

My dad, The hero
by Kieran Ames

My dad... was a hero.

In my eyes, I saw him as a reliable and caring man, he was the physical proof that a hero existed, he had muscles, he had courage, he had a heart made of gold and love.

My dad... was a hero.

I wished my dad was at school, I would have paid more attention if he was the one teaching me instead of these loud and pushy teachers. When I would leave school, he was the first to arrive and the first to hug me, asking how my day went and tell me what's for tea. If I had trouble with my homework, he was the first to arrive, he was the first to help, he was the first to hear my calls. As strong as his weakness came from studying, just like me. His face of confusion at questions and over dramatic responses, earned him a laugh from mum and me.

My dad... was a hero.

Dad's are great cooks, mum is good, but dad makes the best food. The pizza is mouth watering, the pancakes are galaxy level of tasty, and his best dishes always come from his burgers. My dad is a magician, he must be if he can make something unworldly good, even mum is shocked at his good cooking skills, she gets embarrassed when he helps her in the kitchen, I can usually hear the two of them been romantic, sharing kisses and being childish when cooking, it's yucky, but it makes them happy, and my dad knows how to bring smiles to others.

My dad... was a hero.

My dad was never the type to yell, if I did something bad or disobeyed his orders, he would always make me understand my faults and give me a small punishment, usually on the naughty step, or my room. He knew how to make me know where I was wrong, and know how to change. He made me become a better person, just like him. I wish he could teach me how to be a hero just like him.

My dad... was a hero.

I love going out with my dad, he always held me tight so I couldn't run away and made sure I was safe. One time, I got lost and couldn't find him, scared and alone I cried and cried as I screamed his name. He must have super hearing or something, as he soon found me and held me tight. I felt his warm body against my smaller structure. I could hear his faint heartbeat, bouncing up and down towards my cheek. I could hear his comforting voice as he made sure to never let go. He saved me... he found me... he made sure to keep me safe as that's what a hero does.

My dad... was a hero.

And he proved he was.

I remember the day my dad told me to pack my bags, pack everything that was important.
“This is a very important mission soldier.” he spoke in a commanding voice.
I gave a salute and began to pack everything I needed:

Toothbrush - Check
Toys - Check
Picture of family -Check.

Heading downstairs and outside I began to follow both my parents, holding their hands as we made our way to the mission.

But I wish I never took the mission.

My dad... was a hero.

We arrived at a train station, many families and children were there, all packed and ready for the mission, mum pulled me into the tightest hug she had ever done to me, tears falling from her face and onto my own. She repeated over and over again how much she loved me and how much I meant to her, her voice cracking every time she said ‘love’. My dad was there comforting her, calming her down and making her feel better, as a hero would. But then he told me the mission.

I would be sent to a new home.

Away from here,
Somewhere safe,
Somewhere secure,
Somewhere with a new mum and dad.

I didn’t want to go,

I wanted to stay,

I wanted to be with my hero.

My dad told me that it will be okay and I held him, one last time, before boarding the train with other kids my age as I waved goodbye to my hero.

My dad... was gone

My hero... was gone.

I lived with this new family for awhile, they were nice and lived on a farm, but they didn’t have that welcoming feeling of my previous home. I did the same thing there all day, helping out on the farm, eat, help, play, sleep, repeat.

It wasn’t the same,

It was never the same.

I couldn’t go to school and wait for dad

I couldn’t eat the delicious meals from dad

I couldn’t go out with this family like dad

I couldn’t sleep without thinking of dad

I couldn’t play without dad

I couldn’t be a hero... like my dad.

Where was my hero?

My dad... was never a hero.

He only was in my eyes.

He was never there to save me from bad dreams.

The sound of loud bangs echoing in my mind, the orange flames growing bigger and spread further with every bang, the screams of troops and the sound of destruction, made me wish and pray for my hero. He would never appear in my dreams, and he never appeared when I woke up.

I had no one,

This new family wasn't enough

I had no friends,

I had no family,

I had no hero.

I had... nothing

My dad... wasn't our hero anymore.

After what seemed to be a decade of torture, the mission was over, and I could return to my hero. I remember the feeling of excitement, the smell of roses that spread throughout the fields, the taste of breakfast that tasted better than ever. I waited to reunite with my hero.

I made it home and waited.

Waited,

Waited,

And waited...

But he never came, he never came.

No matter how long I waited,

Watching families reunite and the tears of joy that spread at their lips.

I couldn't feel the same,

My dad... was a hero... but he never came.

He never came home.

He went somewhere else to help others.

I let everything out, all the emotion of loneliness that had been tagging me since the day this began.

I wanted mum

I wanted dad

I wanted my hero.

But they never came home...

But I wasn't alone, other children felt the same.

A strong spirit inside me called out my name, and gave me the courage that I had never felt before. I wanted to be like my dad.

My dad would help these kids, he's a hero after all.

My dad... was a hero.

I was gifted my dad's courage,

I was gifted my dad's heart,

I was gifted my dad's spirit.

My dad never left, he was always with me. The aftermath of this horrific war, that plagued many with fear, was the first step into my dad's shoes.

I became a hero, just like him.

Helping people stand,

Helping people recover,

Helping those in need,

Giving the world a hero they needed.

My dad was a hero.

He was always a hero

He inspired me to become a hero.

I was a hero. He was my spirit.

I grew up like him and fell in love like him,

Continuing to help people, as that's what a hero does.

My dad was always a hero,

And he proved me he was one.

My dad, the hero... I love you.