

Hena A.

## Mother

I was there, I saw it all. The HEB sign all lit up except the B, it ran out of power. My mother's death was so sad, I couldn't even spell her name, seriously, I could not, I don't know how to write an H. I ran home and fell on a stone. I had a small cut on my forehead, I didn't care, all I cared about was my mother. Now who will comb my hair, help me pack my lunch, and will smile when I make up a knock-knock joke? Who will call me when dad cooks oatmeal? I say the same exact words in my head, this can't be, this can't be. Dad is so melancholy, he can't even sleep! I am so sad, I have no words, I ran out of tears.....I don't have a mother anymore.

I woke up on a regular Monday; I made my own oatmeal, because dad had some tissues on his bed, so I knew he was crying. I was late for the bus because it took forever to make my lunch, since mom wasn't here, it was hard to make Mondays Tuna sandwich with the crust cut off. I sat next to the new girl on my bus, she said she recently lost her father, and she felt a little better after a speech she heard, she told me the speech, here goes.....

The new girl Sierra, started: "You will not get over the loss of a loved one, you will learn to live with it, You will heal and rebuild yourself around the loss you have suffered, you will be "whole" again, but never the same, there are things we don't want to happen, but have to accept, things we don't want to know, but we have to learn, but people we can't live without, but HAVE to let go." One tear ran down my cheek, and I was wiping it with my shirt, the bus driver asked me what's wrong. I told her everything; she said it will be okay, I learned to live without my mom, eventually!