate her furnished flat/apartment. I went back to sleep with an ease that today seems a bit excessive / extravagant to me. I didn’t assign much importance at the time to what you might call human relations.

Yannick Haenel, *Renards pales*, 2013