

One of the fondest memories that Percy had was sitting in a small boat, with his grandfather, fishing at Johnathan Lake. It was one of the most beautiful things, seeing the sunset go down into the lake. Percy teared up seeing it, sometimes. Grandpa looked at Percy with his kind eyes, and said, "Percy, always remember to enjoy the little things. It may be your last day on earth, for all we know." There was silence, and then the fishing rod was getting tugged. His face lit up with excitement. This was the first time he caught any fish before. It was a salmon. Grandpa grabbed it, and they put it in a cooler and rowed back to the shore. They drove home in his truck, and they cleaned the fish, removed all the bones, and cooked it. Grandma smiled when they saw the fish they caught. She was proud, seeing her little seven year old grandkid marveling over the fish he caught, telling all the details of the trip, and other things. Percy exhaled, and Grandpa put a small piece of fish on his plate, and he grabbed some clam chowder, and they ate. The dishes were clear by seven, and Percy went with Grandpa to go see a drive in movie. A quarter of the movie in, and Percy was already asleep. Grandpa draped a sweatshirt over him as a blanket. Percy was dreaming about being a dolphin, being able to jump in and out of the water. He had always that day and that dream clear in his mind. He was twelve, but he still remembered.

# The Little Things

By Logan Vongchantha

By looking through the window, Percy could see many things. Bikers, little kids playing outside, birds fluttering around. He smiled, looking at the kids playing without a care in the world. He could still see Jackson Lake and Grandma's house in the distance. He walked away from the window, opened his drawer, put some clothes on, and hurried down the stairs. There were eggs, bacon, hash browns, and pancakes on the table. David was making more pancakes, and he greeted Percy with a smile. "Hey, kid. I'm making pancakes!" Percy sat down. He always enjoyed David's cooking. "Thanks, David," Percy said, cheerfully. Mom walked down the stairs, made herself a cup of coffee, took a sip, and tried to calculate what was happening. "Good morning, Percy," she said, groggily. She smiled at Percy and kissed him on the forehead. "I have to work the night shift, again. I'm sorry, guys. The boss wants me to paint the walls today." Percy expected this. She had worked the night before too. Percy heaved a great sigh. "I know, honey. I'll try to be home before you go to bed." She looked at her watch and her eyes bulged. "I'm late!" And she ran out the door. Percy looked at David, and he told him, "I have to go to school." He put his dishes in the sink, grabbed his backpack, and went outside to the lawn. He grabbed his bike, got on, and sped to school.

It was a day when they got to watch a documentary. Mr. Kenton turned the projector on. The documentary said something about the human brain. Percy could not pay attention. He had to

much things on his mind. His mom, the lake, just things that were important to him. He went through Algebra, English, and other subjects. Before he knew it, school ended, and Percy decided to take a detour. He went to his Grandma's house. He knocked on the door. "Look, I don't want a vacuum cleaner- Oh, Percy, I thought you were a salesman. They keep coming to me." Grandma smiled and chuckled. "Come on in, Percy." The place was always the same. The walls were a light beige color. The floor was wood planks. Pictures of Grandpa and me were on the walls. It smelled like freshly baked cookies. Like the ones she used to bake him. "Would you like a drink?" Percy kindly said no, but she already made him a smoothie. Percy was happy to see her. He barely saw her because of school. "I missed you." she hugged him. Percy told her all the things that's been going on in his life. He teared up a little. He drank his smoothie, and said goodbye to his Grandma. He got a text from his mom saying that she was home. He got onto his bike, and rode to Johnathan Lake. Percy stopped by the lake and watched the sunset. *Enjoy the little things*, he thought. He remembered his Grandpa saying that, and he smiled. He would always enjoy it. Always.