

# The Messenger

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Volume 2002  
Issue 1 *The Messenger*, 2002

Article 12

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2002

untitled

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## Recommended Citation

Norelius, Byron (2002) "untitled," *The Messenger*: Vol. 2002: Iss. 1, Article 12.  
Available at: <http://scholarship.richmond.edu/messenger/vol2002/iss1/12>

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Lex went over to Grandma's fridge and pulled out a box of doughnuts. I groaned. I didn't even want to look at them. But I didn't want to leave her either. She pulled out a glazed one and put it on her plate. But she sat there staring at it for a while and didn't eat it.

"Something wrong?" I asked. I felt like throwing up just seeing the doughnut sitting there.

"Nope," she said, still staring at it.

"Come on, what's up?"

"Nothing."

"Is there mold on it?"

"Nope."

"Hair?"

"Nah."

"So, what?"

"Well, the doughnut is kind of like us."

"Like who us?"

"Like, our family us," she said, her eyes filling up with tears. "We just have a big hole in the middle now."

The tears spilled onto her cheeks, down her face and on top of the plate. I went over and hugged her and she cried on my shoulder.



Byron Norelius