



P J Gray

# COMING HOME



# Her Son Returns

It was a sunny Saturday morning.

Nia was waiting for her son to come home.

He had been gone for several years.

Nia sat on her worn living room chair. She rubbed her hands as she waited.

Nia had cleaned her house from top to bottom.

She had washed the dishes. She had done the laundry.

Now she waited.

She looked at the TV but did not hear it.

Her mind was racing.

She looked at the clock on the wall.  
It was almost ten o'clock.

Nia wanted to be happy, but she was afraid.

Would her son look different?

Would he act differently?

How had he changed?

His name was Will. He was her only child.

Will left town after high school.

He owed money to many people.

Will would call Nia from the road sometimes.

He called last year from Florida.

He called last month from New York.

He said, "I want to come home."

Nia said, "Come home. Live with me.  
You can find a job here. I can help."

