**Sweet Caroline**

It was getting quite late. Tiniest little drops of water were flowing down the bus window as Violet sat there, feeling blue, with thoughts running through her mind, highest speed possible. Just passed another school day, it wasn’t the best though. This mysterious teenage girl never really felt like she would fit in, perhaps that’s why kids would pick on her often. The day went just this way. Soon the bus stopped by her stop. Violet made it home. She just decided to get distracted by going through some crazy old pictures placed in that small box, put under the dining table. A picture of a charming lady slipped out, so she asks her grandad about it. „It was the best years of my youth at that time, my darling… she was special, an angel… really. Perhaps it was love, I didn’t have a clue what it meant back then, “ he smiled, „unfortunately she cared. She cared too much. People made comments, then she suffered, took her life after. “Grandpa looks at Violet holding back tears. „Never pay attention to the rude ones, Violet… oh and we used to sit on that bench. We called her Caroline. “

*Alexandra Pilchová*

