

## Looking for My Angel (*Sample*)

Mom and I careened down a curved slope in her black '92 Acura on Highway 2222 as she drove me to my kindergarten class. A couple of wine cooler bottles rolled across the floor. There were two ways to get to St. Theresa's, and our choice was near the bottom of the hill.

"Left or right?! Left or right?!" she asked me as the right hand turn-off and the left hand curve approached.

"Ummm!" I said with wide eyes and a daredevil smile. I always made my decision at the last second so that if I chose right she had to slam on the brakes to make the turn, and if I chose—

"Left! Left!" I yelled. We zoomed past the turn-off street, and I felt my body forced toward the right side of the car. The excitement of the moment brought a giggle from my gut.

Mom popped in a cassette tape and we jammed out to Bob Seger's "Old Time Rock 'N' Roll," screaming the lyrics and "da da"ing with the saxophone solos. I lamented the near-end of the song as we arrived at the school parking lot, but I rejoiced when Mom parked and we finished our vocal dance.

The song ended. "I don't want to go to school!" I whined.

"I know." She grinned, grabbing a hairbrush before she locked the car. "I don't want you to either."

It was a muggy spring morning in the Texas hill country. Low clouds rested in the valleys, and as we walked through one, I felt the heaviness intensify the mini-curls around my forehead. I twiddled my fingers around them, wishing they could be as straight as the rest of my fine hair.