

Her Father

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dis is a story i wroooote! XD plz enjoy!

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HER FATHER

By: Sophie Lockhart

No, it couldn't have been possible! Not now! Not when we had needed him most...but when I searched the faces in the room, all I could see was the sadness and depression in everyone's eyes. Millions of thoughts ran over in my head.

Are they joking with me? But, why would they kid around about something this serious? But it can't be true! I thought he cared!

"Jamie," my older brother spoke up. His dark brown bangs were pressed off to one side of his head, as if he had been running his fingers through his hair in worry. "It's hard to believe I know. I didn't think it was true either but it is. We have to learn to accept it, and although it'll be hard, it's what happened and that's all there is to it. Nobody understands why Dad left at a time like this, when we needed him, but we do understand that he's gone."

I watched him as he slowly lowered his body onto the living room couch and rested his arms in his lap. The confusion and worry in his eyes told me that he wasn't lying. My older brother Gavin, my reliable Ro model since we were little kids, couldn't help me this time. I thought he could always protect me from things like this happening, but then, I also thought my father could do that too.

Loretta (Gavin's fiancée) slowly leaned into him and took his hand. She discretely kissed his cheek, and for once, Gavin didn't do anything back. It looked as if he was frozen in that spot, a snowflake descended in mid-air that wouldn't fall.

I looked at the other faces in the room. I scanned each one carefully, and each time I came up blank. My grandmother Rachel was crying softly, my cousin Ben wasn't really doing anything, and my Aunt Suzanne had her hands over her eyes. Then there was Derrick.

Derrick, my best friend. He had been there for me since grade school and was to this day the one person in my life (besides my Dad) who meant the most to me. His face was ghostly pale and it looked as if he was fighting back tears. I looked over at him and he solemnly cast me a glance, but then his face flushed red with anger and he turned away. He didn't want me to see him like this, but then again, my Dad hadn't either.

"When?" I spoke up. My voice was raspy and I was on the verge of tears. My mind hadn't fully processed the news I had just heard of, and I noticed it was almost hard to speak, my words caught in my throat.

Derrick turned back to me.

"When what?" He questioned; a concerned look in his eye.

“When did he leave?” He caught my eyes and stared at me for just a few short moments, and then Gavin’s voice whispered, “Last night.”

I couldn’t take it anymore. I burst into tears and covered my face with my hands. It was like two rivers flooding down my cheeks on either side. A wave of despair washed over me as I realized the truth. He was gone. I couldn’t do anything about it. He was gone.

Derrick raced over to me and knelt by my side. He gently circled one arm over my back and placed his free hand on my knee.

“It’s ok Jamie it’s ok. Shhhh calm down it’s ok,” he whispered softly and soothingly.

I took my hands down from my face and placed one of them on top of his. Here was my Derrick, my comforter, and the person I could turn to when I needed him.

I looked over at him and he wiped the tears from my face. I had stopped crying but I was sure that more tears would come. I fell into his arms, my body practically going limp. He leaned into me as my support and embraced me in a hug.

Gavin turned away, he had had it. He huddled up into a ball and leaned into the side of the couch, with Loretta’s arm over his shoulders. Ben stared at the floor and pressed his hands into his forehead. Aunt Suzanne began sobbing uncontrollably, and my grandmother Rachel tried to comfort her but all she could do was cry. I felt so helpless. We all felt helpless.

But then the weirdest thing happened. I released my hug from Derrick, looked into his face, and saw that he was...SMILING! He was actually smiling! How could he smile in a time like this?

But then he just took my hand and led me to the backyard. The morning sky cast a gloomy glow over the sad little town in rural Alabama. Exactly how I felt, sad and gloomy.

He led me over to a chipped up tree stump by the pasture fence and helped me sit down onto it. I saw that a few yards down a sleek acoustic guitar leaned against the fence, and I watched with anticipation as Derrick reached over and grabbed it.

He settled it into place; lifting the leather strap over his neck and pulling a white guitar pick from his pocket.

“I thought you just started playing,” I gasped in awe.

“I did,” he said, smiling. I smiled back. “This song is one of my own creations, a song that I think will help you understand that God loves you no matter what, and it’s not your fault your Dad left. I will never leave you nor forsake you.”

He then began strumming his guitar in a beautiful melody, beginning and ending each stroke beautifully. Suddenly, his voice rang out in song:

There was a girl, and then her Dad.
She was so little, she didn't understand.
Her mother passed away, and she just cried.
But he didn't see the real pain inside.

Her Father, her loved one,
Couldn't save her now.
She looked to her best friends,
But they didn't know how.
She turned to her real Dad,
He held his hand on her.
Her Father, her loved one,
Was her comforter.

And then he left, left just like that.
He turned away, and they still don't understand.
They sacrificed their time, just for him.
But he left them stranded in the devil's land.

Her Father, her loved one,
Couldn't save her now.
She looked to her best friends,
But they didn't know how.
She turned to her real Dad,
He held his hand on her.
Her Father, her loved one,
Was her comforter.

He ended the song with a gentle strum and I raced up to him and threw my arms around his neck. He carefully managed to pull his guitar over his head and lean it against the fence again before hugging me back.

"That was beautiful," I whispered in his ear.

He beamed from ear to ear and said, "I thought you'd like it."

I kissed his cheek and hugged him tighter. He slipped his hand down to mine and led me back through the yard to my house, and this time, we were both smiling.