***Reunited***

I stepped onto the platform, heart fluttering, a bluebird soaring in the sky, enjoying its liberty in the sapphire sky and the cotton candy clouds. I had been in this station a million times, but this time, it felt… different. I elatedly stepped off, watching the train make one last puff of smoke as it flew down the tracks, as if saying its goodbyes. I dragged my suitcase easily, suddenly stronger than before. Instead of a suitcase that weighs several kilograms, it now felt weightless.

I surveyed the crowd for any signs of my father - I jogged my memories for any traits, but before I found any, I felt a hand on my shoulder. I flinched. I turned around, taking a moment to realise who he was.

“You’ve… changed,” I stammered. I silently shouted at myself for not saying hello.

“Three years is a lot,” My dad whispered

We murmured about recent events, catching each other up on each other and sharing fun facts all the way to our old apartment in the city.

“Did you do well at uni?” My dad queried.

I considered for a while, then hesitantly nodded my head.

As we neared our old home, a veil of silence fell over us, as if captivated by the towering apartment. For a brief moment, memories flooded my vision, a wormhole to the past; my youth.

We took the elevator up, speechless, as if we were tongueless. We silently strolled to our apartment block, setting our things down.

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My dad broke the silence.

“Do you still remember when you were little? You were always causing chaos here.” He chuckled, gesturing towards scratch marks of the wall.

I found a hint of nutella sauce on the kitchen table, causing an avalanche of memories. I suddenly remembered my dad’s sentimental nutella treats.

“Can you *please* make nutella pizza for dinner? I pleaded. “ Or any other nutella treat?”

“I’ll try” He replied, a playful glint in his eyes.