

*Dear Father,*

*I cannot begin to describe the mixture of emotion your letter has stirred within me: the machine, the memories, the betrayal- for years I have longed for an explanation of it all.*

*I remember the day, when, as a small child, I sat on your knee and you presented me with the golden pocket watch- its metallic casing shining brighter than rays of sunshine. The reflection of my dilated pupils stared back at me through the crystal glass face. In that naïve, young boy's eyes you were a genius, Father.*

*However, time did pass and I grew wiser. You were there, then you were not. I watched as my mother became lonely and unappreciated by the man who had once been the strong, kind, centrepiece of our happy family. She died and that monster within you became a priority. Gold, fortune and wealth was your only concern. You were not there when we needed you, and for this I can never forgive you.*

*Anger and hatred overcame me as a young man. I often felt empty. My decision to run away was an attempt to leave it all behind.*

*My daughter, your granddaughter, will know of the man you once were. Of the caring and humorous gentle giant who once provided for his beloved family. But she will also know the truth- that greed and ego can destroy a man and tear families apart, leaving sorrow and tragedy behind.*

*Your work taught me to protect and love my family, and I promise you this lesson will be honoured.*

*Love conquers all.*

*Your Son,*

*Verideon*