

In The Perspective of a 7-year old girl

Mom, Dad and I always lived peacefully, but one day, everything changed.

Just one normal day, while I was battering my tongue on strawberry ice cream, watching SpongeBob Squarepants, my Dad came in with a stern face, his eyes were wet. I looked at him , clueless of what was happening. What was happening? "How do I explain this. I'm sorry my baby g

girl. I need to tell you something important. Your mother.. well.. is suffering from cancer." Cancer? What is this 'cancer'? Is it a man or something? Is it an unfair law of the president? How is she suffering?

My dad couldn't bear talking to me anymore. He went to the kitchen and continued wailing.

The next time I saw Mom, there were bald patches on her head. Her eyes were as dull as a stone. I didn't understand what was going on. Why did this have to happen to my mom?

Her chest was slowly heaving up and down. It dramatically decreased. "Goodbye.: she heaved.

Everything blurred out for me. My face was stained with tears.

My Mom is dead.

Dad said she is in a "better place". I thought the better place was with us! Life is so unfair! Why To her?! She NEVER did anything bad. EVER. Unless... you count not giving me ice cream before dinner.

I don't take care of myself anymore. My hair looks like a literal DUMP. I have an array of stains

all over my clothes.

My dad comes into the house one day with a smile on his face. How can he smile when my mom and his wife is dead?!

He had a dull brown cardboard in his arms. I opened it, and saw a dark brown puppy with chocolate

eyes. I named her Owl. She started licking me with her tiny little tongue. I cried. Not of agony, but of joy; for the first time since Mom died.

Things were going to get better.