Then we had a Harlem flat.

John and I had ordinary small rooms, and we sometimes had to walk down the hall to the living room. But within our single room, we had a stove and a bed, and we had one small window. We often had to wait for a long time before we could get a meal at the restaurant. But we were happy to be together, and we enjoyed each other's company. We would often spend hours talking and sharing stories. It was a small but cozy space that we called our own.

The other rooms were different. There was a large room for meetings and parties, and in the living room we had a piano and a bookcase. We often had guests over, and we would play music and read books together. It was a vibrant and lively place, and we loved being there with our friends.

Finally, the rooms were rented out to other families. We had a nice arrangement with the landlord, who allowed us to live in the rooms for a reasonable price. We were grateful for the opportunity to have a place to call our own.

John and I were happy with our arrangement, and we enjoyed our time together. We had a lot of fun and made many memories in those small rooms. It was a time of happiness and togetherness, and we were grateful for the opportunity to share it with each other.