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Rona sample
NOT FOR SALE

RONA

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Copyright

Rona

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Chapter One

It was Tuesday. Rona was waiting for her husband, Amanc, to come home from work. She had fed the children, and they were watching television. Amanc's meal was ready to serve. He would be tired, and he would have less than an hour to eat his meal and say goodnight to his sons, before he went out to deliver pizzas.

Rona was worried. This morning, a letter had arrived. It was for her husband. It looked important. Life here was good. It was better for their sons than in their home country or in the refugee camp. Her husband worked very hard. He had two jobs. He always said, 'In this country we have a future!'

Amanc was always cheerful. He was positive about their life and about their future, but Rona worried. "What will happen if we cannot stay here? What if they tell us we have to leave?" she often asked Amanc.

Amanc always laughed. "You worry too much. We are safe here."

But today, there was the letter. It was on the table waiting for Amanc to open it and read it.

"Rona! Rona! I'm home!" Amanc was coming into the tiny kitchen. "The boss was pleased with me today! Maybe I can ask him for more money. What did you cook? It smells good!"

He hurried through the kitchen and into their bedroom. Rona had left his uniform for the pizza restaurant on the bed. She heard Amanc taking a shower. Soon, Amanc was back in the kitchen. Rona put his food on the table.

"That letter came today. I think it is important." She pointed to the letter. "Please open it. It makes me nervous."

"OK."

Amanc opened the letter and ate with one hand while he read it. Rona watched his face. He was such a happy man, but something in the letter made him look very old and very sad.

Rona was so frightened, she couldn't breathe.

Amanc stopped eating. He put his head in his hands. "I can't believe it!" he said.

"What is it? Tell me!" Rona wanted to scream.

"The letter is from a lawyer. It says that my grandfather's brother, my great-uncle, died three months ago. It seems the lawyer was my great-uncle's friend. He knew my grandfather's name and the name of our village, but it still took him a long time to find

me. I am the only member of my family left. There is no other family. So everything he had belongs to me.”

“I am sorry,” said Rona. “Did you know him well?”

“I never knew him. He left our village many years before I was born.”

“You are so sad. He must have been very old, and you didn’t know him...” Rona didn’t understand.

Amanc jumped out of his chair and started walking up and down. “He died here!”

“In this country?”

“Yes! And in this town! He lived here for fifteen years! We have been here for a year! He didn’t know we were here. We didn’t know he was here!” Amanc was shouting.

He looked at his watch. “I have to go.” He went into the other room and talked to the children. Then he came back. “I’ll be late. We’ll talk about it later.””

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