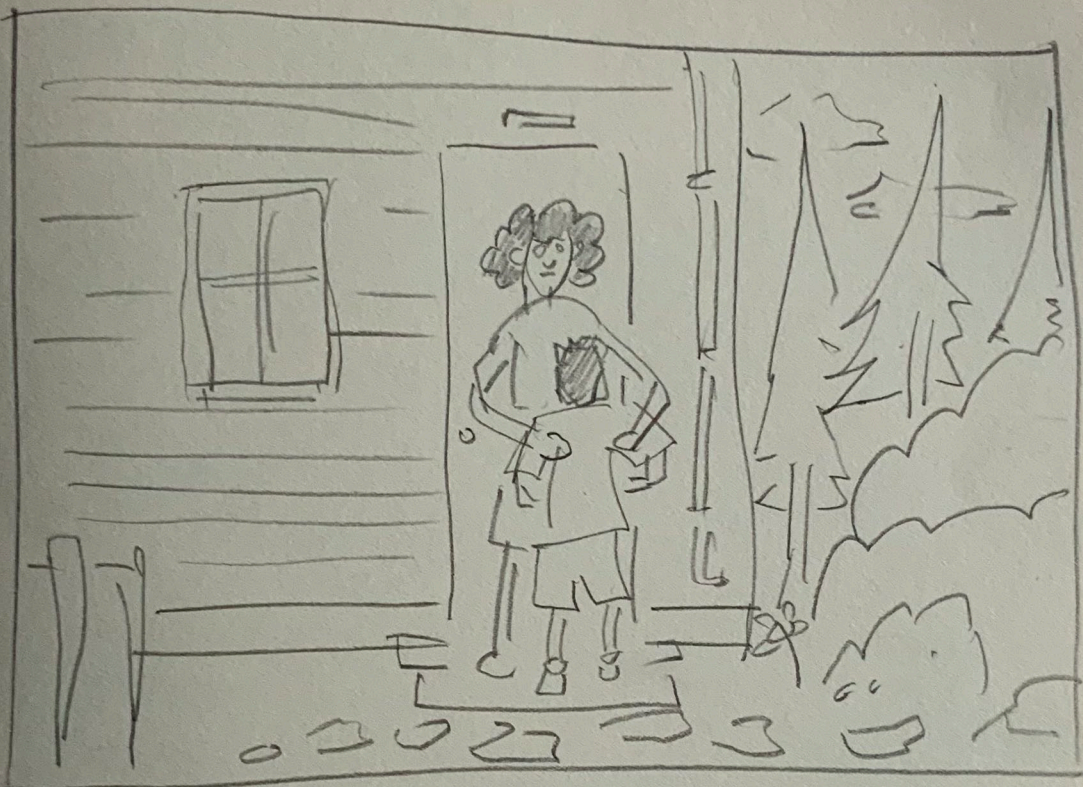


## CHAPTER ONE

TYE and I are sitting outside Portola Elementary it is currently day time and it is Spring. It is Sunny because it is California. The weather smells like fresh grass and naivety. I am bartering with Tye so that he will trade me his lemasqueras for my raisins. I am 8 years old. The transaction is a success Tye doesnt like lemon squares

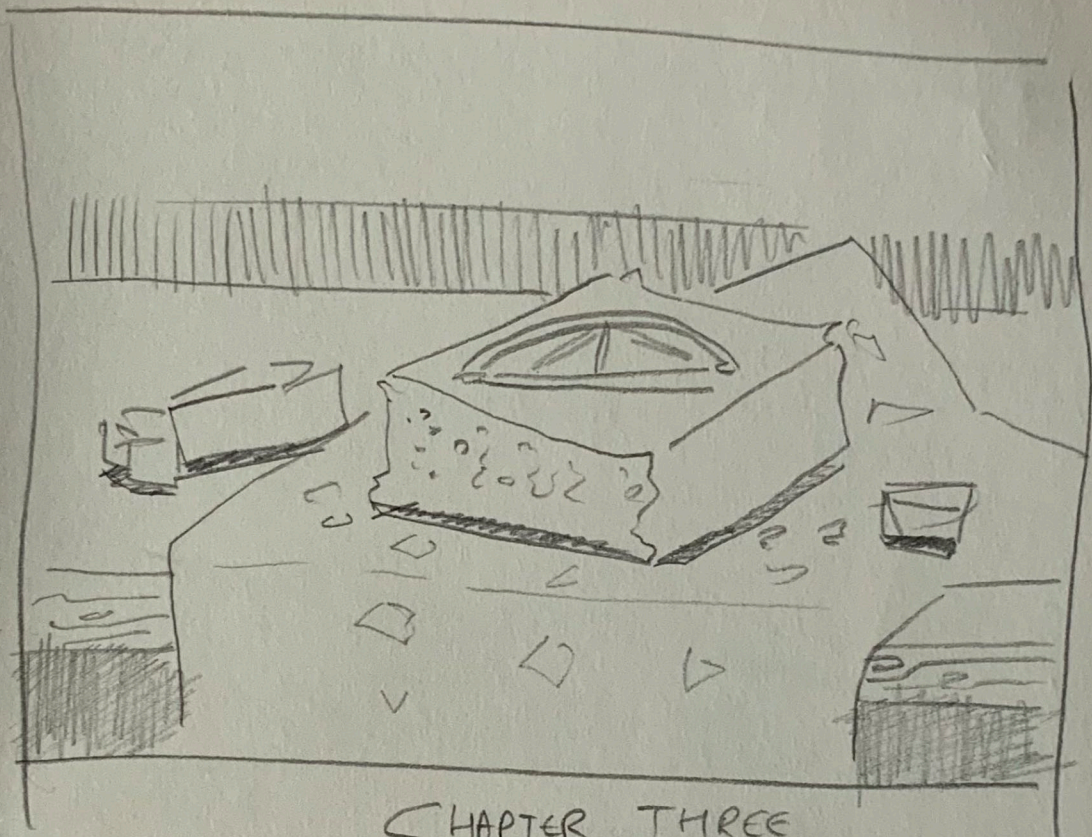




## CHAPTER TWO

When Tye was little he lost his parents at a car crash. His grandmother took him in and raised him. He was very small. Tye didn't talk about it a lot. He saw his grandmother as his family. Something that would inevitably affect him.



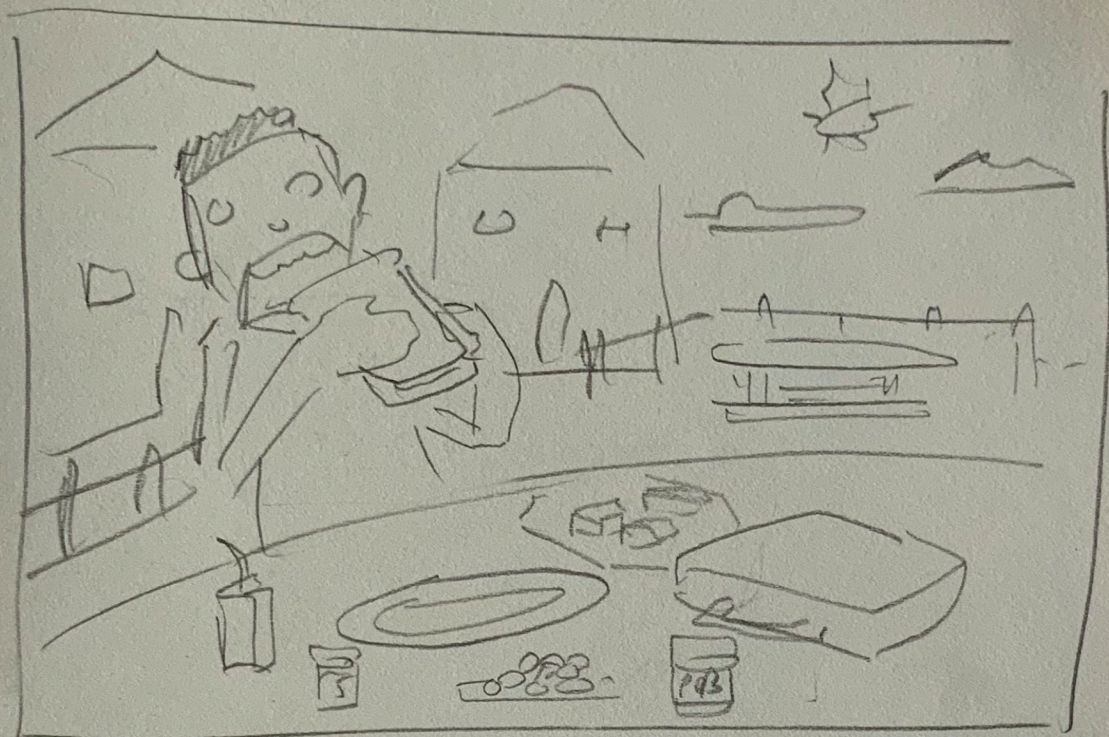


### CHAPTER THREE

It's been a long time since I had one of Tye's grandma's Lemon Squares, I remember it being more sugary than lemon and that's why I liked them. They were pure sugar.

It is sad that this was the only item I could remember him by, Let's call it bittersweet.





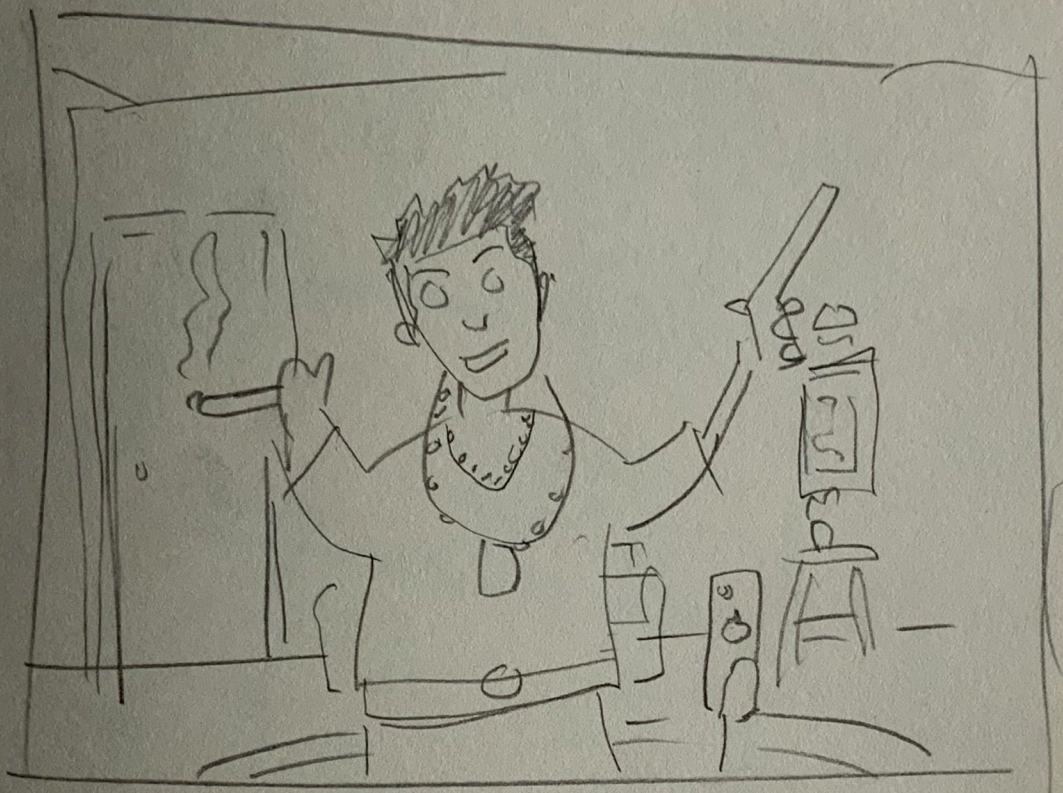
## CHAPTER FOUR

IRMAK - Wow TYE really likes Progan Bell's

TYE'S GRANDMA - HE WATCHES IT EVERY NIGHT  
Before BED

IRMAK - WISH I COULD DO THAT

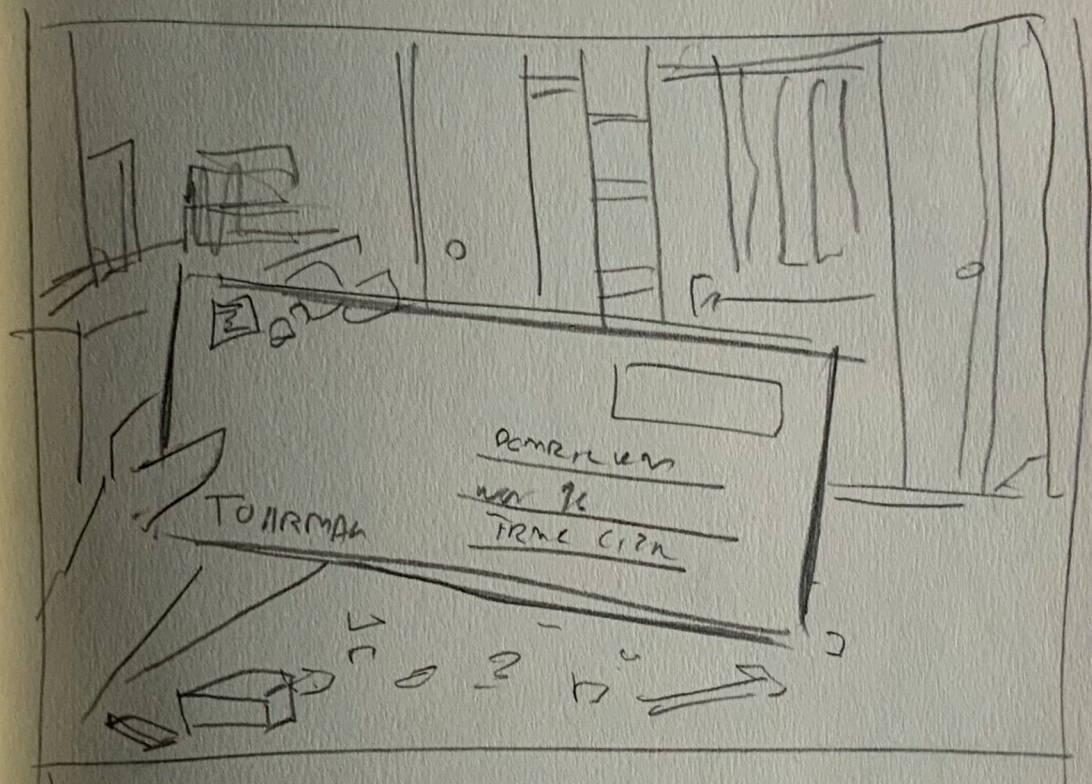




## CHAPTER FIVE

Tye is recording a rap song.  
This was the last time I saw him.  
pretending to be someone. It was on his  
instagram story. He had what the people  
was a fake gun. But we had separation  
so much that I do not know.





## CHAPTER SIX

I was cleaning my room. I had a lot of boxes of old stuff that were just taking up so much room. I came across my memorabilia box there was a letter. The wrote me a letter when I went back to my country. It is what made me remember him.





## CHAPTER SEVEN

TYE goes on a road trip to 0410 to visit other family members. He decides to stay. Even after his grandfather asks him if Tye had always wanted to leave Ventura. He says, "I'll just stay and try to be a cop".





## CHAPTER EIGHT

I hugged Tye goodbye. He told me he would write to me. I told him I would come back. I wanted to come back. We were at Tye house. We had watched Dragonball Z together. It didn't feel real. My mother was waiting. We had a conversation after. She was worried for me. 8 is a young age to lose a friend forever.



