

Time machine

[Literature](#), [Books](#)



Eliot states that, " Home is where one starts from, as we get older, the world becomes stranger, the pattern more complicated. " I do agree with T. S. Eliot, and I do have one story about my past that will prove his quotation. When I was 4 years old, I thought that life was a fairy tale. A typical fairy tale where I would be married to a handsome prince, and we will live happily ever after. Life would be very simple and laid back.

All I needed to do was to learn how to read, write, and count numbers. I didn't have any bills due at the end of every month, and I did not have to work very hard to get what I want. I remember those days where crying gave me everything I desired. I wish that I can stay young forever; however, that is not how life works. Life is about growing up and maturing whether I like it or not. As I get older, things become more complicated, and I learned that not everyone will always stay by my side. Especially my dad who died in the early age of my life. My dad had been a huge part of my life.

He molded me and taught me a lot of things about life. I learned that there will come a time where I have to stand up on my own, and not depend on someone to defend me. Time is the only thing that I could never bring back, no matter how hard I try. I just wish I could make things right with my dad so he would know that I really love and cherish him always. I was seventeen years old when I lost my dad. I could still remember his warm smile that brightened up my darkest day. My dad had a slightly squint-eyes that guided me to the inner side of his soul.

With his deeply tanned skin and calloused hands, I could proudly say that he worked hard day and night just to give my family a better life. One day, a

single car crash took away the life of my dad. If I could be with my dad again, I would treasure him more and take another chance to correct my previous mistakes. Regrets make my life miserable in different areas. Never a day that passes by that I do not ask myself, " What if my dad were still alive? " This thinking drives me crazy, and I wish I could travel back in time so I could make some changes; however, that is just an illusion.

Time is the only thing that we could never bring back, no matter how hard we try. I just wish I could make things right with my dad so he would know that I really love and cherish him always. My dad worked odd jobs, took night classes to get his high school diploma, and raised us with love and discipline. I knew I wasn't an easy kid but he never complained, not even once. As a teenager, I always envied my classmates who have everything they ever wanted in life. Their parents were executives, ambassadors, or celebrities.

One time, I saw Tiffany bragging about her Calvin Klein lack leather jacket, a white mid-thigh length Dolce and Gabbana sundress, and a pair of knee-high Giorgio Armani leather black boots. I felt insecure when I looked at myself, wearing my usual clothing; baggy t-shirt and jeans. When I got home, I excitedly ran and knocked on my parent's room. My dad gestured his arms widely so I could give him a warm hug. With a big smile, I asked my dad if he could buy me some beautiful clothes so that I could feel beautiful like the other girls in my class. His face suddenly changed and I could trace the confusion from his eyes.

With a gentle and raring voice, he told me that real beauty is about being comfortable in my own skin. It is about knowing and accepting who I really

am. It is not measured by the brand of clothes I wear nor the amount of cosmetics I put on. Inner beauty comes from the inside and captivates the heart of a true person. I could see the sincerity in his eyes as he looked at me with integrity. I could sense the emotion and honesty in every word that he say. The 21st of August, 2013, is the most unforgettable tragedy in my life because that is the day when my dad passed away.

The moment I woke up to repaper for school, my mom knocked at my door and with a shaky, yet gentle voice she told me that my father died in a car crash back in the Philippines. When I heard that, I was speechless; I was lost. My body violently shook, the fear ran cold in my veins. I broke out in a nervous sweat, but I could not stop shivering like I was suddenly in southern part of Antarctica. My fingers had held a vice grip onto the legs of my tights, my nails dug holes into the seams. Tears drenched in every inch of my face, all over my cheeks, and over my chin.

Liquid ran down my neck and devoured y clothes beneath it. I wanted to stop shaking; I wanted to be able to breathe again. I could not believe that my dad is gone and I could not do anything because I am in America. All off sudden, our happymemoriesstarted to play in my mind. I remember when he went to my high schoolgraduation; he was so proud of me because I was one of the top students. My dad and I went to the salon to get ready for my graduation. We rarely visit salons and malls due to lack of budget, but this time he said that he could buy me a new shoes because I did a great Job in school.

He wore his favorite polo with a Ana blue neck tie and his hair is brushed on one side. When the principal called my name, he proudly stood up and accompanied me to the stage. My dad walked on the stage with a smile that is brighter than the sun, he hung the shiny gold medal on my neck. I felt like I am on cloud nine. The flowers danced and rejoiced over my success. I heard the people clapped their hands while the principal announced all the achievements that I had during my high school years. I remembered the day when we were at the airport, the day when I last saw my dad's beautiful face.

We did not have any conversation on our way to the airport. The car was filled with silence and I felt the sadness in his eyes. I have a lot of things that I want to tell him, but I could not figure out what words would exactly fit the emptiness and grief that I am feeling inside. The moment that I laid my feet on the airport, my shoulders became heavier, hours became minutes, and minutes became seconds. The lady announced that we have to fall in line because our plane would depart in less than fifteen minutes. My dad held my hands and hugged me.

I saw my ad's tears ran down his cheeks, but he tried his best not to cry in front of me. His once tanned face became red and looked like he would burst in tears in just a matter of seconds. His red lips became pale and his hands are shaking. He ran his fingers through my hair and put it beneath my ears. My dad looked at me with sincerity and told me that he loved me. The words were so heartwarming that it left me with tears. I did not want to look at him

anymore because it would only make me cry harder. Those memories would forever be treasured in my heart.

I would never forget those detersives moments that I had with him. I regret many things in life. If only I could go back in time; then I wouldn't have to worry anymore. I could be with my loved ones for as long as I could. I would make our time together to be as memorable as possible. I could correct those errors, and maybe my dad would know how much I loved him before he died. Since time machines do not exist, all I could do is to accept the fact that everybody would leave me; nobody would stay with me forever. Death leaves a heartache no one could heal, and love leaves a memory no one could steal.

Without all those trials and circumstances, I would never be the person that I am right now: stronger and braver than I was before. What I did wrong before is that I never treasured the people that surrounded me. I thought they would be with me forever so I took them for granted. Life is so unpredictable, which makes it challenging. Growing up is not easy especially when a huge part of my life is gone; however, that is how life works. People come and go no matter what happen. The main question is, are we prepared to lose someone during our Journey in life? 1 572 words