

## 1 | **text**

She didn't even trust the twins. She deemed them Capable of Anything. Anything at all. *They might even steal their present back* she thought, and realized with a pang how quickly she had reverted to thinking of them as though they were a single unit once again. After all those years. Determined not to let the past creep up on her, she altered her thought at once. *She. She might steal her present back.*

## 2 | **brainstorm**

### 2.1 | **the past lingers, yet baby kochamma is running from the past**

\*\*