



After my mom died. I made a rule.

Whenever I saw her in a dream, I gave her a hug. Immediately.



Even in a dream, it was the greatest feeling in the world.

And even though I cried every time after I woke up, it was worth it.



Because I was never gonna get to hug her for real again. Ever.

And I knew even the dreams wouldn't last. So I carved the rule in my brain.



Don't hesitate. Don't forget.

So it became automatic. Instinct.

That's what I did.







