

Thomas sat on the creaky wooden bench, eyes fixed onto the concrete ground. The train soon rumbled into view. Ashen grey smoke filled the air. People flooded out of the train. Thomas stood up and scanned the platform for his father. It has been ten years since his father went to war. Then he felt a sharp tap on his shoulder. He whipped around. He saw warm, familiar chestnut eyes, a lion nose and vermilion, thin lips.

"Thomas. You've grown so much since the last time I saw you." Thomas's father commented with a bright smile.

He stared at the son he left for ten years and noticed his features that had developed over the years. Thomas had a sharper jaw and was more tanned and also looked more burly.

Thomas's eyes immediately filled with tears. His top lip quivered. He embraced his father right away. His tough facade melted instantly. He buried his face in his father's shoulder and let out his sobs one by one. His father patted his son's back as he let tears roll down his face. Thomas started talking between his sobs but his father couldn't fathom what Thomas was trying to say.

Thomas stood up and wiped the tears from his eyes.

"Father, let's go home. I have many things to show you. Mother prepared a feast." said Thomas with a straight strain in his voice. Thomas's father noticed how hard Thomas was trying to stop breaking down and he smiled.

"Yes, let's not keep your mother waiting. I still remember how snappy she gets when I am late for dinner." chuckled Thomas's father letting out hearty laughs.

The pair headed home at last after being separated for a decade.