Please Come Home

Camel

The 29th monsoon had finally dried when a distant buzzing sent Nude scrambling for cover. A tiny plane dipped and swerved, filled the air with swirling white and disappeared.
He cautiously approached one of the scattered pices of paper:We've been writing letters each day
hoping that you'll come home.
And we're wondering if you're okay.
As you're not on the phone.Face the facts now
Take a chance.
Come on back now.
Fast.Please come home,
Please come home.
Everyone cares for you.
Please come home,
Please come home.
Everyone cares for you,
Everyone.We've been writing letters each day.
Hoping,
that you'll...
come home.

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