Fumbling through his drawers one by one, James hurriedly scanned for his book, even though he knew that it was forever lost. Enraged, he slammed his hand down at the wooden table with such force that the old room shuddered and things fell down the table, onto the floor. He collapsed, howling for his fist burned like lava. It was lost. This was the end.

Memories came into James’ mind quick as lightning, going through the entire history of him, and the very book he had been holding only moments ago. It was his last gift from his grandfather, before he had passed away. It contained all their memories, all the fun they’ve had together, and it was lost. Gone without a trace. His only connection to him was finally lost. Now, the memories were slowly replaced by others. Moments of when he lost similar things that reminded him of his grandfather, and how they were lost. His endless struggle against losing the invaluable objects, all his effort to keep the items safe and sound, had failed completely. Quivering in rage, he stormed outside the house.

Outside, the sky rolled with thunder, and lightning flashed. It seemed to mock James, laughing at his rage. He walked into his garden, examining the rows of flowers as if worrying that he would someday lose them to. Eventually, he sat back on a bench, and watched a family of birds nested on a tree, like he always did when he needed to calm down. The birds walked around, pecking at things in their nest. One bird seemed to favour a stick it found, clutching it in his beak and showing it off around. But then lightning let loose on a spot near to the tree, and James nearly jumped out of his skin. The birds, too, were frightened. The one holding the stick flapped around, carelessly dropping the stick in the wind. Seeing it flowing away, it launched itself after it, determined.

‘Poor little thing,’ James thought with an amused glance, ’it’s going to fail at it, just like me.’ It did, and the stick was blown away with the wind. But the strange part was, the bird only flew a few metres before coming back to its nest, not chasing after the stick at all. He raised his eyebrow; he was not expecting that at all. His eyes narrowed on the bird that had given up, and his mind began processing what just happened.

After a while, he returned to his room, realising something that the bird had shown him. He wasn’t really searching for the book, but searching for his memories, and they were never stolen at all. The more he thought about it, the more sense it made. He was trying to get the objects because it held a connection between the pair, but memories hold the most powerful connection of all. Satisfied at last, James sat down in his chair, feeling like a lock had opened deep inside him.