

A little brown package was at my door. I blinked rapidly as I didn't think I had ordered anything at all. I crouch down and then I let out a gasp. My heart pounded as I stared at the familiar cursive. My mother's cursive. I sat there like a monk during their prayer session. Every limb of my body was frozen. My mother got involved in a car accident a few months ago. That meant she could not have sent me this. I think. Then a question clouded my head: Could it actually be my mother or is this another prank from the neighbourhood teenage gang? (They toilet papered my neighbour, Ms Anne's house last week and she stood there screaming as the teenagers cackled demonically.)

My eyes searched the street for any teenagers dying of laughter on the sidewalk. Nothing. As if my hand had a mind of its own, my hands started unwrapping the package. Inside was a map that had seen better days. I placed my hand on the velvety, ancient paper. I picked up the map and read it. Different places in our small town had words on it. The lake read: Where we would compete against each other on who can get the biggest fish. The library: Where we both slept out of boredom. School: One word=torture. Then the worlds that made my whole world crumble. Jewelry shop: Where we got necklaces that made a heart that joined.

I felt burning hot tears trickle down my face and land on the already fraying paper. Under all the sadness. I smiled as I knew, my mother may be gone, but part of her still lives with me.