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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.