



### **Personal Diaries: A bunch of grapes (by Yen Ha)**

This morning, on the way to school, we ran into a bunch of grapes. So we stopped and chatted with them for a while.

Wednesday mornings are our Oro mornings. We leave the apartment around 7:40 am and walk down the block, cross the street, and another half block to Oro. When we get to the street crossing, I let you run ahead. You take off, gray backpack bouncing on your back, hands in your coat pocket. When Jamal and I get to Oro, you are already seated at the café with your usual, a plain croissant and a small glass of milk.

So early in the morning, almost no one is out yet and the people at Oro, they know you. Still, there are those 3 minutes between when you leave me, running, and when we get there, that I wonder how you are doing on your own. Sometimes I walk extra special slow just to give you a little bit more time to be alone and independent.

I don't remember where I was in 1st grade, I'm not sure if we were still in Madison or we had already moved to Richmond. Which also means I don't remember if I walked, took a bus, or was driven to school. I'd like to think you will remember our Wednesday mornings of our 1st-grade year, but in case you don't: Wednesday mornings we have breakfast at Oro. Then we walk to the M-15 select bus stop at Allen & Grand, and one morning we ran into a bunch of grapes.