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A stranger I met

In a dimly lit Italian restaurant, I met my father, Stewart, a boss of a feared crime family. The meeting was orchestrated by an investigator looking into my mother's death. My father's demeanor was commanding yet gentle, but he seemed troubled. The investigator revealed that Vincent, a high-ranking member, was secretly in love with Isabella, daughter of a rival boss. Their affair was dangerous, and when my mother discovered it, she was kidnapped and killed to protect the family's secrets.

My father, Vincent, was there to come clean and seek justice. But as he began to interrogate the investigator, I watched in horror as he tortured the man, cutting him with a sharp blade. The man's pleas and vulnerability struck me, and I begged my father to stop. But instead, he turned to me, his eyes cold and hard, and cut off my ear. I was overwhelmed with pain and confusion, and the maids in the living room tended to my wounds.

As I looked at my reflection, I realized that my father was now a stranger to me. His brutal actions shattered my understanding of him, leaving me with a painful realization. The man I thought I knew had become a symbol of fear and unpredictability. I no longer recognized the person who had been such a central figure in my life. This experience left me with a deep sense of confusion, pain, and disillusionment. My father's actions were a stark contrast to the respect and fear he once commanded. I struggled to reconcile the two images of him, and the truth settled in: I no longer knew the man who was my father.