

LITERATURE:

WE'RE STILL HERE. THERE'VE BEEN STORMS for a week now. No one will be going anywhere till it's over. Granny May says it's an omen, a warning. The storm is telling us to stay, so we must stay.

Do you think they should go or stay?

She's disappeared inside herself completely, and I don't think she'll ever come out again, or smile, or laugh, or tell us everything will be all right, like she used to when Billy was here.

Sometimes now, I cannot picture Billy's face any more and I think maybe that's because he's dead. I don't want to think it, but I can't help myself.

Who can't picture Billy's face anymore?

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