

# A dialogue with the daughter



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Sur A Dialogue with the Daughter It was a cloudy afternoon. The skies seem to know the gloom that lay underneath it. The man was sitting on his empty dining table, unmoving. His face does not betray any thoughts or emotions he has at that moment. One could surmise he was dead, but he was not, for his thundering heartbeat can be seen at his temples and at the base of his throat. In his podgy, dirty hands, he held a small note that read: " Will stop by in the afternoon for visit. Sandy." SANDY. That name almost struck lightning in his chest. How long ago had he last called out that name How does she look like now In his mind ran thoughts about Sandy, his eldest daughter. How he missed her. He and his wife named her Sandy because of the color of her hair. She used to dance while he played " Old McDonald" in numerous versions for her. He remembered how Sandy cried when he left to try his luck in New York City. He never heard about Sandy or his family for a long time. They left the house and him for they did not understand that he left because of them --- because of his dreams for them.

There was a soft knock on the door. The once immobile head jerked towards the sound. For the first time in many minutes, he showed obvious signs of nervousness and excitement. This was Sandy, for sure. Her soft knock did not change since she was young. When he was in his room, she used to knock softly at his door before entering to ask him to play music for her. He got up and moved quickly to the door to open it. " Dad," she says. " Come inside," he mutters, barely able to keep the excitement in his voice.

Surname 2

There was a moment of silence. He could imagine Sandy taking in the view of their old home. Nothing has changed except for a couple of furniture that he supposed to have bought for them. Sandy looked at his father. His

appearance did not change and he seemed to be out-of-place in the house. The furniture spoke of money but the master of the house looked shabby and tired. They both sat on the dining table.

" You did not change much," she finally says.

" I did, a lot. How are you Where's your mother And your little brother" He rattled on the questions.

" Mom's dead. Just a few months ago. Carl and Michael are doing fine," she relayed. He could not hear the emotions in her voice.

" What did she die of" he asked, sorrow deeply gripping at his heart. He could hear Sandy take in a few deep breaths and drumming her fingers on the table. Then he could sense she was crying.

" Hard work. She labored a lot for us, you know. Did all she can to raise us up while you were in New York enjoying your music. She hardly slept at night to work to make ends meet. Why did you leave us We could have made it together, here, you know. But you had to leave, and we had too." There was no hatred in her voice but deep sorrow.

" I had to leave to work for you. There was no future for music here and it's all I can do. It's all I know. I wrote you letters, dozens of letters. No replies came back to me. Look around you, these are all for you. I bought them for you, for all of us. I wanted life to be easy for us when I come back. But I came home to no one. I tried to look all over for you. But a blind man can only do and travel so much." He then realized he was crying. He missed his family so much and now his wife is dead. He was not able to give her what he wanted to give. And minutes passed by with both of them just crying, letting each other feel their sorrows.

Card, Orson Scott. Characters and Viewpoint. The Elements of fiction writing. Cincinnati, Ohio: Writer's Digest Books, 1988.