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It had been a day of sunshine and the sun had reached the highest point in the day, it had always been sunshine to little Alma. Every day was a day where she could express the truth and laughter. All the troubles escaped from the avalanche of joy and laughter in Alma's head. She had been at home with her friends, and her parents were taking care of her. When they left, she asked her parents if she could have ice cream. "Sure," they replied. So she had gone to find her sister, she had been the same age but she was just a bit older than her. Together, they had gone to the ice cream shop down the street. When they got back her parents were in the kitchen screaming at each other, "IT IS THE BEST FOR THEM!" their dad screamed. "NO" they're mother said. "They must be close so they know where they are!" she said. "SO WHAT" he said, his words even sharper and harder, like rocks smashing down onto the ground. "If we cannot get this together then..." their mom continued "NO, MAMA!!!" the children said. And all the sunny days that always stuck with Alma had faded, and all that was left was rain and dust.

Months later, "You ready for school mija?" Mama said. "Noooo..." Alma said. "Comon you have to get dressed" she said back sweetly. Alma lied on her father's side of the bed. "I said no" she said. "Why do you take things so seriously?" she said. "You and Papa meant the world to me!"she said letting all the force take her over. "Mija, that is over" she said "But why, why!? You guys are taking the littlest things too far, we could have decided ourselves!" "That is because it is who we are" "Now get dressed".

Papa slammed the door, "What would you like for breakfast?" he asked. "Could we go somewhere else for breakfast? Mom cooked better" Alisa said. "Like where?" Her dad said ignoring the last bit. "Our FIRST house." He had seemed shocked. "YA I know what I said" she

replied since her dad's eyes had said everything. "NO" he said, sternly. "Never going there again." "Hm" she said. "Ding Ding!" her phone screamed. She looked at it as if there were a snake on it. Her sister texted her with a message saying "Can we get mom and dad back together?" she felt a gap in her brain, "But how?" she said in her mind wanting to paste those exact words on to the message. "I have a plan" Alma texted. "Did she just read my mind!?" her brain went again, and she quickly dismissed it. "What is it?" she replied. There was a whole list, like the ones they would write on their wish lists to Santa. And apparently they both have thought of that cause both heads dropped, it was almost christmas, and there had never been a year that they missed it together. "Got it" Alisa sent back. She had grabbed a bunch of gear, stuffed it in her bag and said, "Can we go to Wisconsin?".

Alma packed her bags, "It's time!" she said to her mom. "It is," she said. "Going to Wisconsin" "YUP!" Alma said. The plan had been working out how they needed it to, and when they got to the airport they were already on their way. Alma checked in on her sister. "Are you on your flight?" "Yup" the reply came rushing in like a gust storm. Before they knew it they were already in Wisconsin, where they had grown up as toddlers, spent their first Christmas, and biggest memories together. And on the way their parents' faces had drooped on the windows of the cold airplane. "What's with the face" Alma asked her mom as Alice asked the same thing to her dad. "I miss your father," Mama said. "I miss your mother," Papa said and they're faces lit up. So when they got there they were even more excited. The insides of Alma burst out, except for the surprise hiding behind the door of Alma's smile. There had been a clearing in the weather. The sun was back. When they got to the hotel they saw each other and ran from their parents hands and then there it was, the moment they had been waiting for to happen. And it had been the perfect scene. Bouquets of noche buenas had hung all over the halls; they're beautiful buds and petals a nice colored red. The halls had been decorated with reefs on each of the hotel's rooms, and had been polished with red and white carpets on the floors. When their parents saw each

other and when their eyes met, it looked as if it had been a fairytale. "Was this a set up!?" their mom said. It had brooked the scene, but they had still answered, they're jaws dropped. "Nooooooooo...Yes" they said, still squeezing so hard that it felt like they were going to become one. "But why?" their father demanded. They stayed silent. Alma tried to open her mouth, but it was locked shut. Their parents glanced at each other, as if Alma and Alisa's eyes had somehow spit the story out. Then they looked at each other as if they had looked at each other for the first time. They're eyes said it all, they had wanted to be together too. Alma's heart skipped a beat. "If it's true" their mom said, breaking the silence. " No words,"Papa said. "But maybe they're right, we always argue for the littlest things". They looked at each other and the kids, it happened.

That Christmas Alma and Alisa baked cookies, and the house burst with gifts, they decorated it like the hotel where they met. They're parents came out in pajamas and they all hugged. It had been the joyest Christmas of all because now, all the family was together again.