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Untitled

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began to play blues, deepening the family sadness. I peeked from the back of mom's seat to see if she was okay. I could only see half of her face. She was looking into the distance. The tears on her cheeks reflected the afternoon sunrays. It was the worst feeling ever. I wished I had been blind, so I wouldn't have been able to see those tears of my beloved mother. Not knowing what to do, I looked at my brother who was gazing at his share of the snacks. His thoughtful face had an expression "*I don't want it this way!*" I then aimlessly looked down, closed my eyes to escape from the real scene.

"Daddy!" yelled my brother as if he was going to ask a question. I unconsciously opened my eyes and looked at him, so did my mom and dad from the front mirror. After making sure that he was being paid attention to, he immediately hugged dad tightly, kissed him on his cheeks and said : "Please, share it with mommy!"

Our eyes lit up. The disappointment on our faces flew away. The atmosphere filled up with mom's and dad's laughter again. My witty brother turned his head to me in satisfaction and winked. I winked back turning my thumbs up as our parents kissed.



UNSUSPECTING Angela Chapman

"IN THE END IT IS NOT GOING TO MATTER HOW MANY BREATHS YOU TOOK, BUT HOW MANY MOMENTS TOOK YOUR BREATH AWAY."

AYGUL ALLANUROVNA PORSYYEVA