Tiny Living - Bloopers – by Leyanne Enterline

When living tiny there is the constant battle of well…living tiny! There is NO ROOM!

Living tiny for five years, we have accumulated a lot of items! Though we do try and get rid of some things over time, I feel that as the boys grow, so does the stuff! Their sporting equipment that's needed grows, the laundry grows, the dogs grow, my craft section grows… With Brian on the road so much, he does not have time to go through a lot of his things - so they just pile up like everything else. And not to say that I am doomsday prepping, but I do want to be somewhat prepared in case *Snowmageddon* decides to make its ugly appearance this winter. Therefore, I have quite a stash of water bottles and canned items!

With collecting so much crap (I mean wonderful items that may become useful at any moment in time) there becomes an extreme shortage of space in 325 square feet of living space. Yes, 325 square feet!

Just tonight, I leaned over to tuck in bedding in the giant dog crate that's in our living area and hit my bum on the laundry bin, which caused me to catapult into the steel dog crate and hit my head! Ouch! The kids' bunk rooms were not made for almost six foot tall man-children! Asher has to sleep at an angle to fit into his bed, remotely. There is a bunk above him that is slightly larger that we might move him onto, but currently that is the collect-all spot! And again, we need to do some more decluttering!

There are cabinets above our bed and while making the bed I can't tell you how many times Brian and I have bonked our heads. There is a sliding door from the bathroom to our bedroom and somehow we have all flung the door off its hinges and have had to squeeze through it until someone can figure out how to get it back on track.

Eli has had his own set of issues, as well. He can't reach his piggy bank so he's supposed to ask for one of us to get it down for him. A time or two, he decided to try on his own spider crawl up the wall and, of course, either things from the shelf came flying down or he himself fell to a crash along with part of the particle board.

If we ever sell this thing we call home, we're going have a few "minor" repairs to get it back into shape!

We all have had our moments of being attacked by the tiny space that puts out so much love. We mostly cry and throw fits in the moment, but then can laugh about them later. We are just making memories. These are all things most wouldn't go through in a normal, spacious house.

However, we will NEVER forget these times together, the good, the bad and the ugly…because love grows best in tiny spaces.