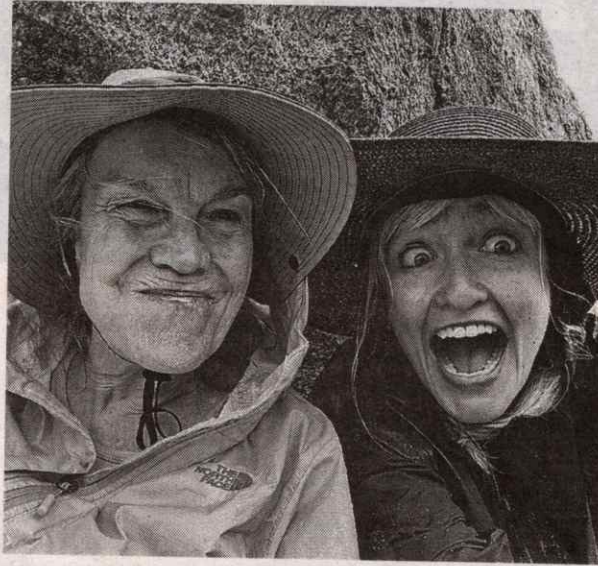


Spotlight

STORIES CONTRIBUTED
BY READERS OF THE NEW YORK TIMES

Tiny Love Stories, a Modern Love project, asks contributors to share their epic love stories in 100 words or less. In a recent batch of micro-nonfiction, a friendship develops at a fruit cart and a chance encounter leads to self-reflection. Read one edited story below.



We were hiking through torrential rain in the Swiss Alps when my 74-year-old mother hollered, “I want to tell you I love you in case I get struck by lightning and die.” It was possible: We were high above the tree line. In a role reversal, I needed to protect her. We took shelter beneath a boulder while thunder boomed. Later, heading back, my mother slipped and cut her hand. As I pulled out my first-aid kit, I thought of all the times she’d tended to my wounds — both physical and emotional — and echoed wholeheartedly, “I love you.” Jen Reeder