

Thomas sat on the creaky, coarse wooden bench. The wind whistled in his ears and leaves brushed his feet before continuing its journey. Thomas looked at the floor, counting every single small rock that was stuck, prisoner to the cement for eternity. The drab train rumbled into view while coughing out ashen grey smoke. Thomas sighed and mustered up all his energy and stood up. His mother, on the other hand, leapt up to her feet immediately. Thomas's face drooped as the passengers flooded out of the cramped cabins. His face drooped even further when his father stepped out like he owned the world. Thomas's mother rushed over to meet him whilst Thomas trudged over. His father brushed past Thomas's mother and barely even hugged Thomas. Thomas's hands were clenched. Frozen on his sides. Stinging hot tears formed in his eyes.

"Hey kiddo, what's with the glum face?" Thomas's father asked, completely oblivious to the steam rushing out of Thomas's ears.

"You seriously decide to disrupt my amazing life without you, when you get released from jail?"

"What? My release was nothing to do with living with you two!"

Thomas shot his father a dirty look and turned away, seething with rage. His mother quickly intervened before the situation escalated. She chastised Thomas for being so rude to his father and turned to help his father with his bag.

Thomas's fists clenched. He used every single bit of his self control not to punch his father across the face. Then he felt a tear form in his eyes. Not an angry one. Not a sad one. A happy one. He turned to his father and started crying.

"I'm sorry. I missed you still. I was angry at the people who jailed you, not that actual you. I took out my rage on you." Thomas sobbed.

His father embraced him as Thomas sobbed uncontrollably, his mother came and joined in.

The trio walked off to home, smiling and laughing. Thomas's story with his father started on the first page. The page Thomas thought would never be filled.