


11: Snow Butterflies



THURSDAY

WINDY & TURNING MUCH COLDER

SNOW

SNOW SHOWERS

STRENGTHENS

ALL DAY THE RADIO HAS BEEN PREDICTING A WHITE THANKSGIVING.



MAMI NOW SAYS WE'RE NOT GOING BACK, NOT FOR A LONG TIME, NOT TILL THE WOUNDS IN OUR HEARTS HAVE HEALED.



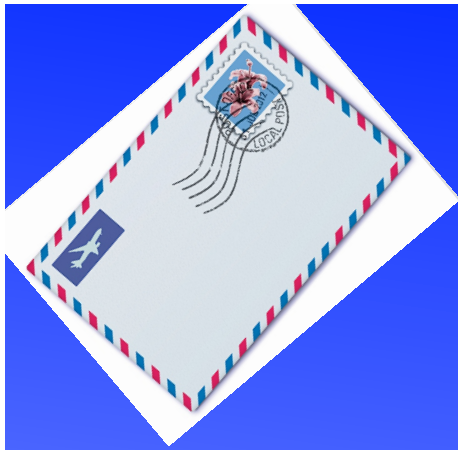
"MOST OF ALL, WE THANK YOU FOR BRINGING THE FAMILY TOGETHER," OUR GRANDFATHER PICKS UP, "TO MOURN AND TO CELEBRATE THOSE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES FOR ALL OF US."



BUT I CAN ONLY THINK OF ONE THING I REALLY WANT, WHICH I CAN'T GET.



THE AUNTS AND UNCLES PUSH BACK THEIR CHAIRS AND BEGIN TO TELL STORIES.



TIO PEPE HAD A LETTER FOR ME FROM OSCAR.

I GUESS I FINALLY UNDERSTAND WHAT [CHUCHA] AND PAPI MEANT BY WANTING ME TO FLY. ... TO BE FREE INSIDE, LIKE AN UNCAGED BIRD. THEN NOTHING, NOT EVEN A DICTATORSHIP, CAN TAKE AWAY YOUR LIBERTY.



IT'S SO BREATHLESSLY BEAUTIFUL. THIS IS SOMETHING I DON'T WANT TO FORGET. A BRAND-NEW WORLD NO ONE'S HAD THE CHANCE TO RUIN YET.

I'M SURE IF CHUCHA WERE HERE, SHE WOULD SAY THEY ARE A SIGN. FOUR BUTTERFLIES FROM PAPI, REMINDING ME TO FLY.

