Perhaps the only treasures he possessed were his secrets

By : shaz77

I Woman finds a box of her Fathers but what will she do with the content inside?? I wrote this in school and my teacher liked it but I want to know if you do?

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Fatherâ s View (age: 56)

I moved my chair to the table and sat down. I knew I would nearly be gone, everyone knew. I had cancer and there was no way of treating me. I carefully took hold of the box at the other end of the table and placed it beside me. I then took a piece of paper and carefully ripped it up into lines. I wanted it to look natural. I picked up the pen and wrote on every bit of paper and placed them in the box. Once I had finished that I closed the box and locked it shut. I placed the key beside the box and left the room. Soon enough the treasure will be told.

A few weeks laterâ ¦

Daughterâ s View (Age: 23)

I dressed in my smartest dress and headed out. I arrived to see 20-30 people standing outside. I got out my car and walked over and into the building. I sat down and looked up in front of me. Someone started talking and then I felt the tears well up in my eyes. Soon enough I stood up and took my place. I started to talk, talk about him. But I couldnâ t go on. I broke down into full sobs. I sat back down and just cried. There was no one to comfort me.

When the service was over I drove back. But I didnâ t drive home I went to his room in the caring home. He wasnâ t fit enough to stay at home, he had to come here. I walked through the empty hallway and into his room. It felt lonely without him in this room. He would usually be sitting by his table writing or on the bed reading. He would never be without words. I sat on the bed and took it all in. A tear fell on to the bed, it was only one but it felt like a waterfall. I looked up and took in the room. Itâ s the last time I would be in this room. Someone else would move in and to them it would be like nothing had happened. I went over to his table. I started to go through all the papers, reading what he had written. All the stories, the things that went on in his mind all written down.

Then I came across a box. It was small and dark coloured with sequins and beads on it. I tried to open it but it was locked. By this time I was curious. Then sitting on the table was a small once golden key. I grabbed it and tried to fit it in the box. It slid in and the box clicked open. I gently lifted the lid open. Inside lay about 10 maybe 13 lines of ripped paper. On the inside of the lid was a piece of paper stuck to it. It read â My dearest Daughter, I have one last thing to give you when I am gone. I would like you to have this box with all my kept unknowns in them. I love you and I am deeply sorry for not being honest. I will love you forever. Father.â All his kept unknowns, deeply sorry? What did he mean? I took one piece of paper out and read it. â I never did write a famous bookâ . He was telling me all his secrets.

I took the box and sat on the bed. I unravelled some more pieces of paper and read them. I was so shocked at how much he had kept away from me. I was down to the last piece of paper. I took it out and opened it up. Once I had read it I was so shocked. I just lay back on the bed and asked why he would never tell me such a thing. I shovelled all the pieces of paper into the box and locked it up and sat it back on the table. But I left the last piece of paper with me. I shoved it in my pocket and left the room. I left the caring home and went home.

Once I had got home I took the paper out my pocket and read it over and over again. I then went into the loft. I searched everywhere for anything that could tell me about this. I finally found what I was looking for. I went back down into the living room and unfolded this giant piece of paper. I traced along one of the many lines on this paper. Then I finally found it. It was at the end of the line, next to me. I dropped the paper and let it fall to

the floor. I started to shake uncontrollably. I do have a Brother.

I ran up into the loft and took out everything that was Fatherâ s. I lifted the boxes down into my room and started to go through them. I went through about 5 of them. There was nothing. Feeling depressed I started to tidy the boxes and store them back up the loft. Once I was up in the loft I saw 1 small box sitting in the corner of the room. I switched the light on and walked over to it. It had no writing on it and it was shut with sellotape. I got more curious by the minute. I pried open the box with some force. I tipped the contents of the box onto the dusty and cobwebbed floor. The first thing I picked up was a photo, a photo of him. He looked so happy. He was standing on a bench with a woman smiling. He looked about 15 then. I started to flick through everything in the box. The whole box was of him. How had I not known about this? Father managed to keep this away from me my whole life. Just as I was placing everything away back in the box I caught hold of a folded bit of paper. I opened it up and inside it had all his contact details inside. Father had kept in touch with him behind my back and I was so stupid the whole time not to realise.

I kept hold of the paper and tidied the box away. I got out the loft and start to wonder. Does he know about me? Should I find him? I can contact him ask him if he knows? By now it was really late. I shall contact him soon.

The next Dayâ ¦

Brotherâ s View (Age: 27)

The phone starts to ring. I get up off the sofa and go get it. Itâ s Father calling it would be nice to speak to him and see how he is getting on. I pick up the phone. â Helloâ . â Eh hello is thisâ ¦.. Shoot itâ s a womanâ s voice. It must be, no it canâ t be, she was never supposed to find out. How did she find out? â Err sorry mam you must have the wrong number there is no one here with that nameâ . I slam down the phone and sit back down. This is not possible.

Daughterâ s View

The phone disconnected. I placed it back down. It was him I just know it. But how did he know it was me. Does he know about me? He knows about me. But why would he never try to contact me. He contacted Father. Did he not want to see me, was that it? I sat down on the couch and pulled my laptop over to me. If he didnâ t want to speak then maybe I would just have to find him.

A few hours laterâ ¦

Brothers View

I heard the doorbell ring. Still stunned from earlier on I got up from the sofa and trudged along the hallway to the door. I unlocked the door and opened it. There stood in front of me was my sister. I was too stunned for words. How did she know where I was? How was it possible for her to find me? â Err Helloâ . She said. â Are you by any chanceâ ¦â ¦?â I was in my own mind. She had a different accent. She wasnâ t from around here. â Yes I am himâ I replied. â You best come in.â I led her in to the house and showed her to the living room. We both sat down and started to talk.

Daughterâ s View

He led me into his house. It was painted white and had paintings hung up along the hallway. He took me into his living room and I sat down. He asked if I wanted tea. I nodded slowly. I looked around the room. It was painted a light brown with darker brown curtains draped by the window. Then it suddenly dawned on me I

had a brother and I was finally meeting him. He then came in with the tea and handed me a cup then sat down. It was quiet for a moment then he spoke up. â So how did you find meâ ? â Father told me, well not exactly, he left it in a box and I wanted to find you and then I found a box of Fathers and it was all about you and there was all your contact details in itâ I responded. He sat there for a minute taking it all in. Then suddenly I thought about him knowing. â How come you knew about me but never thought on getting in contact because you were in contact with Fatherâ ? He thought about this question for a moment and then looked at me. â Well Father and I both decided that it would be easier for you if you didnâ t find outâ . I took this in thinking how much I had missed out on if I had known him. Then we started talking. We talked about a lot. A few hours had gone past and I decided I should leave. I got up and he got up with me. He started to speak â Hey it was really nice to meet you finally we should meet up again me, you and Father.

He didnâ t know. I sat back down again. â You donâ t know do youâ I asked. â No, know what?â He responded a sudden look of worry on his face. â I donâ t know how to tell you this but Father died a few weeks ago of cancer,â I choked out. He stared at me. I could see the tears starting to form in his eyes. I didnâ t want to see him like this, not when we had just met.

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