

## **The Call Drama**

Martha held the phone, her voice trembling. "Sarah, it's been two months and I miss you. I feel so lonely in this house."

Sarah, at college, sighed. "Mom, I'm doing fine. And I call you every day."

"I know, but it's not the same," Martha continued, tears welling up. "I miss you more each day. I tried to go to the store, but I just can't. I don't like going out by myself."

"Mom, if you need help, I can call you anytime. Or ask Aunt Ana to go with you," suggested Sarah.

"No, no," said Martha, sobbing. "I don't want to talk to her. I don't want to see anybody. I just... I hate this."

Sarah's silence on the other end of the line was heavy.

Martha continued: "I hate that you have to be so far away. I hate that my house feels so empty. I hate that the dog doesn't want to play. I hate everything!"

"Mom, I know it's hard, but I'm trying my best," said Sarah.

"I know, and I like that you're doing well," Martha said through her tears. "But I hate that you're not here."