



A teacher noticed us, left the group of children, and walked to the fence. His words washed over me, drowning me in nonsense. I smiled to pretend that I understood. It was an empty smile. Mom interrupted him and touched my brother's head saying, "John." Then she touched my sister. "Else Marie," she said. Before she got to me I stepped forward and said my name, "Henning."

No More Empty Smiles

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