

Reflections

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THE STUDENTS AT MELVIN MCMELON ELEMENTARY ARE BUSY WRITING AGAIN!

The rain clouds charged into the perfect blue sky, taking control of the world above. That's the way Veronica could describe the day her mother went into the hospital. Veronica's family consisted of her, her father and her mother, Celeste.

Veronica sat at the desk in her bedroom. It had been five weeks now, and her mother still was not home. Just having her father around felt different. Her mom was always the one to start the adventures—she danced to the beat of her own drum.

Veronica looked out the window. Snowflakes were starting to fall outside. But to Veronica, everything seemed to look dull and uninteresting. She closed her eyes for a second and allowed her mind to take her to a different place and time.

“Mom? Do you really think I can become an author?” Veronica looked to a woman who wore a royal

blue dress. She turned around and smiled.

“How many times do I have to tell you? If you work hard and stay at it, then you can change the world. Your writing is inspirational, and I'm sure one day it'll help many in tough situations,” Celeste answered while putting on her makeup.

“I know, but the real world is hard. What if I don't make it?” Veronica asked, worried. Celeste grabbed her daughter's hand, and they went to their garden.

“Let me show you something. See that big bush of berries? Believe it or not, that started out as a twig. It decided it needed to make it in this great big world, so it began to grow—even when it became cold. The environment can't change just because it's struggling. You, along with this bush, need to change the environment,” Celeste looked at her daughter and hugged her.

“Don't ever forget how strong you are,” she whispered. Veronica embraced her in a hug.

“Thanks, mom. Come on. We have a party to celebrate!”

Veronica grabbed her Mom's hand, and the two of them entered the house, giggling. The memory faded slowly, leaving their giggles the last thing to disappear.

Veronica blinked back the tears and began to write in her journal. She spent the entire afternoon filling the pages with thoughts and reflections of her mother. As she wrote, her mind drifted to another time they spent together.

“Let's go!” Celeste grabbed the last of her luggage and headed for the car.

“Are you sure you want to go without me? I can cancel my meeting,” Veronica's father asked his wife.

“Don't be silly. Veronica and I will have some mother-daughter time. We'll be enjoying our time eating sushi in Japan in no time. We'll be fine! Come on, Veronica. We have a flight to catch!”

Veronica gave her dad a hug, and Celeste waved goodbye.

“Good-y-bye,” Celeste tried to speak Japanese, but Veronica laughed.

“Leave the Japanese, to the one taking the class. Love you!” Veronica yelled out the window to her dad, as he waved good-bye.

“You love to travel, don't you Mom?”

“I do, I love to see each part of the world.

Just like us, the world constantly changes so we shouldn't waste a moment. Now, how do you say hello again?” Celeste asked. Veronica taught her mom Japanese words and phrases all the way there.

Soon that memory faded into another one, while on their trip to Japan.

“I can't believe they were two for 20! What a deal! Can you take a picture of us?” Celeste laughed as she admired her new hairpiece. Right when she got into a pose, she hit her elbow against a table nearby.

“You okay?” Veronica asked, and they saw a new bruise forming on her mom's shoulder. “Not again, ouch.”

“Sometimes I feel like you're a porcelain doll. Come on, let's take the photo.” They got into a pose and snapped the picture, finishing the memory.

Veronica continued to write down the inspirational words her mother would praise her with, turning it into a story of how the world was her oyster. Then she caught a glance of the snowflakes outside, dancing in the winter breeze as if they were taking a moment to entertain her. They looked beautiful.

She heard soft footprints reach her door. Then nothing.

“Do you want to go for a ride to the hospital?” smiled her father. “We're picking up mom. Maybe we can start planning our next family adventure!”

Veronica was off her chair and heading down the stairs in a snap! Her mom was coming home! © THE END

