



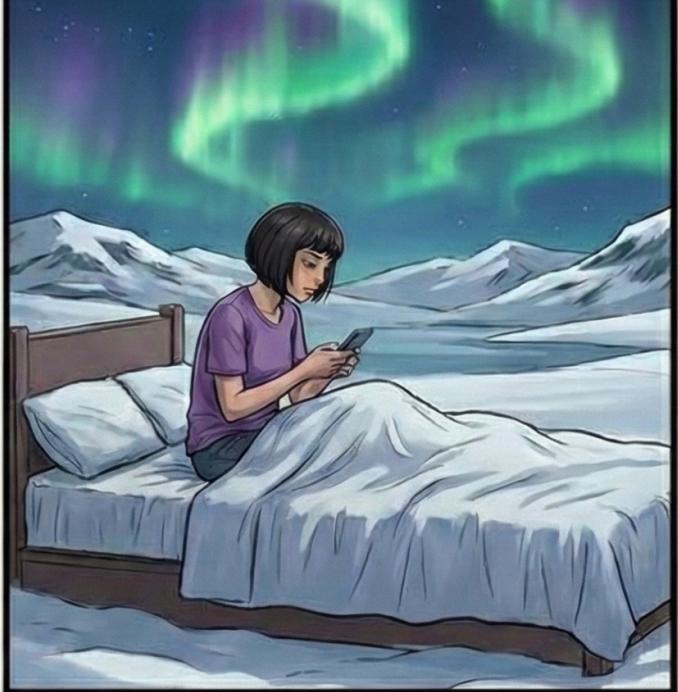
She opens the photo, and the Grand Canyon materializes around her bed.



She swipes to the next photo on her phone. The environment completely shifts - now she's on a tropical beach, still sitting on the bed.



Another swipe - northern lights over Iceland, bed in the snow.



Another - base of the Eiffel Tower. Each time she opens a new photo, she's transported, but Maya never looks up to see it.



She continues to swipe, transported from one location to another, always missing the view.

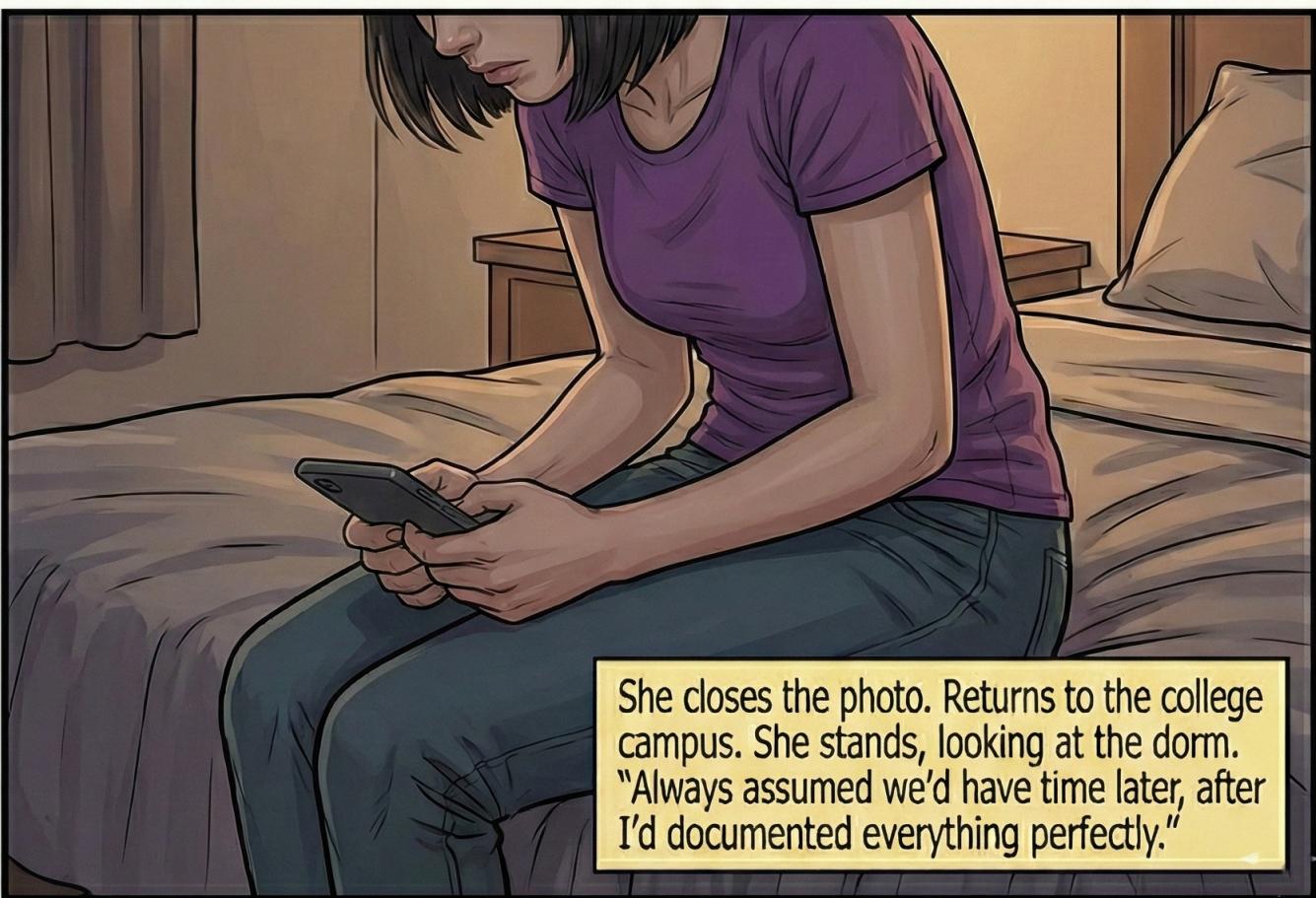




My daughter's  
first steps? Right...  
here.



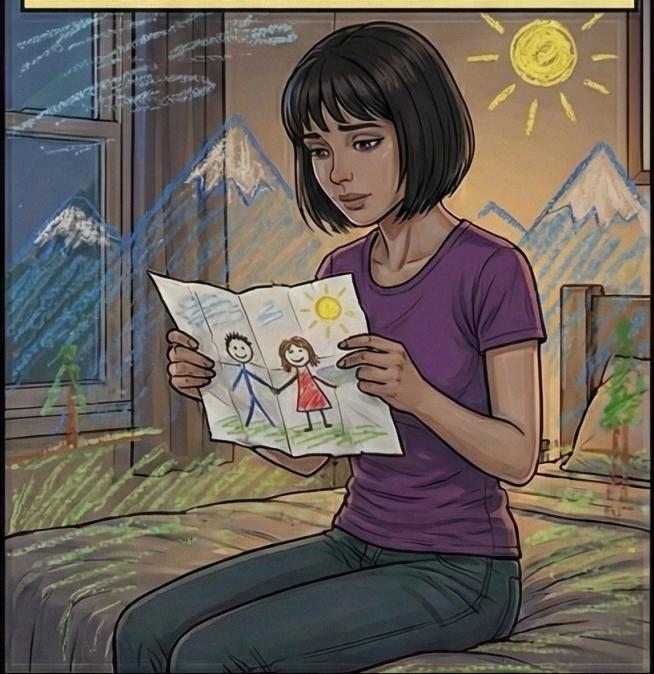
She called yesterday. From college. Asked if I remembered what we talked about at the Grand Canyon... I couldn't remember. I was too busy framing the shot.



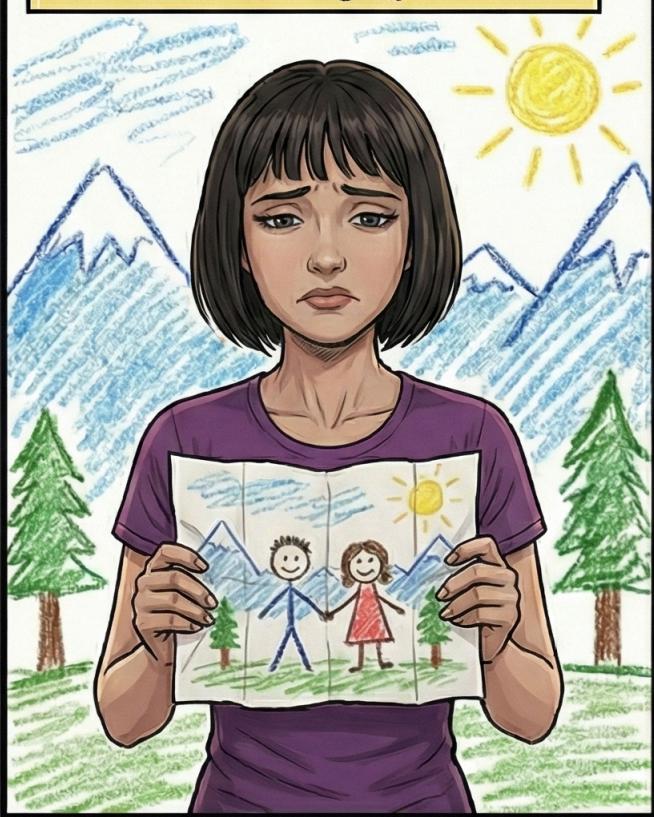
She closes the photo. Returns to the college campus. She stands, looking at the dorm. "Always assumed we'd have time later, after I'd documented everything perfectly."



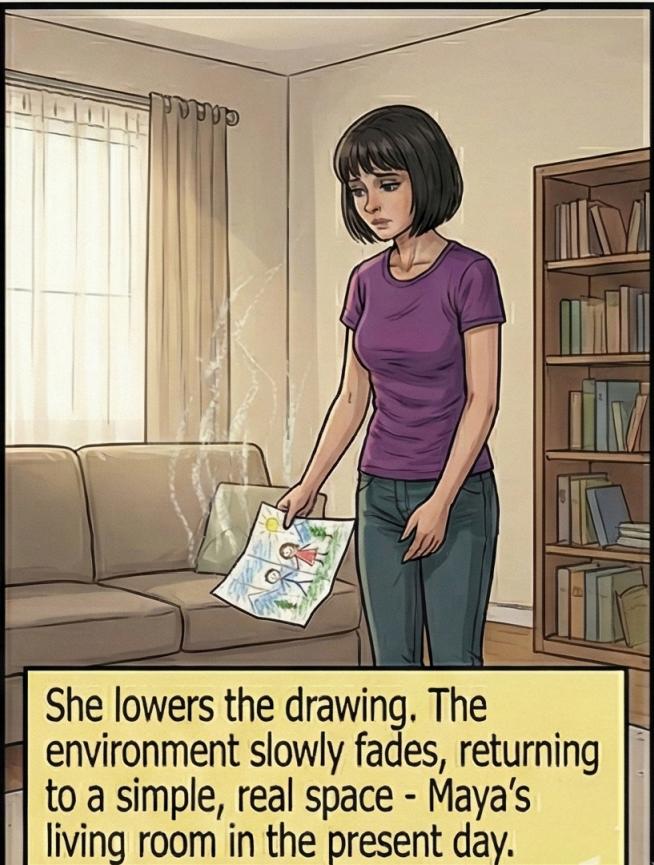
"This is the only drawing she ever made of us together. No phones. Just two stick figures holding hands. She said it was her favorite day."



"I don't have a single photo of it."



She lowers the drawing. The environment slowly fades, returning to a simple, real space - Maya's living room in the present day.



She's coming over tomorrow.  
Spring break.



Maybe this time  
I'll just remember.

