Neither Mom nor I could form sentences. The only thing we could do is cry. Eventually we gained the strength to walk away from Gtcpf r c''Uco øu''dgf uld g''\q''\cmi'\q''o {"i tgcv-grandma. I vqrf "j gt "y j cv'j g"j cf "ucld "cdqw'o { "j cld "cpf "uj g"uj gf "c''\gct "cu'\uj g"ucld ."ōY gm''d{ "i qm(."j g"j cupøv' ur qngp'\up "Kf qpøv'gxgp''npqy "j qy "nqpi 0Ki'j cu'i qv'\q''dg''c''o qpvj "d{ "pqy #ö''Cv'vj cv'r q\upv'Kt gcr\up gf " how much it meant for grandpa Sam to tell me that my hair looked beautiful. Not only that, but it made me reflect on the many times he said my hair looked like hell. All of the family members that had once filled the tiny old house had slowly trickled out, so my mom and I said our goodbyes and left the house to go back home with tears in our eyes.

On the car ride back with my mom, I could not stop thinking about why he said my hair looked beautiful just this one time.

õO qo .'Kf qpøv'gxgp''npqy 'y j cv'\q'\j kpn0'Ecp you believe he told me my hair looked beautiful?ö I finally asked breaking the silence.

õVj cv⁄u'r tgw{ ''ur gelcn''J ckr0'K'yi kpml'j g'npgy ''j g''j cf ''vq''vgml'{ qw'dghqtg''j g'r cuugf 0'K'dgv''yi cv'' o gcpv'c''nqv''vq''j ko .ö''o { ''o qo ''tgr nkgf ''uvkml'