Dreams Weaving

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"She's a high school dropout; as soon as she turned sixteen she left school and got a job here to help support her and her mother."

She disappears into the kitchen and Jason resorts back to his place mat. I notice the group of rowdy boys she must serve and can't help but feel sorry for her. As she reappears, Jason concludes: "She also has a serious boyfriend. All they talk about is marriage which causes turmoil between her and her mother."

Finally, I lift up my place mat and compare it to Jason's. "Hmm, very interesting," I add. We finish our ice cream and pay the waitress, who is extremely impressed by our artistic talents. As we leave, I turn to take one last glimpse at all the victims of Jason's stories, and then back at the two of us. Amazingly I think to myself, "I can only imagine what they would say about us."

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**Dreams Weaving**

The castles we build,  
And dreams weaving  
Of fabric unknown  
Shelter our precious hearts.

And what of these dreams  
That shape our lives?  
Maybe they keep us content  
As the world falls down.

Elena M. Cambio
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