

In my family, the words "I love you" are never said. It's not that we don't love each other. we just show it without saying it. I help my sister learn her multiplication tables, and I collect my baby brother's vegetables from under his chair. My mom puts oatmeal raisin cookies in my lunch, and my dad takes me to the tractor-pull exhibitions. Then the puppy came, and I don't think I'd ever heard "I love you" so much "Where's my lovey-dovey Shadow?" Last night, after my mom and dad squished the covers under my neck, I murmured, "I love you." When their silhouettes froze in the doorway, I suddenly hoped they hadn't heard me. thre I imagined my heart beating through the covers. and I twisted away so my blanket shielded my eyes Say The next day, Dad came home early and shouted, "Where's my boy?" Dad sat down on the floor, hugged me tightly, and said, "No, here's my boy." Then he said, "I love you, Jonah." my dad said as we walked to the door, Shadow tripping along excitedly behind us. ed "Ah, Dad, can't we bring Shadow?" I begged Dad nodded, I grabbed Shadow's leash, and the me three of us headed to the .park. Mom would croon