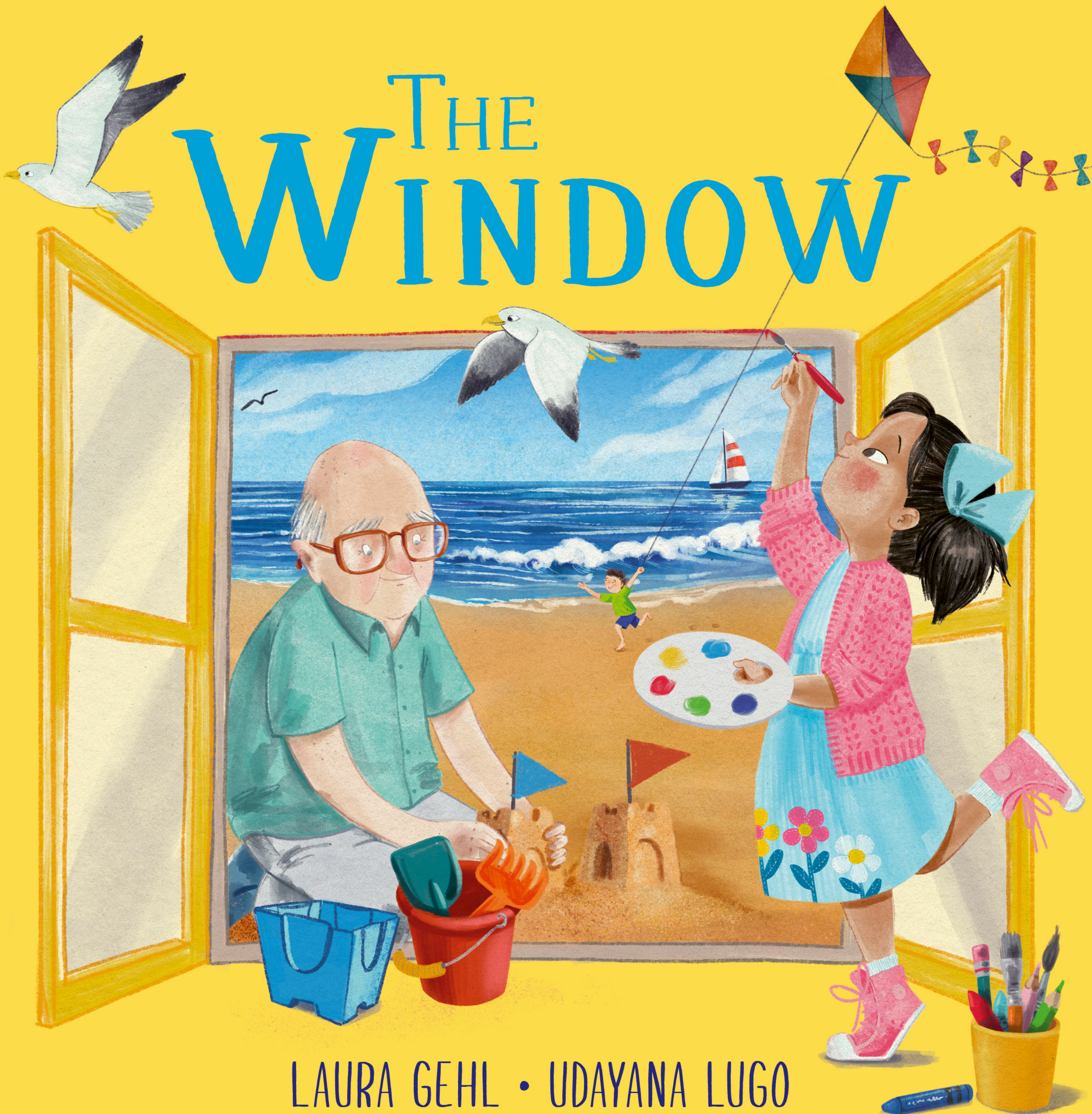


THE WINDOW



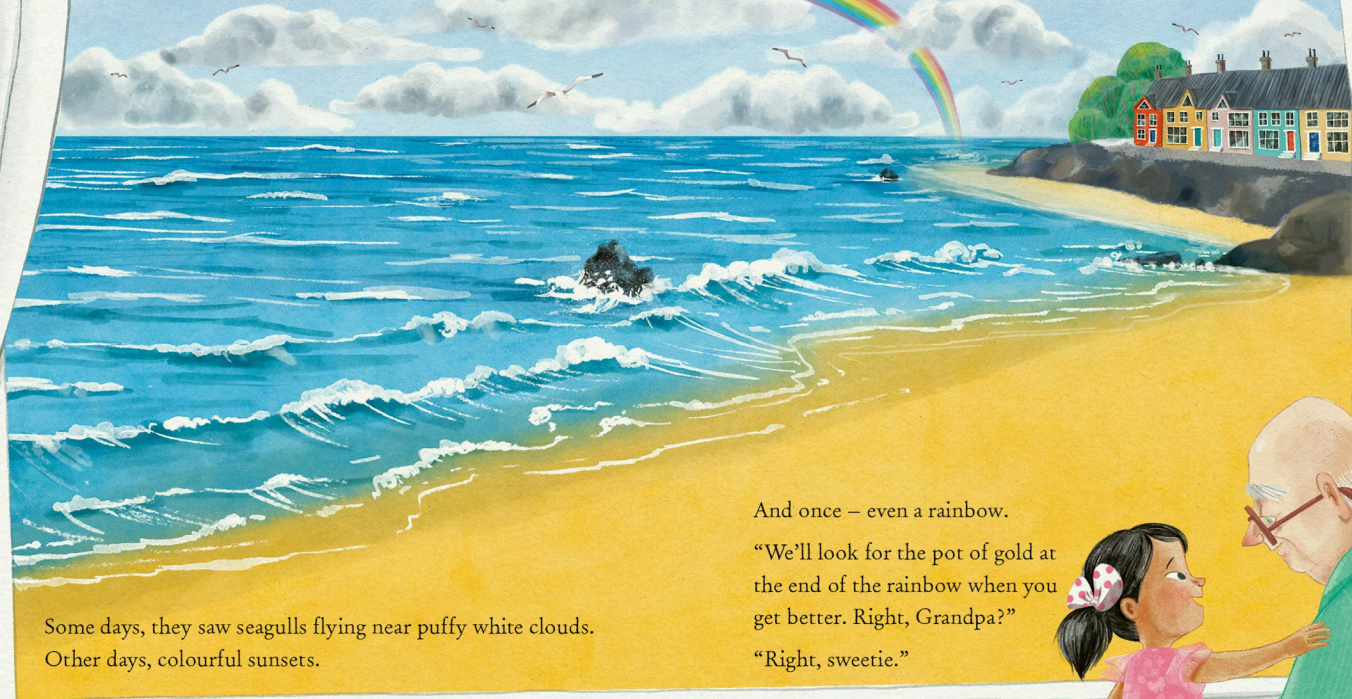
LAURA GEHL • UDAYANA LUGO



Each time Daria visited, she held Grandpa's hand,
and they looked out the window together.

They saw waves crashing.
Families swimming.
Kites flying.

"We'll fly kites when you get better. Right, Grandpa?"
"Of course we will."



Some days, they saw seagulls flying near puffy white clouds.
Other days, colourful sunsets.

And once – even a rainbow.


“We’ll look for the pot of gold at
the end of the rainbow when you
get better. Right, Grandpa?”

“Right, sweetie.”

One day, Grandpa was too weak to move to a chair. But Daria helped him sit up in bed and look out the window.



“See that little girl and her grandpa building a sandcastle?” Daria said. “They look like us, don’t they?”

An illustration of an elderly man, Grandpa, lying in a hospital bed. He is wearing a green hospital gown and a clear oxygen mask over his nose and mouth. A clear plastic IV bag with yellow liquid is hanging from a stand above him. A young girl, Daria, with dark hair in a ponytail and a large orange bow, is standing by the side of the bed. She is wearing a bright orange knitted sweater and a purple skirt with a floral pattern. She is holding Grandpa's hand. The room has light green walls. A window with white curtains is open, showing a view of a beach with waves, a sandy shore, and a blue sky with white clouds and several seagulls flying.

Grandpa had an oxygen mask now to help him breathe. He couldn't talk with the mask on, but he nodded, and his eyes smiled at Daria.

“We’re going to build the biggest sandcastle in the world when you get better. Right, Grandpa?”

Grandpa squeezed her hand. Not very tight, but tight enough. Daria knew the squeeze meant yes.