Description

Dear D,

I haven't seen you in a while because I've been busy, but boy, I wasn't expecting what I saw today.

At first when I saw you from behind, I thought it was someone else. That couldn't be my D, I thought. He's much bigger than that.

But then you turned around and something hit me. I couldn't tell whether it was shock or my heart breaking that came first. I couldn't believe it was really you standing in front of me.

What happened? What did I miss in all this time?

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I'd been so busy working so we didn't get much of a chance to meet recently but I thought you'd be well, as always. Didn't I just see you a while ago? You looked so healthy then. Normal, exactly the way I've always remembered you.

Did I spend too much time working that I missed out on your life? What have I done?

You even told me you were going travelling. I said, have fun and stay safe! I was happy that you were doing stuff to keep yourself happy. I thought things were fine.

But when I saw you today, I knew immediately things were NOT fine. Something was very, very wrong.

You're still so young. Why do you look like you've suddenly aged by 30 years? How did your arms and neck suddenly shrink to a size smaller than mine?

Why do your hands tremble when you try to move them? Why do your jaws tremble when you speak? Why have you lost so much hair? Why has God done this to you? To us? What did we do?

I was mentally prepared for the worst, but how do you prepare when you know goodbye forever is now a reality? I don't know how to prepare for death. I never was any good at it.

I know you tried to tell me you were fine, not to panic, not to be alarmed, but how could I not? How do I fathom the rest of my life without you?

I need you to be strong, D. I need you to be healthy, and to LIVE. I don't want to say goodbye just yet. It is too early. Please, fight this. Do your best.

We've always been too busy. At every turn in life, there was always some excuse. I'd be busy studying, and then I got busy working. I took up too many part-time jobs for my own good.

We had our moments together. I treasured all of them. I thought there would be more together. Please, don't let this end so soon.

I haven't had the chance to bring you overseas yet, using my own money. All I've done is to treat you to a meal from my own paycheck. That isn't enough. Don't let it be enough.

You're too young. Far too young for this. And I hate to see all that pain I know you're hiding, and have been hiding all these years. D, I always knew. I acted like I didn't know to protect you and your pride, but I've always known how much you ached on the inside. I knew you've been acting strong all these years. Maybe that's where I got it from. Even now, I cry mostly in the bathroom where the sound of the water masks my tears and drenches them.

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I'm sorry I cried in front of you, and made you cry. I know you've not seen me cry for a long time, but I couldn't help it.

I tried to hold it in, but when you told me they didn't care, and that none of them asked you about how you were doing, I couldn't take it anymore.

How could they?!?

Any living being who sees you would have been rightfully shocked. You've literally shrunk to 1/3 of your weight in such a short span of time. You tremble when you speak, when you move. You walk slower now.

Any living being who sees you now should rightfully be scared, concerned, or at least ask some questions.

Can't they see that you've shrunk to one-third of your size so suddenly? Don't they see that it takes you a lot more effort even to walk these days? Don't they notice that you tremble when you move and speak?

Don't they have eyes to see and a heart to feel?!?

I know S hasn't spoken to you in years. A moment of anger led to a lifetime of estrangement. But doesn't she feel anything?

After all, she won't be where she is today if not for you. Why can't she see past her anger and resentment? It has, after all, been so many years.

I've tried talking to her, D, you know that. But she doesn't listen. Sometimes I get tired too. I'm not that much older than her. I shouldn't have to tell her what she ought to do and what she should not. I shouldn't have to tell her to visit you.

"I spoke to her. It was almost as though I was talking to a wall", you said.

How could she?!?

I know all these years of silence has probably made you immune to it, but I think that deep down in your heart, you'll be happy if she came back.

Has she ever made you happy? All I remember are the moments when she made your heart ache because she did something wrong again, and wasn't sorry for it even when she got caught. She was only sorry she got caught.

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I remember how much you guys fought. I remember her stomping out in anger and not coming back after. I remember all the years of silence.

Surely that's enough. Should I tell her? She doesn't really act like a normal human being anymore, but I believe that deep down in her heart, she'll be sad too. Or maybe if she isn't sad now, I'm sure there'll come a point in her life where she regrets her actions and (lack of) words spoken.

I don't want her to have those regrets, and I have a chance to stop it from happening now. But even when you can see the future, can you change it?

I don't know if she'll listen. She never had.

I cried so hard while watching Goblin, and when the female lead died and the Goblin had to say goodbye. I didn't cry anymore after the scene was over.

But I cried when I saw you, and I'm still crying when I think of you. When I think of how you look now, my heart aches. There's so much I've yet to do for you. Give me time to do all these things.

This ache is incomparable to what I felt while watching the drama.

I'm afraid, so afraid, that this time, it might be real.

God, please give us more time together.

Category

1. Family

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