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Untitled

Sunny Xu
NSU University School

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Hunters in the Snow

ZAIN ALI

PHOTO: SUNNY XU

Dearest Mother,

I have never been a fan of winter, at least not for the past 22 years. I cannot believe I am turning 40 in a week. I know I have not written you a letter in quite some time, and I apologize. As you know, I have made quite a large amount of money and am, as some people might say, living the life. I have the house that people dream about, a car collection as large as a car dealership, yet I am not happy. I have locked away my emotions for some time in the hopes that I would forget about my past. However, my good friend Habib (as you may know by the surname Sheikh), has recently sent me a classic painting known as "Hunters in the Snow." Quite beautiful, but as I told you, I am not a fan of winter, as it reminds me of the time I changed and lost the warmth in my heart. This painting was originally in the museum where I first met her, and brought feelings of joy and happiness. Now all it brings me are memories and feelings of melancholy. I had written a poem for the girl years ago, planning to tell her how I felt. I am sending it to her in hopes that she might accept it and respond; please leave it in her mailbox at 1300 Church Street if she still happens to live there. I am attaching the poem to this letter: please make sure it finds its way into her hands. Thank you, and hope to see you when the weather becomes warm once again.

Much Love,
Your Son