

“Thank you for the breakfast mom, it was awesome as always,” thanked Drake.

“Oh darling, I am happy to hear that. How is your job going? I hope it is fine?” Mother JO asked with curiosity.

“It is going to be fine.” (She opened the work issue too early that I was surprised. Did she understand something?)

“Can I do something to make it fine?” she asked deridingly.

“Sure you can,” I mumbled.

“You know I really miss your brother,” she said sadly but her facial expressions showed me that she was puzzled.

She wanted to say something and it seemed like it was going to be easier. After analyzing her face I got angry to her and I couldn't control my anger.

“THEN WHY ARE YOU KEEPING A SECRET? IT CAN HELP ME SOLVE MY BROTHER'S CASE BUT YOU ARE NOT HELPING. YOU ARE ACTING SELFISH. I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. YOU ARE A MOTHER. I DON'T UNDERSTAND YOU. I THINK YOU DON'T WANT ME TO SOLVE MY BROTHER'S CASE. I DON'T UNDER-” she interrupted me. I was shouting and I had lost my control.

“Enough,” she cried.

“I'm sorry. I can not understand why you are so mad at me.” She wasn't able to talk. I shouted so angrily that now she was crying.

“Come on mom, we both know that you are as clever as me and again we are both sure about you know why I am mad at you,” I said in a weak voice. I was pretending like everything was alright and I wasn't angry to her.

“Drake...” she sighed.

“Drake, Drake, Drake just keep on. I know my name but I don't know what are you hiding.”

After my words she stood up, walked to her bedroom, got a letter, came back and slowly she handed me the letter. No one was talking at that moment. It was death silence. I read the letter so many times that it was resounding in my ears. The letter was simple. “Do you miss me!” exclamation mark I was sure that it was from my brother. He never uses question marks because

he knows all the answers he is so smart and I am sure that if I get lost he would find me. But how? Where is this letter from? I was puzzled.

I looked at the letters for minutes. I didn't want to lose time by asking my mother why she had hid this from me because I knew there wasn't a logical explanation. It was written on a notebook page which was our common notebook when we were younger.