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Lace of That Day

Karen Bartlett College of DuPage

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Bartlett: Lace of That Day

"I know buddy, I wish neither of us had to wake up this early. But I got a surprise for you for not being a stinker this morning."

"Really?!" I exclaimed. The energy jolted back into me as if I'd had a sip of his black bean water.

He reached into his bag as I watched in awe. Slowly but surely, he rummaged through the assortment of items that had no real use within it. Finally, he grabbed a transparently green CD case, with an indecipherable message on its face. It was exactly what I wanted, even if I didn't know it.

"Here you go, it's the first two episodes in the Star Wars prequels. You can watch it since you don't start school for another three hours or so."

I didn't understand much of what he said, let alone the order of the Star Wars movies, but it was the perfect surprise anyway. I finally got to bring in my own movie to watch, which was a tradition for the kids such as myself who had no ride home, or whose parents worked during the insufferable hours.

I didn't have enough time for both movies, but my Dad always knew how to make me happy. Luckily for me, things haven't changed in that sense.

Lace Of That Day, Karen Bartlett

