

Crying Clouds

I don't know why I wanted to be there when Mom broke the news.

My brother had no idea of what I knew. A dear friend had chosen his fate. A soul taken too early—or was it given freely?

I sat on the floor of my parents bedroom, watching my brother's reaction carefully. Would he burst out in anger? Would he cry? I didn't know. I had never seen my strong teenage brother cry. All I know is that when his head dropped and his tears started to spill, so did mine.

Even the clouds cried that day.