Scholarship Practice Interview Question:
If your friends’ memories about you were completely wiped for a day, what would you want them to know, or not to have forgotten, about you?

Writing Prompt:
write a short vignette (~400 words) depicting a heartfelt moment in which a parent and child meet again after being apart for years. try to use dialogue masterfully as part of your piece!

There was a small, sun-filled town where the cherry blossoms danced in the breeze, and a little boy named Felix Sun lived there. He loved to spend his afternoons along the bank of Willow Creek, collecting smooth stones and fantasizing stories of far-off places. But there was one story that he longed to write more than the others—the story of being reunited with his mother.

Years had passed since she left for a job overseas, her smile like sunshine etched in Felix’s memory. Every night he whispered into the cool darkness, “I’ll be waiting for you.” The whispers floated away like dandelion seeds on the wind.

One spring day, as Felix was kneeling by the creek skipping stones, a rustle suddenly echoed in the background. He turned and tensed. Standing before him was a woman in golden light—his mother! Her tresses shone like spun gold among the cherry blossoms.

"Mom?" His tone was quivering as though it were glass.

"Felix!" She swept towards him, arms out wide. They collided in a hug so tight that all of time seemed to dissolve from them.

"I thought you'd forgotten me," he whispered into her shoulder, swathed in heat like a blanket.

"Oh my dear boy," she whispered back, leaning back just enough to look into his eyes—those dear shining eyes that reflected hers. "I could never forget you."

"Why did you leave, though?" A knot twisted in Felix's heart; he had desired answers wrapped in truth and love.

"I had to go for work," she replied softly, brushing hair back from his forehead. "But every day I wrote letters that I wished I could mail to you."

Felix's brow furrowed a little as memories flooded back—of waiting at their mailbox each day with hope dancing in his heart only to be disappointed.

"What did they tell you?" he asked curiously.

"They were stories about adventures that we would share when I returned," she murmured with a smile that shone like stars after the night had fallen. "Such as flying on dragons or sailing over seas!"

He laughed then—a sound of relief and joy—and hugged her again tightly. "I want those adventures!"

She nodded solemnly; there were tears in her eyes but they weren't sad ones—they shone with promise instead. "And we will have them all! We'll start right here at Willow Creek."

As they walked hand in hand along the water's edge where sunlight dappled through leaves overhead like fairy dust, Felix realized something profound: sometimes love bridges gaps farther than miles or years—it builds bridges of dreams and memories until hearts meet again under shared skies.

That day was not just the end but also the beginning—a new chapter opening with cherry blossoms where there had been laughter with whispers of future escapades.