

IS BLOOD THICKER by Kruze

EXCERPT

It was Christmas morning, and Daquan watched as his son slept in Symone's bed. This isn't how we should be celebrating, he thought. He felt guilty. He blamed himself for Zahir waking up to no gifts, no tree, but most importantly, no Aviana. Symone hadn't returned from looking for Aviana, so Daquan didn't know how to feel. Did they find her yet? Is Aviana dead? What am I gonna tell Zahir? He thought.

Zahir began to move around but was still asleep. Daquan prayed that he wouldn't wake up. He hadn't figured out what to tell Zahir about why Aviana wasn't there or why they were at Symone's house.

"I have to make something happen," he said to himself.

Daquan was his son's hero, so letting him down wasn't an option. Daquan headed to the kitchen and searched the cabinets and refrigerator for something to cook. He soon found out that Symone didn't keep her house stocked with groceries.

"How does she survive like this?" Daquan questioned aloud, still searching for food.

"I don't need much to survive," Symone answered, startling him.

"Why are you creeping up on me?" Daquan questioned.

"How am I creeping in my own house?" Symone asked.

"You know what I mean," Daquan said and closed the refrigerator. "You hear anything about Aviana?"

"Not yet," Symone regrettably answered.

"What am I gonna do?" Daquan plopped down at the kitchen table. "It's Christmas, and I have to tell my son I have no idea where his mom is."