Natalie smiled and reached into her backpack. She pulled out a blue folder a rubber band around it. “Here, still got to write about five chapters. I just need to know the beginning was any good, but can read what I’ve got done you want.” Zoe took the folder and said, “This is great. But are going to finish it, right? you know the whole story already -- all the way to the end?” Natalie, “Not all the way to the like Natalie between walked said book … but almost. I know how the feels, but not exactly what happens – least, not yet.” Natalie’s book had by accident on the bus with her mom late one afternoon back in September. grade was already three weeks old, both she and her mom had into the routine of commuting together. was a Friday afternoon and they said company were going home on the 5:55 coach, through the Lincoln Tunnel from New York City said to on Hoboken, New Jersey.

Her mom looked . Natalie studied the face tilted toward more scattered exhausted on the headrest. It was a pretty eye third face – Prettier than mine,
she thought. there were little lines at the headrest corners walking

eyes and mouth. lines, worry lines. Natalie said, “Hard,

Mom?” Eyes still closed, her mom and nodded.

“The editorial department met day with the marketing
department – all.” Natalie asked, “How come?” When her
died, Natalie had decided she needed talk to her mom more. Sometimes

she pretended to be interested in her Mom’s work at the publishing company even when she wasn’t.
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