21.06.1990

This morning I found a small bundle in front of my door on a doormat. Initially, I was terrified. You may think I’m oversensitive, but it was a serious matter. A few months ago something similar happened to my neighbour. I got to know about it when we had a tea together. Since that day no one had seen her. She vanished into thin air. So, I carefully picked the bundle up and got in the house. I sat on a couch and put it on a coffee table. I was surveying it carefully for a longer while. My common sense didn’t let me open the bundle, but my curiosity was pushing me to do it. After the inner fight was finished I hesitantly decided to unfold it. Much to my surprise, there was a pocket watch, the same as my father had had. “Oh my God!”- I thought. “Why aren’t you with me now?”, “Why did you pass away so quickly?” A few tears flowed down my cheeks. I threw the bundle in a corner energetically. The cumulation of thoughts and memories connected with my deceased father took control over my mind. I lay down on a couch, covered my all body with a blanket and fell asleep.

22.06.1990

When I woke up in the morning I was confused. Everything seemed to be normal, but something persecuted me. I went to another room. Someone was sitting in a rocking chair and reading a newspaper. I said: “Excuse me”. The man put the newspaper away and my father appeared in front of my eyes. I froze and then nearly fainted. He was smiling kindly. I didn’t know what was going on. He behaved as usual. Cheer and emotion was mixing in my heart. I pounced in his arms and hugged him fondly. I felt his warmth missing after his death. Then I grabbed his hand and asked him for a walk. He nodded affirmatively and we got out. In spite of being quite senile, he was a vigorous man with a surprisingly good condition. Holding his hand, my heart was still beating strongly as if it wanted to jump out of my chest. I was over the moon. We were going through the park and I was confiding in with my problems. I told him how much effort I put into learning to live without him and that the wound in my heart was still opened. When we were reaching home I suggested sitting on a bench. Then, I wanted him to tell me, how he showed up in a house, but he still remained silent. I tried to get an explanation out of him and, but it was in vain. I felt like falling the deaf ears. He even didn’t give me the best wishes on the occasion of my birthday. I was frustrated and hot under the collar. I left my father and ran away home. I couldn’t understand that situation. Divine power deported my father on earth, but I couldn’t have a word with him. He was acting like a pillar of salt. When I looked through the window, no one was sitting on a bench. I must have lost my mind I thought. Everything was vague. I was in a muddle.

23.06.1990

After a long sleep – I must have been exhausted, I was analysing yesterday’s happenings. Thanks to my analytical ability I wisely connected it with the finding. Couldn’t wait any longer I started trying to work out how did it worked. After a while I drew following conclusions: 1. The pocket watch is a kind of time machine., 2. It carries to the time which people miss. My intellectualisations were interrupted by a doorbell. No one was at the door. The only thing I noticed was an outbound car. At the bottom of my feet, there was a photo book. I was shocked, because I found there photos of me and my father which burst into flames of my previous house. I sat in a rocking chair and started to rock and browse the album. Each photo took me back. I was on cloud nine and hoping the pocket watch would take me to the past. My soul was straying somewhere in the puffs. I was as happy as a child, who had already got a new toy. I became possessive. I couldn’t remain indifferent to the opportunity of spending time with my father. Even though I was aware that it is impossible to communicate with people from the other side, but I didn’t matter at all. I just desired being with my father. After a minute of a brown study, I got up the rocking chair. I felt the impatience. I started to loop-the-loop nervously and stamp my feet. I felt dizzy. Everything was dancing around my. The furniture were above the ceiling and I was spinning as a swirl. What a nightmare it was!

24.06.1990

I woke up in my old house. I was lying in bed. I wanted to dream a little bit more, but my head was full of excitement. In the air wafted the smell of baked rolls. I knew this smell really well and could recognise it everywhere. My father was an excellent cook and every Sunday he baked rolls. I briskly got off the bed and rushed to the kitchen. I was delighted. I thought, I was a lucky woman. I had a further opportunity to meet my father. Having baked the rolls, we sat at the table and started eating. We were playing around, laughing and telling funny stories to each other. I felt as if nothing existed around me. Nothing was as important and special as my father. I wanted this moment to last for good. Moreover, my father was quite different as it was during the first meeting. He was talkative and entertaining. He suggested DIY. I loved it. We went to the garage. My father took some tools, boards and nails out. He was quite imaginative. Till he finished, I didn’t know what he was going to create, however, I looked at him with pleasure. When he made a bench I was impressed. Couldn’t wait, I took some paints. After a while our work was done. I brought some tea and cookies from the kitchen and we relaxed. After a day filled with varied happenings, exhausted, but content, I fell asleep. In my dreams, I thought it had been the best Father’s Day ever.

25.06.1990

What should I have done then? I missed my father and every time I thought about him I was down in the dumps. His death was a blow for me. I couldn’t reconcile with the loss of him. I was feeling like losing control over myself. Since I spent two days with my father I had been depressed and realised I needed to stop it. The pocket watch was responsible for those strange happenings and my contemporaneous condition. The fight was unfolding in my hard. I desired meetings with my father, but it was destroying me slowly. My psyche was devastated. Confusion and all thoughts building up in my head were overwhelming me. It was a madness. I was trembling. My body was covered by cold sweat. Scotomas were jumping in my eyes. I felt as if I was in a big, dark box without exit. Couldn’t reign over myself I fainted on the floor.

26.06.1990

What happened? Was I in heaven? What was the date that day? Have I gone out of my mind? All these questions bombarded my head, but I felt strength coming to me. I was much stronger and resistant. Quickly reminding about my confusion I had a ready decision. The pocket watch must have been destroyed. I took a hammer from a toolbox, the same which my dad had used, and banged the watch a few times with some kind of passion and pride. I cleared up a mess, threw it away and made myself a tea in my favourite mug with a thick lug and leaned back in a rocking chair. It was a perfect moment to unwind and consider all happenings from the last few days. Everything started from the bundle. Maybe it was my father, who brought it to my house. Maybe he saw my grief somewhere from heaven. Anyway, he wanted to meet me and told me that I shouldn’t have brooded on past and focus on present. Why I didn’t notice it? Because of contentment, joy, happiness? I didn’t know why I wanted to bring my father to live. It was impossible. My dad will always be on my mind and next to me. I will always be his cute, small daughter and he - my role model.