

CHAPTER TEN

“You can count on coffee . . . Everything else is just speculation!”



Friday, December 19th, 2014

7:00 A.M.

Gangnam, S. Korea, ‘Cup of Hotness Café’ – Apartment

SAFFIRE and Saffron neither one could take total responsibility for the way they felt about their parent’s visit to the café the night before. They each had varying levels of need where the estranged parents were concerned . . . But, it was a fact . . . in one way or another (growing up) the sister’s had been equally abandoned over the course of their lives.

Now in the blink of an eye they were suddenly expected to feel loved, accepted, and cared about. That was relative BULLSHIT!



Waiting for Saffron to finish in the bathroom, Saffire sat in the small upstairs window, staring out into the bright morning sunlight. Longing for the frosty windowpane to break forth with a view of the California coastline, and lazy rocking of the ocean, she released her coffee cup. Unconsciously moving the fingers of her left hand she mimicked the playing of a soulful

violin concerto (to ease her rattled nerves), her thoughts wandering back to the last visit she had experienced with her mother, Sandra.

It was on a day not unlike today. Bright, sunny . . . unseasonably chilly for September. It wasn't often mother came to California. And when she did, she never stayed more than a day or two. This time she promised to get a hotel room and hang out for at least three days. Saffire's excitement level had been at an all-time high in anticipation of wanting to relegate an entire weekend to shopping, lunches, maybe even a lazy stroll along the beach.

Dressed in her (usual) long printed muslin skirt, sweater and tennis shoes for comfort, she remembered throwing open the door of the sweet smelling Starbucks and watching mother's bright eyes scan her up and down critically as if setting the tone for the day before ever saying a word.

Mother for all practical purposes 'was' Saffron, (without the strawberry red hair of course). A fashionably dressed socialite who concerned herself more with ladder climbing and how to attain greater wealth than she did relationships. Her current 'millionaire' husband to prove it.

Ultimately that day, Saffire's weekend started 'and' ended at exactly 9:15 A.M. There had been no sign of mother at Uncle Ryu's memorial service, only a large traditional Korean flower spray and card with condolences. Along with no mention of when or where she would see her again. Obviously, last night had been her 'when' and the café' had been her 'where'.

Saffire, unable to contain her growling stomach at the smells of Maud's freshly baked rolls winding their way up the stairs and under the apartment door, sniffed long and hard wanting to disappear back into her bedroll and cover her head to the past twenty-four hours.

But, that was an impossibility. The day was upon her. And so were her parents. There would be no walking away . . . no time machines . . . no turning back . . . Just like that day in California months ago, her weekend had started 'and' ended at exactly 8:15 P.M. last night. From this moment on, she was going through the motions.

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Apartment Bathroom

SAFFRON decided it was definitely too early for dealing with the parents. Even though it was normal for her to be up and downstairs in the café at 6:30 A.M. this was not a normal working day. Instead . . . it was a day ripped directly from the pages of hell. The small overhead bulb that usually seemed bright enough for make-up was annoyingly dim this morning.

Sticking her face as close to the foggy mirror as she could get, she rubbed one hand across the steam, cussing as it reappeared, (certainly just to annoy her). Peering at her fuzzy, white, ghostly reflection she didn't like what she saw. Dark circles under both eyes from lack of sleep, a few random pimples popping up from a 'period' that insisted on coming at the most inopportune times, and sallow freckly skin surrounded by stringy wet hair.



Was that what her father saw when he looked at her? Every flaw . . . every imperfection? That was the question she asked herself over and over for years, before ever even knowing there was a Saffire to claim his affections. The Saffire who was so blonde. So beautiful. So . . . so f'ng perfect! Now that she knew, it was no wonder he doted over her like JJ and Junsu did.

Saffron was a 'Barbie' doll, and she was a 'Cabbage Patch Kid'. Growing up she ignored mother's expertise in clothes, makeup and etiquette until along came Mr. Big's bottomless wallet and controlling influence. If not for him, she would have spent her entire life looking like the scary reflection staring back at her from the tiny bathroom mirror.

Father's presence at Uncle Ryu's funeral, sitting beside the tall, lanky blonde Saffire had only served to set in stone, the feelings of inadequacies she already harbored. Shivering, even in the warm damp confines of the bathroom, the memory of his loving eyes that clung to Saffire's face like honey on a warm biscuit, initially turned her already broken heart, inside out. She craved his approval with intensity, wanting him to look at 'her' like that.

It was the same old issue . . . he was never present emotionally, only giving their relationship lip service and showing up when it was convenient for his own schedule and purposes. Was that too much to ask over the years? Instead of merely . . . gifts at birthdays and holidays, random phone calls, and an occasional untimely visit.

Was she not worthy of his love? Hadn't she become an accomplished career woman? Self-sufficient like mother, wealthy to a degree, with a handsome millionaire on her arm. Still . . . she had fallen short, obviously having never measured up to his standards. And exactly what were his standards? Even to this day, she wasn't sure.

Reaching back for her robe, she slipped into it quickly, opting to open the door and let out the warm air before attempting makeup and hair. The tiny walls were closing in, making her uncomfortable and claustrophobic. At times like these she 'did' yearn for the luxurious master bath and closet she had been afforded at Mr. Big's. It was a place to spread out and take charge of the day, with the music turned up loud, a vast wardrobe at her fingertips, and her own makeup counter containing rows of round bright lights . . . But, that Saffron was no more. So why the hell did she even care? Now she waffled somewhere between 'Miranda Priestly' in 'The Devil Wears Prada' and 'Playful Kiss's', 'Oh Ha Ni'. It was a scary place to be.

As the door swung open, she stepped out into the cool room, "Why the hell are they even here? Wanna be freaking 'parents' all of a sudden. What for? Didn't care before," she muttered, displeased at the idea of spending the upcoming days with two of her least favorite people right now, only to meet Saffire in the middle of the bedroom asking the same slew of random questions.

"Why ARE they here?" Saffire reiterated, clutching her oversized robe around her tightly, as she faced-off toward her counterpart and unexpected partner in crime. "Mother doesn't love me. Never did. Probably never will. Not sure what she hopes to accomplish by meeting me on my home turf, except to criticize and make fun of me like she always does. Did you hear her last night? Humph!" Continuing to grumble, she scraped one unpainted toe into the scratched and worn wooden floor beneath her.

"Well, clearly Father doesn't give a shit about me either. They were both ridiculous." Saffron barked back, her eyes watering as she blinked into the bright sunlight streaming in through the uncovered window. "Anyway, he belongs to you.

"Not really Saffron. He's as tuned out where I'm concerned as he is with you. I asked him to send or bring me my violin . . . see it anywhere? Of course not. Because making the effort to do something 'I' wanted, stepped over the boundaries of his agenda. That's how he operates."

Saffron could hear by the sadness in Saffire's voice that the absence of her prized violin might well have been the 'straw that broke the camel's back' in her eyes. Music was everything to this sister of hers, and when push came to shove, their father had managed to demean even that for her.

"So again I ask . . . why ARE they here? And together of all things. Since when did they turn into the perfect parents, wanting to spend the holidays with BOTH their daughters?" she

asked, fingers mocking the term “daughters” in quotation marks, (the curiosity from last night spilling over into the light of day). Even as a small child, mother’s words to her had always been, she would, “*NEVER set foot in Korea again as long as she lived*”.

“Damned if I know.” Saffire leaned into the doorway looking past Saffron and off toward Uncle Ryu’s living room. “Stupid woman, wouldn’t even come for his funeral. That was pathetic. He was father’s brother, obviously at one time they were all close.”

Saffron turned to see what she was looking at, noticing the photo of the small girl with the strawberry blonde hair, on the far wall, nestled between a smiling light-headed American woman, and Uncle Ryu, clinging to their hands shyly.

“It was,” she agreed, hating that the small child might actually be her. “There’s no excuses for what she’s done. I’m not her biggest fan right now either.”

Saffire curled her tongue into her back teeth, knowing that the next few days were going to be a lesson in restraint for both she and Saffron. The two sisters who, (if the parents had had their way) by all practical purposes should have never met.

“Father’s just as much to blame,” she whispered still staring blankly at the photo. “If Uncle hadn’t passed away we wouldn’t be standing here together right now.”

“I know.” Saffron stepped up behind Saffire drawing both arms about her sister’s shoulders lovingly. “He was the only one who ‘really’ cared about us. BOTH of us. Even though he never told. There had to be a reason why he didn’t.”

“I agree.”

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IN the split second timing of the hug, came immediate understanding of their personal struggles at the hands of each parent. They had suffered the same, only differently. Saffire wondering why any mother would abandon her ‘only’ child, Saffron . . . why a father wouldn’t stand up and take responsibility. It was a dilemma that the girls previously suffered alone in silence . . . and was now being exposed to the light . . . making them capable of dealing with the fallout together.

“Let’s be sure to find out what’s really going on while they’re here.” Saffron exclaimed matter-of-factly. “They’ll never know what hit them.”

“Maybe there are clues here in Uncle’s apartment. We haven’t taken the time to go through things thoroughly since we arrived, what with our hectic schedule and all. Now that we have a few free days, you’re right . . . maybe we should.” Saffire sighed under her sister’s embrace. “They have something up their sleeves I just know it. In fact I can FEEL it. Especially after last night. Their nervous quibbling about us going home was bull crap. There’s got to be more.”

“Well, we’ll deal with it, whatever it is. Together, ‘cause that’s what real sisters do. Right?” Saffron stroked the back of Saffire’s satiny blonde hair lovingly. Maybe it ‘was’ time to band together against them.

“Right.”

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‘Cup of Hotness Café’ – Coffee Bar

8:00 A.M.

THE ghostly apparition of Uncle Kyong Ryu sat slumped over atop the slick café coffee bar, head in his hands, his fading eyes glazed over from hours upon hours of silent motionless contemplation. Last night he had felt a tugging at his non-existent heart, a wrenching that worked its way clear to his still breathing soul and settled at the base of his waning memories.



Having felt her presence he found himself frozen in time as she placed one high-heeled shoe inside the open doorway of his Hotness Café. As the initial shock of her tightly worn wool designer suit and stark up-do weakened, the vision of her soul as only he knew her, broke free from the depressing shell of a body she still inhabited.

Sandy hair flowing long and curly, flowers in her outstretched hand, he smiled as she skipped gleefully across the polished wooden floor, barefooted in the printed cotton skirt he loved, lying the flowers down carefully at his transparent side. With a giddy gleam in her cat-like green eyes she giggled, and turning on one heel sprinted back across the hall and into the dining room.

He was tormented by the desire to follow . . . Her girlish outline standing mischievously behind the cold harsh reality of her current adult form. But, unable to bring himself to do so, he sat rigidly instead, mourning the death of their love.

As the night wore on, their affair played out in his clear unburdened mind like a movie. They met, they danced, they laughed . . . her sound of her laughter like that of fairies wings singing in the heavens. He cursed the inability to feel the warmth of her cradled in his arms, the soft feathery touch of her lips against his . . . the way their bodies fit tightly together in lovemaking. There had never been another. She and she alone, held his soul. And always would.

In his suspension between worlds he sensed an ominous, unsettling sensation of sadness beginning to permeate his purpose for still belonging there. He should have crossed over long before now. Immediately in fact. She didn't need him any longer, (despite the fact that he would always need her).

No, it was the girls. That purpose had been clear, until this very moment. The moment of her return, with 'him'. The brother that he loved, and despised all in one emotion.

There had been a time when the three of them were all happy. Living life to the fullest, their shared interests . . . their music . . . everything dear to their hearts, laid out in a beautifully wrapped package for the opening. Why had it gone so wrong? And more importantly . . . why had he died without her?

WHERE had the night dwindled off to? Was the café actually open for business already? Had he whiled the night away stuck to the bar surface, his eyes fixated on the spot where she stood? Uncle Ryu counted the patrons already seated at the dining room tables. There were many. Mostly regulars, with only a few he didn't recognize.

Next to him teetering on a tall stool, an overly-dressed business woman, blowing on a tall steaming cup of coffee, aggravated that it wasn't cooling quick enough for her to hurry and drink so she could leave. On the other side, an old man, bearded and wrinkled, showing the experiences of life in his kind and gentle eyes. He watched the woman grumbling, before reaching out a gnarled hand to touch her shoulder tenderly.

“They make the ‘best’ coffee here don't you think?” he asked quietly. “Put in a lot of love. It's MEANT to sip and savor, like a good woman. No need to rush.” Then winking at her playfully he left the morning flirtation hanging in the balance between them, returning to his newspaper, sipping his own hot cup of cappuccino.

Young Jae smiled. This was ‘his’ doing. This wonderful place. His creation. His ‘baby’. ‘She’ (Sandra) could have shared it with him. Every crazy irrational moment. Every nook and cranny, every patron, every picture on the wall, every story. She missed it all.



“Anyone here by the name of ‘Saffron Ryu?’” Came a young man's voice, holding up a neatly wrapped package, tied in a fancy red bow. Maud's voice could be heard mumbling from behind the counter as she pounded and kneaded the bread dough alone.

“De, de. I'm coming. Damn girls. Wanna make decisions, run the place they said. Change the rules, change the WALL! Now where are they? Days off again . . . right before the holiday rush. Parents in town. I don't give a hoot about the damned parents. Didn't give a hoot twenty-five years ago, don't give a hoot now. Taking my best baker away from me right when I need her most. DE! I said I'm coming!”

Hollering at the young man, anxious to drop the gift and be on his way, she wiped both hands on her flour covered apron, before picking it from his grasp hurriedly. “I’ll see she gets it,” she barked, shooing him away, “Go on now. I’ve got work to do.”

Watching the exchange, Young Jae found himself smirking at the tart tone of Maud’s (before 8:00 A.M.) voice. She hated being interrupted in the throes of her morning rush, no matter what the reason.

A package for Saffron huh? Now who could that be from? Craning his neck as she slid it toward the other end of the bar, he attempted to see the writing on the card, but to no avail. He would just have to sit tight, wait it out and hope she was summoned to come retrieve it before too long.

“Is there a Saffire and Saffron Ryu that lives here?” Came the sudden question behind him, causing poor disgruntled Maud to flip back around for the second time, just as her hands came in contact with the dough again.

“Aishhh! Now what?” Still muttering she stood staunchly, hand out to receive a large white envelope resembling a wedding invitation. “Humph. Wonder if it’s some Christmas party invitation or something.” She asked herself, turning it slowly from one side to the other and back again.

Well, obviously it was time to get the girls downstairs, if for no other reason than to retrieve their ‘goodies’, and hope they knew she wasn’t happy with their disappearance for the weekend.

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8:15 A.M.

SAFFIRE sailed down the steep slick staircase, with Saffron at her heels, hoping to avoid any verbal confrontation with the Aunties this early in the day. After yesterday’s proclamations about the Idol rule and addition of the ‘Hotness Wall’, quite possibly the parents showing up may have been a blessing in disguise after all.

“Morning Auntie,” she whispered, fingers out wanting only to grab the envelope and run.

Behind her Saffron was ‘oo’ing and ahh’ing over her gift, already dropping down on a barstool to tear into the package.

“Do that upstairs . . .” Saffire hissed nudging her back, her eyes slipping over to a watchful Maud, bustling about the coffee area, (trying to keep from saying something she knew she would eventually regret).

“Why?” Saffron mused, already crumpling the paper, and tying the ribbon to her wrist gleefully. “It’s from Hyun Joong.”

“Saffron . . . UP . . . STAIRS!”

Hauling her off the stool, Saffire quirked her mouth. Why was ‘she’ suddenly the one concerned about the state of Maud’s disposition that morning? Usually ‘Miss-All-Business’ Saffron would have balked at the idea of leaving Maud high and dry alone behind the bar or the baking counter, but not today.

Her eyes were on the prize . . . the package from her ‘Baek Seung Jo’ . . . Kim Hyun Joong.

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Back Upstairs

YOUNG JAE twirled his invisible shirt tail mindlessly, observing the sisters marching back up the staircase with a sudden elated determination, ignoring the eyes of the patrons who followed their ascent. He was sad their happiness would be so short-lived. Already privy to the invitation, Saffron’s gift from the ‘thorn in his side’ Idol, Kim Hyun Joong, had been an unwelcome surprise . . . albeit, something he had no control over. As neither did the young woman’s unending giggling and delightful response.

“Oh my God!” Saffire exclaimed peeling the white linen card from its fancy printed envelope sleeve. “It’s a personal invitation to dinner . . . at Junsu’s hotel. WHAT? Junsu’s hotel? From father and mother.”



“Saffire . . . SAFFIRE! LOOK! Look at this . . . Hyun Joong gave me a freakin’ seafood cookbook!” Ignoring Saffire’s mumblings about an elaborate

dinner with the parents, Saffron reached the top of the stairs, flinging open the apartment door, dropping anxiously on the sofa.

“OH! AND LOOK! A little bottle of SAFFRON spice! Wowww, this shit’s expennnsivvve,” she trailed off, eyes peeled to the pages, flipping through them hurriedly, looking for anything more. “And two bags of tea! Bet this is his favorite.” Still giggling, she kept on rambling, “it’s ‘cause I thought he was a coffee drinker before. Awww, that’s so cute, don’t you think? Oh my GOD! Do you think this mean he likes to cook? I don’t know much about him. Do YOU know sis? Pffft, he must . . . Shit.”

Slapping one hand on the couch cushion she scowled. “Now that means, I gotta stop at the market ‘cause look . . . he flagged some of these pages. The note says he was making a marinade that called for Saffron, made him think of me. Is he not the sweetest?”

Hand to her heart, she rolled her eyes toward the ceiling, shivers running up and down her spine at the thought of him remembering her while cooking. It was the ultimate compliment. Chattering on to herself, lost in her own private ‘Oh Ha Ni’ world with her own private chef, ‘Baek Seung Jo’, she barely noticed Saffire throw both arms at her side in exasperation, the invitation crumpling between her fingers.

Not only had her parents invited them to the ‘Tuscano’, but only moments earlier before coming downstairs, she’d received a text message from Junsu, letting her know there was a networking conference going on there this weekend hoping she and Saffron could get off and make plans to attend. Urging her with hearts and smiley faces, saying it would be good to help promote the café, it left her curious as to why the two invitations had literally come back-to-back.

“GOOD HEAVENS SAFFRON! Snap out of it.” Saffire waved the paper in her sister’s face, stomping her foot loudly. “Listen! There’s something else I need to tell you. And do you know what this means?”

“Huh?” Saffron glanced up, a startled look of confusion crossing her face. “Ahhh, what? What does WHAT mean?”

“Good grief, you ninny. THIS! This invitation is for TONIGHT.” Slapping her sister over the head with it, she spun on her heel headed for the small bedroom announcing. “First off, Junsu invited us to the hotel for a networking conference this weekend.”

All the while mumbling to herself, “not sure why he thought we could get off . . . seems really strange . . . right before mother and father’s invitation. Hmmmm.” Then out loud . . . “And now this dinner invitation from our “parents from hell”. Well. To me . . . that means clothes. An entire weekend’s worth.”

Back to the doorway she flipped her hands up and down around herself, snickering. “After all, in a fancy hotel, we have to ‘dress for success’, as mother puts it. Not that you wouldn’t already know what that means . . . but let’s face it . . . we both know I don’t have a blessed thing to wear that spells success except maybe an expensive watch father gave me for my birthday that I can’t even find.” Swinging around, she stared at Saffron quizzically. “Are you even listening to me? SAFFRON?”

Saffron, eyes scanning the cookbook carefully, turned page after page, reclining back on the cushiony couch, as if settling in for a long stay to watch their non-existent television set. “Uh huh,” she muttered. *Wow. Pages of delicious sounding seafood recipes, including entire meals, appetizers, salads, and even sides. Ending in her precious Hyun Joong’s own handwriting saying . . .*

Hani, going out of town until the 21st. Clear your calendar . . . I’ll have my driver pick you up 5:00 that night. We’ll heat up the kitchen together. Spice up me and some fish with a little Saffron. Yours HJ.

“Yeah, yeah . . . dinner and conference at a hotel. Sure. No problem. I got it covered,” she announced reaching for her cellphone on the coffee table. *Why did Saffire sound so stressed? This was peanuts compared to what she was used to dealing with.*



From the inside of the bedroom doorway Saffire, stared at Saffron mooning over her new cookbook.

They were invited to a dinner with the enemy. Why wasn’t she more concerned? And then there was Junsu. Even that was more stress than she wanted to think about right now. His flowers yesterday were sincere, but now this. In retrospect it was really JJ she wanted to see and hear from. She wanted to have jelly legs and butterflies in her stomach right now, like Saffron. Not a rolling urge to throw up her coffee. What in the hell did that mean anyway? Could she show up at the Tuscano at Junsu’s request like the ‘girlfriend’ he was asking her to be? That, in and of itself petrified her. The hotel was

his 'baby', his pride and joy. And coupling that with her reluctance and her parents . . . could only spell disaster.

Shaking her head, long blonde hair flying about her face, at sister 'Oh Ha Ni's' indifference to her dilemma she whined inconsolably.

"Saffronnn . . . Come on. Junsu said we need to let him know ASAP. He wants to send a limo for us by 3:00. And I have to text father too." Now muttering to herself, she turned back around, "I didn't bring anything to wear, Father's going to wonder how we're getting there, you're an insane Drama character right now, and I think I'm going to need a Valium. Help . . . I just want some help that's all."

Snagging her own phone from the bedroom desk she thumbed through the wardrobe closet with one hand while texting Junsu and then father with the other.

"Saffron, can't you please put the book down!" she urged her sister, still not getting much of a response from the living room. "You don't think the folks are going to expect us to spend ALL night with them after dinner do you? 'Cause my plan would be to just eat and run, then head off to the conference and have some fun. Make it more about us, not them," she threw out there, hoping to snag Saffron's attention away from her recipes.

Saffron's head perked up from the other room at hearing the word 'fun'. "Oooo, I like that idea. Smart. I'm game, God knows we could use some down time. By the way . . . when did Junsu get a hotel? Did you tell me that?"

"Really? Boy, you do have your head stuck up your ass lately." Saffire sighed, tossing clothes out of the wardrobe in an attempt to come up with something even suitable for a shopping trip. "Yes, I did. Weeks ago at the memorial service. It's really high class. On JeJu Island."

With one eye still glued to the cookbook, Saffron stood slowly, padding across the room, "Hey, here's a great recipe for smoked salmon. I need to try that."

"NO." Saffire snatched the book from her hands, slapping it shut, and tossing it on the chair beside the wardrobe cabinet. "No time for that, 'Seung Jo' and his salmon can wait. Take it in the taxi. We have to get dressed and get going. If we're going we have to be ready to leave for the airport by 3:00."

“Hey! You need to chill, you forget I multi-task for a living. We’ll be fine. And, be careful with that.” Saffron scolded, reaching for the book again, cradling it in the crook of her arm lovingly. “It’s special.”

“Whatever! My bouquet of roses, and JJ’s bear is special too, but you don’t see me making love to them do you?” Saffire chuckled. Despite her quaking insides, this seemed like the first time in days she and Saffron were actually ‘acting’ like sisters again. Quite possibly . . . mother and father had managed to perform the impossible. Bring them together in one common goal. To find answers.

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Cup of Hotness Coffee Bar

9:45 A.M.

BACK downstairs, still lingering to the now deserted coffee bar, Young Jae, kicked his feet back and forth against the steel bottom, bored but hating to leave his favorite resting place. What were the girls up to now? He could only surmise, the invitation was like sending them into the ‘Lion’s Den’. He was worried for them.

Maud and SeRae were busy bustling about cleaning up the kitchen after the slew of early patrons, now readying themselves for the upcoming lunch crowd. It was always something. Without the girls, and Yoona . . . who had left with G-Dragon yesterday afternoon, and had the day off, the two middle-aged women clearly were up to their eyeballs in work, and had their hands full. He hated to see them struggling and working so hard. Saffire and Saffron were supposed to have been there to pick up the slack and relieve them of their daily duties, giving them a well needed break.

That obviously had ‘not’ happened. Poor SeRae, he knew her bad knees were getting worse, he could see her pause often, leaning down and rubbing them briskly, before sighing and moving on. And Maud. Her arthritis was something that would only get worse the longer she kneaded

dough, unscrewed large bottles, and hauled heavy food sacks to and from the freezer. He wished he could help them more.

The clattering coming down the stairs, alerted him to the fact that the sisters were on their way out. Coats and purses flying, one was checking her cell phone, the other already looking toward the front door, ignoring the normal daily operations going on around her.

Sighing as they passed, creating a vacuum of air that blew the tiny hairs on his forehead to one side, he wanted desperately to follow them. But, he had promised to temporarily stay clear of their business.

As their feet hit the door stoop, and the cold December wind gushed in behind them, a horrible feeling rolled over him like the drawing of a curtain. As he watched, their two figures side-by-side in the doorway melded into one . . . **HERS.** (Their mother, Sandra Kroe's) And turning slowly, a look of grief on her young face, she disappeared.

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