

Won't You Be Someone Else's Neighbor

Lauren Boston | Thursday, January 28, 2016

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My best friend and I lived together for five years. During that time, her boyfriend lived with us for about 8 months. After they broke up, he stayed for another month. The Vatican is currently reviewing my application for Sainthood. Fortunately, this ex-boyfriend wasn't a psycho. He didn't set the place on fire, or do drugs, or throw house parties until 3 a.m. Still, he was unauthorized. (And,...

Born This Way

Lauren Boston | Thursday, January 7, 2016



My Dad is a high school English teacher, which means he corrected my grammar from the moment I began speaking. Not at all annoying! While I didn't appreciate the dinner-time lessons on possessive pronouns and past participles (please don't ask me to define them), I am now thankful that I can (usually) string a sentence together. As a writer, that's a required skill. Thanks, Dad! Turns out Marc...

Up In the Air

Lauren Boston | Thursday, December 10, 2015



Five years ago I heard about this thing called Airbnb. I was staying in San Diego for a few days by myself after a work conference and decided to try it out. I arrived at my Airbnb, my host showed me inside...and then she stayed. And I realized I hadn't quite read the listing correctly. I wasn't renting out this apartment for three days, I was staying in this woman's spare bedroom. Understandably...

They Brought Us Adele, Now Amenities

Lauren Boston | Thursday, December 3, 2015



I studied abroad in Bath, England, during my junior year of college. Though, to be more accurate, it was more like I binge-ate digestives, traveled on sketchy buses and discovered hard cider abroad. Not a lot of studying. Good times. It was the spring of 2007, and I lived in an old, narrow Georgian home overlooking the city center with eight roommates who were total strangers when I first arrived...