

Story Structure Template

CHRIS — SEPARATION AND RECONCILIATION

Hook	It's hard to know where things began to go wrong all those years ago, and to this day I still wonder just how it all happened. The single most important person in the world to me had become a stranger. For most of my life she'd always been there. I'd always loved her more than anything or anyone else. Now she's a thousand miles away and we are worlds apart from each other. How did we ever get to this awful place?
Setup	She'd lived her whole life in a small town in Texas, and I'd spent almost 40 years of my life there. In 2010 I was living in NC and hadn't seen her in at least 7 years. I'd enrolled in an internship program that required me to be just 20 miles from her for a two week period that summer. I agonized over whether to even go see her or not. Luckily, I made the right decision and showed up on her doorstep unexpected and uninvited. I didn't know if I'd be there for ten minutes or for the entire two weeks, but I knew I had to see her to find out in person whether or not she still gave a damn about me or not.
Parachute	I took a deep breath and opened the door and walked in without knocking. I'd never knocked on that door ever before, the house I grew up in, so it just felt too unnatural to knock this time. She happened to be in the living room. She looked at me and I said "hey". She didn't seem surprised and didn't even stop what she was doing, she just said "hi". I walked over to her and we hugged. Next she asked me, "what's up?", and I told her about the internship and that I'd wanted to see her. She tried to hide her emotions but I could tell, because I knew her so well, that she was pleased by that.
Theme	Now she's a thousand miles away and we are worlds apart from each other.
Transition	Finally, in July of 2010 the answer came. In one of our conversations while I was staying with her she told me she had thought I just didn't care about her any more. I was stunned. I asked her what she was talking about and she said "well, you just moved away after daddy died". I was speechless. I literally sat there with my mouth open for what seemed like several minutes wondering how she could possibly think such a thing. I did not move away after he died. I moved several years after he died, long after she'd seemed to be doing okay on her own.
The Sell	Now, there's a lesson to be learned here. People don't always know or remember the facts. People remember how they perceive things to be, the facts don't matter. What I later came to realize was that in her state of grief there were many facts that my mom had distorted, and that distortion carried on for years after.
Tie	It's pretty scary to me to think that I might have gone the rest of my life believing my mom didn't care about me any more. Even scarier to think I might have missed out on the last few years of her life because of this ridiculous misunderstanding. Instead, I'm now in the process of moving back to Texas to spend whatever time she has left on this earth right there with her. I want us to be closer than we've ever been. I want to get to know her again and I want to do everything in my power to make the rest of her life the absolute best it can be