

# The morning of the walker family reunion

[Family](#)



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

I am Daniel Walker, a 23 year old graphic artist who wears rugged black sneakers, dark colored jeans, and bright colored t-shirts with strong statements in the front to work. That day, I wore the same attire as I walked into the coffee shop two buildings down from my apartment. I would meet with my cousin, the who called last night to remind me of the family gathering later that day. I chose to forget it the moment I received the formal invitation along with the junk mail I almost threw away.

But my relatives kept calling day and night through my mobile, making it even harder not to despise the nuisance of them all. I was glad the phone calls stopped, not before I agreed to attend the party. Insanity would have been my end if I did not do otherwise. When I opened the door to the coffee shop, the bells attached to it jingled to announce my entrance. The aroma of freshly brewed coffee assailed my nostrils. I suddenly remembered running down the stairs back home and dart to the kitchen for breakfast.

I would find father with the business section of the morning paper at the head of the table. Mother would be by the stove wearing a floral printed apron over a three piece suit frying bacons. I sat on the counter stool and asked the waitress for a cup of coffee. The waitress smiled, her dimples deepening, her aura quite too bubbly for my morning. The space between my eye brows wrinkled at the thought of the resemblance of the waitress to my younger sister, Kimberly. As the waitress laid the cup and saucer before me, I wondered if she ever got into the university she wanted to attend.

I shook my head, reminding myself that I should not be as concerned. She's probably working somewhere now as well, with a rich boyfriend. I took the cup in my hands to capture some of its warmth. Inhaling the steam, I closed

my eyes and wondered of the many passing memories a cup of coffee could make me recall. It wasn't that long since I last saw them. But when I thought about it, I was too engrossed into my work and lifestyle that there were certain things I really overlooked, like keeping in contact with my family.

Reaching for the sugar and creamer containers, I supposed that the reason there was my falling off from the family was because of the death of my father. I took the teaspoon and stirred, my mind exploring the idea. My father loved me, that much was certain. Once I settled on my stool, father would put down his newspaper to look at me with pride sparkling in his eyes. We would talk about my studies, friends, movies, arcades, TV shows, and also my dreams. I always looked forward to breakfast. I was the happiest kid at breakfast. I lifted the cup, and sipped.

I winced and reached for the sugar. When father died, it was on the eve of my 18th birthday. I waited for father that night; we planned on having a toast with his favorite brandy. But another man decided to be a lousy driver that night and father never came home. I sipped from my cup and let out a sigh as the warmth of the coffee filled my chest. The bottle of brandy was left unopened. Taking my cup, I walked and sat on a couch close to the glass windows of the establishment. My senses slowly became alert as I drank more coffee.

I lost a confidant that day. When I've thought about it, soon after father's death, breakfast was always cold, and everybody was snapping at each other. They were angry, irritated and depressed. A bad combination, I mused. I reached into my pocket to retrieve my mobile phone to check any calls, messages and the time. I still have 5 minutes. My palms started to get

sweaty and my heart began to beat more rapidly. I was getting paranoid. I shook my head vigorously and replaced my phone back into my pocket and drank more of my coffee.

Andrew, the cousin who called me last night, said that we would meet here and go to the reunion together. The idea did not sit well in the beginning, but here with my coffee, I appreciate the moral support. Five years passed since I last saw any of my family. I simply broke away and tried to fathom everything since then by myself. I took a job, applied for some lessons and supported myself. Now, I'm with a cup of coffee waiting for a cousin. I shouldn't have cared really. I made a choice back then, I don't have to bring these memories back. But they did, and it's bothering me.

Since the invitation came, I only had sleepless nights. The bells attached to the door jingled again and I raised my eyes. He's here, I could not mistake that curly red hair for anything. Andrew rose to his toes, chin high, looking for me, trying to recognize me among the crowd. A woman followed him, searching for me as well. Kimberly. I took one last sip from my cup and stood. I did not know how to approach them, but I did. It was what I was there for. I walked to them. When they finally saw me, they ran to me and tightly wrapped their arms around me. I buried my face into their hair. I